

Boston Public Library



3 9999 10514 184 8

Sm^a

No. *1892.1*

8.133

124
a

JAN. - JUNE



Book or map to
be kept in
the
C. M.
at the
at the

10/13/21

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY



1924

A Conversation with Cornelia	STUART P. SHERMAN	1
Earthquake Days	HENRY W. KINNEY	19
<i>A Record of Unparalleled Experiences</i>		
Our Unsuitable Marriage	A MOONSHINER'S WIFE	32
<i>A True Story of the Mating of Opposites</i>		
The Ford Myth. <i>A Study in Reality</i>	ARTHUR POUND	41
Two Poems	JOHN JAY CHAPMAN	50
What I Expect	EDWARD W. BOK	52
<i>What Mr. Bok Expects His Peace Award to Accomplish</i>		
Sam. <i>A Story from Highland Annals</i>	OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN	60
The Ghost of King James	EDGAR J. GOODSPEED	71
<i>The Case for a New Version</i>		
A Cat and Her Boswell	HARVEY WICKHAM	77
A Programme for Labor Unions	F. LAURISTON BULLARD	82
The Vanity of Expectation. <i>A Story</i>	AGNES L. TAYLOR	93
Nightfallen Snow. <i>A Poem</i>	SARAH N. CLEGHORN	98
The New World:		
A Scambling and Unquiet Time	HENRY W. BUNN	99
Armistice Day 1922—Armistice Day 1923		
Fascismo: Reform or Reaction	JAMES MURPHY	112
The Development of Italian Syndicalism		
A League Picture	SARAH WAMBAUGH	121
Actualities at Smyrna	MARK O. PRENTISS	130
<i>Mr. Prentiss's Experience recorded by John Bakeless</i>		
The Contributors' Club		137
An Institute for Happiness—Breeches—The Poets in Color		
The Contributors' Column		141
What They Think of Us—Dis heah Marryin'—The Bok Peace Award—Peace and the Earthquake—Democracy and the Private School—Ritual and Regalia		
The Atlantic's Bookshelf.		
<i>Front Advertising Section</i>		
Grover Cleveland—The Dark Frigate—The End of the House of Alard—Some Newspapers and Newspapermen—New Hampshire—Europe since 1918		

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

Editorial and General Offices: 8 ARLINGTON ST., BOSTON 17, MASS.

Published monthly. Entered at Post Offices, Concord, N.H., and Ottawa, Canada, as second-class matter

Copyright, 1923, by The Atlantic Monthly Company

Foreign Postage \$1.00, Canadian Postage 50 cents, additional

40 cents a copy

\$4.00 a year



THE EXQUISITE FLAVOR OF
BAKER'S COCOA

*Makes it the favorite beverage to serve at
all afternoon and evening social affairs.*



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Baker's Cocoa is of very high quality, made only from high grade cocoa beans, by a strictly mechanical process, no chemicals being used, which preserves the natural flavor, aroma and color, and retains a much larger proportion of cocoa butter or fat than is found in inferior grades.

MADE ONLY BY

WALTER BAKER & COMPANY LTD.

Established 1780

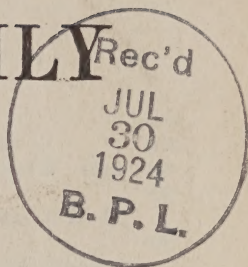
DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

CANADIAN MILLS AT MONTREAL

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY



A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

(3)

Stack 4

VOLUME CXXXIII

JANUARY—JUNE, 1924

1892-1

133a

1924



PRINTED IN THE

OFFICE OF THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY

The Rumford Press, Concord

77.00
3

May 5, 1925

1 cont

COPYRIGHT, 1924
BY THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY

YASSEL 3 LERH
ENT TO
807208 70 YTO

CONTENTS

INDEX BY TITLES

Prose

	PAGE		PAGE
Afghanistan, Unknown, <i>Arthur Moore</i> . . .	561	Death as a Dream Experience	208
After Five Years, <i>H. H. Powers</i>	687	Death, The New Sting of, <i>George W. Alger</i> . . .	290
America and Great Britain, War-time Relations of, <i>Charles Seymour</i>	669	Death, What It Is Like	537
America's Responsibility, <i>Charles Seymour</i> . . .	824	Democracy, The Receding Tide of, <i>H. H. Powers</i>	456
American Malady, The, <i>Langdon Mitchell</i> . . .	153	Destroying Our 'Indestructible States,' <i>Bentley W. Warren</i>	370
American Malady, One Case of the	537	Dictionaries, On, <i>Ernest Weekley</i>	782
American Women and Paternalism, <i>George Madden Martin</i>	744	Divine Fire, <i>Florence J. Clark</i>	338
American Women and Public Affairs, <i>George Madden Martin</i>	169	Driftwood, <i>Florence J. Clark</i>	240
Armistice Day 1922 to Armistice Day 1923, <i>Henry W. Bunn</i>	99	Earthquake Days, <i>Henry W. Kinney</i>	19
Artist and Historian, <i>Kirsopp Lake</i>	528	Europe, Central, To-day, <i>John Crane</i>	248
Asian Views, Some, on White Culture, <i>Up-ton Close</i>	353	Evolution, The Modern View of, <i>Vernon Kellogg</i>	485
At Ninety, <i>Le Baron Russell Briggs</i>	289	Evvie: Somewhat Married, <i>Olive Tilford Dargan</i>	503
Australia, Prospecting in, <i>Robert M. Macdonald</i>	327	Extraneous Adventures of a Whaler, The, <i>Charles Boardman Hawes</i>	641
Autobiography, The Happiness of Writing an, <i>Agnes Repplier</i>	200	Far East, Realities in the, <i>William Howard Gardiner</i>	540
Barriers, <i>Florence J. Clark</i>	792	Farmer, The Frightened, <i>Bruce Bliven</i>	678
Beaver, Miss Betsy, <i>Margaret Prescott Montague</i>	221	Fascismo: Reform or Reaction, <i>James Murphy</i>	112
Boy Who Went Whaling, The, <i>Charles Boardman Hawes</i>	797	Fellow Citizens, <i>Valeska Bari</i>	806
Bride of a God, The, <i>L. Adams Beck</i>	648	Fog, The, <i>Arthur Mason</i>	627
British Labor and French Elections, <i>Sisley Huddleston</i>	697	Foolproof Science, Is There a, <i>L. P. Jacks</i>	229
British Muddle, The, <i>Alfred G. Gardiner</i> . . .	404	Ford Myth, The, <i>Arthur Pound</i>	41
Caliph, The Pope and the, <i>N. V. Tcharykov</i> . . .	706	France, For, to Answer, <i>Brigadier-General P. R. C. Groves</i>	145
Captain's Wife, The, <i>Arthur Mason</i>	321	French Elections, British Labor and, <i>Sisley Huddleston</i>	697
Cat, A, and Her Boswell, <i>Harvey Wickham</i> . .	77	Friends, The Way of Plain, <i>Seal Thompson</i> . . .	773
Central Primary, At the, <i>Earnest Elmo Calkins</i>	493	Germany, Intellectual Currents in Modern, <i>Kuno Francke</i>	833
Civilization, Is It Menaced? <i>Sisley Huddleston</i>	265	Graphology, The Art and Nature of, <i>Archer Wall Douglas</i>	343
Commonwealth of the Atlantic, The, <i>Ramsey Traquair</i>	602	Great Britain, War-time Relations of America and, <i>Charles Seymour</i>	669
Consolidations, The Era of, <i>Franklin Snow</i> . .	259	Highland Annals, <i>Olive Tilford Dargan</i> . . .	60, 503
Contributors' Column, The	141, 284, 429, 572, 717, 861	Historian, Artist and, <i>Kirsopp Lake</i>	528
Cook's Point of View, From a, <i>Ann Alderton</i> .	609	Italian Syndicalism, The Development of, <i>James Murphy</i>	112
Cornelia, A Conversation with, <i>Stuart P. Sherman</i>	1	James, King, The Ghost of, <i>Edgar J. Goodspeed</i>	71
Cornelia and Dionysus, <i>Stuart P. Sherman</i> . .	577		
Courage, <i>H. R. Dilling</i>	189		
Culture, White, Some Asian Views on, <i>Up-ton Close</i>	353		

Labor Unions, A Programme for, <i>F. Lauriston Bullard</i>	82	Religion, A Boy's Ideas on	632
League Picture, A, <i>Sarah Wambaugh</i>	121	Religious Revival, The Great, <i>Charles William Eliot</i>	379
Light, The Mystery and Power of, <i>Ellwood Hendrick</i>	618	Reptiles and Angels, <i>Charles D. Stewart</i>	310
Lincoln, Tad, The Father of, <i>Julia Taft Bayne</i>	660	Roast Chicking, <i>Hannah L. Protzman</i>	349
London in the Eighteen-Eighties, <i>A. Edward Newton</i>	298	Sam, <i>Olive Tilford Dargan</i>	60
Love in the Flea Market, <i>Clarence Edward Andrews</i>	753	Scambling and Unquiet Time, A, <i>Henry W. Bunn</i>	99
Mokleby, Thorleif, Passages from the Diary of, <i>H. R. Dilling</i>	189	Scandinavian Countries, The, since the War, <i>Charles E. Strangeland</i>	844
Marine, Our Un-mercantile, <i>Charles W. Brown</i>	386	Side Lines, On the, <i>Willard L. Sperry</i>	765
Marriage, <i>Nathalie Sedgwick Colby</i>	666	Smyrna, Actualities at, <i>John Bakeless</i>	130
Marriage, Our Unsuitable	32	Social Contrast, The, <i>Hilaire Belloc</i>	433
Mongoosees, Only, <i>Hans Coudenhove</i>	445	Spain — Whence and Whither? <i>Henry W. Bunn</i>	411
My Brother's Face, <i>Dhan Gopal Mukerji</i>	721	Spring Heels, <i>Parkhurst Whitney</i>	179
Paternalism, American Women and, <i>George Madden Martin</i>	744	Unions and the Public, <i>George Soule</i>	211
Pepys and God, <i>Gamaliel Bradford</i>	472	Vanity of Expectation, The, <i>Agnes L. Taylor</i>	93
Philippines, What About the? <i>Raymond Leslie Buell</i>	394	Wanted — A Pinetum, <i>George P. Brett</i>	365
Pope, The, and the Caliph, <i>N. V. Tcharykoff</i>	706	Wells at the World's End, <i>Marian Storm</i>	513
Preacher's Handicap, The, <i>Herbert W. Horwill</i>	635	What I Expect, <i>Edward W. Bok</i>	52
Prentiss, Mark O., His Experience in Smyrna, <i>John Bakeless</i>	130	Who Is Right? <i>W. O. Mendenhall</i>	244
Prize, The, <i>Mary Webb</i>	468	Wild-Animal Painting in the Jungle, <i>Isabel Cooper</i>	732
Proletariat, The, in Power, <i>Charles F. G. Masterman</i>	552	Will to Love, The, <i>Elizabeth C. Adams</i>	194
		Wilson, Woodrow, 1856-1924, <i>Charles William Eliot</i>	815
		Wilsonian Diplomacy, Aspects of, II, <i>Charles Seymour</i>	824

Poetry

Consolation, <i>George Villiers</i>	319	Nightfallen Snow, <i>Sarah N. Cleghorn</i>	98
Contrasts, <i>George Villiers</i>	320	Pendulum, <i>Joseph Auslander</i>	243
Farm, The, <i>Archibald MacLeish</i>	483	Pianoforte Recital, A, <i>Fredoon Kabraji</i>	625
In February, <i>George Villiers</i>	197	Sea, The, <i>William Whitman, 3rd</i>	813
In the Name of Jesus Christ, <i>Claudia Cranston</i>	527	Silence, <i>Marie Blake</i>	659
Lines to a Pumping Engine, <i>Florence Converse</i>	772	Toil Away, <i>John Jay Chapman</i>	51
Marked, <i>Joseph Auslander</i>	364	Well-bred Piglets, <i>John Jay Chapman</i>	50

CONTENTS

v

INDEX BY AUTHORS

<i>Adams, Elizabeth C.</i> , The Will to Love . . .	194	<i>Eliot, Charles William</i>	
<i>Alderton, Ann</i> , From a Cook's Point of View . . .	609	The Great Religious Revival	379
<i>Alger, George W.</i> , The New Sting of Death . . .	290	Woodrow Wilson, 1856-1924	815
<i>Andrews, Clarence Edward</i> , Love in the Flea Market	753	<i>Francke, Kuno</i> , Intellectual Currents in Modern Germany	833
<i>Auslander, Joseph</i>		<i>Gardiner, Alfred G.</i> , The British Muddle . . .	404
Pendulum	243	<i>Gardiner, William Howard</i> , Realities in the Far East	540
Marked	364	<i>Goodspeed, Edgar J.</i> , The Ghost of King James	71
<i>Bakeless, John</i> , Actualities at Smyrna . . .	130	<i>Groves, Brigadier-General P. R. C.</i> , For France to Answer	145
<i>Bari, Valeska</i> , Fellow Citizens	806	<i>Horwill, Herbert W.</i> , The Preacher's Handicap	635
<i>Bayne, Julia Taft</i> , Tad Lincoln's Father . . .	660	<i>Hawes, Charles Boardman</i>	
<i>Beck, L. Adams</i> , The Bride of a God	648	The Extraneous Adventures of a Whaler . . .	641
<i>Belloc, Hilaire</i> , The Social Contrast	433	The Boy Who Went Whaling	797
<i>Blake, Marie</i> , Silence	659	<i>Hendrik, Ellwood</i> , The Mystery and Power of Light	618
<i>Bliven, Bruce</i> , The Frightened Farmer . . .	678	<i>Huddleston, Sisley</i>	
<i>Bok, Edward W.</i> , What I Expect	52	Is Civilization Menaced?	265
<i>Bradford, Gamaliel</i> , Pepys and God	472	British Labor and French Elections . . .	697
<i>Brett, George P.</i> , Wanted — A Pinetum . . .	365	<i>Jacks, L. P.</i> , Is There a Foolproof Science? . . .	229
<i>Briggs, Le Baron Russell</i> , At Ninety	289	<i>Kabraji, Fredoon</i> , A Pianoforte Recital . . .	625
<i>Brown, Charles W.</i> , Our Unmercantile Marine	386	<i>Kellogg, Vernon</i> , The Modern View of Evolution	485
<i>Buell, Raymond Leslie</i> , What About the Philippines?	394	<i>Kinney, Henry W.</i> , Earthquake Days	19
<i>Bullard, F. Lauriston</i> , A Programme for Labor Unions	82	<i>Lake, Kirsopp</i> , Artist and Historian	528
<i>Bunn, Henry W.</i>		<i>Macdonald, Robert M.</i> , Prospecting in Australia	327
A Scambling and Unquiet Time	99	<i>MacLeish, Archibald</i> , The Farm	483
Spain — Whence and Whither?	411	<i>Mason, Arthur</i>	
<i>Calkins, Earnest Elmo</i> , At the Central Primary	493	The Captain's Wife	321
<i>Chapman, John J.</i>		The Fog	627
Well-bred Piglets	50	<i>Masterman, Charles F. G.</i> , The Proletariat in Power	552
Toil Away	51	<i>Martin, George Madden</i>	
<i>Clark, Florence J.</i>		American Women and Public Affairs . . .	169
Driftwood	240	American Women and Paternalism . . .	744
Divine Fire	339	<i>Mendenhall, W. O.</i> , Who Is Right?	244
Barriers	792	<i>Mitchell, Langdon</i> , The American Malady . . .	153
<i>Cleghorn, Sarah N.</i> , Nightfallen Snow . . .	98	<i>Montague, Margaret Prescott</i> , Miss Betsy Beaver	221
<i>Close, Upton</i> , Some Asian Views on White Culture	353	<i>Moore, Arthur</i> , Unknown Afghanistan . . .	561
<i>Colby, Nathalie Sedgwick</i> , Marriage	666	<i>Mukerji, Dhan Gopal</i> , My Brother's Face . .	721
<i>Converse, Florence</i> , Lines to a Pumping Engine	772	<i>Murphy, James</i> , Fascismo: Reform or Reaction	112
<i>Cooper, Isabel</i> , Wild Animal Painting in the Jungle	732	<i>Newton, A. Edward</i> , London in the Eighteen-Eighties	298
<i>Coudenhove, Hans</i> , Only Mongooses	445		
<i>Crane, John</i> , Central Europe To-day	248		
<i>Dargan, Olive Tilford</i>			
Sam	60		
Evvie: Somewhat Married	503		
<i>Dilling, H. R.</i> , Courage	189		
<i>Douglas, Archer Wall</i> , The Art and Nature of Graphology	343		

<i>Pound, Arthur, The Ford Myth</i>	41	<i>Strangeland, Charles E., The Scandinavian Countries since the War</i>	844
<i>Powers, H. H.</i>			
The Receding Tide of Democracy	456	<i>Traquair, Ramsay, The Commonwealth of the Atlantic</i>	602
After Five Years	687	<i>Taylor, Agnes L., The Vanity of Expectation</i>	93
<i>Protzman, Hannah, Roast Chicking</i>	349	<i>Thompson, Seal, The Way of Plain Friends</i>	773
<i>Repplier, Agnes, The Happiness of Writing an Autobiography</i>	200		
<i>Seymour, Charles</i>		<i>Villiers, George</i>	
War-time Relations of America and Great Britain	669	In February	197
America's Responsibility	824	Consolation	319
<i>Sherman, Stuart P.</i>		Contrasts	320
A Conversation with Cornelia	1	<i>Wambaugh, Sarah, A League Picture</i>	121
Cornelia and Dionysus	577	<i>Warren, Beniley W., Destroying Our 'Indestructible States'</i>	370
<i>Snow, Franklin, An Era of Consolidations</i>	259	<i>Webb, Mary, The Prize</i>	468
<i>Soule, George, Unions and the Public</i>	211	<i>Weekley, Ernest, On Dictionaries</i>	782
<i>Sperry, Willard S., On the Side Lines</i>	765	<i>Whitney, Parkhurst, Spring Heels</i>	179
<i>Stewart, Charles D., Reptiles and Angels</i>	310	<i>Wickham, Harvey, A Cat and Her Boswell</i>	77
<i>Storm, Marian, Wells at the World's End</i>	513	<i>Whitman, William 3rd, The Sea</i>	813

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Barrel Day	715	Leftovers in Living	278
Breeches	138	My Fishiest Story	856
Chess and Folks	276	Poets in Color, The	139
Foreign Missionary, Is it Presumptuous to be a	567	Short Legged, A Plea for the	860
Gude Conceit, A	710	Stein, Gertrude, and a Robin	427
Happiness, An Institute for	137	Things that Every Owner and Operator of Motor Vehicles Should Know	422
How Does Your Garden Grow?	859	Twilight on the Ultava	425
Importance of a Good Forgettery, The,	282	You Get the Pig	712
Who Is Who	569		

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1924

A CONVERSATION WITH CORNELIA

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

I

WHEN I am in doubt, I talk with Cornelia; and while I am with her, my uncertainties disappear. But this subject she herself broached, at her home in one of those paradises of wood and water where Americans of her class have learned to hide their lives — for the summer.

She is a young woman of forty-five with what Hazlitt somewhere calls a 'coronet face,' finely cut and proudly borne, and it gives one a feeling of distinction merely to be in her presence. My memory holds like a piece of radiant sculpture the image that she left there at her wedding, twenty years ago, when she turned at the altar after the Episcopal benediction and paced down the aisle, clear-eyed and fearless, to the thunder of organ music: it seemed to me then that the young chevalier of the diplomatic service on whose arm her hand had alighted was leading the Samothracian Victory into the holy state of matrimony. It was an excellent alliance, with high sanctions and distinguished witnesses — auspiciously begun and with a constantly felicitous continuation. She has walked ever since, so her friends declare, between purple ribbons: her ways have gone smoothly and well in

delectable regions far above the level of the rank-scented multitude.

When one talks with her, her hands lie still in her lap. She does not think with her hands, nor does any other emphasis of her body intrude its comment upon the serene and assured movements of her intelligence. So remote she seems from the ignominious and infamous aspects of existence that one wonders how she becomes aware of them. Yet such unpleasant things, verminous or reptilian, as creep within range of her vision she inspects sharply and with intrepidity; for she knows precisely how to deal with them.

As I sat there, blissfully receiving a sense of the security and perfection which emanate from her, it just flickered into my consciousness that, if a mouse could have entered that impeccably ordered room, she would not for a moment have been at a loss. She would quietly have summoned a maid. Then she would have said, 'There is a mouse in the room. Take it out.' She likes everything to be right; and she knows so absolutely what is right, that any shade of uncertainty in conversation with her seems a kind of baseness and disloyalty. Yet, as much as a superior

being can be troubled, she was troubled about the state of current fiction. She was troubled in that high and spirited sense of responsibility which certain fine women feel for the tone of the Republic.

'You have shown,' she said, 'some understanding of the immense influence exerted by literature upon the minds of our young people. But your discussion of "unprintable" books is up in the air. You must meet peril definitely, perilously, or your readers won't even believe that it exists. In a prairie fire, you must fight fire with fire: water, the flames snuff up like a perfume, and sweep on. You don't come to grips with the facts. You asperse them with rose water.'

'You mean,' I replied, fencing feebly, 'that I did not furnish a guide to those new books which no young person should read? I had thought that would rather please you. The suppressive societies will supply the information which I omitted. I am not specially interested in the circulation of any questionable books — except my own.'

'Your innuendo is nasty and your tone is flippant,' she said. I bowed in acknowledgment of my entire agreement. 'But the subject,' she continued, 'is grave. It is very grave to those of us who have boys and girls of eighteen and twenty. We wish them in these formative years to be subject only to the finest influences. How can they be, when they read such books? How can anyone who is interested in moulding the characters of the younger generation *not* desire to keep such books as you know they are reading out of their hands? When I think of my son and my daughter, with their clean sweet young minds, wading into the filth of our popular fiction, I repeat to myself those lines of Heine — you remember: —

'Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.'

'Try it,' I suggested with studious brutality. 'Call in the children. Lay your hands on their heads, and pray that God may keep them in their purity and beauty and sweetness. How will they take it? Demurely, I fancy — while they are in your presence. But when they meet in the garden afterward they will exclaim, "Is n't mother an old dear!" And then they will laugh softly, and think of — all sorts of things. Heine's prayer, you know, does n't hit off the aspirations of contemporary youth. Beauty is still "all right." But the quality of sweetness, though it is not yet wholly unmarketable, is held in greatly diminished esteem. And as for purity — "What is purity?" asks the jesting younger generation, and will not stay for an answer.'

'Young people ask many foolish questions,' said Cornelia dismissively. 'What troubles me is rather the changing attitude of so many parents and teachers. Have they lost that beautiful desire to shield the years of innocence? Have they quite lost their sense of responsibility?'

'No,' I conjectured, 'they have n't altogether lost their responsibility. But they have n't known quite what to do with it; and just now it seems temporarily to have slipped from their hands. They did n't know how to use it when they had it; or they were afraid to use it, and cast the responsibility for the innocence of their children upon God; and now the children, sick of that evasion, are acting for themselves. I am afraid that we have rather lost contact with the younger generation. It has experienced so much, it has read so much, it is so accustomed to the free discussion of all sorts of

topics which we thought ominous even to mention — that I often suspect we have more to learn from it than it has to learn from us.'

'That is a false and vicious humility.'

'No, I assure you, very genuine, however vicious. It came over me in the spring several years ago in a vision. I happened one day to observe in my garden a large white cat stalking with soft experienced tread under the lilacs on the lookout for young robins making their trial flight. Being of a somewhat analogical turn of mind, and having then a high conceit of the wisdom of our generation, I said to myself: "The garden is a symbol of the world. The wise cat is the old professor. The fledgling robin is the young student." As I murmured the last word, the white cat made a flying leap for the nestling. It proved to be, however, an adult wren, pert and elusive, which hopped just one spray higher and twittered derision. The cat walked off crestfallen, muttering: "Such wise birds! I have never known a season when birds were wise so young."'

'Well?'

'Well, I really trust these "wise birds" nowadays much further than you do.'

'Won't you explain why?' said Cornelia.

'Let me tell you another story. At a neighborhood party recently, where there was dancing, and the very youngest generation was present, I was greatly flattered by receiving from Adelaide, a young lady of five years, marked attentions which on previous occasions had been directed to Bertram, a far more plausible person than I in all respects, and, moreover, only thrice the age of Adelaide. I said, "I thought you were devoted to Bertram." Instantly she replied: "I was. But I am not interested in Bertram any longer. I know all about him." At the

age of five, don't you see, she has already begun to "sip the foam of many lives." I happened to be, shall I say, the Coca-Cola of the evening. But I know that I shall be sipped and discarded. Already Adelaide has become critical, fastidious, wary; she will not for long be taken in.'

'Well, again?' from Cornelia, with a hint of irritation.

'I mean to insist,' I explained cautiously, 'that such sentimentalists as you and I seldom do justice to the hard, clear-eyed maturity, of a sort, which our young people have attained by pooh-poohing our sentimentality and subjectivity and adopting what Santayana calls a simple "animal faith" in the material surfaces of things.'

'Just what do you mean,' Cornelia inquired, sharply and scornfully, 'by hard, clear-eyed maturity? I have no such feeling about my own children. My own son and daughter are being brought up as I was brought up. Well-bred young people to-day differ in no essential respect from well-bred people twenty years ago. What some idiots try to make us believe is a change of standards is not a change of standards. It is merely a horrid confusion, due to the fact that a great many ill-bred people are expressing themselves.'

'That in itself,' I said, 'implies a change in conditions, if not in standards. There is, as you say, a horrid confusion. The confusion is due to the fact that the well-bred young people are now applauding the ill-bred old people. That is really significant. When the well-bred young people begin to desert, it is all up with the Old Guard. That indicates either a revolt or a revolution. You must remember, Cornelia, that one half of history is an account of the struggle made by your class to keep the rest out; and the other

half of history is an account of how the rest are getting in. If you are now in the presence of a revolt by a weak body of outsiders, you may still effectively oppose it. But if it is a revolution including your own household, you had better prepare to support the best elements in the *de facto* government — in the literary no less than in the political republic.'

'There *are* no best elements,' Cornelia retorted, 'in what you call the *de facto* government. There are no good elements. There are no decent elements. It is an insurrection of hoodlum and bedlam. It is all vile. The situation,' she continued with the clear precision of a cookie-cutter, 'demands drastic action. You, instead of strengthening the hands of those who attempt to act, amuse yourself with philosophical futilities, and virtually throw the weight of your levity against all action.'

'Suppose I desire an antecedent action of the mind?'

'But you are so ambiguous that you have no force. One can't really tell on which side you are.'

'I should like,' I hurriedly replied, 'to be on the side of the angels. You know that I should like to be on your side. If I am ever driven from your side, it will be by the fine high-bred incuriosity of angels. It will be by the applause of angels, accompanied by some fresh demonstration of their immitigable hostility to thought.'

'You are rude.'

'And you — just faintly provoking. I am not sure, Cornelia, that you quite understand the limits of a writer's power. I have a friend, long experienced in a public library, who assures me that critical articles have no real effect. Readers either agree with them from the outset and are pleased, or disagree with them from the outset and are displeased. This, she tells me,

is especially true of lawyers, clergymen, professors, and all nice people. Perhaps that is so. Let us suppose that it is. Suppose also that I were returning to the discussion of "unprintable" books. What treatment of the subject would please *you*? You are a "conservative" of definite convictions, and you demand drastic action. Exactly what is the situation and what the appropriate action? Are you prepared to say?'

'Certainly,' she replied. 'And I will tell you also the stand which I believe should be taken by a critic who professes to have the public welfare at heart.'

'Before you do that,' I interposed, 'you must pardon me one more flippancy. Isn't it true that people often "take a stand" to watch something that is going on and that will continue to go on whether they remain in their "stand" or not?'

'If you mean to ask whether I am a moral utilitarian, I am not. People of character take a stand in order to prevent obnoxious things from going on. If the obnoxious things continue to go on in spite of them, people of character are glad to be left behind, or even to be trampled under foot, when that is the only way to make their protest effective.'

'You speak like yourself, Cornelia,' I said, 'and no higher compliment is possible. Your image interests me. I seem to see an invading army with leveled spears, and you dauntlessly flinging yourself upon them. Opposition interests me as long as it is effective — as long as the opposing breast checks the leveled spears. Sniping from the housetop at the postman, after the revolution has actually taken place — in that, there is a kind of unpalatable futility. But how do you apply your figure to the duty of the critic in the face of current fiction?'

'I apply it in this way. You yourself have admitted that it would be very easy to make a list of popular writers who, however varied their art and method, have running through their work an insistent preoccupation with sex of quite a different character from its occasional romantic treatment in the novels that you and I were brought up on. The heart of the matter is this: the minds of young people are being gravely affected by a group of writers who, in their several ways, definitely challenge the idea of chastity. Now, what a really serious critic should do is to call a halt in the production and reading of that sort of literature.'

'My dear Cornelia,' I exclaimed, — I always exclaim 'My dear' when I am about to express impatience; it introduces the note of suavity, — 'My dear Cornelia, do you read the magazines? Do you attend church? Do you see the newspapers? Did you not observe that the form, "It is time to call a halt," was first employed on the tenth of August, 1914, by an editor in Oshkosh with reference to the German advance on Paris? In the following week it was applied by a clergyman of Tulsa, Oklahoma, with reference to the consumption of chewing-gum in the United States. Since that time, it has been in continuous employment by all serious critics, lay and clerical, with reference to the output of the leading English and American novelists.'

'Well,' she replied, 'what if it has? So much the worse for the leading English and American novelists. If they are all running amuck, is that any reason why the rest of us should lose our heads? If the novelists are going definitely wrong at the point which I have indicated, a critic could not be better employed than in standing at that point and calling a halt.'

'You assign to criticism,' I said, 'a

task which appeals but faintly to the critic — a task like that of a traffic policeman without authority or power. If I had all the authority in the world, I would not cry "stop" to the novelists, even to those that I have criticized most harshly.'

'And why not?'

'Because I learn too much from what they are doing to desire to dam the stream of information. The realistic novelists to-day are extraordinarily copious, candid, and illuminating confessors of private morals. I have, to be sure, been troubled by the fact that the lives of respectable people are so seldom revealed in these confessions. I have even allowed myself to wonder faintly at times whether unwillingness to confess may not be, as our direful midwestern school contends, the chief distinction between respectable people and the other sort. It is a horrid doubt, concerning which no one but the novelist betrays much curiosity, or provides much light. And so, for novelists, I wish freedom to confess, and, for myself, freedom to comment on their confessions — though, since they have become so desperately confessional, it seems frequently indelicate to do so. If they are, as you assert, definitely challenging the idea of chastity, the matter is indeed of more than merely literary interest. I should like to know whether our standards are undergoing revolutionary change. Won't you please go out and "call a halt," while I go home and inquire in my own fashion whether anything is going on; whether the idea of chastity has actually been challenged; if so, what idea of chastity, why, where, when, in what manner, and with what results?'

'You are hopeless,' said Cornelia, rising. 'I shall ask the Bishop to make this the subject of one of his Lenten discourses.'

'That will be just the thing,' I rejoined, 'to induce profound reflection in our novelists.'

II

When I returned to my study, I dropped into a chair which frequently invites meditation, before a case containing current fiction. My eyes glanced swiftly along the rows of Wells, Galsworthy, Bennett, Beresford, and Walpole, lingering an extra moment on *Ann Veronica*, *The Dark Flower*, and *The Pretty Lady*; visited with slow interrogative scrutiny the 'colorful' assemblage of Hergesheimer, D. H. Lawrence, Rebecca West, May Sinclair, W. L. George, James Joyce, J. B. Cabell, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Charles G. Norris, Ben Hecht, and Waldo Franck; then fluttered to rest upon a dozen miscellaneous recent arrivals — Meredith Nicholson's *Broken Barriers*, Mrs. Gerould's *Conquistador*, Maxwell's *Spinster of This Parish*, Willa Cather's *The Lost Lady*, G. F. Hummel's *After All*, West of the Water Tower, Herrick's *Homely Lilla*, Brand Whitlock's *J. Hardin & Son*, Lewisohn's *Don Juan*, Edith Summers Kelley's *Weeds*, and Margaret Prescott Montague's *Deep Channel*.

Here, I said to myself, is material enough to prove Cornelia's case, if she has a case. Among this company, I shall find the challengers, if there is a challenge. What are they calling in question? The idea of chastity. — Whose idea of chastity? Cornelia's idea, the idea of all nice people. — What is the idea of all nice people regarding chastity? Look in the dictionary, the record of good usage. — Here it is: 'Innocence of unlawful sexual intercourse.' — As a history of usage the dictionary should add in parenthesis: 'This is a virtue assumed to be present in all members of

the female sex in good and regular standing.'

Here we have a simple and definite idea to work upon: Chastity is freedom from unlawful sexual intercourse — a virtue assumed to be present in all members of the female sex in good and regular standing. — Who first gave currency to that idea? Our friends the Victorians? Oh, no! It is astonishing how many so-called Victorian ideas, delicate and fragile, can be found thriving in manlier ages, in old robust books like *Don Juan*, *Tom Jones*, and in the drama of that 'den of lions' — the Renaissance. How they valued this virtue — those 'lions' of the Renaissance! How they valued this virtue in their wives! What praise they had for its possessors — 'chaste as the icicle that's curdled by the frost from purest snow and hangs on Dian's temple.' Shakespeare valiantly assumed the presence of that virtue in all members of the female sex in good and regular standing — except Cleopatra.

But we must not be too historical. The idea of chastity exists full blown in Goldsmith, in those two famous stanzas which inquire what happens when lovely woman stoops to 'folly,' and learns too late that men 'betray,' that is, fail to legalize the 'folly.' We remember what follows, for the lines were in every anthology employed in our formative period to give to our young minds a relish for virtue and a lively apprehension of the consequences of departing from it. Cornelia still thinks we should prescribe Goldsmith rather than Mr. Galsworthy for the 'collateral reading' of her daughter. Goldsmith declares very firmly that when lovely woman stoops to folly, no art can wash her guilt away: —

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom — is to die.

Several distinct elements appear in our fully developed idea: first, chastity is the virtue of a legal status; second, women are naturally law-abiding; third, if they lose their status it is by the natural perfidy of predatory men; fourth, the disaster is irretrievable. There is no salvation for the woman but death, the cloister, exile or, occasionally, a shamefaced return to 'chastity' at the point of the pistol.

This idea flourished in the 'good old' novels of Sir Walter Scott; it is fairly well illustrated in the case of Effie Deans in *The Heart of Midlothian*. Scott was a romancer. His contemporary, Jane Austen, was a realist. She was far less chivalrously certain than he that lovely women who are neglectful of legal status are by nature virtuous. She looked at them hard; she inclined strongly to believe that such women are by nature vain, sentimental, and ignorant — like Lydia Bennett in *Pride and Prejudice*. But Jane Austen is at one with Scott in treating unlawful passion austerely. In the fiction of both these worthies, the erring woman is unmistakably a 'victim'; the man, however plausible his manners, is a profligate and unprincipled, if not a designing, villain; the consequences of departure from legal status are depicted in strongly deterrent colors. Our idea of chastity is fortified by them.

Now let us advance a generation or so and question our friends the Victorians: do they accept our idea and loyally enforce it? Yes — *now and then*. Familiar cases? There is the case of little Em'ly in *David Copperfield*. She is the typical victim of the typical seducer; and Dickens punishes them both in approved traditional fashion. He drowns the wicked lover, which is, of course, a logical consequence of departure from legal status. He sends the victim with her 'soft sorrowful blue

eyes' to Australia, where she attempts to expiate her guilt by a life of self-sacrifice. She has many a good offer of marriage: "But, uncle," she says to me, "that's gone forever." Here we have the doctrine of the irretrievable. That doctrine is sternly proclaimed by George Eliot in the graver case of Hetty Sorrel in *Adam Bede*. The repentant lover tries to do something for Hetty. His last words are that it is no use: 'You told me the truth when you said to me once, "There's a sort of wrong that can never be made up for."' Neither Scott nor Jane Austen could have handled these elementary cases in a more strictly orthodox fashion. Our idea is again fortified.

But the great Victorian novelists pushed their speculations beyond the elementary problems raised by the victim-villain situation. They had, several of them, personal reasons for reflecting thoughtfully upon the social utility of the stout bulwarks with which the English law attempted to fortify the idea of chastity and the related doctrine of the irretrievable. Dickens is said to have fallen in love with all the Hogarth daughters and to have married the wrong one. Thackeray married at twenty-five a woman who half a dozen years later became insane and outlived him. Bulwer-Lytton was legally separated at twenty-three from a woman who outlived him. Meredith's *Modern Love* discusses an incompatibility of temper from which a death divorced him. And George Eliot, high priestess of Victorian morality, was actually living in a kind of solemn and almost officious virtue with another woman's husband. These were circumstances arranged to liberate speculation and to set it playing a little skeptically about the one way out — the sole dark exit which Goldsmith had so glibly offered to lovely women who are unfortunate in love.

In a novel of the mid-nineteenth century, which used to be thought very dangerous reading, — *Jane Eyre*, — Charlotte Brontë considered one of these more difficult cases, and almost presented it. Jane, an eager, self-reliant, self-supporting, and fairly hard-headed young woman, first of our modern heroines, is loved with a grand passion by Rochester, who is enchained by marriage to a hopeless lunatic. Now the novelist permits Jane to fall deeply in love with Rochester, thus perilously illustrating the possibility that a truly great and two-sided passion may come into existence outside legal status. Charlotte Brontë, however, intervened twice to save the situation. She was n't fastidious about the chastity of Rochester: chastity is a female virtue. But she was fastidious about the chastity of Jane. And so, of course, she makes Jane ignorant at first of the fact that Rochester is married; and she makes Jane tell him that it is all up when she learns that he is married. That was the perfectly correct thing for Jane to do.

But it created a dilemma. Charlotte Brontë knew that it created a dilemma — a dilemma with unchastity for one horn and the frustration of a grand passion for the other. (It should perhaps be explained that a grand passion, in those illiberal days, was thought of as an experience that befell a girl but once in a lifetime.) Charlotte Brontë did not quite dare to treat this dilemma. She faced it for a moment. She let her readers face it for a moment. Then she intervened again: she destroyed the dilemma. She made it all come right. She restored both hero and heroine to chastity by pitching the lunatic wife headlong into the flames of the house of Rochester.

A happy thought! — so it must have seemed to the author. Yet, as one reflects upon it, this solution appears

a little dangerous. To pitch a superfluous wife into the flames — well, it would not quite serve as a Kantian basis for the solution of all such problems. Under the English law, the dilemma reasserted its actuality. *Jane Eyre* stands there early in the Victorian Age as a challenge, rather evasively presented, to the idea of chastity. (In W. B. Maxwell's *Spinster of This Parish*, 1923, a modern heroine is placed in almost precisely Jane's situation, except that her lover does not think it necessary to lie to her about his lunatic wife. Without a moment's hesitation, she accepts the grand passion. Since she accepts it with all the fortitude and fidelity of an old-fashioned wife, she seems to-day a quite safe old-fashioned character; and it is hard to conceive of anyone's thinking of her as 'unchaste'.)

Other Victorians, usually with much circumspection, returned to the dilemma; and they returned to it in such numbers that to challenge the idea of chastity as a legal creation may be regarded as a rather distinctively Victorian 'contribution.' From the question, what to do when you are united to an undivorceable insane wife the Victorians proceeded cautiously to consider the demands of virtue in analogous sets of circumstances. What is the point at which the maintenance of legal chastity involves the loss of ethical integrity? What is right conduct for a young girl whose parents or relatives have united her in a 'suitable marriage' to a repellent brute of means and good family? That is a question which interested Thackeray in *The Newcomes*; and it will be remembered that the wife of Barnes Newcome answers the question in her own case by giving her husband occasion for divorce under the English law. It is not always observed that to Hester Prynne, in *The Scarlet Letter*,

right conduct, to the last page of the book, consists in fidelity to her lover, not to her fanatical husband; and Hawthorne, perhaps indecently, places the lovers in adjacent graves of a Boston burying-ground. Isabel Archer in Henry James's *Portrait of a Lady* is begged by her lover to desert her husband and come to him, and to disregard the 'bottomless idiocy' of what other people will think or say about them; though, on the last page, Isabel is still clinging to legality, one is left in some doubt whether she will cling indefinitely. Meredith's Diana is a standing challenge to the doctrine of irretrievable marriage. Hardy's Tess is a defiance to the idea of chastity entertained by the Angel Clares; and the obscene relation in *Jude the Obscure* is obviously that between him and his wife, not that between him and Sue, except as it is smirched by his return to his wife and by her return to her husband.

But why multiply instances? Here are enough to show that the good Victorians repeatedly solicited our sympathy and our support for heroines whose ethical integrity was afflicted by their legal chastity. The idea of illicit love as an affair of victim and villain has been largely jettisoned or given over to melodrama, as of an interest too primitive or too banal for extended consideration. To their successors, the Victorian realists bequeath as matter of far higher artistic and general human concern their rather cautious essays upon the evaded dilemma of Jane Eyre.

III

Let us now enter fearfully upon the burning ground of contemporary fiction. The territory is immense, and unexplorable here in detail. All that one can do is to stand upon the smoky

borderland, and comment briefly upon some conspicuous spots in the conflagrant area and upon the general direction of the wind.

One cannot, on every occasion for mentioning him, reread the entire works of Mr. Wells. I retain a strong impression that most of his novels of contemporary life challenge the idea of indissoluble marriage. In this respect Mr. Wells is no innovator. I retain also the impression that one tends to derive from these novels a conviction that everyone's first marriage is a mistake. This indicates the direction of the wind. Now Mr. Wells is a long way from accepting Goldsmith's idea that death is the only way out of a bad situation. He has no patience with the doctrine of irretrievability. But as long as unlawful relations furnish the only available alternative way out, his works naturally disquiet Cornelia, and challenge her idea of chastity.

His works disquiet me, because I think the defect which his heroes and heroines find in their first marriage they will find also in their second and their third and their fourth: they will find that neither the second nor the third nor the fourth marriage is capable of sustaining indefinitely the sense of ecstasy which the tired business man experiences the first time he notices how pretty his stenographer is. Tedium is three fourths of life. Sensible men settle down quietly to endure it, sustained by their fortitude and their twenty-five per cent of creature comforts and incidentals. The others imagine that by Babbittian adventures they can change the proportions and get something better than tedium. There is nothing that is even 'just as good.' Thackeray knew this and admitted it. Mr. Wells has not admitted it. That constitutes one distinction between the author of *The Newcomes*

and the author of *The New Machiavelli*.

Mr. Galsworthy told us in *The Dark Flower* about the quest of ecstasy, and in *Saint's Progress* he confessed something of the extraordinary disregard of legality in sexual relations on the part of well-bred young people, occasioned in part by the stresses of the war. Mr. Galsworthy, like Mr. Wells, inclines to make ecstasy rather than legality the test of right relations between men and women, though I think most of his heroes and heroines are somewhat less incorrigibly expectant than those of Mr. Wells. In *The Forsyte Saga*, his prime achievement and a rich and various and notable work, he makes his most significant study of that Victorian dilemma upon which Jane Eyre was so nearly impaled. In the case of Soames Forsyte and Irene and Jolyon, he brings, with great circumstantiality and seriousness, a fine woman face to face with the choice of illegal status or the substantial frustration of life; and Irene unequivocally accepts the illegal status. The entire treatment of the theme indicates, I think, Mr. Galsworthy's belief that she was ethically justified, as she was also justified by the general consequences, in her union with Jolyon. The one high crime in the book, as Mr. Galsworthy conceives it, is Soames Forsyte's exaction of marital rights from a wife who is in love with another man. — I wonder whether Cornelia has read *The Forsyte Saga*. I wonder whether, if she entered imaginatively into all the circumstances, she would not consider the act of Soames a crime. If she did, she would challenge the idea of chastity. Perhaps she would call the act 'a heinous unchastity'; but that would be to abandon our definition.

I was a bit shocked last spring when someone remarked that May Sinclair had joined the ranks of those who are

writing primarily to engage the attention of Mr. Sumner; and that *Ann Severn and the Fieldings* is an 'immoral book.' I recalled her *Divine Fire* as one of the keen delights of twenty years ago, and I remembered her recently published *Mr. Waddington of Wyck* as the most exhilarating and remorseless flaying-alive of the philanderer that I had ever witnessed.

I read *Ann Severn and the Fieldings*, and I found it, especially in its last two or three chapters, a love story of poignant and thrilling beauty. Compared with many of the physiologically and pathologically introspective novels of the day it is, despite its exhibition of a neurosis resulting in false angina pectoris, almost an old-fashioned love story. It is almost old-fashioned when presenting, in the case of Ann, a passion as straight, as single, as unswerving, as unflinching as that of Shakespeare's Juliet. Ann, brought up with the three Fielding brothers, loves one of them, Jerrold, from childhood till the end — with the 'divine fire.' Jerrold, on leave from the front, intends to ask Ann to be his wife; but by the connivance of circumstances with the lying of interested persons, he is persuaded that Ann is living with his shell-shocked brother. Jerrold, thereupon, in the recklessness of the hour, expecting to be killed in the next attack, abruptly marries Maisie. When the conspiracy of lying and ambiguous circumstances is dispelled, Ann claims Jerrold as her own, and he gives himself to her 'without a scruple.'

Now the ethical points, as exhibited by the author, are these: first, Jerrold has shown male recklessness regarding his virtue — by marrying one woman when he loved another; second, he displays an awakened ethical sensitiveness when he rejoices at the termination of his intimate relations with his wife; third, Ann has never for an instant

swerved from her virtue; Maisie proves her virtue in the beautiful, if impossible, scene in which she surrenders her husband to Ann, saying, 'I can't think of anything more disgusting than to keep a man tied to you when he cares for somebody else. I should feel as if I were living in sin.' Of course the major contention is, that Ann, though without legal status, was 'chaste'; but that is a paradox and a challenge to our idea.

Let us take one more case in this group: Mr. J. D. Beresford with the Jacob Stahl trilogy. In this rather drab yet impressive work, one finds the 'emancipative' ideas of Mr. Wells assimilated by a much less buoyant nature. Jacob muddles into a bad marriage — with an unquestionably unsuitable person from whom he separates, though he is not divorced. He falls in love with one of the keepers of his lodging-house and asks her to live with him without legal sanction till his wife shall die. After months of consideration she freely and resolutely joins him. From that point, Mr. Beresford exerts himself to prove that their relation is just as grave and permanent and as full of labor and anxiety and humdrum and gray days as marriage itself. I suspect there is a kind of grim truthfulness in the relation of this adventure. It reminds one, in the third volume, of George Eliot and of accounts given by sundry visitors of the slightly dreary decorum of her *ménage*. There is no expectation of ecstasy on the part of either of the adventurers. They merely look, outside marriage, for the alleviations of the ultimate human solitude afforded by a satisfactory marriage. They are tolerably successful. But when the death of Stahl's wife clears the way, they return, for various reasons of expediency, to a legal status.

Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy, May

Sinclair, and Mr. Beresford, are all, I think, seriously interested in morality. On the whole, their work does not contemptuously and explicitly challenge the idea of monogamous marriage. At least, it does not flout the possibility of arriving, by freedom of readjustment, at some reasonably satisfactory and permanent relationship between one man and one woman. And so, in a sense, their point of view begins to appear relatively conservative. If they could be questioned regarding their moral purpose, or tendency, they would all profess sincere respect for virtue. But they would add that they are concerned as novelists with reflecting the revision which the idea of virtue is undergoing in our time. They are generally willing to admit that society and the State are related in necessary and vital ways to the customary form of sexual alliance. But they repudiate the notion that mere legality can set the seal of virtue upon any such alliance. Less firmly, yet pretty clearly, they repudiate the notion that mere illegality can remove the seal of virtue which individual adventurers may set upon their alliance. Because chastity has been traditionally identified with legality, they hold the word in some contempt; they incline to discard it as the name of any recognizable virtue. The important ideas which it has obscured are these: to maintain permanent relations with one who is thoroughly agreeable to you is virtue; to maintain permanent relations with one who is thoroughly disagreeable to you is vice. (There is quite a bit of ground between.)

IV

Among the novelists who have arrived within the last ten years it is more difficult to discover any community in constructive ethical intention

or tendency. One can no longer feel sure that marriage is regarded as the normal condition for which fidelity in illegal relations is a substitute. One recalls numerous heroines who collect erotic adventures like female Don Juans, and others who stoutly and 'conscientiously' refuse marriage to lovers to whom they refuse nothing else. And here is George F. Hummel's *After All*, advertised as follows: 'Its analysis of the inherent self-destructiveness of marriage is carried to a conclusion which, however opposed to accept standards of morality, has in it the logic and compelling force of a thinking man's profoundest conviction.' Here are D. H. Lawrence's *Lost Girl*, and Arnold Bennett's *Pretty Lady*, and W. L. George's *Ursula Trent*, and Willa Cather's *Lost Lady*, and Joseph Hergesheimer's *Cytherea* and the heroine of Mr. Masters's *Domesday Book* — a whole troop of damsels who meander where they will in quest of rosebuds. Here is Robert Herrick's *Lilla* deliberately and successfully discarding marriage for an unsanctioned union. Here is Margaret Prescott Montague's *Julie* (in *Deep Channel*) finding in an illicit relationship the effective key to a larger and more spiritual life. Here is even Mrs. Gerould permitting a grave and thoughtful illegal relationship to the hero of *Conquistador*, whom she would apparently have us regard as the very pink of essential purity. No single explanation will account for the community in 'destructive' tendency discernible in the latest phase of the 'movement,' or for the fact that there is hardly one out of a dozen recent novels which Cornelia would care to see in the hands of her daughter; or for the still more alarming fact that, if there is one such novel in a dozen, Cornelia's daughter probably would not care to read it.

Since, in the United States, marriage has been by no means a legally irretrievable disaster, it would be absurd to point to the rigor of our law as a very important occasion of the widespread indifference or disrespect for chastity exhibited or reflected by many American writers. The occasions of our revolt lie deeper than that, and many causes have conspired to give to our current fiction its unwonted aspect of levity and license.

First, as a literary inheritance, the Wells-Galsworthy group of the elder novelists bequeathed to their successors a profound skepticism of the legal touchstone of chastity, together with a pleasant rule of virtue which tends, as a social regulation, to be unworkable, since it is incapable of objective and public application. Their 'rule,' developed a little, lands one in an anarchical moral individualism; and their successors developed it by omitting the word 'permanent' from the definition of virtue.

Secondly, the appearance of a good many rather frothily wanton pictures of frothily wanton younger sets may still be attributed to reaction from the austerities of war; the writers of the futilitarian school take chastity lightly because they take everything lightly: for examples, Mr. Carl Van Vechten and Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald — though it must be admitted that the latter, in *The Beautiful and Damned*, has written the most impressive temperance tract of our time. (I wonder if Cornelia noticed that it is a temperance tract.)

Thirdly, women are discovering various means of avoiding the inevitable penalties which the earlier novelists inflicted upon sorrowful blue-eyed girls who stooped to folly: they don't, in fiction at least, so often have to abandon a baby (*Adam Bede*), or to lose their job (*Esther Waters*), or to be

barred from marriage (*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*), or to suffer ostracism or exile (*David Copperfield*).

Fourthly, as in the use of cocktails and tobacco, the double standard is manifestly giving ground before a single standard, and that a masculine standard: see any novel of the literary and artistic 'villages' of New York or Chicago — for example, those of Mr. Floyd Dell. In Meredith Nicholson's *Broken Barriers*—an extraordinary disclosure from the Indiana school—unchastity is almost blandly presented as, for a considerable group of young business women, something like the accepted avenue to social advancement and as a preliminary to a good marriage.

Fifthly, chastity, legal and spiritual, has for a dozen years been under fire in this country as a distinctive aspect of that 'Puritanism' which, as we know, must be destroyed, root and branch, before we shall have any art, letters, or society worth mention.

Sixthly, the idea of 'sex' as a sacred mystery under protection of Church and State has given ground before an interesting series of competing ideas: the idea of sex as a chapter in physiology; the idea of sex as a social asset and a contribution which every good mixer makes to the occasion; and the idea of sex as a horrible nuisance.

Seventhly, there is appearing here and there in current literature evidence of the growth among us of an æsthetic philosophy which rejects the moral valuations of life. Its doctrine is briefly this: You can't be sure that any act will yield you happiness. You can't be sure that any act will be virtuous. You can be sure that every act will yield you experience. Let us go in for experience, and value our acts according to the quantity and intensity of the experience which they yield.

Mr. Hergesheimer at present, I think, best represents the æsthetic point of view. I am afraid that Mr. Hergesheimer is just a little bit of a *poseur*. He pretends to feel surprised that many people regard his books as of immoral tendency. I myself am not one of those who are much worried by the moral aspects of his work. If he were content to let the novels speak for themselves, few people would guess how unorthodox the author is. But as a matter of fact Mr. Hergesheimer is a renegade Presbyterian. He is a Presbyterian turned artist. He is proud of his apostasy and he likes to talk about it. He has shaken off his patrimonial 'Puritanism'; he finds life more delectable since; and he delights to find a cool spot in a Havana hotel, and to stretch out his legs and discourse somewhat expansively, for the benefit of his fellow citizens north of the Gulf, upon his 'emancipation'—with frequent pointed references to his informal dinner jacket of Chinese silk, the orange blossom in his buttonhole, the flourished Larrañaga cigar in his fingers, and the frigid mixture of Ron Bacardi, sugar, and vivid green lime at his elbow.

As an artist, he is interested in two things: first, in the luxurious, the 'colorful,' the exotic; and, second, in the poetry of passionate idealisms, martyr-hot. He himself exhibits a middle-aged prudence and coolness; he possesses a certain amount of taste of a certain kind, which preserves him from a certain kind of now popular grossness; he paints himself as a connoisseur of sensations: these qualities, together with his old-fashioned romantic attachment to 'grand passions,' give him a salient distinction, indeed a real isolation, among the 'Jacksonian rabble' who imagine that Mr. Hergesheimer is one of them, and who still constitute the main body of the anti-

Puritan movement. Yet, as an artist, he finds himself constrained to be essentially an anti-moralist. He welcomes all experience in proportion to its intensity and richness of color. He cannot help admitting his 'preference for those girls who have the courage of their emotions.' He cannot help confessing his artistic pleasure in observing a crucifix as the background of a prostitute. He cannot deny himself the revenge upon his Presbyterian ancestors which consists in referring to the prostitutes of a house in Havana as 'informal girls'—as if, forsooth, when one emerges from the ancestral hypocrisies of Presbyterianism, 'formality' remains for the only real distinction between these girls and any other sort of girls.

O Cornelia, I begin to understand what troubles you!

Mr. D. H. Lawrence seems to have set out with the notion that sex is 'the greatest thing in the world,' and with the correlative notion that we can't very well have too much of it or have it on too easy terms. He is still, if I understand him, a great believer in experience for experience's sake, and he passes in many quarters for a dangerous immoralist. To the conventional sense, indeed, he may easily appear to write his novels as if the world of conventional morals had no existence. Even in *Sons and Lovers* his heroes and heroines explore their sexual good where they find it with barbaric or *übermenschlich* indifference to legality—or, should one say, with the indifference to legality prevalent among a coal-mining population? In his more recently published *Women in Love* his seekers of experience and self-realization are men and women who have exhausted the possibilities of gratification through any ordinary intimacy of relationship. The book has offended pudency by a few intelligible

paragraphs of plain speech where we were formerly accustomed to silence. But its really shocking aspect is its studious remorseless revelation of what a horrible, devouring mania sexual passion may be: how involved with mortal fear; and with cold, probing curiosity; and with murderous hatred. One of the characteristic 'high spots' in the story is that in which Hermione expresses the kind of intimacy that she desires with Birkin, and consummates her 'voluptuous ecstasy' by seizing a beautiful ball of lapis lazuli and bringing it crashing down upon his head. Except for a lively incident of this sort here and there, *Women in Love* must impress the ordinary novel-reader as intolerably dull, dreary, difficult, and mad: and anyone who declares that it makes 'sex' attractive should be punished by being required to read it through.

Mr. Lawrence's interest in it is predominantly the interest of an exploring moralist who has specialized in sexual relations and is coming to conclusions which are important, if true. He is coming to the conclusion that—for men, at any rate—passional surrender is not 'the greatest thing in the world.' He is coming to the conclusion that the romantic poets and the romantic novelists—including perhaps Mr. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy—have all been on the wrong tack in representing as the height of human experience that ecstasy in which one individuality is merged and absorbed in another. This he regards as in its essential nature an ideal of decadence. This is an aspiration toward death and disintegration, from which the inevitable reaction is disgust. The virtue of a man is to preserve his own integrity and resist the dissolution of union. 'When he makes the sexual consummation the supreme consummation, even in his *secret* soul,

he falls into the beginnings of despair.' I quote this sentence from Mr. Lawrence's fantastic and curious *Fantasia of the Unconscious*. And from his *Studies in Classic American Literature* I quote these words, calculated to trouble both his enemies and his friends: 'The essential function of art is moral. Not æsthetic, nor decorative, not pastime and recreation, but moral. The essential function of art is moral.' This will perhaps trouble Mr. Hergesheimer more than it troubles me.

Among the later novelists of the Middle West one might choose either Sherwood Anderson or Ben Hecht as a striking representative of the anti-Puritan movement. But there is so much cloudy symbolism in the author of *Many Marriages* that one may more expeditiously indicate the position of the author of *Gargoyles* — and of less widely circulated works. Mr. Hecht, generally speaking, appears to be the inheritor of Mr. Dreiser's moral outfit, during the latter's lifetime. He interests me more than Mr. Dreiser ever did because his intellectual processes are much more rapid. Mr. Dreiser reaches his conclusion by a slow, vermiculous, emotional approach, like the promenade of the *lumbricus terrestris*; Mr. Hecht darts at his like a wasp. He is a stylist and he feels a kind of ecstasy in the stabbing use of words. He is a satirist exulting in the stripping of shams. In *Gargoyles* he is a cynic with the point of view of mad King Lear crying, —

'Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy
own back;
Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind
For which thou whip'st her.'

He is an angry and disenchanted moralist. But he is also — and this is the particularly interesting aspect of his case — an angry and disenchanted 'immoralist.' The emancipated heroes

of *Gargoyles* and *Erik Dorn* hurl themselves over precipices of experience to wallow in abysses of spiritual inanity and despair. Yet before they are emancipated, as Mr. Hecht sees them, they are in an equal agony of moral chains. Basine, in *Gargoyles*, loathes all women for his wife's sake. 'His distaste for his wife had kept him faithful to her because his imagination balked at the idea of embracing another Henrietta.' Again we are told, almost in the Dreiserian phraseology, that 'cowardice' had made him an excited champion of domestic felicity, marital fidelity, and kindred ideas. In his symbolical romance, Mr. Hecht represents man as an agonized animal, self-crucified on the cross of his moral ideals, martyring himself in behalf of laws and conventions to which his desires and appetites are in unvanquishable opposition. Hitherto, his satire of conventional sexual morality has not revealed to me any constructive element: its caustic and sulphurous bolts leap from an anarchical darkness of all-embracing disillusion and fathomless disgust.

The note of sexual disgust is, to the student of contemporary morals, a point of high interest in the recent realistic fiction. This note of disgust is clamorous in *Blackguard*, by Mr. Hecht's spiritual satellite, Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim. It is a steady undertone through the novels and short stories of Sherwood Anderson; in *The Narrow House* and *Narcissus* of Evelyn Scott; and in the *Rahab* of Waldo Franck. It is a cry of diabolic torture in James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist As Young Man*; and in *Ulysses* it is a rolling ordurous pandemonium.

In reading the novels of Ben Hecht, Maxwell Bodenheim, Sherwood Anderson, Evelyn Scott, Waldo Franck, and James Joyce, one's first impression is frequently of wonder as to what motive

can prompt an author to perpetuate a record of experience so humiliatingly painful, and a vision of souls so atrociously ugly. Is the motive revenge upon life for having taken them in? Is the motive to cleanse the stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff that preys upon the reason. The mad King Lear perhaps felt relieved when he had completed his psychoanalysis of the 'simp'ring dame'; but when he had reached his conclusion in 'burning, scalding, stench, consumption,' he cried perforce: 'Give me an ounce of civet; good apothecary, sweeten my imagination.' In the emetic school of fiction appears the *reductio ad nauseam* of the idea of sex as a social asset. No lust-bitten monk wrestling with hallucinations in a mediæval cloister could have made the entire subject more bewilderingly detestable than this group of anti-Puritan and anti-Catholic emancipators, who apparently set out with a desire to make it pleasant.

V

At this point, as it seemed to me, I had accumulated sufficient material to enable me to resume my conversation with Cornelia, without being immediately extinguished by the immense superiority of her intuitions regarding what is right. Meditating on the evolution of the idea of chastity from Goldsmith and Scott to James Joyce and Ben Hecht, I went to see her again.

It was a pleasant midsummer morning, enlivened by a cool breeze from the lake. I came up through the wood path into the garden, and found her sitting in the pergola, cool and fresh as the breeze. Her hands lay still in her lap, clasped upon an open book. Unaware of my presence, her gaze seemed to have gone dreamingly down the green slope, to rest in a kind of hovering question above the bright young

animation of the tennis court. As I appeared, she looked up quickly and said instantly, —

'Sit here, and let me read you these lovely verses of Walter de la Mare's.'

'Do,' I replied; and she read with, oh, just a suspicion of a tremor in her clear smooth voice, these lines: —

'Like an old battle, youth is wild
With bugle and spear, and counter-cry,
Fanfare and drummery, yet a child
Dreaming of that sweet chivalry,
The piercing terror cannot see.

'He, with a mild and serious eye
Along the azure of the years,
Sees the sweet pomp sweep hurtling by;
But he sees not death's blood and tears,
Sees not the plunging of the spears.

'O, if with such simplicity
Himself take arms and suffer war;
With beams his targe shall gilded be,
Though in the thickening gloom be far
The steadfast light of any star!

'Though hoarse War's eagle on him perch,
Quickened with guilty lightnings — there
It shall in vain for terror search,
Where a child's eyes beneath bloody hair
Gaze purely through the dingy air.'

She closed the book, and we were silent for a moment, in which I felt within myself curious little surges of sympathy breaking over rocks of difference. Then she said, —

'Well?'

'Cornelia,' I answered, 'you were right. The idea of chastity has been challenged, is being challenged, on all sides, in many ways, for many reasons.' I made a discreet summary of my discoveries, and concluded: 'Current fiction reflects a condition bordering on anarchy.'

'Could n't one know that without making an investigation, without ploughing through these dreadful books?'

'Perhaps,' I responded. 'But, Cornelia, I think you were wrong in an important respect. I think there has

been a real change in standards, and that even very nice people no longer think just as they used to think. At least they no longer say what they used to say, and they are more tolerant of what other people think.'

'Do you imagine,' she persisted, 'that this new tolerance indicates general moral progress? I think it indicates general moral laxity. Come, let us be definite. At what points precisely do you fancy there is any advantage to be gained by taking sexual relations away from the protection of Church and State and committing them to the whims of individuals?'

'My dear Cornelia,' I protested, 'the prevailing theory is not that Church and State have "protected" sexual relations. The popular theory is that Church and State have ignored them, or, at least, in attempting to regulate them, have ignored so many exceptional cases that the regulations are invalid. For all these cases, the novel has been a kind of court of last resort. On the whole, I believe that it has greatly enriched the idea of virtue by giving a hearing to the innumerable cases in which legality is the mask of nearly intolerable conditions.'

'Intolerable conditions,' interrupted Cornelia, 'are usually the result of imprudent marriages, marriages for advantage, marriages without love. Those who make such marriages should expect to pay the price. It is sentimentality to discard a good rule to save a few exceptional individuals. Incompatibility of temper is no harder to bear than small-pox or anything else that marriage may let one in for.'

'I am explaining how we differ,' I resumed. 'I find myself in pretty full sympathy with the current tendency to revolt against the doctrine of the irretrievable as applied by Goldsmith and certain of the Victorians. The

earlier Georgian principle that virtue, in this connection, means to maintain permanent relations with one who is thoroughly agreeable to you begins to sound to my ears like orthodoxy, as does also the companion principle, that to maintain permanent relations with one who is thoroughly disagreeable to you is vice. And though I am not ready to subscribe to all the possible corollaries of these two positions, I seem to see, gradually emerging from them, a new and better idea of chastity, — which will make "nice" people not less but more fastidious in their intimacies, not less but more austere in yielding the citadel of body and spirit.'

'Nothing will emerge from these principles,' said Cornelia decisively, 'without a rule — without a rule which Church and State can enforce upon people who are not nice. You have admitted that the Wells-Galsworthy test of successful marriage tends to be "unworkable." You admit that the word "permanent" tends to drop out of the principle, and that then you have, instead of a substitute for law, a permission for anarchy. You even admit that the novelists already reflect a condition approaching anarchy. Don't you think, after all, that it is about time to call a halt?'

'No,' I insisted stubbornly; 'the movement of indefinite anarchical expansion halts itself. And I stand by the novelists, even by the emetic school, as showing where the movement halts: in blind alleys, against iron necessities, in miasmatic swamps, in ennui, in despair, in disgust unfathomable. You cannot guess, Cornelia; without years of such reading as I am happily certain you will never undertake, you cannot understand what comfort and reassurance I find in the fathomless disgust exhibited in our most advanced novelists — disgust for the life that is dedicated to sex. The

disgust of the novelists upholds the splendor of the Church and the majesty of the Law. Upborne by the disgust of the novelists, like a ship by the briny behemoth-haunted deep, marriage may yet spread again her proud full sail for fresh voyages. These novelists reveal obscene things in their deep-sea caves, but they administer whatever antidote is required to the obscenity of their speech. They drive home their moral with an appalling effectiveness beyond the rivalry of critical comment. They deliver the shattering challenge to unchastity. They have shown the emancipated moderns capable of dodging all but one of the consequences which their elders appointed for unchastity; but they have not shown the moderns capable of dodging the stench of a disintegrated personality, which fumes in their books like a last irreducible hell. To safeguard the innocence of your son and daughter, I incline to believe that one whiff from these caverns might be as potent as Heine's prayer. Consciously or not, these novelists are preparing a counter-revolution.'

'What direction, pray, will that take?' inquired Cornelia, to whom God has beautifully denied ability to follow such an argument.

'I shall not prophesy in detail,' I said, looking toward the tennis court. 'Is your contribution to the Younger Generation in that match?'

'Yes,' she replied, 'and is n't it delightful to see how keen they are?'

'It is. It indicates to me one of the directions of the counter-revolution. Historians in the future, surveying the monuments of our children's time, are going to refer to this as the beginning of the great age of stadium-building in America. They will see in this movement a religious significance, not yet visible to us; and they will expatiate in glowing terms on the period when,

with extravagant and sacrificial adoration of an ideal, our youth exalted the cleanness and hardness of athletic games, and religiously subjected themselves to the rules and rigor of the game — to that arbitrary, elaborate, inflexible, yet self-imposed system of "ethics" which alone makes any good game possible. I am hoping that our children's generation will contain more real sportsmen than ours did — fewer quitters, fewer squealers, fewer players crying out to have the rules changed after the game is on; and no one so silly as to suppose there can be a game without rules.'

'Is n't that hope rather remote?'

'Rather. I have another, more immediate. I hope that in the early stages of the counter-revolution our sophisticated sons and daughters will scrutinize "the idea of sex"; coolly extract from it the part that belongs to physiology and pathology; and then disuse the word as synonym for every other element in the complex human relationship which sometimes makes human beings paradisiacally happy in their blossoming season and content enough with each other even into wintry old age. I have some hope that the emetic school may help our children to understand that sex and sexual self-realization are not, in the long view, the main substance of what youth hungers for.'

'Go on!' Cornelia encouraged.

'I hope that they will make real progress in psychoanalysis. I hope that, when they feel the ache of the soul's ultimate solitude and are restless and full of vague desires, they may be capable of lucid introspection; that they may be frank and plain with themselves, and call things by their right names, and say to themselves something like this: "I am filled with tedium and passionate craving. I shall be hard to satisfy, for I am thirsty for

a deep draught of human felicity. What I crave is not described or named in the physiologies. I crave beauty, sympathy, sweetness, incentive, perfume, difference, vivacity, wit, cleanness, grace, devotion, caprice, pride, kindness, blitheness, fortitude. I will not look for these things where I know they cannot be found, nor under conditions in which I know they cannot be maintained. But if I find them, and where they thrive, I shall wish to express my joy by some great act of faith and the hazard of all I hope to be. And I shall not like the town clerk to be the sole recorder of my discovery and my faith. I shall wish witnesses, high witnesses, whatever is august and splendid in the order of the world, to enwheel me round and bid me welcome to that order." — That is the sort of self-realization to which

I hope our sons and daughters are coming.'

Cornelia smiled with a kind of malicious sweetness that she has. She was satisfied. She rather yearned, I perceived well enough, to remark that now at last I was taking the 'stand' that she had taken from the first. But Cornelia is one of the few women now living who do not say everything that they yearn to say. She merely released one arrowy smile. Then she rose, as I had done already (standing, she reminds one of Artemis), and, extending her hand, detained mine with another deep question. She asked me whether I knew any 'living reason' to believe that my emancipated young people would return to that ideal.

The opportunity was irresistible.

'Yes,' I said, 'I have known you, Cornelia.'

EARTHQUAKE DAYS

BY HENRY W. KINNEY

I

As if it had slid suddenly into a sea of tossing, choppy waves, the coach pitched up and down, lurched drunkenly from side to side. The passengers clung to the seats.

'Why the devil does n't the fool stop the train?' growled the Englishman opposite me.

But we were already slowing down.

'Jishin!' (earthquake) yelled a Japanese, pointing out of the window.

I glanced out just as the stone face of an embankment shot down over the tracks. It did not slide or tumble

down: it literally shot down, as if compelled by a sudden, gigantic pressure from the top, the stones spreading in a twinkling over the wide right-of-way. A four-story concrete building vanished, disintegrated in the flash of an eye. Tiles cascaded with precipitate speed from the roofs. The one predominating idea that struck the mind was the almost incredible rapidity of the destruction.

The conductor came to the front of the car, doffed his cap, scorning to let even an earthquake interfere with

courtesy. 'I'm sorry. This train will not proceed further toward Yokohama.'

We got out on the tracks. The inhabitants of Omori, a suburb of Tokyo, were flocking out on the right-of-way, seeking the safety it afforded from falling débris. 'No wonder we can't go on.' The Englishman pointed to the track in front of us, the rails shimmering with snake-like undulations in the sunlight. We compared notes and found that we were both going to Kamakura, the seaside resort thirty-six miles from Tokyo. Twelve miles farther on lay Yokohama, where we expected to pick up a motor-car; but we hoped to find one in one of the numerous villages which form a chain between that city and Tokyo.

Another tremor shook the earth, more tiles flopped down and cracks appeared with instantaneous suddenness in the houses. Still, most of them showed little damage. Omori was one of the few favored spots where the shock was comparatively merciful — still, at the time, we thought we must be at the centre of the disturbance.

That was one of the outstanding impressions on the minds of all men in the vast area affected by the quake; each thought at the moment that the damage must be confined to that particular region in which he found himself. Tokyo was certain that Yokohama was safe. The people of Yokohama thought to find Tokyo a haven of safety. All were sure that the country districts beyond the cities must be all right.

We walked along the tracks, stopping, tense, nervous, whenever a fresh vibration shook the earth, ready for flight somewhere, and yet desperate in the sickening realization that there could be safety nowhere when the very earth refused the refuge which one had a right to demand from it.

'We had better hurry. There's a

typhoon coming.' The Englishman pointed ahead. 'Look at that.'

A huge cloud had appeared, rolling up swiftly into the clear blue — an uncanny thing, dense to the point where it seemed ponderous, dull brown and black, shot with sulphur, sinister, menacing.

The Tamagawa River, which divides the two prefectures of which Tokyo and Yokohama are the principal cities, formed also the dividing line between the two distinct phases of the disaster. Behind us, Tokyo suffered shocks of far less severity than those which devastated Yokohama, the principal damage being wrought by the fires which, immediately following it, swept devouringly through the capital. Yokohama, on the other hand, was smashed, utterly ruined by the shock. The flames merely reduced ruins to ashes, brought death to those who had been wounded or lay pinned under débris. Throughout the entire stricken area strange pranks of the quake left some localities relatively unpunished, while others, scattered among the former, were flattened and shattered. It seemed as if the movement must be wave-like, smiting with greatest force the points touched by the crests of its billows.

The massive buttresses supporting the railroad bridge across the Tamagawa had been twisted, rocked out of place, and the tracks hung fantastically suspended between them. Oddly, a slight foot-bridge formed by two widths of boards, was almost intact. We hurried across, the one thought in control being: what if another shock should catch us while on this bridge?

We had to jump from the bridge to the embankment. It had sunk, split, and shattered, one set of twisted tracks being more than six feet above the other. On the right was a mound of bricks, a huge, confused pile, with great beams and splintered wood protruding

haphazardly — the remains of the greater part of the Meiji sugar factory. Beyond it, the remainder of the building was wrapped in flames, seething up toward the top story, where, exposed, it seemed almost indecently, and stripped of the walls which had hidden them, stood three vacuum pans, great boiler-like affairs, as if disdainfully unconcerned with the destruction creeping up toward them. Farther on was the large square ferro-concrete building of an electric-light plant, one side smashed in, but still holding together, resembling a battered pasteboard box.

But no one was to be seen about the buildings. It struck the mind, uneasily, that surely human beings, scores of the hundreds of workmen crowding these factories when the shock struck them, must be lying, imprisoned, somewhere under these piles of débris. But the streams of people on the tracks flowed on, both ways, stopping for a moment to view the destruction and offer brief comment, but continuing on, each one governed entirely by the thoughts uppermost in his mind — escape from the holocaust, anxiety to learn the fate of dear ones.

It seemed impossible that any inanimate manifestation of nature could be so insanely malicious as was the shock which smote Kawasaki, a large village just on the Yokohama side of the river. The houses, most of them two-storied, frail wooden structures with paper windows, crowned with roofs of heavy tiles, had not only been smashed, but had been torn apart, rended into splintered beams and raveled and torn fragments of boards, jumbled together, as if they had been battered by a gigantic flail. They had been thrown in every direction, backwards, against each other, into the street. The most diabolical intent could have produced no more stupendous result.

The part of the village nearest Yoko-

hama had suffered far less. Many houses were only partly damaged. The stock of an earthenware dealer was almost intact, tier upon tier of gayly decorated dishes, rice-bowls, saki-cups, standing immaculately precise and orderly on their shelves under a roof which had been knocked drunkenly askew. A little farther on, a woman was busy in a half-ruined cake-shop, making ready for business while the earth was still trembling.

The heat became unbearably oppressive, stinging the throat with a dryness unfamiliar in Japan, where the curse of the heat is ordinarily its excessive moisture. We stopped at a small shop. The rear was down, but in the front sat the woman in charge, discussing the earthquake, it seemed almost languidly, with no more concern than if it had been an unusually heavy rainstorm.

Yes, she had beer, Kirin beer; was that all right? It was not very cold. She was very sorry. Now, where was the opener? She hunted about in the confusion, showing more annoyance at the disappearance of the trivial instrument than at the other consequences of the disaster. Finally she found it, brought glasses, served us, with the usual courteous phrases. And the price was as usual, forty-five sen. In the course of my long wanderings throughout the devastated area, on that day and on those following, I saw or heard of no instance of profiteering among the common people. Even the last bottle, the last candle, the last bit of fruit, were sold at ordinary prices, even before martial law made profiteering an offense. It was not thought of.

A couple of Japanese, clerks evidently, entered. 'You had better not go to Yokohama,' they advised. 'Yokohama is gone, and now she is burning. That' — they pointed to the huge cloud which was now rolling up, ever closer, so that it now hung low over us —

'that's the smoke from the oil-tanks. The whole city is burning.'

Of course, this must be an exaggeration. That the Japanese section should be wiped out was natural; they burn so easily, these frail collections of wood and paper; but that the foreign settlement, the streets upon streets of solid buildings of brick and concrete, should be destroyed was unthinkable.

Still, as we pressed on, scattered fires became more numerous; presently, at Higashikanagawa, entire blocks were burning. It became necessary to make detours to avoid them. Finally we were forced back to the refuge of the railway tracks. There they sat, the inhabitants, in groups, each family guarding the household goods which it had snatched up in flight. *Futon*, padded quilts, predominated, but all manner of other goods might be seen, even *shoji*, the latticed paper-covered doors and windows, and chests of drawers. The quietness was striking. There was no wailing; they conversed in low tones; but generally they sat silent, staring at the destruction. One admired their stoicism, the spirit which has made the *shikataganai*, 'it can't be helped,' phrase, almost the Japanese national motto. There was no confusion, no crying out; even the children were hushed.

But the attitude had its tremendous disadvantage. It was also apathy. Men sat stolidly and watched fires creep onward, which they might in many cases have stopped with little effort. They might have saved entire blocks had they tried, had they had a little leadership. There was another conspicuous feature, the utter lack of leadership. The Japanese official, in ordinary life ubiquitous and often obnoxious with his fussy exactions, seemed to have vanished from the earth — even the police. It is the fault of Japanese officialdom that it can act

only according to prescribed routine, hide-bound regulations. There were no rules regarding handling of such earthquakes, no precedents. So the people, accustomed to act only under leadership, remained inactive, and the officials, who should have taken charge, were out of sight — and the fires spread on, unchecked.

The station-master had received authentic news. Yes, Yokohama was entirely destroyed, and Tokyo was in flames. Look!

We looked back. From the direction of Tokyo vast clouds were curling and spiraling into the sky, miles high. This point, beyond which a wall of fire blocked ingress into Yokohama, became a clearing-house for reports from the two cities, and from the countryside beyond. Yes, Yokosuka, the great naval station, was a total wreck, and Kamakura. What! Kamakura, eighteen miles beyond Yokohama? I thought of my son, twelve years old, commonly known as 'The Shrimp.' Until this moment I had regarded him as safe, as a matter of course, in the big foreign villa on the Kamakura beach, where we lived with the rest of a bachelors' mess. It becomes habit with the foreigner in Japan to regard the great mass misfortunes — fires, floods, typhoons — as something affecting almost entirely the Japanese only. They are always the ones to suffer, with their flimsy houses. We regarded these things with the intense sympathy accorded less fortunate fellow beings, but impersonally.

II

'I've got to push on. We've got to get through.' The Englishman had caught me by the shoulder, pale, eyes glaring. 'Are you game?'

We found a road leading steeply up along the side of the hill range that

forms the land-side boundary of Yokohama. A narrow line of houses separated us from the side of the bluff, which fell off abruptly down toward the main city. These were houses of the well-to-do, and the inhabitants were busy saving their belongings, family treasures, valuable furnishings, handsome carved screens, rich silken garments, brocades, lacquered tables, *objets d'art*. From below came the roar of the flames, advancing upward like waves against a cliff. One felt certain that all these things must eventually be consumed, anyway. It seemed a pity; still, these vast piles of valuable furnishings seemed less pathetic than had the pitifully scant belongings of the poor, below. But they were all the same in the face of misfortune, rich and poor. There was no confusion, no wild lamentation, no tears.

Presently we came to a point where a main road, running obliquely down into the city, gave a view of the entire scene. The lurid panorama lay outfolded before us — but it was meaningless. There were no landmarks, no familiar building from which one might determine locality. Yokohama, the city of almost half a million souls, had become a vast plain of fire, of red, devouring sheets of flame which played and flickered. Here and there a remnant of a building, a few shattered walls, stood up like rocks above the expanse of flame, unrecognizable. There seemed to be nothing left to burn. It was as if the very earth were now burning. It presented exactly the aspect of a gigantic Christmas pudding over which the spirits were blazing, devouring nothing. For the city was gone.

‘How are you, Mr. Kinney?’ A Japanese had come up to me, his head bound up turban-like in a towel. ‘Mr. Tait is dead. We were in the Chartered Bank. The whole thing came down at the first shock. I got this.’ He pointed

to a wound in his head. ‘There are some foreigners here.’

He led us to a group of blackamoors sitting in a beer-shop. The flames were climbing up the hillside steadily. Plainly it could be only a matter of minutes before they would reach here. Still, ‘business as usual.’ The owner was selling beer calmly, while his family was carrying away the furniture.

‘You from Tokyo?’ A stout man spoke up. Like the rest, he was black, but he had been wiping perspiration from his bald head, so it now presented a singularly ludicrous appearance, like a bald-headed zebra. ‘I hear that you people in Tokyo were lucky, not much of a quake, only fire.’ The mere wiping out by flames of more than half of the sixth largest city of the world seemed to him negligible. ‘You should have been here. We got it.’

‘I was in my office. You know my building, on Main Street, shaped like an L. The shock was like a bucking horse, three great shakes. It shot me out of my chair. I just missed being crushed by the safe. The go-down in the backyard, solid stone, mind you, was down in a second. It went so suddenly that the eye could not follow the details of the movement. We got to the stairway, I and my Japanese staff, and just then the far side of the L went down, just vanished, and as we gazed at it, presto! the whole part of the building, right up to the stairs, shot out of sight. We were clinging to the rail, watching the house vanishing piecemeal, expecting that next would be our turn. Then we rushed down the stairs.’

The whole street, Main Street, was a jumble of bricks, houses sprawling over it everywhere, roofs lying in the middle of it. One could n’t walk over it. There was no street. One must make one’s way over ruins where, only two minutes before, had been our city,

the town that I have seen grow into a modern city since I was a boy.

‘And all over were people, people one knew, whom one had danced with, dined with, played bridge with, reduced, in a moment, to the uttermost depth of despair, standing, crying wildly, by the ruins, clawing at them, desperately, to reach others caught under the bricks; and already, here and there, the flames were leaping forth, coming closer and closer, while the poor wretches in the débris were yelling for help. A man called to me, “Here, help me get my wife out.” She was caught by the waist. Her entire upper body was free, and she was staring at us and straining, slim, jeweled hands pressing frantically at the great beam that held her, unhurt, but tightly pinned. Half of the beam was covered by bricks. We might as well have tried to lift a house. We tugged away, helplessly. We caught at men who rushed by, called to them to assist. One or two stopped, but most of them shook themselves free. I wanted to hit them. It seemed so damnably callous. And still, they also had wives, children, somewhere, in their homes on the Bluff, and were obsessed by the anxiety to find them, to know. And I wanted to get home, too, but I could n’t leave that woman. And then the flames came and drove us back. I had to half strangle that poor devil to pull him away. The roar of the flames drowned her cries. So I rushed along.

‘I got home soon enough. The family was safe. The house was gone, of course. It had slid bodily down the Bluff, right into Motomachi below, and was just one part of the great bonfire. But the family was safe. I was lucky,’ he lowered his voice, glancing at a tall Scotchman sitting aside, chin cupped in his hand, staring dully at the conflagration. ‘That chap, McWhirter, you know, his whole family was caught

under the house. If they were not killed, then they were burned, his wife and three children.’

‘I wonder how many were killed in the Grand and the Oriental Hotel?’ A young chap spoke up. ‘I was right in the entrance of our office when the shake shot me out on hands and knees, and when I tried to scramble up, it threw me down again. And in just that time that it took me to get to my knees and look back, these three shocks, coming rat-tat-tat, in the space of time that it would take you to clap your hands three times, the whole city had gone. I had faced a city of square mile on square mile of houses, great office-buildings, banks, hotels, stores, homes; and when I turned back again, it had vanished as if by some gigantic sweep of malevolent magic. As far as one could see was but a flat, irregular expanse of brick and wood. I could n’t see half a dozen houses standing. And then it was all blotted out by the dust, thicker than the thickest fog. You could not see a foot before you. And then that was suddenly cleared, as if a curtain had been snatched away, by the typhoon that sprang up just then, the gale that Fate seemed to need to help the flames finish the destruction. I am a newspaperman, and I’ve been thinking how I’m going to write this. Phrases and images, monstrous incidents that have flickered before me all this afternoon, are running in my mind haphazard; but I can’t do it. It can’t be done. It’s too viciously, demoniacally monstrous.’

The others nodded, silently, approvingly, finding relief in hearing, in words which they themselves could not find, some expression of the feelings which swirled through their confused minds.

‘Some people rushed into the water at the Bund and sat there, just heads out, ducking them when the heat became too intense. I heard later that,

when the flames became worse, some were dropped by the heat as they rushed across the Bund, and lay there to be roasted. I got to the park. It was filled with people and the flames on all sides made everything, even humans, so dry that we became inflammable, like tinder. Sparks, chunks of flaming *débris*, came flying among us. Clothing, even hair, caught fire in a moment. Luckily the mains had burst, and we sat in about a foot of water. One would see someone catching fire, literally having his clothes or hair spring into blaze, and then someone would slap a chunk of wet mud on him.

‘I was fool enough to get away from there. I wanted to see it all, but it’s a wonder I got through, just luck in dodging flames on all sides. There were dead everywhere. The canals were full of them. I heard that hundreds flocked into the Yokohama Specie Bank, which was still standing; but the flames came there, too. They could n’t get out. There were flames all about them. So they were all roasted alive.’

Another took up the tale, and another — harrowing incidents of families wiped out, husbands watching wives burn, and mothers clawing with slender fingers at piles of masonry under which they could hear their children crying, while the flames were coming on, mercilessly. The United Club had come down in a heap; everyone of the usual noon-day tiffin crowd there had been killed. So-and-so had been crushed, So-and-so burned — familiar names, one’s intimates of yesterday. Already the disaster seemed strangely old, as if one had lived in this atmosphere of misery for years; as if normal times, orderly routine of business and three meals a day were a thing remote, a long past period of peace. The mind lost all sense of ordinary proportion. Men who had lost every possession congratulated themselves on their good luck. By

common thought it became regarded as almost indecent to deplore loss of mere property.

So Farley was dead. He had promised to get me some statistics. Miss Newman had been burned, caught like an animal in a trap. She was to have had tiffin with me the next day. Robinson must have been in the Club by that time — so he must be dead. But the disaster was still too fresh. There was too little information. One thought over the list of one’s friends, remembering constantly new names. How had they fared? Were they alive? Then, as during the weeks that followed, with the survivors scattered wide, the constant topic was inquiry, gradual adjustment to familiarity with the thought of this new, reduced company of friends and acquaintances.

III

‘Come on; have you rested long enough?’ The Englishman had stood up. We started on. Down below the streets were filled with dead, but here, on the higher levels, there were none to be seen, and only very few wounded. In fact, the number of wounded throughout the area was astonishingly small. The injured ones had scant chance to escape from the flames.

The villages on the west side of Yokohama had been mainly rustic in character — mud walls with heavy thatch, several foot thick, as roofs. The buildings had collapsed exactly as if some huge pressure had suddenly been applied on the rooftrees, squelching them down flat, walls bulging out from under the eaves, or throwing them to one side. Frequently the streets were blocked where roofs from both sides had encountered each other in the middle of the thoroughfare. Progress became laborious. One climbed over the roofs. In the first village, Hodogaya,

nearly all the houses were down; but here also the inhabitants were calm, stoically poking about in the ruins for pots needed for water, material for construction of temporary shelters. Many such were already up. One saw in them families. They had almost an air of repose, contentment, as they sat there, conversing, eating, children playing with toys contrived out of the flotsam of destruction.

It was evident that in this section, Yokohama and the country west thereof, must have been the centre of the shock. East of the city we had seen crevices in the earth, collapse of embankments, road-fills, made ground, but here the ground yawned in vast fissures several feet wide, jumbling it so that it presented exactly the aspect of broken ice-floes in a river, the confused surface of a lava flow. As darkness fell and we came away from the light of the vast bonfire made by Yokohama, — there were but few fires in these villages, — progress became difficult. One was uneasy from a sense of impending, hovering danger, close at hand; for even though the mind had quickly adjusted itself to familiarity with the abnormal, so that one regarded wrecked buildings, ruin, with the casual interest of almost indifference, quietness was ever disturbed by recurrent tremors, uneasy rumbling vibrations of the earth.

We stopped at a partly ruined shop for a drink. There was no more beer, but would we have tea? A *hibachi* (fire-pot) had been saved, on which a kettle was gurgling peacefully. The woman prepared the tea in tiny handle-less bowls. Her husband produced *zabuton* (small cushions). Would we deign to be seated? The same pleasant courtesy as ever. No, of course, they would take no money for tea, just tea. And we must take along some cakes for the journey. They forced them upon us.

Of course, they would take no pay. Good-bye, good luck.

Behind us loomed the great expanse of the nimbus from the Yokohama fires, and farther away, the reflection of the Tokyo conflagration; but ahead all was blackness, punctuated only by the twinkling light of a paper lantern, dancing in front of us like a firefly. We caught up to it. The bearer was a burly Japanese, competent, one of the few Japanese who seemed to have a sense of leadership and organization. He headed a small caravan of about a dozen, — men, a few women and a couple of children, — plodding along behind the faint glimmer. Might we join and benefit from the light? Of course. At once they made a place for us, insisting that we take the best one, immediately following the lantern-bearer.

So we crept on, slowly. Where the road had been demolished by cracks, the leader stopped, holding his light high. '*Abunai*' (look out). Precariously we would advance, often creeping on hands and knees from floe to floe — it seems the only word — of earth. We gained the railroad track, but it was little better. Embankments had slid into the rice-patches, leaving tracks and ties suspended in mid-air, swaying as we crawled over them in the darkness. The women and kiddies came along bravely, needing little help. There was no word of complaint.

Beyond the Totsuka station we passed a train which had been overturned, lying on its side, the locomotive, some twenty feet ahead, having been thrown in the opposite direction; but all was silent; there was no one about. It was a strange part of the disaster that there was hardly any evidence of human wreckage outside of Yokohama proper, where corpses littered the streets and canals, where humans had been caught by the instantaneous violence of the shock or

cut off by fire, and in Tokyo, where most of the dead, hundreds and thousands in a heap, lay in places where they had been burned or roasted when the flames hemmed in the open spaces which they had sought for safety. In most other places the ruins covered the dead, hid them from sight.

The Ofuna junction station was in ruins, but on the tracks between the wrecked buildings the train officials had formed a sort of relief station. They brought water and insisted that we lie down on blankets which they had spread over the ties between the rails. But there was no rest. The Ofuna people had news of Kamakura, only two miles away. The shock had been bad there, *hidoix* (terrible). The whole town had been smashed flat and had then burned. There was nothing left. We hurried on. As we came out of the long tunnel through which one enters hill-guarded Kamakura, we saw a few detached houses — flat; beyond them a wide area of flame, licking the ground far and wide. Most of the town had been consumed and the fire was now only playing over the embers.

The way of the lantern-bearer and the Englishman led to the left. They departed. 'Good luck. Hope you'll find everything all right.'

IV

Beyond the light of the flames, I stumbled into the blackness of the cryptomeria avenue leading to the beach. The great straight trees had been flung about like straws. Some of them blocked the road, and I must climb over them, feeling my way through tangled limbs. At the river the bridge had collapsed entirely. I made my way to the mouth, to ford it, but there was almost no water. The entire beach and the sea-floor had been raised about six feet by the quake, and

where there had been only a narrow beach strip lay now a wide, wet expanse of sand.

A fragment of moon had risen. I could see, dimly, the tower of our house looming up erect. Thank God! But as I went forward, I saw that the ten-foot-high sea wall had disappeared, the stones lying scattered wide over the sand. Half of the front garden had slid with it. Part of the two-story section of the house stood, leaning, the collapse of one wall leaving the rooms exposed, but the long one-story section was down, a chaos of tiles and splinters, prone, so that one might without effort have walked completely over it.

I ran to the back where my boy had occupied a room in a wing, half-Japanese construction. It stood, but had been wrenched over. I climbed in through the window. The bed was covered with plaster, but there was no one there.

From the servants' compound I heard the clap of sticks and the drone of monotonous voices. The servants' quarters were intact, and the cook was conducting a Buddhist service before a tiny household shrine, the rest of the servants squatting about him.

'Thank God! It's good to see *danna-san*. Young *danna-san* is all right.'

Yes, he had had a narrow escape, but he was safe, and the neighbors, wealthy Japanese, had taken him to a villa they owned on the hill. The *danna-san* from Shanghai was dead, but the rest were safe. They were sleeping there. He waved his hand toward the dark shrubbery of the garden. Like almost all others in the quake zone, they preferred safety in the open to the precarious shelter of such rooms as remained. 'You should have seen Conroy-san' — a grin spread over the cook's face. He found much amusement in describing the escape of Conroy, one of the mess, his precipitate

flight — he had been taking a bath; how he had dived, mother-naked, into the shrubbery, without even touching the window-frame.

I went back to my boy's room, shook the ceiling off the bed and tried to sleep, but the constantly recurring tremors made me jump to the window every half-hour or so. In the morning the Shrimp appeared and told me of the death of the 'Shanghai *danna-san*.' He was a Dane, Juel Madsen, formerly a war correspondent and later drawing for the *Graphic* and making a collection of water-color sketches through the Far East. He had already published one book of sketches, and two weeks before he had told me how his first attempt at literature, travel-sketches in words, had been accepted by Gyldendalske, the great Copenhagen publishing firm.

He and the Shrimp had been reading on the verandah, facing the sea, when the shock came and brought the house down over them. A great beam struck them both down, and above them fell a thick layer of tiles and splintered wood. Madsen had evidently been struck on the spine. 'Can you get out, Shrimp?' he inquired. A moment later he groaned: 'Why could I not have been killed outright?' A few minutes after that, he died.

The Shrimp was struggling to extricate himself when the tidal wave, which swept the coast from Kamakura to Atami, rushed up, flooded the garden, tore down the sea wall, advancing to within a few feet of the ruins. 'I thought sure I was a goner,' related the Shrimp, 'when I saw the water come on, and I could n't move.' He got out about fifteen minutes later.

This tidal wave swept out a great section of the village near the beach. I saw a thirty-foot sampan that had been lifted neatly on top of the roof of a prostrated house. Vast portions of the hills

facing the ocean on both sides of the bay had slid into the sea.

During the next few days we were busy salvaging food and clothing, and with some of our neighbors we organized a camp. The Japanese were kind, the servants invaluable. It was another pleasant feature of the disaster — the self-sacrificing faithfulness of the servants. Many who had families elsewhere stayed with their masters in spite of their personal anxieties. In many instances *amahs* brought to safety children whose parents had been killed. Others guarded property where the owners were absent. The villagers were helpful. A group of young men came and offered to help salvaging. Four days after the quake, an official came to inquire if we needed food.

The day after the disaster the servants insisted on tying red bands about our arms. Everyone wore them, Japanese and foreigners. It was a badge of rectitude, to protect one against the vengeance which was being visited on the Koreans. That was one of the most cruel phases of the days which followed — the blind, unreasoning hatred of the Koreans, of whom thousands had been employed as laborers. The report went about that they were committing incendiarism, arson, and rape, that they were poisoning wells, that they were in league with Japanese anarchists to make use of the situation to overthrow the existing order of things. No doubt, some of them became looters. A friend saw some engaged in looting in Yokohama — but Japanese were guilty, also.

Even official Japan was anxious, though more so for fear of the element harboring 'dangerous thoughts,' as the official phrase has it. Much of the activity of the military and navy authorities was concentrated on preparation to quell the revolt which they thought was impending. In the meantime Koreans were slaughtered right

and left. Crowds killed on sight, frantically, any Korean whom they might find. Marines scoured the area, assisted by self-constituted guards of young men. Matheson, of the *Chicago Tribune*, saw three men killed in cold blood at Yokohama. Another friend of mine saw marines turn a looter over to the mob, which literally rent him in pieces. The minds of the people became inflamed, filled with bitter hatred, but the underlying reason was blind fear racking minds unbalanced by the horror of the disaster.

We were practically isolated. Rumors came to us. Our landlord's two small children were visiting us at our camp, when the news came that both their parents had been killed instantly at Yokohama. A handsome young Portuguese woman who had come to us sat for several days brooding in uncertainty over the fate of her family. One day she sneaked away, walked to Yokohama, a slim, delicate woman, essaying the long, precarious journey in high-heeled slippers. The day after she left, her husband arrived. Both her children had been crushed in the wreck of their home. It continued to come — driblet by driblet of news of death. We came to hate talk about it, and yet we could not get away from it; it remained the only topic.

The principal shock had occurred at noon of Saturday, September first. On Tuesday we were relieved by the arrival of a Japanese destroyer — assistance, finally. A landing-party came ashore, but it merely took away the remains of a Japanese princess who had been killed in Kamakura. The rest of us, the living, Japanese and foreign, watched the vessel turn and steam out of the bay.

On Thursday relief came — American destroyers, a flock of them, which systematically scoured the entire coast section, taking off refugees, foreigners

and Japanese alike. It was a point of pride with the Americans that their first relief ship arrived three hours ahead of the British; but both nations alike, British and American, steaming at full speed from China, brought relief before the Japanese fleet, lying in home waters, had contrived to do so. The prompt action and practical work of the foreign nations stood in sharp contrast to the general inefficiency of the Japanese Government. Where the Japanese people generally rose inestimably in the respect of the foreign residents, the hopeless incompetence of officialdom was almost criminal, and September first, 1923, will remain forever a day of utter disgrace in the annals of the Japanese navy.

While the Americans, the British, the French were holding liners in Yokohama to act as relief ships, were transporting refugees back and forth from Tokyo to other cities, the Japanese did almost nothing, and in some cases they hindered. The first American destroyer bringing relief to Tokyo, was ordered out forthwith. The rule has it that no foreign war vessels may enter Tokyo. The commander refused to budge, and finally the American Embassy had the order rescinded. This incident I have had confirmed by the Embassy. While American and British vessels stood by in Yokohama, taking on board, freely, refugees of all nations, many Japanese ships would take only those who could pay for tickets, or tried to leave the port. On board the American destroyer on which I went to Yokohama, they told, gleefully, of the action of the commander of a British warship in Yokohama who warned all Japanese vessels that he would sink the first one that tried to depart without his leave; how one had tried to sneak out in the dead of night, and how he had turned his searchlight, also his guns, on it and signaled that he was about

to fire — and all this, defiantly, under the eyes of a powerful squadron of Japanese vessels lying, virtually inactive, in Yokohama Bay.

The following day I went to Tokyo on a Japanese destroyer. A pitifully inadequate service of two destroyers a day was maintained between Tokyo and Yokohama by the Japanese. When I wished to return from Tokyo, a queue of several thousand refugees was waiting at the Shibaura landing, and to transport them there was only one destroyer, capable of carrying a few hundred.

‘Why don’t you employ some of these ships?’ I asked a Japanese officer, pointing at the dozen of war vessels, some of them large cruisers, lying right at hand.

He looked at them wistfully. ‘I wish we might.’ He shrugged his shoulders. ‘But we can’t do it without orders from the Admiralty.’

And while they were awaiting orders from the Admiralty, the British and the Americans had come from China and had transported the refugees, and were now threading their way between the motionless Japanese warships, bringing ton upon ton of supplies to the stricken city.

V

Among other reasons for going to Tokyo I had one special one. A novel of mine, *Broken Butterflies*, is due to be published early next year, and much of its action is laid in the great buildings of Tokyo — the Foreign Office, Russian Embassy, Navy and War Department buildings, the Imperial Hotel. I was anxious to see how much of these scenes remained, and by some almost ridiculous freak of fortune they were all almost intact. Coming from Yokohama, where destruction had been absolutely complete, so that only half a dozen buildings remained, the impu-

nity of large sections of Tokyo from the quake seemed a striking contrast. ‘Why, you can have had almost no shock at all,’ one exclaimed involuntarily to the Tokyo people — and the Tokyo-ites sniffed.

But while Tokyo seemed to have escaped fairly easily from the shock, this was only in comparison to Yokohama; and, in fact, the extent of damage, almost entirely through fire, and the toll of lives taken was even greater, for the areas destroyed and the number of lives lost, though they occurred only in sections of the capital, were actually far greater than the entire loss of the smaller city.

I walked about and saw most of the official building section remaining. The great modern business quarter at Marunouchi had suffered but little, though crushed and, occasionally, fire-gutted interiors were hidden by walls which had been damaged only a little, and the impression of relative lack of loss was in part false. The extensive residence sections of the well-to-do and middle classes were largely intact. Stores were doing business, cars were running in places, and electric lights had begun to function. But vast areas near the principal centre of the city had been laid waste for many blocks. The great retail-business street, the famous Ginza, had been completely wrecked by fire; and, as one went on to the poorer sections, the tremendous congested quarters of the laboring classes, of the poor, Honjo and Fukagawa, even the miseries of Yokohama were outdone. Fire had destroyed the buildings completely, and here one found the masses of the dead. These people had fled for escape to the open spaces, and the flames had hemmed them in; and even where fire had not reached them, they had been roasted in heaps of many thousands. In one place a mob of thirty-two thousand had been

thus tortured. The bodies lay, twisted and contorted, naked or with only rags clinging to them, covering acre upon acre. At places the jam had been so congested that they had not been able even to fall to the ground. So they stood there, packed, the dead rubbing elbows with the dead.

I sought out my familiars among the foreign press correspondents in Tokyo, but they were an unhappy lot. They had covered the news, had made heroic efforts to get it out. Each one had in some way endeavored to rush out his stuff, had made his way through the flames and tremors, to telegraph and cable office, and, later, had tried to give the best possible picture through the maximum of fifty words allowed by the authorities. But they did not know what was going through. They found out later. Even where they had had the ready assistance of the high officials in Tokyo, all the messages had been held up by some petty official at Nagasaki. There were no R. T. P. cards on file in Nagasaki, so he held the entire batch, a week's desperate and painstaking effort of a dozen correspondents, and the first reports of the appalling event came to the rest of the world, mishandled and inaccurate, from Japanese sources in Osaka.

Tokyo was a relief. Not only was foreign relief well organized, — it was that almost everywhere within a few days after the shock, — but the Japanese worked well among their own people. The military had taken efficient control. There was no looting, though one sinister incident marred the record, when a captain of gendarmerie ran his sword through three defenseless prisoners, Socialists, one of them Japan's foremost and most intellectual radical. The authorities deplored the event. The general in charge of the martial-law régime was discharged — a significant concession to

the power of public opinion, indicating that the officials had finally decided that the power of the sword may not be used indiscriminately as before. They also deplored the Korean incident, warning the people against overt acts. It is possible that the reactionary hardheadedness of Japanese officialdom has been softened — even if it took an earthquake to do it.

But when I returned to Yokohama, I found a contrast to the efficiency of Tokyo. Looting was prevalent. Food and water supplies were inadequate. For some time no apparent move was made toward removing the dead. Characteristically, official effort was concentrated on the capital — the rest of the country must wait.

I went from Yokohama in the *Empress of Australia*, which had been turned over for relief work, with many hundreds of refugees. Almost all the remaining foreigners of Yokohama and many of those of Tokyo went to Kobe. All wanted to escape from the maddening atmosphere of tragedy hovering over those cities. The more resolute were already planning to resume business. Some even spoke of the tremendous opportunities offered by reconstruction.

In the Oriental Hotel in Kobe foreign relief committees of various nationalities were working strenuously, efficiently, to feed, house, and clothe the refugees. One saw heads of great business houses standing in line for shirts and trousers. Financiers appeared, dressed fantastically in blue-jacket uniforms borrowed on board destroyers. A clean collar seemed almost indecently conspicuous. But while some were scouring Kobe and Osaka for offices, or were cabling to the four corners of the earth for business, the miserable, deadening aura of tragedy hovered over the hotel, the lobby, and the halls, where they sat, men and

women, going over and over again the flood of incidents — death, destruction, the innumerable hairbreadth escapes, each one seeming a private miracle.

Every newcomer was greeted, questioned. One saw them rush up, shake hands. 'So glad you are all right.' Then the inevitable question: 'And how are the rest?' Even when one could not hear it, one might know the answer. The questioner would smile, wring hands again — or he would fall away, shaking his head, or place a sympathetic hand on the other's shoulder. There was no getting away from it, this pall of mass tragedy, even though the mind strove desperately to regain the ordinary, rational balance of normality.

In the lobby I met Mr. B. W. Fleisher, owner of the *Japan Advertiser* and the *Trans-Pacific* magazine, of which I am, or was, the editor. His entire plant was totally destroyed. He took me by the arm.

'Come on, let us get out of here. This is what we must get away from, this continuous raking over the dead ashes. We must get busy, — I have ordered a new plant already, — all of us, especially us Americans. We owe it to Japan. The new Government has courage. It's going to reconstruct on a vast, progressive scale — so we must forget our losses and lend a hand. America has a mission here.'

And that is the spirit of the Americans in Japan.

OUR UNSUITABLE MARRIAGE¹

BY A MOONSHINER'S WIFE

I

THERE is no primrose path to success. The triteness of this remark does not invalidate its truth, and it holds even truer of marriage than of other undertakings. If you are going to succeed in your married life, you must quite literally put your heart and soul into it; you must give it study and attention; you must make the same sacrifices for it that you make as a matter of course for any important work upon which you are engaged. If you undertake marriage at all, you should undertake it seriously — not sadly, but soberly and in good earnest.

¹ The following story is true in every particular. — THE EDITOR.

That both S. and I share and even put into practice the above-described sentiment accounts for the fact that an apparently foolhardy marriage has so far proved a success. It may be that disaster will eventually overtake our matrimonial venture; but inasmuch as we have weathered three difficult years, we consider our chances of lasting happiness to be good.

There was only one reason why S. and I should have married each other, and every reason why we should have fled fast and far in opposite directions to avoid such a contingency. By inheritance and upbringing, in temperament, religion, and experience, we differ

from each other as completely as a bird does from a fish. We do not even belong to the same period in history, for S. is late sixteenth century, and I am early twentieth. My family is of the kind that is generally described as being 'good.' My mother was born and bred near the classic shades of an Eastern university. My father is a fine old conservative, with a long legal ancestry behind him. We never had much money, but we always had books — and the decencies of life if not all the comforts. I grew up in a highly intellectual atmosphere, went to college, read constantly, kept up with the topics of the day, voted in a Presidential election the year I was twenty-one — in short I typified the latest human product of civilization, a modern woman. In all my multifarious activities I did not forget that the proper study of even the new woman is man. Eventually I was engaged to a young author admirably suited to me — or so everyone said. He was complex, highly developed, supercivilized, doing adequate justice to all the shibboleths of that not very remote period — the pre-war days. His one primitive emotion, jealousy, suddenly came to the surface, displayed in such fashion that our engagement ended, leaving me with a hearty distaste for 'suitable' men.

Post-war restlessness rendered me out of harmony with the pleasant but somewhat monotonous life of the suburb where we lived. After six months of swimming, tennis, motoring, bridge-playing, and so forth, I developed an overwhelming dislike for the inanity and conventionality of my life. It and I were both useless and hedged in by 'they say' and 'one does.' The 'Pentecost of Calamity' had passed, leaving the world distinctly untransfigured. Disillusionment was complete.

In this frame of mind I procured a difficult piece of social-service work —

a post-war activity among a group of Service men, chiefly West Virginia and Kentucky mountaineers who had been transplanted from their native hills. It was my lot to have charge of a small community-house for these men. Somewhat inadequately assisted by books and magazines (useless for the most part), a wheezy and antique Victrola, and games, in my single person I was supposed to furnish attractions enough to wean these boys away from the various sinks of iniquity which seemed to abound in the village. This was the first time I had ever come in contact with the Southern mountaineer, and I found him intensely interesting. Illiterate, crude, and reckless though he might be, he was undoubtedly genuine.

While I was new and the men were shy, everything went very smoothly; but before long a change crept into the atmosphere. I had allowed cards in the clubhouse, but of course gambling was forbidden. I suspected that money was illegitimately changing owners, but several evenings passed before I was able to catch the boys red-handed. When the gambling was quelled, a fad for wearing more or less concealed revolvers to the clubhouse took its place. Realizing that some influence less orderly than mine was dominating the boys, I began looking about to see who my rival was, and discovered S., who had hitherto remained modestly in the background. Vivid memories of our first encounter crowd upon me. The edict against carrying revolvers had gone forth, but I personally had said nothing to any of the boys. I was waiting for their leader. Leaving word that I wanted to see S. as soon as he came in, I retired to my office. Presently came a tap at the door.

'The boys told me ye sent fer me.'

I looked up and for the first time really saw S. Somewhat above medium height, slender, lithe, with a plume of

fair hair tossed back from a broad forehead, a head noticeably well-shaped, with ears small and close, a quick-tempered nose, a boyish mouth set in most unboyishly bitter lines—all these sufficiently individual characteristics faded into insignificance compared to his eyes: brown, I thought at first, but a closer look showed me that they were dark blue, very big, far apart, and direct, with amazingly large pupils. At least, that is how they looked that night. Never in the course of a wide experience have I seen eyes like S.'s. Sometimes they are the color of a sunny sea, sometimes the hard, shiny gray of a granite tombstone, sometimes the slit green of a hunting cat's, sometimes hazel, and sometimes even black, for his pupils expand and contract according to the light much more than do the average. But the first time I saw his eyes they were as I have described them, and in them was a look of quiet amusement which was the last thing I expected to see. It came to me with a little shock that of all the men by whom I was surrounded, S. was the only one who encountered me on equal terms. The others accepted me, without question or understanding, as one in an official position, but S. looked beyond the official position and saw only the person. Instinctively I stood up and faced him, and as I did so I noticed the outline of a revolver under his blouse.

'S,' I asked quietly, 'why do you carry a gun when it's against orders?'

'Why do ye think I do?' he countered.

I pointed to the gun-butt.

'Do you suppose I can't tell a revolver when I see one sticking out?'

He looked a very little disconcerted and I followed up my advantage by asking him if I was going to have to call in a military policeman to help me keep order. The upshot of the con-

versation was that S. persuaded me to keep his 45-automatic for him, alleging that it was sure to be stolen if he left it in his quarters.

Theoretically the victory was on my side, but the fact that S.'s concession to my wiles was somewhat ironical made it impossible for me lightly to dismiss him from my attention. There was some quality that set him apart from his fellows. After some study I made out this difference to be twofold. First was a deep-rooted unhappiness, more vital by far than my petty discontent. This unhappiness resulted in a recklessness which I had never seen equaled, or even faintly imagined.

Before I knew S. I had not realized how even twentieth-century deeds are generally restricted by ideas and opinions, rules and regulations, which are not the doer's own but which come to him from various outside sources. No outside pronouncement hampered S.'s freedom of action. Law was literally nothing to him. Conventions were not even a name. No penalty of man could increase his suffering. Consequently he lived entirely by his own code—a code which, though it might lack some articles that we consider important, was nevertheless worthy of respect because it was entirely his own, wrought out of his own inner consciousness and tested by his own experience. This quality of recklessness made him leader among the men and it soon became evident that I must have him on my side if my work was to succeed. To win him over was not difficult: an appeal to fair play, the first article in his code, was sufficient, and from then on clubhouse manners and morals were unexceptionable.

II

S. never relapsed into the background. Subsequently he was my chief

mainstay in my somewhat anomalous position. We became friends and at last he took me into his full confidence. In picturesque dialect he told me of his mother's early death, of his stormy upbringing, and of the feud that was his father's sole legacy to his four sons. Finally he even confided to me that before he entered the army he had been the leader of a somewhat notorious gang of moonshiners.

'I reckon moonshinin' was in my blood,' he told me. 'Grandpappy and pappy had allus done it, so it just come natural to me. After pappy died I got a bunch of boys tergither, an' we went to making whisky with pap's and Uncle Steven Smith's still. I never seed a better place for a still than the one we picked, fer there was two ways of gittin' out and only one of gittin' in, 'less you packed a rope ladder with hooks. Hit was a cave in under a cliff and had a spring right handy to the still. By usin' a rope ladder, — an' we allus had two-three in the cave, — we could go down over the cliff inter a big tree and then climb down the tree. But we used the trail up the holler except when the officers was after us. Day an' night we guarded this trail. We used a red bandanna fer a danger signal daytimes. Nights the signal was two shots fired close tergither. We had passwords, too, which we changed each month. When we was in a crowd like at a fair er an apple-peelin', we'd use these words to warn each other of danger. Most gen'ally the words was some little silly old saying that everybody but us tuck fer nonsense. The last one we had was, "Oh, no, you never!"

'I was in a church-house oncet when, just as they started to take the collection, my first cousin stuck his head in the door and shouted, "Oh, no, you never!" I did n't wait to explain nor fer no hat to be passed, but I clumb

through the nearest window jest as a deputy sheriff come in the door with a warrant fer me in one hand and a gun in the other. The meetin' was considerable upsot, but nobody was hurt except the winder, fer the deputy put a bullet-hole through hit firin' at me. He never was no great of a shot and he come nigher hittin' Aunt Mary Nichols than he did me.'

Excitement was the air they breathed. 'I was gettin' from eight to twelve dollars a quart when I jined up, fer I made good stuff, but 't were n't the money we keered about — it was the excitement. Lord, how I did *love* layin' along a branch watchin' the revenoo men tryin' to trail me! Why I've been so clost to them when they was argyin' about which way I'd gone that I could a dropped a bullet plumb on Joker Dingus's old, high-crowned hat; but the leaves was so thick that, even if they had looked up, they was n't likely to have seed me.'

Thus S. in his happier moments — eyes blue and alive with laughter — gleefully recalled various escapades. But there was another side to the shield. There were occasional days when S. barely spoke at all, when his boyish mouth was set in bitter lines, and his eyes were hard and cold and dangerous. When he was in these moods, the boys dared not speak to him, and I have seen a sudden hush fall over a cheerful 'kidding' group if S. happened to turn those cold, hard eyes that way.

Believing that his bitterness was a shield for heartfelt misery I determined to try to break through his reserve, and accordingly the next time S. came in gloomy and morose, I sought him out — on these occasions he invariably shunned me — and asked him to come with me to the office. For a moment I thought he was going to refuse, but presently he followed me listlessly.

'S.,' I said as he stood before me with his head bent and one hand restlessly tapping my desk, 'Can't you tell a friend what makes you so unhappy?'

There was an instant's pause and then he raised his eyes to mine. I could hardly repress an audible gasp. For a moment the inscrutable curtain which hides the spirit was withdrawn, and I saw a soul in pain so indescribable that my conventional consolation was struck to silence.

'Unhappy?' he said bitterly. 'What have I got to make me happy? All my life since I was two year old I've had ter fight fer everythin' I got. Fer three years I've been hunted like a dog. I've never knowed what it was to lay down in peace. I've allus slept in my clothes with my gun in my hand. My life has depended on my bein' quicker than Government's hired gunmen or the coal companies' deputies. My *life!* What good is life ter me? I've prayed it might be ended. I've stood up when bullets was a-flyin' and a-rattlin' and begged them ter hit me. I've worked in the mines pullin' pillars when all the other miners was out and the roof was crackin' and bucklin' till the foremen sont in ter have me fotched out, and nothin' never happened. What does life hold fer me? I cain't even read them magazines ye've got there. I'm ashamed to talk to ye, fer ever' time I speak I show my ignorance. I've never had a home, ner never will — ner life like other people. God! — only there ain't none! When I think of what I've gone through and what I am, I wonder that I keep on living.'

With that he was gone — out of the office, and out of the house, leaving me overwhelmed by a vicarious sorrow deeper than any I had ever before experienced.

Eventually I realized that this terrible unhappiness, almost despair, was

merely the longing of a powerful personality for a more extended and loftier sphere of activity. His extraordinarily keen mind had absolutely nothing on which to feed. As he had said, he could neither read nor write, and his ignorance of the most common facts of history, science, and politics was amazing. Except for his lack of education and the possession of a sense of humor, S. at this period uncommonly resembled the Byronic hero of a bygone generation. Byronic heroes have always more or less fascinated women, and the twentieth century could not save me from the fatal spell. His recklessness fascinated me, entirely weary of convention. His haunting unhappiness won my pity; the crude, untamed force of his personality compelled my admiration.

The next few months were indescribably strange ones. S. and I were both hundreds of miles away from our settings. That nobody noticed any unusual increase of interest in each other shows that we must have gone through the motions of our daily routine adequately; but for all the part other people played in our real lives, we might have been on a desert island, or even dead. We did not exactly meet in the immemorial clash of the sexes, but more as two disembodied personalities. Opposed as our temperaments are, we are both blessed or cursed with strong wills, and life at that time was a series of semiconscious contests, not so much to dominate the other as to resist the other's domination over ourselves.

III

Though our subconscious antagonism was mutual and similar, the emotions behind it were different. Before I had even seen S., my dissimilarity to the other women of his experience

had caused him to fall passionately in love with me. But love, the last emotion he wished to undergo, did not cause him to lose his head. For some weeks he struggled against his feelings, and then, finding that he could not overcome them, he decided to win my affections. Before I was at all aware of his existence, he had made a careful study both of me and of the possibilities afforded by the situation, and laid his plans accordingly. The change of atmosphere in the clubhouse was part of a carefully arranged scheme to attract my attention. Everything worked out exactly as he intended, except that my influence over him grew stronger as my interest in him increased. He had expected, in waking my interest, to establish his domination, but he had underrated the power of my personality even as I underrated his. For when I first became aware of his feeling for me, I determined to make it the lever to lift him from his unhappy circumstances. Not once did it occur to me that this inexperienced mountain boy could threaten my hard-won peace of mind. Had S. been other than he was, or had exterior events taken ever so slightly different a course, I might have escaped unscathed. As it was, I did what I still think any woman would have done who 'had a heart and in that heart courage to make love known.'

Even the mutual acknowledgment of our feelings did not at first lessen the antagonism. Our temperaments were so utterly different that we strove almost passionately to keep our own identities from losing their individuality. But as our knowledge of each other grew, we learned that our fundamental principles were the same, and from that time on the tension grew less. In spite of the easing-up of the psychological strain, however, the situation was serious. Here we were,

products of two utterly contrasted environments, total strangers in each other's worlds, yet loving each other with a deep and genuine emotion. Feeling unable to live apart, we yet were unable to live together and stay in our respective orbits. S., realizing fully that I could never be happy in his sphere, agreed to enter mine.

Now this business of changing one's world is no trivial affair. It involves considerably more than mere book-learning, important though that is. Not only ways of speech, but ways of thought, had to be changed; for his manner of thought as well as of speech belonged to the spacious times of great Elizabeth.

There was a brief probation during which we tested S.'s ability to re-date himself. When we were both convinced that he could, we were married — very quietly, because the translation was not complete, and S., realizing the situation as keenly as I, declined to put me in a position in which I might be forced to feel apologetic on his behalf. So it happens that very few know of our marriage, and we have been able to work out our destiny.

IV

For four years we have dwelt in a new world — neither S.'s nor mine, but sufficiently foreign to us both: a world peopled only by ourselves and by vague shadows that affect our lives without impinging on our consciousness. So much of our time and strength has gone into earning our living and making our marriage a success, that we have had nothing left for outsiders. Fortunately, most of our conflicts ended when our engagement graduated into marriage. I imagine that most engaged couples quarrel occasionally, but I think few encounter so wholeheartedly as did we. The result of our

well-foughten fields was that we entered on our married life with a clear comprehension of each other's limits in temper and temperament. An additional factor for peace was a sort of 'contract' that we framed before we were married. This contract detailed what each expected of the other, and though it has been often invoked, it has never yet been violated.

The first year of marriage, which many people find so trying, was to us sufficiently difficult but even more interesting. Our antagonism was ended, our interests, aims, and hopes were identical. There was to be a year or two of work for both of us and study for S., and then, hand-in-hand, we would return to my world and live happily ever afterwards. There was nothing impossible about this programme, but Something certainly does dispose of what man proposes. The transition from the silence and freedom of S.'s hills to the roar and confinement of New York would have been quite trying enough without the translation from a spacious, simpler, and more leisurely age to the crowded, complex, jazzing present. S.'s spirit was willing, his mind was adequate, but his flesh was weak. Shortly after our marriage a heavy cold settled on his lungs and grew worse instead of better. As I still held a position, his illness was not the complete *bouleversement* it would otherwise have been, but it contracted our scale of living painfully. That was my first experience of what it meant to be really poor.

By day I held down my job as best I could, considering that my mind was chiefly on the little hall bedroom where my invalid lay. There was nobody to look after him, for we could not afford a nurse, and S.'s painful dread of the hospital and strangers caused the doctor to believe that the ward would harm more than it helped. All day

long I was never free from the fear of what I might find when I reached home.

When half-past five released me from my desk, I would hold my breath until I reached the narrow, semirespectable house where our tiny living-quarters were. With my heart in my mouth I would run up the three flights of stairs and down the dark hallway that led to our room. Often with my hand on the door-knob I have paused listening, until a rustle or a cough showed me that life was still in the room. For S. was as sick as that. Once sure that he was still alive, I would open the door to find him eagerly watching for me.

I never failed to feel a fresh pang at seeing him so changed. His eyes, always large, were enormous in his thin face. His lithe strength was changed to pathetic weakness. His hasty temper was transformed into surprising patience. Only in spirit did the S. of New York resemble the S. of Kentucky. His courage was undaunted, his smile as gay as ever, and his eyes were always blue. All day long, as he lay in his narrow, none-too-soft bed, surrounded by the most dreary liver-colored walls I ever saw, in imagination he had been roaming in a new and wonderful world; and as soon as each of us had learned how the day had gone with the other, his speech was all of other days, and of men to whom he was infinitely more akin, albeit they had long been dead, than to the men who thronged the pavements or hurled themselves into the crowded subways of New York. During my absence he had wandered with the Disinherited Knight or battled in the lists with the unknown hero whose mere presence struck terror to the unknighly heart of Prince John.

When supper, which was ready for me except when S. was at his worst, had been eaten, the real day for both of us began. For a few hours we could forget my desk and S.'s temperature,

the smell of onions from the room down the hall, and the clang of the elevated two or three houses away. Together we wandered through a land and time into which S. fitted perfectly, the England of Cœur-de-Lion. Till he knew me, his sole acquaintance with literature had been *Jesse James's Blackest Crime*, read to him by his sister-in-law. *Ivanhoe* was his first introduction to the books of my world. His vivid imagination rendered the story and the characters in the novel infinitely more real to him than the scenes and people of New York. Night after night, propped up in bed, gazing at me with eyes feverishly bright, he hung breathlessly on my lips as the tale unfolded. How deeply he sympathized with *Ivanhoe* when he lay stricken during the siege of Torquilstone! Later, when he began to gain strength and the doctor permitted him to read to himself, I selected *St. Ives* for his first attempt. I have never seen anyone so oblivious to what was going on around him as was S. when reading. Part of my world S. dislikes or considers futile, but its books he wholeheartedly assimilates.

This illness kept us from making the most of New York's opportunities. In the eighteen months we were there, we were never able to go to the theatres. As S. has never seen a play, I was particularly anxious to see how he reacted to some of the great dramas; but that experience is still in store for us. Motion-pictures as a whole do not appeal to him.

I must admit that I entered upon his education with fear and trembling. I preferred, on the whole, to have him remain an untutored savage rather than to have him develop a liking for all the wrong things. I need not have been afraid, however. His instincts are correct if not catholic, and second-rate things do not attract him. This ensures

a permanent and increasing congeniality of intellectual interest which is an important factor in a happy marriage.

To my surprise, as soon as S. assumed the responsibilities of a member of society, he developed a decided tendency toward conventionality. So strongly did he revert to the ideas and traditions of his people, that a conflict threatened to ensue. S. desired to confine my activities to my home, but the 'contract' and his illness overbore him, and by degrees he has abandoned the prejudices of the mountains and adopted — I fancy with some mental reservations — the ways of more up-to-date communities. He has almost completely left his old world behind, but he has not yet altogether found his bearings in this new one.

Whether our marriage will withstand *all* the tests of time we, of course, cannot yet tell. It has come off triumphant from one great test — poverty. Babies, strikes, and S.'s ill-health have made our very existence a struggle, especially during the last year. The coal strike caught us before the first baby was paid for. Somehow we survived the strike; but only a few weeks after S. went back in the mines, he was ordered out forever. His lungs are solid with coal-dust — a fate which late or soon overtakes every miner of coal. Since that time his health has steadily declined and our fortunes with it. But no one could wish for a better companion in poverty than S. Except when too keen a realization of how completely I am at present barred from my own world sweeps over him, he is unfailingly light-hearted, making a game out of our wolf-dodging; and indeed I do not know of any game so keenly exciting as this same sport of baffling the wolf. Everyone would do well to try the game, for what it teaches can be learned in no other way. If it had not been for the discipline of this

last most difficult year, trivial misunderstandings might have come between us. Poverty drives selfish love out of the window, and doubtless neither of us would ever have realized the depth and unselfishness of the other's feeling if poverty had not revealed them to us.

I have marveled how a man with S.'s wild background could in so short a time develop such a keen comprehension of what the minor discomforts of our circumstances mean to me. Most men with his upbringing would accept these unpleasantnesses as a matter of course. Perhaps a concrete instance will make clearer what I mean. Chief among the household duties that I loathe is the washing, which, however, I am willing to perform as part of my share of the burden. Sick or well, S. has always insisted on doing it for me and making a good job of it. No matter whether he was getting up at four in the morning to work in the mines, or whether his head was racked with pain (the aftermath of a sun-stroke early this summer), washing clothes for the babies has been as regular a duty as brushing his teeth. When one considers that often the water has had to be carried up one or two flights of stairs, or painfully hauled up hand over hand from a deep well, one realizes that keeping two babies clean is no light matter. Cooking, scrubbing, even mending — chores that most mountain men and perchance some city men would consider either too menial or too unimportant — he has performed voluntarily and capably. He is as skillful with the babies as a trained nurse could be — feeds them, bathes them, puts them to sleep. When I reflect that I might never otherwise have known his infinite possibilities for tenderness and self-forgetfulness, I am not sorry for the bitter struggle through which we are passing.

Poverty our marriage can endure triumphantly, but another test even

greater may be in store for it. If some modern miracle should enable us to go home, — back to my world, — what then? S. is of opinion that this return will prove the real test. Civilization with him will never be of the soul. Underneath a sufficiently modern surface burn all his old passions, 'nowise cool for being curbed.' First of these is a jealousy that once or twice nearly ended our engagement. It is not so vulgar as jealousy of men, but it is more dangerous. It is a jealousy of anything and everything that attracts my interest. Dwelling for three years in a world strange to us both, we have literally been all in all to each other. What will happen when we enter a world foreign to S. but familiar and dear to me, we can only surmise. There is a mountain song beloved of S. that he quotes whenever this subject is under discussion.

I wish I had me a golden box
To put my true love in.
I'd take her out and kiss her twice
And put her back again.

Inasmuch as S. realizes his weakness and faces it fairly, and inasmuch as he has overcome disabilities which seemed infinitely greater, I believe that we shall come off triumphantly from this test, too. Study and natural adaptability have equipped S. to encounter my world on equal terms; and surely the past three years of toil, privation, and sacrifice, cheerfully and ungrudgingly borne, have forged a link between us which cannot be broken by the less soul-searching routine of comfortable life.

There is not one of my friends, married or unmarried, who is not comfortably ensconced in that pleasant world I once knew; there is not one of my married friends who has not made a more 'suitable' match than I have. There is not one whom I envy.

THE FORD MYTH

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

IN a newspaper morgue the envelope filed under 'Ford, Henry' bulks larger than that devoted to any other private citizen. That measures his importance, for news is the breath of our communicating civilization. In that mass of clippings, the most significant is this:—

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. VA., *Sept. 27.*—In addressing the National Tax Association here to-day, Representative William R. Green, Republican, Iowa, declared that the present system of corporate taxation presents an easy way of avoiding taxation, adding that he did not believe the American people would permit this state of affairs to continue indefinitely. Mr. Green said Henry Ford was popularly supposed to have the largest income of any citizen in the country, and that while no one knows what income tax Ford pays, it is certain that it cannot be at all in proportion to his income.

Here begins an irrepressible conflict that will be news for many years to come. A member of Congress, ranking Republican on the revenue-hunting Ways and Means Committee and slated for the Chairmanship since Fordney's retirement, has talked to a serious audience of practical men about the Ford fortune. Let Mr. Ford laugh that off if he can; let him enlarge as he pleases upon wealth as a means to service, jobs, and enterprise. Nevertheless the talk will go on. Presently it will be heard in Congress, where the debate will centre, not upon whether the Ford fortune should be scotched,

but whether it should be scotched as corporate profits, as income, or as inheritance. Years hence treasury experts will still have the Ford fortune in mind while adjusting their tax brackets. This prospect should be enough to disqualify Henry Ford as a presidential possibility. He and the Government mean enough to each other already.

The Iowa Representative's speech reflects the beginning of a change, slight but meaningful, in the public attitude toward Mr. Ford and his possessions. Representatives seldom come by such trenchant ideas through sheer ratiocination. Instead, they pluck them out of street-corner conversations and general-store debates. Iowans must have been discussing the Ford fortune before Mr. Green mentioned it at White Sulphur Springs.

The latest estimate of the Ford wealth is \$750,000,000. The assets of the Ford Motor Company, owned entirely by Mr. Ford and his son Edsel, were more than \$536,000,000 last February. Since May the company has done the best business in its history, the cash item rising from \$159,000,000 to more than \$200,000,000 between February and May. Its domestic production of cars and trucks reached one new 'high' in the week ending August 7, and another in the week ending September 25, when production amounted to 41,769 cars and trucks and 1857 tractors. From January 1 to October 18, it produced

1,500,696 cars and trucks — almost as many as all other American manufacturers combined.

But domestic production of cars, trucks, and tractors is not the only source of the Ford wealth. There are Ford companies producing under other flags. Also, Mr. Ford owns all, or substantial parts, of companies that sell coal and transportation. The bulk of his property is in the Ford Motor Company. In the twelve months ending February 28, 1923, the company earned more than \$119,000,000, after deducting \$34,000,000 for taxes. This is 22 per cent on the \$536,000,000 investment covered by the statement. In the current year the Fords are accumulating wealth at a rate close to \$400,000 a day, or \$150,000,000 a year. As corporate net income, moreover, this profit pays only 12½ per cent Federal tax. By leaving this profit in the corporation, instead of taking it out in dividends, the two Fords save at least 50 per cent additional tax that they would have to pay if the same sum were distributed as individual income to stockholders.

If Henry and Edsel Ford are not the richest father and son in America today, they soon will be. The enormous profits which Henry Ford ploughs back into the business, the pace at which he is extending his control of raw materials and his domination of supplies, his growing interest in water-powers and transportation, his exuberant health and zest for expansion, the morale of his labor forces and the competence of his technical staff, these predicate Ford production and profits beyond anything on record in American industry.

Great fortunes are usually accompanied by great expenditures, either for display or philanthropy. The Ford fortune is neither threatened by the one nor curtailed by the other. Mr. Ford

has too much sense to play the rôle of a Cræsus. Perhaps because he is too interested in life and work to know what ennui is, he has acquired none of the expensive habits of the rich. His favorite recreation is motor-camping with a few cronies. He spends less than many a wealthy unfortunate who keeps up appearances with a racing stable, an ocean-going yacht, and sundry houses strategically located with regard to the seasons and the social whirl. Just as Mr. Ford has no ambition to shine as a pillar of the turf, so likewise Mrs. Ford reveals no ambition to rank as a pillar of society.

Philanthropy does not retard materially the bulbous growth of the Ford fortune. The Fords may indulge in many quiet benefactions; and no doubt they meet the levies laid upon them in various drives, like other well-to-do citizens whose names and ratings are down in the books of their local charity organizations. But the public gifts of Henry Ford are small and few in proportion to his huge earnings. He built a hospital in Detroit — to date that is his chief contribution to the public-service plant of the city where he made his money. Derided as a 'pay-as-you-enter' hospital because it is self-sustaining, it nevertheless provides excellent hospital service at rates the average man can afford to pay. His purchases for public use of two literary shrines — John Burroughs's birthplace and Longfellow's 'Wayside Inn' — are graceful and pleasant acts; but not expensive when measured by the Ford ability to pay. He helps to support the Wild-Life-Protection Fund of the New York Zoölogical Society. Multiply the cost of these benefactions by ten and you would still be short of the Rockefeller or Carnegie gifts to public causes.

Unless Mr. Ford changes a deep-seated conviction, this situation is not likely to change. In *My Life and Work*

he goes on record against charity and philanthropy. Also, he doubts the value of professional social service. Come what may, Henry Ford is unlikely to deluge the land with libraries, save heathen from hookworm, or provide palatial quarters for college undergraduates. Prominent solicitors often return from Dearborn with this message: 'We must wait till Edsel gets it.' There is no hint as yet that the Ford wealth is troubling the Ford conscience or burdening the Ford spirit.

II

Thus far Mr. Ford's rise to riches distresses few of us. No one abuses Henry Ford simply because he is rich; 'soap-boxers' do not rail against him and the radical press does not gird at him, as they rail and gird at many men of lesser wealth. His critics are mostly of two sorts: financiers and Jews — to Ford they seem to be one and the same. Neither group objects to his wealth and power, but merely to his talk. The common people extend a blanket blessing on all his works, in marked contrast to the hostility with which they have viewed other of the unco rich since the muckraking days of twenty years ago.

There are solid grounds for this approval, as well as mythical ones. Ford rose from commonplaceness 'on his own.' He 'stuck by the shop' when lesser industrialists fled from close touch with production and its human problems. He has raised wages, avoided strikes, and earned a reputation as a good boss — and good bosses are pearls of great price in industrial society. His company led in changing the 'automobile game' into the automotive industry — a dignified and solid business with substantial sales-depots, dependable service, and responsible managers.

But above all else Ford provided

'folks' with cheap motor-cars. When the automobile attacked America, the small producer needed the new means of transportation in order to hold his own in the world; otherwise he must inevitably have fallen back in competition with better-equipped forces. If there were no cheap cars to-day, American farmers would be well on their way to peasant consciousness.

These achievements, and the apparent ease of their execution sans special privilege, monopoly, or control of natural resources, have created a mass opinion that Henry Ford is a miracle man, a wonder-worker. To a complicated industry he brought a pioneer spirit which the sons and grandsons of pioneers were bound to respect. Fearless as any master scientist, this mechanic of genius, who seems to know tools and men equally well, carried mechanical production to its modern uttermost in devices that save time and drudgery. These aids to automatic production have their drawbacks, social and physical, but they obviously produce cheap goods, and by degrees they increase leisure for the masses.

Finally 'this man Ford,' as the first families of Detroit used to speak of him when he was on his way up, is scornful of many things, worthy and unworthy, that the common man scorns and to which the well-to-do defer at least in attitude. He scoffs at learning that has no earning power, at influence that is based only on affluence, at history, art, and many of those finer graces of life which, even in a democracy, as yet mean little to the masses. This plutocrat, sprung from the people, remains a rebel, conscious that much is wrong with the times, the world, and the country. In his own town he played a lone hand, refusing to sit in with the business oligarchy which, there as elsewhere in industrial communities, is the real seat of power. Bankers con-

tinued to be his pet aversion long after he became a banker himself. The American people could keep hold of such a man in spirit; could even, brooding upon him mystically, make him the central figure of a myth. In a world that daily became more of a puzzle for simple minds, here was a man of the people who could 'beat the big game.' Better than any man of his generation Henry Ford came to personify the dynamic democracy of naïve America.

Countless farmers think that, with Muscle Shoals in Ford's possession on easy terms, they would get cheap fertilizer on easy terms. Hard-pressed folk fancy that he could give them the benefits of cheap money without any of its disadvantages. Oil operators shiver at the thought of Ford going into oil in the present debilitated condition of that industry. Millions of wage-earners think that they are being abused because their employers do not meet the Ford scale of pay. There are shippers all over the country who imagine that Ford could give them cheaper railroad rates by reorganizing the country's railroad system, as easily as he reorganized the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton. To all these, Henry Ford is the good fairy to whom nothing is impossible.

Recently an Albany newspaper carried a story that illustrates neatly the power of the Ford myth. Its readers were assured that city and State officials were lying in wait for a certain exalted person, to impress upon him the necessity of having the Hudson River deepened at government expense. Once the sympathies of this worthy were enlisted, the United States simply could not refuse millions for improvements which would make their cities ocean ports. The citizens had visions of shiploads of Troy collars and Albany aspirin being loaded at their wharves for cities on the seven seas. And who was the personage to be waited upon

thus humbly? You expect the answer, 'Henry Ford.' Not so; no such luck. Mr. Leibold, if you please, the secretary to the great man. Thus does the hero's reflected glory elevate the underling. Convert Mr. Leibold, and Mr. Leibold can convert Mr. Ford, and Mr. Ford can convert the Board of Army Engineers and the Committee on Appropriations and whoever else needs to be converted. Presumably the meeting came off properly, because Mr. Ford, who incidentally owns a factory and water-power at Green Island, recently advised the Government to proceed with the improvement. If it does, Green Island will be conveniently near the head of navigation.

It is easy enough to pick holes in the Ford myth. Instead of rising single-handed to success, Mr. Ford had the devoted aid of a group of notable men in the Ford Motor Company's early years. One of them, a master advertiser, made Ford 'first-page news' by exploiting his 'five-dollar-a-day profit-sharing plan' in 1914. Another laid the foundation of a system of office administration that remains a marvel of business efficiency long after his departure. There are dozens of 'Ford alumni,' as Dean Marquis calls them, filling high positions in the business world, whose contributions to the Ford Motor Company's success must have been large. Of course, these men grew under Ford; yet no doubt Ford grew also because of those associations. Nevertheless the semi-autobiographical story of Ford's business rise contains no mention of them. Mr. Ford does not share authority; neither does he share the limelight.

A good deal of Mr. Ford's popularity on Main Street and Mill Street are due to his open dislike for Wall Street. Clashes between industrialists and financiers are common enough in industrial society to suggest incompatibility

between those who deal in goods and those who deal in credits. In the new industry of automobile-making, this temperamental conflict between innovating and conservative forces was bound to crop out, and did so, not only in Mr. Ford's case but in the cases of other manufacturers whose vision ran ahead of their resources. But with Ford the prejudice has hardened into an obsession, persisting unabated after he has become a money power in his own right, loaning millions to the city of Detroit with a nonchalance that contrasts oddly with the ceremony that attends Wall Street operations.

The attack goes on even after Wall Street has surrendered, hailing Ford 'comrade' with as much brotherly feeling as the spokesmen of that somewhat inhibited section can muster. The *Wall Street Journal* recently called him, in admiration that is almost affection, 'Wall Street's Shock-Absorber.' There is reality in the phrase. Ford advocates openly ideas that Wall Street loves but, out of deference to public opinion, is constrained to keep in the background. When Ford says that labor unions are excellent devices for killing time, Wall Street chuckles. When Ford says that the Interstate Commerce Commission should be discarded, Wall Street beams. When Ford put forth his Muscle Shoals offer, Wall Street gasped at its sheer audacity. It reminded the old-timers of Jay Gould at his best. When Mr. Ford gets to hammering Wall Street, and then goes on to hammering international bankers and Jews indiscriminately, he reminds one of Æ's Irish orator who was forever trying to bring up a large family of words on a small income of ideas.

III

Neither Mr. Ford nor his most enthusiastic admirers mention the most

important factor in the extraordinary Ford success — the market. America at the opening of the twentieth century was the net result of political and economic influences ancient in origin and mixed in effect. Centuries of enterprise, thrift, labor, invention, political struggle, and legal interpretation — to say nothing of several wars — had to be lived through before this continent was ripe for the automobile. Before Ford cars could become as common as autumn leaves there had to be pipelines and railroads; and before these could come to pass there had to be Scotch inventors, Dutch bankers, Indian fighters, Pilgrims, conquistadors, feudal barons, Crusaders, martyrs, and all manner of other energetic, Westernizing persons, century without end. No Rockefeller; no Ford. No Stephenson; no Ford. No Cæsar; no Ford!

One result of the travail of all these centuries was a rich country of distributed wealth and eager-minded inhabitants, politically well-organized, called the United States of America. A land of magnificent distances and rich natural resources, populated by persons hungry for new means of transportation and prepared to pay spot cash. Europe had steel and laboratories and capital and able mechanics; yet Europe could not develop cheap automobiles, for lack of enough buyers to support quantity production. The past prepared the stage for Henry Ford; and if he had not undertaken to satisfy the American appetite for cheap cars when he did, someone else would have done so in short order. When our most notable beneficiary of history scoffs at history, practitioners of that noble art can afford to smile sagely, as Tacitus might have smiled at the struttings of a barbarian king.

True believers in the Ford myth overlook, also, the luck of the Ford success. The man has been lucky as

well as shrewd. He was lucky when his 'six' failed to attract the public, and he was driven back to the small car. He was lucky when W. C. Durant could not quite raise in cash the relatively few millions for which Mr. Ford stood ready to sell him the Ford Company in the early days of the industry, when Mr. Durant was amalgamating the General Motors Company. Ford was lucky again when the upward swing of the business cycle enabled his dealers to dispose of the goods he dumped upon them when, as he says in *My Life and Work*, he dug assets out of his factory rather than borrow money. This shifting of part of his debt burden to his dealers might have seriously embarrassed the wide-flung Ford sales-organization; actually it did its members good rather than harm. Yet no mind, however shrewd, could have foretold that the upward swing of the business cycle was so near at hand. Luck again.

Ford was even lucky in his one defeat, when he ran for the Senate in 1918, and was beaten by a few thousand votes in a campaign where his opponents used too much money. The motor king scored a moral victory, and was spared the tedium — for him torture — of sitting in the Senate. Ford is lucky in anything that lets him concentrate on the job which he so completely masters, and unlucky when he wanders into other mazy passages of this intricate experience we call life. Edison knows his Ford, Couzens knows his Ford.

The public may never outgrow the Ford myth entirely, but Mr. Ford himself outgrows it little by little, a piece here and a piece there. He seems to have outlived the Messianic mood, in which he felt 'called' to evangelize a sinful world even though at great expense.

This phase ended with the Peace-

Ship fiasco. He admits now that the Peace Ship taught him a good deal about war. Except for tilting against international bankers (always unidentified), Mr. Ford no longer concerns himself greatly over international affairs.

Lately he has been growing in humor and also in insight into his own character. The Wood interview in *Collier's Weekly* is one of the most revealing of all Ford's many utterances. That and the Crowther book¹ give Ford's view of Ford better than all secondhand expositions. In the former our richest man says he is unfit for the presidency 'because he lacks a political mind.'

There are other equally good reasons why Henry Ford should never be President, but that is enough. Intelligent dictators do excellently well in business everywhere, and in European politics they seem to be quite the fashion just now; but hereabouts we still believe in checks and balances, constitutional rights and democratic processes, and other like intangibles which Mr. Ford, in order to secure efficiency in government, would have to shear away along with the red tape he so cordially detests. Therefore he says the country could not stomach him except in an emergency.

The moral is obvious. There is no present crisis equal to the penalty. Even the sale of that steam plant down in Alabama can hardly be magnified into a convincing emergency. Our politicians, if they value their places, will take care to avoid, for a few years to come, anything that savors of an emergency. Upon them the Ford boom serves notice: —

'N' Henry Ford 'll get you if you don't watch out.

¹ *My Life and Work*, by Henry Ford in collaboration with Samuel Crowther. New York: Doubleday Page & Company. 1923.

IV

Economically, Ford is building something new in America, a self-contained business for practical purposes, personally owned, that has the strength and solidity of a vertical trust without its legal complications. It controls raw materials, manufacturing processes, and marketing in ever growing degree. Merely for self-protection it must continue to unify control until it approximates complete production from ores to automobiles. Whereas vertical trusts are usually consolidations of corporations drawn together for mutual support and protection, the Ford Motor Company is reaching the same end by purchase and development. When the process is completed, the company will stand, from the standpoint of industrial security and efficiency, in a class by itself in America, and rivaled in Europe only by Krupps.

It will not do to dismiss this achievement as transitory. It constitutes a notable contribution to the industrial strength of the country. Moreover, it is likely to last as long as any business unit of our time. I cannot imagine any sort of civilized America, under any kind of political and economic régime whatsoever, that could or would dispense with the flexible transportation that the motor-car provides. The industry will always be noticeably sensitive to the ups and downs of general trade, but its quick recovery from the post-war depression showed strong recuperative power. And the low-priced market, of course, is the most dependable. There may be revolutionary changes in design and means of propulsion. It is not to be expected that the Ford Company will ever break new ground in those directions; but presumably it will take up proved betterments in time to save its position, as it did in the case of the self-starter.

Finally, even if chronic pessimists on the automotive industry should be proved right by events, it does not follow that the Ford Motor Company would be ruined. The Ford Company is to-day a complex of industries, a vast machine-shop and assembly plant, with pendent chemical, metallurgical, mining, hydro-electric, forest, and textile activities. There will always be demand for coal, pig iron, wire, machined parts, wood, glass, acids, cloth, and electrical energy. The Fords produce all those things now, and can go on producing them, whether they are sold as automobiles and tractors or in some other form. The change would be costly, but not necessarily fatal. There is a tremendous vitality in broadly based industrial enterprises. Krupps grew great making munitions of war; but it did not perish when that market was cut off by fiat. Instead of quitting, it began beating its cannon metal into locomotives and other peace goods. Industry is the indispensable, 'key' activity of modern life.

Henry Ford, busy in his huge new plant at River Rouge, provides the unique spectacle of a man occupying his own monument. It is one likely to outwear many a graven pillar and may even outlast some political principles held sacrosanct at the moment.

This is not saying that the Ford Motor Company will continue indefinitely its present terrific pace of expansion. Every business is the measure of the man at the top, and every business tends to become stiff with age. Still, Henry Ford presumably has at least ten active years ahead of him, and he has given his company a momentum that will not be lost until long after he departs, even though it may not be fortunate enough to find his like as a leader. And ten years of wealth-accumulation, at the present rate of growth, would make Ford thrice a billionaire,

with an income of more than a million dollars a day.

Therefore the Ford fortune and the Ford policies have important social bearings. Are the Fords to become merely another rich American family, following the usual course of our plutocracy from shirtsleeves to polo, and from cookstoves to coronets, in three generations? Is the Ford business destined to be merely another big business which, founded by an original individual with spirited if somewhat narrow ideas of public service, is destined to degenerate into an impersonal, profit-taking machine, amid the growing indifference of its employees and the waning regard of a disillusioned public?

These are questions that time alone can answer. But inasmuch as Mr. Ford has expressed himself emphatically upon some of the determining principles of his life, we may deduce, perhaps, whither he is driving by setting down the directions in which he appears determined not to be driven. The conclusions, of course, are purely speculative; there is always the chance that Henry Ford will do the unexpected. Still, sixty years and ten times as many millions are not conducive to vagaries.

V

The professed aims of Henry Ford's existence are to pay high wages and sell goods cheap. You might think an employer could easily avoid profits by so doing; but Mr. Ford does not agree. Every time he has lowered prices, he has tapped another layer of buyers and increased his sales. Whenever he has raised wages, he has increased efficiency of production. His volume is now so enormous that he could sell cars at close to cost and still reap large profits from the sale of parts only. So the manufacturing and merchandising poli-

cies which Henry Ford approves are no more likely to keep his fortune from growing than is philanthropy, which he disapproves.

Mr. Ford's explanation of his so-called 'profit-sharing' plan leaves me unconvinced. His men get high wages, part of which is listed as profits; but that there is any general disbursal of company profits on a grand scale to rank-and-file workers is not apparent. At least, the sums divided so far have not kept the Ford fortune from 'snowballing.'

At the time this profit-sharing plan was put through, great expectations were raised that the Ford Motor Company was destined to break new ground in the troubled sphere of industrial relations — great expectations never yet realized! They who believe that industrial difficulties cannot be solved altogether through authority; they who think that the wage system should be amended to allow the routine worker more voice in his destiny; they who give to the word 'coöperation' a humanitarian and spiritual emphasis — all these altruists are sadly disappointed in Henry Ford. Undeniably fair in his dealings with Labor, undeniably sage in discussing the practical psychology of toil, undeniably wise in his later policy of decentralizing production, still he does not grasp that in these latter years Labor has come by something it values above houses and gear and raiment — to wit: a vision of self-sufficiency, the promise of a new day when the Fords of this earth shall do Labor's bidding, not Labor theirs. Mr. Ford is deaf, dumb, and blind to the labor movement and all its implications. He is a benevolent despot, standing firm against collective bargaining in all forms; an autocrat who would be as unapproachable to a shop committee as he is, notoriously, to process-servers.

Yet Henry Ford has given the labor unions something they greatly needed — competition in well-doing. On a grand scale he has demonstrated that the way to beat unions is to do more for one's workers than the unions can win for them. The Ford organization is to-day an industrial clan. Its members are widely scattered in space and social position, and subject to all the myriad differences that make against solidarity in the human family. Nevertheless they are with the company and with its boss, in spirit. Critics, whether of high or low estate, have been sloughed off or shoved out, sometimes ruthlessly. Those who remain seem to be Ford's men in the sense that the Gregara were The MacGregor's men — come weal, come woe.

That morale is Henry Ford's best achievement. But in so far as this clan spirit is a reaction to the personality of a leader, it is likely to fade after the leader passes, unless it can be stabilized by definite concessions to coöperation in the forward-looking sense of the word. Perhaps any such contribution to the solution of industry's central problem is beyond him; perhaps he does not care to try. At any rate, he says nothing to show that this matter is on his mind, and plenty to indicate that it is not. The chances are that the thing will not be done.

When the Ford score is finally cast up, the prospect is, therefore, that this

extraordinary man, for all his originality and excellent intentions, will be found to have added to our social scheme merely another swollen fortune and another big business unit. In that event, the fortune inevitably will come to be appraised, rightly or wrongly, as evidence of gluttonous appetite, a tainted hoard to be raided, upon need or envy, by an embarrassed or jealous State.

The business, by reason of its size and social importance, will become in time one more battle-ground for unionism, one more target for state control, one more argument for Socialism. Henry Ford is a superman who has ploughed a straight, deep furrow through the crust of custom; but another generation may reap stranger crops there than Ford ever dreamed he was planting.

Mr. Green of Iowa, for the moment personifying the sovereign State in its unending struggle with too masterful individuals, pointed an accusing finger at Mr. Ford one mild September day. The incident passed without much comment. Few noted the challenging gesture, as few mark the turn o' the tide. Yet the turn is as inevitable as the tide itself. This challenge, too, was inevitable, and registers, unless all signs fail, the high-water mark of popular favor for Ford. Now, unless the man be great beyond his words and works, the ebb is on.

POEMS

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

I. WELL-BRED PIGLETS

DAINTY princelings, proud and wise,
Turn not your suspicious eyes
On a peeping stranger.

Cock no bristly, rose-leaf ear;
Huddle not; there's none to fear;
Sweetings, there's no danger.

Lift of neck and heave of thigh, —
Olympian bulls in majesty, —
Ye'll daze me into fable.

Are ye true things in nature's line,
Or some Greek jeweler's design
For Venus' dressing-table?

Now like knights at bay they stand,
Paladins on either hand,
To guard the lady's bower;
Seeming to say with moveless eyes:
'The snake is entering paradise;
We feel his evil power.'

Galahad begins to tremble,
Roland can no more dissemble;
Turning half about,
He whispers: 'Percy, mark his eye!'

They break, they scamper, plunge, and fly —
O Cupid, what a rout!

II. TOIL AWAY

TOIL away and set the stone
That shall stand when you are gone.

Ask not that another see
The meaning of your masonry.

Grind the gem and dig the well,
For what? for whom? — I cannot tell.

The stone may mark a boundary line,
The well may flow, the gem may shine.

Be it wage enough for you
To shape them well and set them true.

Of the future who can tell?

Work, my friend, and so farewell.

WHAT I EXPECT

In answer to the oft-asked question: 'What do you really expect the American Peace Award definitely to accomplish?'

BY EDWARD W. BOK

I

Not a day passes that I am not asked, either in a letter or by someone I meet, the question under the title of this article.

It is a curious fact that the question is invariably put in the future tense. It never seems to occur to these inquirers that a large part of the purpose of the American Peace Award is accomplished. Before the world can have peace, it must, first of all, think in terms of peace. That was one of the chief aims of the Award, and that has been accomplished, if one may judge from the widespread reaction of press and public from every part of the United States. It is quite within the bounds of conservatism to say that not for a long time has a united national mind been so concretely fixed upon the question of peace as during the past six months since the American Peace Award was first announced. Individuals, groups, clubs, organizations, faculties of colleges, entire communities, even a complete state, have been thinking, planning, talking, studying, discussing, and writing peace. Over a quarter of a million of American citizens have written and asked for the conditions under which plans might be submitted. Plans from the most prominent men and women of the United States have passed under the

scrutiny of the Jury of Award. Scarcely a newspaper or periodical published throughout the length and breadth of the United States has not printed from one to a dozen news articles and editorials touching different aspects of the Award. A group of newspapers and periodicals have opened their pages to printing plans sent by their readers which were afterward submitted to the Jury of the Award. Meetings innumerable have been held at which the Award has been the sole topic; scores of conventions have passed resolutions of endorsement, and sermons, literally by the hundred, have taken the Award as their subject.

Will anyone say that a large purpose has not thus been served; that any reasonable expectation one might have had has not been realized in great part? 'It is indeed true,' said the *New York Tribune*, 'that this Award has brought the general subject of peace directly home to the people of the United States to a degree and in a measure which no effort on the part of the United States Government has succeeded in doing.'

Someone will ask, But has not all this widespread attention been attracted by the offer of \$100,000 for a winning plan? Unquestionably. That was exactly why the monetary phase

was introduced into the Award. Its purpose was to dramatize the idea. And it has served that purpose beyond all expectations. It spoke, too, of the serious intent of the founder of the Award. About the time that this article appears, the winning plan and its author will in all probability be known to the public, and while, naturally, nothing is known of its character or authorship at this writing, I am rash enough to prophesy that the monetary phase of the Award did not actually play quite so important a part in the actual plan as some imagined it would. In fact, it did exactly what I hoped and intended it should do: it gripped the imagination of thousands who would otherwise not have been attracted, and it focused public attention upon the Award as no other single factor could have done. It stimulated idealism by the golden spur of self-interest. The same idea of individual emulation lies in the Nobel awards and in the Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Joseph Pulitzer awards. Systems of monetary rewards are methods of uplift and inspiration as old as the hills. It is human to work our best when the rewards are greatest. But it may also be true that hundreds of the plans submitted came, not because of the financial attraction, but because they were asked for and a channel was afforded for their consideration.

I was prepared for the fact that the emolument part of the Award would be stressed, and, in some quarters, criticized. But I was also aware of the fact that the men and women who were to associate themselves with its conduct would at once, from their distinction and authority of position, give to the idea its proper place of dignity and solidity. The money was not intended, as the unintelligent and carping were so quick to say, to buy world peace: its purpose was to play its part in mak-

ing the subject one of widespread thought and discussion, with the result of bringing a united national mind within definable terms.

Something more, however, will be accomplished. The method used in the Award will, once and for all, demonstrate that a point of direct personal contact can be created between the people of the United States and its legislative and executive governments. When there was made for me a research of a wide cross-section of the American people upon which the American Peace Award was based, there was found a distinct yeasty fermentation on the part of thousands of American citizens, and an expressed desire, sometimes in the most vehement terms, that they be offered some unpartisan and nonpolitical channel through which they could express themselves on this and other national and international subjects. Thousands of the American people gave vent to this idea of what they called a defect in our system of contact of citizen and government. They brushed aside the idea of the ballot. 'We want to talk, not vote,' they repeatedly said. 'We want to give expression to our views on these questions — to what we think. We want a direct hand in settling these questions.'

When the newspapers were suggested as a channel of expression, they dismissed them with the criticism of partisanship. When their Representatives or Senators were suggested, they replied, 'No: we want a channel of our own: a direct, open way to Washington, not via the newspapers or the politicians; a way in which we can feel a sense of confidence that our views will be heard and considered and that our voice will carry to Washington.'

There was always a deadly earnestness in this demand; there was a distinct note of impatience with prevailing

conditions, and there was a whip-like method of speaking and a threatening shake of the head that indicated deep-rooted dissatisfaction with things as they are.

II

It was the discovery of this widely prevalent note that led straight to the American Peace Award. If the American people were really willing to make these great problems their own, to accept their part in the responsibility of their solution, — all of which I had, with hundreds of others, up to this time doubted, — and were actually crying aloud for a channel through which they could express themselves, I decided that they should have such a medium, simple and direct.

What is the result? Surely, the hundreds of thousands of letters and the thousands of plans received by the American Peace Award constitute the best and direct answer. 'At last!' have said literally hundreds of writers, in evident relief and thankfulness.

That has been the single accomplishment of the American Peace Award thus far that has fulfilled and transcended any expectation that one may have had for it. For if this method has been accepted by the people as a desired and acceptable method of approach to their Government on this question of peace, is it too much to say, as President Coolidge has already publicly said, that the idea can be applied to other questions of national and international import?

I was very much amused by a letter from a high United States official, who asked if it had occurred to me that in the American Peace Award I might be training the American people to feel that they could initiate legislation, and awaken in them the feeling of legislative power, and whether I realized the inherent danger in such a widespread

feeling? It would surely be a red-letter day in American life if any effort could bring about such a result!

Another distinct accomplishment of the American Peace Award has been a clearer recognition by the people of the United States of the fact that they cannot sit placidly by and see Rome burn: that we are a part of the world, and, as such, must play our part in it. In other words, no single effort of late has so fixed the attention of the people of the United States upon our foreign relations, and upon the best methods under which we can live in amity and peace with the nations of the earth, and how far we can go with our contribution to such an end. Librarians from every part of the country report that never has there been such a demand for books dealing with our foreign relations or works on previous peace-efforts, and for the records of peace congresses. Booksellers are selling more books dealing with the European situation than ever before. The entire interest of the American people in foreign questions has been quickened all along the line. The editors of three of the leading American newspapers have sent letters to me from individual subscribers and from clubs and organizations, asking that more space be given to foreign news in their papers, in each case crediting their larger interest in the affairs of the world to the American Peace Award. There is the distinct beginning of an international mind.

When a single effort can actually accomplish such results, one's expectations with regard to it should, to my mind at least, not be put entirely in the future tense.

'But surely,' say many, 'you expect some definite result, too, do you not?' No, not expect. I *expect* nothing. But I have hopes — very deep hopes.

At the same time, I am perfectly free to say that I am so well satisfied with what has been accomplished that, if it were decreed that the American Peace Award should go no further to a definite result, I should still feel more than repaid for the effort and its accomplishments.

But it does not appear as if it were so decreed.

One of the ranking officials in the United States Government recently wrote me in a letter: 'You have started something that nothing can now stop. The interest is too widespread: the idea has rested too securely and gone too deeply. The Award has planted a seed from which something must come.'

I think he is right.

The American people may not know exactly where they are going, but they are distinctly and decidedly on their way. No one who has had his finger on the public pulse, and heard its beats through the progress of the Award, can doubt this statement for a moment. The people are determined that as they have registered their views they shall now be crystallized into definable terms on this question of world peace, and that they shall be placed before the world. This note of determination is struck in almost every letter. 'This must now be carried through' is a common phrase in hundreds of letters; and it is said with a crispness that leaves no doubt of the determination behind it.

III

I hope for —
Not a miracle.
Not a solvent.
But a beginning.

Wisely has Goethe said, 'We are not born to solve the problems of the world, but to find out where a problem begins (do our part), and then keep within the limits of our grasp.'

The people of the United States stand before the world to-day without any plan of action so far as their relations with the rest of the world are concerned. There is on record no crystallized national opinion. The views of special groups have lost their force. Besides, that is not what the world asks from the American people. It asks not a foreign policy born of an administration, of a group, or of a political party. It wants an expression of the national will, of the national belief of the people of the United States. The world knows well that without such national support the most carefully worded treaty becomes a worthless scrap of paper. But, on the other hand, it is also a fact that world peace can be attained if enough people think of it, and desire it, and say they desire it. The public conscience is derived from personal conscience: the unit becomes the mass.

The underlying impulse of the American people toward some form of practical foreign coöperation is strong and irresistible. Politics have beclouded the issue; the absence of a straight and unbiased channel of expression has made it impossible for universal expression. But the moral interest and the moral force of the people are awakened; they have had time to think, and they have thought, and the national voice is now to be heard over the heads of those who have, up to this time, talked to no purpose.

This is the beginning, and it has been made and registered in the thousands of plans submitted.

The next stage is now imminent. And it will be the acid test.

That will come when the selected plan — or plans worked into one plan — shall be made public and offered to the people in the widest and most direct referendum perhaps ever taken on

a single question. A very large cross-section of the American people, reached through the eighty powerful coöperative organizations associated with the Award, and through a poll to be taken by a large group of American newspapers, will be asked to vote on the plan before it is submitted to the United States Senate.

The sole purpose of this referendum should be borne in mind. Here are a group of representative American men and women, distinguished for integrity of judgment and distinction of achievement, who have labored for months to draw out from the consciousness of the American people their ideas as to the method which, in their opinion, the United States Government can wisely pursue to bring about a state of future peace to all the peoples of the world. Out of this mass of material, a jury of seven has, after the most careful deliberation and conscientious search, selected the plan, not necessarily the best, which, in its opinion, contains the most practicable ideas capable of being carried into effect. This plan is submitted by the jury to the American people for the purpose of ascertaining whether their selection is, in substance, approved by them. 'Are you prepared to support this plan to form, in substance, the basis of your Government's attitude toward foreign nations on the question of peace?' There is no coercive purpose in the referendum. The character of the men and women on the Jury of Awards precludes such a thought. It is natural, however, that they should wish a vote of confidence on their stewardship, the voice of the national mind to say whether the general trend of thought in the selected plan reflects the thought of the people of the United States. It is only by a direct referendum that such an endorsement of the work of the jury can be obtained. Upon the expression of

opinion thus obtained directly from the people much will depend. To the many who have written and asked how they can individually help the cause for which the Award stands, the answer lies here: the individual vote for the published plan, multiplied by the millions, will be the all-important factor. It is here that the individual man or woman becomes the most important cog in the wheel. The donor of the Award, the Policy Committee, the Jury of Award — all who have labored will have finished their tireless work of months, and it will be for the people to say whether the effort and its labor shall be supported. That voice will spell the result.

Students of history confidently assert that never before in the world after a great war has humanity shown a greater desire to outgrow war. Not only, they say, are more people looking forward to the dream of universal peace, which has been in the minds of men for ages, but the human mind all over the earth to-day is busier thinking peace, talking peace, and reading peace along practicable lines. The ideal is, according to the men of keenest observation, fast becoming an idea. Travel, discovery, exploration, the wider-flung line of commerce are all bringing people together, face to face, as never before, and a greater common understanding is being born that the welfare of one is the welfare of all. This great fundamental truth is the surest road to peace, and the people of the world are beginning to realize its wisdom and necessity. What were once the heroic ideals of the past no longer hold with the peoples of to-day. The temper of the world is changing, and the American Peace Award has burned the truth into the minds of thousands who otherwise would never have concerned themselves with the idea that the individual is a potentiality and can be a peacemaker.

It is exactly this truth which the referendum, as it goes out to millions of the American people, will mean: that the individual need no longer stand helpless before the great drama of the world, but that he and she can now have a voice in that restoration of spiritual humanity without which humanity cannot abide.

The support of the American people at this point, as reflected in the referendum, will mean something more. No state of world peace can be brought about with a single step. As Elihu Root has well said, its consummation can come about only through a series of successive steps, each step a little farther toward the goal. Hence the present American Peace Award is only the first step. Other steps lie beyond, and it is for the American people to say whether those subsequent steps shall be taken.

There is no reason why I should not now publicly state that the second step I have long had in mind is planned and ready for announcement so far as my part in it is concerned. While the present first step has concerned itself with the people of the United States, the second step will have a far wider scope and intent, with an award larger and more important in every respect.

It rests with the American people to say whether that second step shall be taken. Thus far they have certainly given unqualified support to the idea. But the final answer will come in the referendum. The willingness and desire are with me to carry the idea through to a consummation, because, despite all that is said to the contrary, and in face of all the efforts made through centuries, peace throughout the world *is* attainable. This positive statement is not made because of any superior efficiency of method pursued in the American Peace Award, but solely be-

cause there has never been a time in the history of the world, as I have said before, when the people in every clime were more ready to substitute the tribunal for the battlefield. War has never seemed so repugnant as it seems at the present day to modern enlightened civilization, and never has the psychological moment so vividly presented itself for the people of the United States to assume the leadership. The world is ready to follow a practical enlightened sentiment toward permanent peace if a voice powerful enough to be heard will sound the way.

We are quick to say that war cannot be abolished. But we forget that the first tribes of cave-men thought that individual fights between members of the tribe could not be abolished. Among civilized men, fights were once the order of the day. To-day they are infrequent: we settle our differences in courts of law. Among the ancients, it was a religious rite for one family to destroy another. Revolutions are growing less in number all the time. Only nations take up arms against nations. If the seemingly impossible — to the ancients — has been accomplished in the smaller units, is it any more impossible that a way may be found to do the same for the larger units?

Whatever may be the plan submitted to the people for their vote, — whether an entirely new inspiration, away from all previously suggested plans or efforts, in which case we should be unafraid; or whether it rests on what has already been laid down at Geneva or The Hague, with such modifications as will not demand a transfer of sovereignty, in which case all partisanship should be forgotten, and only the greatest good to the greatest number should be considered, — whatever it be, the voice of the American people saying 'Yes' to the plan will mean 'Go ahead' to me, and the next move will be mine.

IV

After the voice of the American people has spoken, the way leads to the United States Senate, and here I have had predicted almost certain failure for any plan — whatever its merit and whatever the American people may say. One would really imagine, from the pictures which have been drawn for me in countless letters, that the Senate is a sort of hydra-headed monster, created chiefly to destroy and devour the hopes and aspirations of a people, no matter what form these desires may choose to take. I have had pointed out to me in the most painstaking manner the Senate's record of devastation, until I have often wondered whether my correspondents thought me incapable of personal reading or observation. The curious part of this phase of the matter is that in not a single instance was there cited to me the constructive legislation which the Senate has enacted. One would really imagine that its record was purely negative and solely destructive.

I cannot share in the misgivings which seem so prevalent with regard to the probable action of the Senate on the Award plan, provided, of course, that the plan is one which commends itself in its workable quality to intelligent judgment, and if the members of the Senate can feel that a strong national sentiment supports its provisions. What those who predict failure of senatorial action with the Award plan seem to forget is that one of the chief aims of the American Peace Award was to take the question of our foreign relations entirely out of the troubled sea of politics — where, by the way, the majority of the members of the Senate never wanted it to drift; that this plan will not be associated with any personality or group or 'bloc,' but, on the contrary, that it represents, so far as any single

measure can by any conceivable method represent, the will of the American people. It will not constitute legislation conceived in the mind of this man or that; it comes not from any partisan faction or political party; it rises directly out of the American people, expresses their desires, and, it is hoped, will come supported by the individual voices of several millions of American citizens. All this is different from previous sources or character of foreign policy legislation.

It seems not to be as clearly understood as it should be that United States Senators are men who keep themselves in close touch with their constituencies; that they are representative of the voice of those constituents, and that they act in accordance with what they believe to be the wishes of those constituents and for their best interests. It is a slander upon the highest legislative body of the most powerful nation on earth to proclaim it to be anything other than a body of intelligent, self-respecting, and conscientious men. We forget that we slander ourselves and our fundamental institutions when we slander our legislative bodies at Washington. Nor is the slander any more justifiable even at those times when the severest public judgment seems merited. It is undoubtedly true that here and there political hysteria in some state, which is not carefully thought out or through by the voters, will bring into the Senate some man who has no proper relation to it or rightful place in it. But that condition is by no means confined to the Senate. It happens in almost every organization, social or business, at times. It is hardly fair to condemn the whole because of the few.

I recall a President of the United States saying to me once: 'I should like to see a session of Congress held with absolutely no pressure from the people

as to its action, leaving its members entirely to their own deliberations, free from all pressure, and reaching their own conclusions. I would guarantee that such a session would be distinguished for the wisest and sanest legislation ever passed by a legislative body.' It is unquestionably true that the muddle in which Congress often finds itself on some important topic, until it becomes humanly impossible to untangle the mess, is due more often to public pressure and conflicting public currents than to any inability on the part of the legislators. Close observers of legislation at Washington all corroborate this statement.

The chief fear expressed with regard to the fate of the Award plan in the Senate is that politics will be interjected into its consideration of the measure. But that is really the least possibility. There lies before me now a letter from one of the most prominent United States Senators — a so-called 'bitter-ender,' by the way: —

Concern yourself not that a plan, if constitutionally sound and workable, will fail of receiving a perfectly fair hearing and [of being] accorded equitable treatment in the Senate. I have met and talked with several of the Senators, and they all agree as to this. Nor has the fear of an introduction of politics any basis. As a matter of fact, I cannot imagine a measure, presented as this will be, into which an interjection of politics would be so disastrous and fatal to the member who attempted it. I should feel sorry for the Senator who would venture upon such a foolhardy course. He certainly would play with dynamite.

There is in this letter a true reflection of the public mind. If the American Peace Award plan comes before the Senate, it is inevitable that it will arouse debate and discussion. That is natural, and should be, and no fair-minded citizen will object to such a course. But the public is in no mood to

tolerate the interjection of politics. That outstanding fact was made as clear as crystal in my research. 'We have had enough of that,' was the crisp, whip-like opinion, and it was expressed in no uncertain tone. That is one thing that the public will not stand for. Its patience with politics on this question is exhausted, and so close to the breaking point is it that the slightest attempt to make a political football of the submitted plan would bring about disastrous results to the man who should attempt it. 'It is our turn at the bat now,' writes one citizen, in baseball terms; and he expressed the thoughts of hundreds of others.

It must be borne in mind, too, that throughout the progress of the Award an outstanding feature of the interest evoked came from women. There is not a powerful women's organization that is missing from the list of coöperating agencies. These women's organizations were the first to offer their coöperation, and their interest has been active and insistent through all the successive stages of the Award. The American woman, in hundreds of letters, has repeatedly made this point: that in the American Peace Award was contained the subject which above all others stood closest to her heart and that, incidentally, it was the first time, since the suffrage was extended her, that she had been given an equal share in formulating opinion and becoming an active actor in a great public opportunity. That the women of America are determined that this opportunity shall not be lost admits of no doubt when one reads their letters or the resolutions of their organizations. Peace is primarily a woman's problem: she takes it as her own more than does a man, and the American Peace Award stands to her as spelling Opportunity in very large letters.

'There is only one political angle to

the Award plan,' writes another Senator to me, 'which I foresee, and that cannot but be in the mind of every Senator when the plan is laid before the Senate: the fact that a Presidential convention and election are distinctly in the offing, and that the people who voice support of the Award plan are the same people to whom the two parties must look within a few months for its suffrage. That, however, will be a silent thought; but, unexpressed, it cannot but be distinctly present in the mind of every Senator.' That may be.

Still unconvinced, and with deep distrust, many say 'Well, we 'll see.' So be it. We *shall* see!

In fact, it is all we can do at the present time, — wait and see, — *except* to say the important, 'Yes,' when the opportunity comes to each of us. Rarely, indeed, has one of the smallest words in the English language assumed greater potentiality.

How much of the happiness of humankind may depend upon it, no one knows!

HIGHLAND ANNALS. IV¹

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

SAM

I

HE was passing my cabin late at night, and unexpectedly found me sitting on the moonlit doorstep. I was not longing for conversation, but Sam's voice, as mere sound, was no more interruptive than purling water or a cajoling minor wind. It mellowed its way over uncouth words in a manner that seemed to be its owner's gentle amends for using anything in your presence so angular and knotty as the language of man.

'I thought,' he said, 'maybe I could ketch that coon what uses over in Grape Vine Cove; but my dog Buck got onter a fox-trail, an' coon was n't nothin' to him after that. I knowed

that fox 'ud take him to Katter Knob, so I let him go on by hissef an' I shammucked along toward home.'

There was no hint in his easy air that he had broken my rule against hunting in springtime. Any Merlin would violate any rule occasionally, as a matter of self-respect; and of all the Merlins, Sam was the least capable of inferior misgiving. His whole mental interior was as bare of obeisance as an iceberg of things that grow.

'I could 'a' chivvied that fox out if I had gone after him; but if a man don't sleep he's weak at the plough-handles. Yore work first, Mis' Dolly.'

But a falling moon was marking one A.M.

'That fox-hide would 'a' brought me

¹ Other sketches in this series appeared in the *Atlantic* in May, June, and September 1919.

four dollars, an' Krettie keeps pesterin' me fer a pair o' shoes. My head might as well be under the forestick. But she'll jest have to make out.'

This was clearly an impeachment, but I made no defense, and he passed to a topic with, presumably, no implications.

'Yer company comin' to-morr', I reckon?'

'Yes, Sam.'

'So ye're enjoyin yersef to-night.'

I opposed another silence to his deduction.

'That makes me think now — 'f I have to meet the train an' haul 'em up, I kain't plough to-morr'.'

'But, Sam, you don't have to go till four o'clock.'

'Ay, but they's a little work to do on my wagon 'fore I go down. I kain't take any resk with friends o' yorn.'

I could always get interested in the way, amounting to technique, that Sam made use of *yer*, *yore*, *yorn*, *you*, and *ye*. *Yorn*, with an inflection that enlarged the *n*, was an avowal of separateness as severing as the water that washed Pilate's hands.

Having arranged for his morning sleep, he merged away, pausing on an edge of moonlight to say, 'Ain't the whipper-wills a-whirlin' to-night? Looks like they ain't goin' to sleep at all.'

'Whirling, Sam?'

'Ay, you know ever' time they say whipper-will they whirl round on the limb. Whirl thersevs right round.'

'What a foolish habit!'

'Well, the whipper-will ain't a much smart bird.'

He flowed into the shadows and left me to ponder my newly acquired bird-lore. It was the kind of information which Sam frequently distributed, and with no remonstrance from me. He was too sure and final; and without too quieting to the intellect. One

does n't demur to the south wind, or try to put it right.

'I reckon I ain't a much smart bird,' I said, thinking how many times I had stepped aside for the unstemmed passage of Sam's incredibly liquid voice.

The next day brought my friend, Lucie Harvey, and her husband, whom I knew only through her raptures. They were happy additions to my tiny camp, and at the end of their three days' visit romantically voted to make a bed in the barn and release my room, thus making an indefinite stay possible. We were verbally completing the plan when Sam appeared.

'I knocked off ploughin',' he said, 'to take yer trunks down.'

'Oh, we're not going,' said Lucie.

'When I brought ye up, ye 'lowed ye'd be ready to go back this evenin' an' I've come fer ye.'

'Why, we'll let you know when we want to go.'

'I've come out o' the plough to take ye.'

'Sorry, my man,' said the bridegroom, 'but it's your mistake. We'll let you know when we're ready for you.'

'You goin' to live in the barn?'

'There!' said Lucie, 'he knew all about it!'

They turned away for the walk which Sam had momentarily delayed. I heard Lucie say, 'How did he know?' and I might have followed to tell her that Sam always knew; but at that moment I was struck motionless by hearing Ned Harvey drop the word 'Imbecile!'

Sam, very likely, did not know its meaning, but the tone as it floated back was unmistakable.

'I'm sorry you knocked off ploughing, Sam,' I said, my eyes slinking.

'Oh, I left Jim at it. Len said he could spare him.'

'That means Len is doing double work, so Jim can help you out.'

'He'p me out? They's yore friends, not mine. I like Mis' Harvey though. She's mighty nice.'

'Mr. Harvey, too.'

He looked toward Harvey, who was wearing a hunting-jacket very handsomely.

'Well, as to that, he wears a fine huntin'-jacket, but I've seen folks wearin' good clo's that had to hunt up the nest-eggs to fry if company dropped by to dinner.'

A pensive shade came into his eyes as they continued to follow the vanishing figure of Harvey. 'I always thought I'd like a huntin'-jacket,' he said; and as he walked away, something in his bearing told me that he was imaginarily clothed as his heart desired. There had been no resentment in his voice. Perhaps he had taken no notice of that terrible word. And gradually I forgot that it had been uttered.

II

A few days later Sam passed through my yard, where Ned Harvey was warmly engaged in persuading me not to have my crimson clover turned under, but to hog it off. He had carried some of my farm books to the barn, and the phrase, 'hog it off,' had him in its power. Lucie's eyes approved shiningly.

'And you know, Dolly,' she said, 'after all, Ned is a realtor, not a farmer.'

'But, Mis' Harvey,' said Sam, 'we don't fatten hogs round here in the spring; an' clover makes soft meat, — sorter like bear's meat. An' that makes me think now — hain't ye heard about that bear runnin' on Pitcher Mountain? Hit come down from Smoky.'

'You've bears here?' asked Ned, turning a captured ear.

'Oh, ay, they's a few left. They come down from the bear-ground on Smoky oncet in a while. It's only eleven miles straight through to Pitcher. If I can git Tom Bowles to plough fer me, I'm goin' to have a look at this feller.'

He passed on, leaving Harvey intently gazing at nothing. His bride caught his arm.

'You are not going, Ned?'

'Not without your consent, Lucie. It's an opportunity, of course. I have never shot a bear.'

His thoughts wandered. We could see that he was already back at home telling the boys about it.

'If only you would be very, *very* careful, dear!'

'Oh, that's all right, thank you, darling!' And he set off after Sam. When he returned, he was enthusiastic about his guide. 'I like him! He hung back at first, and I finally found that Bowles would n't plough for him without the money; so I paid him ten dollars in advance. That's all he is charging to take me. We shall be gone only three or four days. He knows all the trails; and we can get our bacon and meal at a little store on Siler's creek, and not have to carry a heavy pack from here.'

'If only you had an intelligent companion!' said Lucie with foreboding.

'Oh, Sam's a fine fellow! And he knows a lot of old songs. You know I want to make a collection.'

'Do get "London City" for me if you can,' I said. 'He will never give me more than a snatch of it.'

"In London city where I did dwell
A merchant boy I loved so well —"

I am sure it has been sung under the very bonnet of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. "City," not "town"; "merchant," not "soldier" or "sailor."

'It's a link,' said Harvey. 'Think of it! This remote spot where nothing

ever happened, and old London! I'll get it for you.'

I was n't hopeful, knowing Sam's disposition to sing only at his own instance; but I could not discourage anyone so gallantly sure as Harvey.

The next twenty-four hours were spent by the bear-hunters in making ready. I asked Sam where he intended to get a bear-dog, and was surprised to hear that they had decided not to take one.

'One o' them big dogs 'll eat three men's rations,' said Sam. 'We'd have to carry a heap more stuff, an' pay five dollars fer the hire of him, too. Anyways, if we took a bear-dog, he'd git all the credit fer the killin', when like as not he'd be back in camp eatin' up our victuals.'

'It's settled, Sam,' said Harvey. 'A gun's the clean thing.'

'I knowed you wanted to shoot bear, not claw 'em out like Jed Weaver does.'

As preparations went on, Lucie shrank to a wife's place in the back-ground; but near the starting-moment, she slipped a pair of her husband's best silk socks into his kit.

'They will rest your feet, dear,' she said, suppressing a crinkly catch in her voice.

The kiss she received was absent-mindedly given; but when a hundred yards on his way, Harvey turned thoughtfully and waved a marital hand broadly rearward.

The fifth morning thereafter, Lucie, who had been on watch at the curve of the road, came running in.

'Dolly,' she cried, 'I thought tramps never got up here!'

'They don't,' I said.

'But look!'

She herself turned again and looked out; then stood framed in eerie silence. I saw that it was Ned. He came up with an unrelaxing smile, but looking as if he had not slept since his depar-

ture. Certainly he had not shaved, though I had seen him carefully pack his safety razor, and remembered his remark that even in the woods a man could be a gentleman. He had on Sam's ragged coat, and under it we had glimpses of Sam's still more ragged, and once blue, cotton shirt. His head was bare.

Lucie was white-lipped and wide-eyed. 'Did the bears —' she began.

'No, Lucie, the bears did not get me,' he said; and preceded her to the barn.

Two or three hours afterward she returned to tell me that Ned was sleeping and did not wish to be awakened until next morning. He appeared at breakfast, neat and smiling, but his face was still marked by experience.

'He has suffered,' said Lucie, helping his plate with tender liberality.

'Oh, it was nothing,' said Ned. 'Sam took a bad cold, and seemed threatened with pneumonia. As my clothes were warmer than his, of course I exchanged with him.'

'Your best silk socks, too?' cried Lucie.

'Certainly. He had *none*.'

Then he told us about it. 'We climbed steadily, and the second day reached a height of four thousand feet or more. There was a fierce wind, and it was bitter cold. We had to keep a fire at night, and as Sam was not well, I attended to that, which cut out my sleep. *Don't* moan like that, please, dearest. I am glad I went. I feel better prepared for many things. I really do.'

And truly he did seem to have added to his stature. He had been very likable; but now I began to admire him.

'I did n't get a bear, but I made some notes. You know I have always been interested in forest life. I ought to have been a woodsman.'

'I hope you won't have to limp very

long,' said Lucie; and a slight silence followed.

'Did Sam sing for you?' she continued, her usual discernment failing.

'Yes — a little — one song.'

'Oh, I hope you took it down!'

'It was very *cold*, Lucie. I did no unnecessary writing.'

'But you remember it?'

'I shall never forget it,' he said and his voice had a slight acidity to my ears. I was glad when Lucie fell into her sweetest manner and they went off together.

As I moved about the deserted table, I noticed a notebook lying on the floor. The floor being frequently a repository for my own notebooks, I picked this one up, to see what subject had lost my devotion. On the first page I read: 'Night of the 15th: very cold; no sleep. Sixteenth: very cold; no sleep. Seventeenth: very cold; no sleep.' The rest was blank. I laid the book on the floor, a little under Harvey's chair. Then I went to find Sam.

III

'How is your cold, Sam?' I asked.

He laughed his most purling-water laugh. 'I cured that when I was crossin' Siler's creek comin' home. There's lots o' sickness 'll leave you when you cross water. Hit takes right off.'

'Sam, do you know that Tom Bowles has not been near the place? There is n't a furrow ploughed in that field.'

'Ay, I know it. I was so busy the day we went off, I forgot to tell you about that. Mr. Harvey bein' yore friend, I wanted to do ever'thing I could to he'p him; but I said to myself that what you wanted ought to come first, so I went to that field an' I looked all over it. I went cleverly all over it. An' I saw 't wa'n't no use to throw away ten dollars on Tom Bowles, fer

that ground would n't bring corn. Yer best chance is to wait until fall, an' put it in rye. It 'll shore bring rye.'

'But when I wanted you to put it in rye last fall, you said I ought to wait until spring and plant corn.'

'I ain't fergittin' that, but last fall I had n't gone well over it like I ought.'

'It's not too late for corn now, if you 'll set to ploughing at once.'

'I'd do it, Mis' Dolly; I'd be willin' to do jest as you say, even agin yer own intrust, which is what corn 'ud be in that ground; but I've got to go to Carson to-morr' an' git my front tooth put in. It's been out six months now, an' I've got the money in my pocket.'

'Could'n't you wait a few days Sam?'

'Why, I put it to you now, if you had a front tooth out, would n't you git one in the first chance? I've got my clo's, an' the money, an' it's mighty hard to git ever'thing together at oncet.'

At last he had mentioned the clothes; so, without repulse, might I.

'Your jacket is a good fit, Sam.'

'How do you think it suits me, Mis' Dolly?'

'I think you wear it about as well as Mr. Harvey did.'

'It set smart round the shoulders on him.'

'Smart on you too, Sam.'

'It looks better with the cap.' He put on the cap for proof. 'I let Mr. Harvey keep his pants an' leggin's. That chap from Asheville left me his, an' I thought they's better'n Harvey's. Jest let me walk off.'

He walked off, and I duly and sincerely admired.

'You reckon,' he said, coming back, 'if you saw me as fur off as that black oak on the hill yander, an' I had my back to you, an' you did n't know I had these clo's, you reckon you'd take me fer Harvey?'

I assured him I would.

'He 's a well-set-up man, Harvey.'

It was time to hit the nail. 'Sam, I want the truth. *Was* there a bear on Pitcher Mountain?'

'Yes, there was — three year ago. I saw it myself, after it 'uz dead.'

'Go on. Make a clean breast of it.'

'There, I knowed you'd be right on me. All right, I'll tell you ever'thing. I meant to all the time. But 'fore I begin, I want you to tell me what's an impersile?'

'An impersile? 'Oh — ah — an imbecile is a sort of fool.'

'I reckoned it was about that,' he said; and, too late, I remembered.

'I won't keep back a dod-blessed thing, Mis' Dolly. You know how my dog Buck acts when they 's a fox usin' around. He'll lay on the hearth-rock thinkin' how he 's goin' to git that fox. An' 'long about two o'clock I have to git up an' let him out. Then he goes to Len's an' rumbles on the door till Len gits up an' lets *his* dog out, an' Buck takes him off to hunt that fox. He'll keep that up fer weeks if it takes weeks to git him. It was jest that a-way with me. I had to study out how I was goin' to git Harvey. He was a friend o' yorn, stayin' in yore barn, an' I could n't go over there an' lammux him. I'm a peaceable man anyhow, an' that ain't my way.'

'I know it is n't, Sam, and I am surprised that you could n't overlook one thoughtless word, where no harm was meant.'

'Yer goin' too fast now. I did overlook, come time. You know the Bible says that the birds may light on your head, but ye need n't let 'em make a nest in yer hair. That means 'at hard words may drap on you, but ye need n't harbor 'em in yer heart. When that word kep' a-stickin', I knowed I had to git it out, and I did. I feel all right now, an' I'll do any favor fer Mr.

Harvey if he'll come an ast me right. I'll drive him down to the depot if he'll ast me, though I told Krettie I'd never do it, an' I said I'd make him push his trunks down hissef in a wheelbarr.'

Concern must have risen to my face, for he became regally assuring.

'Don't you worry a bit now. I thought it all out, an' I 'lowed I could git along 'thout doin' him any harm. Overlook it! Ain't I showed that plain? Did n't I knock off ploughin' in the middle o' April an' the dogwoods a-buddin' jest to take him bear-huntin'? He was bound to go. He was wuss 'n a hen that 's goin' to set, eggs er no eggs.'

'O Sam, you know you started it yourself!'

'I jest talked a little, as is common. It's a man's nater to drap his talk aroun' without lookin' to see whose head is hot. Shorely to goodness, yer not goin' to blame that on me!'

'Well, what happened? You've got his gun, his jacket, his cap, and his shirt.'

'An' his safety razor,' added Sam, 'an' these here.' He pulled tenderly at a pocket of the jacket and gave me a shining glimpse of the silk socks. 'I put 'em on oncet. Boys! Slipper-ellum ain't nothin'!' Then he began his story.

IV

'I did n't take my gun, 'cause I was only goin' along to 'comerdeate Harvey; an' the trigger o' mine was busted. I did n't take Buck nuther, fer we *might* 'a' run across a bear, an' Buck 's so swell-headed, he thinks he can wipe up anything, an' a bear would 'a' chewed him to a dish-rag. I could n't take any resk with him, fer Tim Reeves wrote me from Tennessee that he'd give me fifty dollars fer him when he comes back, he 's so hot fer fox. That first

day me an' Harvey traveled like brothers, an' I got him a good ways along 'thout makin' him feel the road. I carried his gun fer him, so he could walk faster, an' he was likin' me first-rate. At night I made a fine fire an' he put his feet toward it an' went to sleep. Next mornin' he got up an' et nine slices o' bacon an' a meal-poner I cooked on a rock. I pushed him to eat, tellin' him we had a terrible climb afore us. He laffed at me, an' says "Bring on yer mountains, Sam." An' I brought 'em. By night we's in a mile o' the top o' Smoky.'

'But you were going to Pitcher Mountain!'

'Ay, we *started* there, but when we passed Jed Weaver's, which is the last house, I said I'd go in an' git me a little new terbacker, 'cause Jed raises it an' it 'ud be neighborly to ast fer some. When I come out, I told Harvey that Jed said the bear on Pitcher had been killed an' Mose Ashe had the hide. Which wuz ever' word so. It 'uz the biggest bear in the memory o' man, I told him; an' that 'uz the truth too, fer I seen it myself. Harvey's lip fell till I was sorry fer him, an' I said I was willin' to go on to the bear-ground on Smoky, if he thought he could hold out. I said I would n't drive him, it wuz his trip anyway; an' he said he was feelin' better ever' minute, that climbin' agreed with him, an' he looked like it did. I told him if he wanted to go on, it was lucky he took me with him, fer it was give up that I knowed the trails better 'n anybody that had ever gone inter the bear-ground. Ain't that so, Mis' Dolly?'

'That 's what I 've heard, Sam.'

'I spent a year in the woods after my first wife died. I thought it was the best chance I'd ever git, an' I took it. So I said to Harvey, "Knowledge has got to be paid fer. It's the custom." An' he says, "Oh, anything, Sam!"

An' I says, "What about yer gun?" "Oh, my gun?" says he, a little set back, fer it was fire-new, as you can see.'

His glance fondled the gleaming barrel of the gun which was leaning against a tree near us.

'I told Harvey I was n't feelin' very well myself, an' it might be better fer me to go home anyhow; but if we traded, I would n't think o' takin' the gun till we got back home, an' he could carry it from there on, 'cause we's gittin' inter a country where we might come on something wuth a bullet any minute. An' he said, "All right, it's a bargain. Move, partner."

'So we climbed hard all day, an' by night, as I told you, we's well up Smoky, an' the coldest wind a-blowin' that ever made an i-shickle out of a man's gizzard. We drew up at a spring, an' I says, "We'll stay right here, fer there ain't no water higher up." He was puffin' some, an' he says, "How fur are we from the bear-ground?" I says, "It's all around us. We're right in it." He whitened a little an' gripped his gun, an' I explained o' course we weren't in the ackchal la'r'l thicket where the bears denned, an' where they tromp roads in the brush big enough fer a horse to walk through. I told him we had n't got to the stair-steps in the cliffs where they climbed in an' out o' their dens; but they used the neighborhood fer roamin' an' fer gittin' water. I reckoned he would n't want to go on an' knock at their doors till mornin', after he'd had a good rest, an' we'd keep a big fire all night so's they would n't bother us.

'I said I'd cook supper if he'd make the fire; an' he started to git up some wood; but it was slow work 'cause he'd keep the gun in one hand an' pull an' drag at the brush with the other. When I'd rested good I went an' he'ped, fer I was sorry fer him, an'

was pushin' hungry. When I'd cooked supper, an' he'd et enough to make him feel sort o' cocky, an' I'd got up a good lot o' logs to last all night, he said he guessed he'd turn in so's to git a good sleep an' be ready fer the battle in the mornin'. An' I said I b'lieved I would too. He got purty still at that, an' watched me fixin' my bed. It was so dod-a-mighty cold I got me a lot o' fir-boughs an' piled 'em high as my head. Then I began to crawl inter the middle of 'em.

"Looky here, Sam," says Harvey, "I never heard of a guide crawlin' off to sleep when the camp needed watchin'." — "I ain't no guide," I says; "I'm a friend what's a long way from home jest to 'comerdate ye." An I went in.

"Then I put my head out an' says, frien'ly as could be, "You turn in too. That fire'll burn ha'f the night, the wind'll keep it up. An' long about one o'clock I'll crawl out an' throw on some more logs. Ef you hear a noise, jest lay still, 'cause it'll only be me a-stirrin'. Bears," I says, "come up sly."

"I reckon he's a little stubborn by nater, 'cause he would n't turn in at all. I looked out after a bit an' saw he'd took off his cap an' tied his muffler round his head, so I ast him if he would n't let me have his cap. My hat was full o' holes an' seemed to draw the wind. I was all right, I said, 'cept the top o' my head was freezin' off. He handed me his cap then, slow-like, an' never said I was welcome, ner nothin'. But I'd made up my mind I was goin' to overlook ever'thing, jest as you say. I had some sleep after I got the cap, an' when I looked out 'round midnight, he was settin' there holdin' his gun, an' had a big fire that he'ped warm the whole place. I slept like I was in my own bed. Oncet I woke up thinkin' I heard Krettie a-snorin'; then I re-

membered where I was an' knew it was the wind thrashin' about.

"An' you ought to 'a' seen the stars a-shinin'. When they'd wink, I'd almost jump, they seemed so close an' knowin'. I'd been thinkin' about leavin' Harvey up there, an' tellin' him to foller one o' the branches down the mountain, an' I thought maybe I'd put him on one that 'ud bring him out about twenty miles from home. But lookin' at them stars, I made up my mind to stand by him an' bring him clean in to Mis' Harvey.

"Next mornin' he went to the spring, but he said it was so cold he guessed he would n't wash. Then he looked at hissef in a little glass he took out o' his kit. You know he's one o' them reddish men that have to keep the razor goin' ever' day ef they keep ahead o' ther beard, an' we'd been out two nights. After he'd looked, he said he guessed he'd heat some water in our tin cup an' shave. But the wind was blowin' so aggervatin' hard he got nettlesh, an' I said he might cut hissef even if it was a safety, an' bears had an awful scent fer blood.

"We's huntin' bears," I said, "an' don't want 'em huntin' *us*." He says, "You mean it well enough, Sam, but they's nothin' in it." However, it was gittin' late, an' he guessed he would n't shave till night. He put the razor back in its little box, an' drapped it inter his jacket pocket. But I'd clear forgot I'd seen him put it there when he was rakin' his kit fer it that night. I told him I 'lowed he'd drapped it up by the spring that mornin' an' I'd climb all the way back fer it if he wanted me to.'

"Why did n't he look in his pockets?"

"'Cause I had the jacket then, an' I did n't think about it. I told him when he handed it to me that he'd better look in the pockets, there might be somethin' in 'em he wanted; an' he

said they was n't nothin' there, an' if they was, I might as well take it now as later; only he said it rougher, like men 'll talk in the woods. "Not a dern thing in 'em," he says, if you'll excuse me, Mis' Dolly, an' jest as good as told me to keep it if there wuz. I found the razor after I'd got home, an' by all rights it's mine. But Harvey can have it if he'll come an' ast fer it, though he's got another one mighty nigh as good."

He interrupted his story to say that I need n't be lookin' at him like that; he never forgot Harvey was a friend of mine, and he tried to do his best by him even with 'influenzy comin' on.'

'But you did n't have influenza, Sam.'

'You don't know how near I come to it, though. That very mornin' after sleepin' in the fir-boughs, I got up sneezin' awful an' my backbone creepin'. In the night my ol' hat had blowed clear away, an' I said to Harvey I reckoned he would n't be usin' the cap an' muffler both at oncet, an' I'd wear whichever he did n't want. He says, "That's kind of you, Sam."

'He had took off the muffler when he thought he was goin' to shave, an' the next minute his ears looked so brickle I could 'a' knocked 'em off with a stick. So he had put it back on. I told him the cap did n't have any ear-pieces, an' I could stand the wind better 'n he could. I said mighty few bear-hunters ever got out o' the la'r'l and in home with anything on their heads at all; that Jed Weaver always went into the woods bareheaded, 'cause he said it cost too much to put hats an' caps on the la'r'l; an' Harvey says, "Oh, jest keep it, Sam, an' let's go." I told him we'd scrummish around the mountain toward the sun, an' maybe I could shake off my chill. But it stuck to me, an' after a while I said I'd have to stop an' build a fire.

'He got frustered then, an' said he'd come fer bear, an' he was goin' to have one if he had to go on by hissef. I told him I'd go with him, even if it meant pneumony. Then he got frien'ly an' said it was n't goin' to be that bad. We'd git our bear an' go down 'fore night. An' he was all fer goin' inter the la'r'l.

'I went a little funder with him, an' then I stopped all in a shiver an' told him he must remember I did n't have on warm clo's like he had, though I had the same sort o' skin; an' I said if I drapped an' died up there, fer him to hit Siler's creek an' foller it down to the settlement.

"How'm I goin' ter hit Siler's creek?" says he. Not a bit o' feelin' fer me. Jest thinkin' how he was goin' to git down. I come near tellin' him right then that we's ten miles west o' the bear-ground an' I did n't aim to go there with a man 'at could n't shoot a buzzard off a washtub.'

'What do you mean, Sam?'

'Why, shorely yo don't think I'd go right where the bears wuz without a bear-dog! We's in a bear-ground all right, like I told Harvey, only it 'us the *old* one, the one they used years ago 'fore the people drove 'em funder back. I knew Harvey could n't shoot, an' I had to study out how to take him bear-huntin' without gittin' him chawed to death. 'Course the bears do stray 'round there oncet in a while, an' we might 'a' come on one any time.

'Right after Harvey showed me so plain how little feelin' he had, I thought I heard a bear growl off in the thicket, an' I told him to git ready. I said as I had no gun, I'd climb a tree an' he could shoot if we got a sight o' the feller. He ast me if a man could shoot a bear from a tree, an' I told him yes, but it was mighty hard to climb one with a gun in yer hand. He said as I was feelin' so bad maybe we'd better

start down an' he'd come back next year an' git his bear. I told him I was n't goin' to spile his trip, an' I b'lieved I could stick it out if I only had a warm shirt an' jacket.

'About that time I crossed a bear's trail, shore as you live. I'd seen the swipe a bear makes too often not to know it. Harvey he leaned over an' whispered, "Which way 's he goin', Sam?" An' I showed him how it was goin' down. "It's below us, Harvey," I says, "an' the track ain't an hour old. The wind ain't blowed it dry." My heart was jumpin' like it 'd break through, an' I thought to myself, ain't I the one fool fer bein' here without a bear-dog an' with a man 'at kain't shoot.

'Harvey says sudden, "How can we git down from here, Sam?" An' I told him there was another trail funder round the mountain that 'ud take us down to Siler's creek. It would mean a sight more walkin', but I thought I could make it if it was n't fer my chill. He says, "All right! Strip!" an' took off his coat an' shirt. I give him mine, an' after that little talk about the pockets, I got inter his clo's an' we started. I knew I could find the head o' Siler's creek an' could make it down by keeping in sound o' the water. Harvey would 'a' been a lost man if he had n't been with a feller that knowed the country like I did. But he never let on that he wuz owin' me anything. Jed Weaver had told me that old trail had got so thicketty a man would have to tie his eyeballs in if he come down it an' did n't lose 'em. An' that is what it wuz. When we come out at Harney's Bald, our fingers wuz bleedin', an' Harvey said he guessed if that thicket was 'tween us an' the bear there was n't any more danger, an' he threw down the gun. I had to carry it from there on, which was n't the bargain at all. But I shot three squirrels, an'

Harvey seemed kinder peeved 'stead o' bein' glad I had something fer my trouble.

'That night it was awful cold agin, fer we come out in a northy cove about sundown an' wuz too tired to go on. Harvey said he would n't make a fire if he froze to death; so I got wood an' cooked the squirrels, an' was jest as brotherly as I could be. After supper he fell on the ground an' went right to sleep. I covered him with balsam, 'cause I was n't goin' to bring a friend o' yorn back sick. In the mornin' he woke up groanin' an' said his bones had hurt him so he had n't shet his eyes all night. I got him out an' hurried him along all day. We had gone so fur around that bear, we had to camp out an' extry night. I found a purty good campin'-place, but my feet was rubbed sore. Harvey was a-limpin'. He said it was a long trip to make on firecoals. I told him to keep in good heart, that he'd be with Mis' Harvey next day, an' she'd pet him up nice. But I could n't cheer him up noway, an' he never said nothin' all the time I was gittin' wood an' cookin' supper.

'After we'd et, him a-sayin' nothin', I pulled off my boots, an' he says, "Lord, man, don't you wear socks?" I said not in the woods. Mutton taller is better'n socks in the woods any day. An' I took out a little piece o' taller I had in my pack an' rubbed my feet with it. Then I turned 'em to the fire an' it eased 'em up fine. I told him I was sorry I did n't have enough taller to divide, but I only had enough left to rub my feet with in the mornin' 'fore we started, an' as he had socks an' I did n't, I needed the taller wuss'n he did. He took off his boots an' wrapped his feet in his muffler. A baby ought 'a' knowed better, but I did n't say anything. I was wore out thinkin' fer him at ever' turn. He looked so beat though, layin' there in my ol'

clo's, I thinks I'll sing a little fer him. The first day we's a-climbin' he kept pesterin' me to sing, an' me ha'f out o' breath, luggin' pack an' gun. I b'lieve in suitin' a song to the time, an' settin' there, with my feet a-warmin', I got to thinkin' how fine it was out in the wild woods like that, an' only one night from home too; an' 'most fore I knowed it I was singin' "Free a Little Bird." It goes this a-way:—

'I'm as free a little bird as I can be;
I'll never build my nest on the ground;
I'll build my nest in a chinkapin tree,
Where the bad boys can never tear it down.

'Carry me home, sweet Kitty, carry me home!
The stars they are bright,
An' as soft as candlelight;
Sweet Kitty, carry me home!

'The verses are all jest alike 'cept the tree is different ever' time. That little bird builds its nest in nineteen trees 'fore the song is done; an' it's 'lowable fer you to put in more if you want to an' can think of 'em. I thought of a lot—the mulberry, the sourwood, the weepin' willer, an' so many more I was nigh an' hour gittin' through. Harvey never said a word when I stopped; he was awake though, fer I seen him move. But I did n't expect anything from him. The first day we's out it wuz "Thank 'e, Sam,"

all the time. But after we got inter the deep woods where I was his rale dependance, I never heard it oncet.

'Next mornin' his feet wuz so sore he could n't let his boots tech 'em. "Sam," he says, "what'll ye take fer that taller?" I told him I was n't tradin' it; if he needed it wuss'n I did, he was welcome. I could make out ef I had a pair o' easy socks. "Yer ain't used them silk ones yit, have ye?" I says. He took 'em out of his kit an' handed 'em to me 'thout openin' his mouth; though I told him over agin that he was welcome to the taller. But these furriners ain't got much manners anyhow, if you notice 'em close.

'He said he had n't shet his eyes, an' he'd nearly froze, like as if I ought to 'a' set up an' kept the fire goin'. I was glad enough to git him in home that mornin'; an' when he wants a friend to go bear-huntin' with him agin, he'll have to look furdur'n me. We ain't quarreled though. That need n't worry ye a bit. When I left him yisterday he says, "Sam, yer a 'tellergerent feller," an' he stuck out his hand.'

'You took it, Sam?'

'Oh, ay, I took it. But,' he added, — for in those days in Unakasia every man was his own Shakespeare, — 'I knew he was jest a-flowerin' me.'

THE GHOST OF KING JAMES

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

I

It is certainly no secret that we live in an age of very rapid progress. The incredible of yesterday is the commonplace of to-day. Nor is this swiftness of pace uncongenial to the American mind. We cheerfully read the Tuesday morning paper Monday night, and we have hardly mastered the intricacies of the 1923 automobile, when the 1924 model, with all the very latest improvements, is thrust before us. The newest game and the latest fashion penetrate to little towns in every part of the country, with amazing celerity.

This is not a mere craze for novelty. It is based in part upon a social instinct for doing what other people are doing; in part upon a genuine faith in human progress. We believe that science is advancing, that machinery is improving, that new comforts, conveniences, attractions, and joys are being added to life. It is the grip this faith has upon us that perhaps most distinguishes us as a people.

The undeniable advances which human knowledge has made in recent years have not been confined to chemistry, biology, and physics; they have affected the fields of history and literature as well. For the first time the curtain has risen upon ancient history, and archæology has begun to discern the far-off rise of civilization. And all along the way discoveries of tombs, ruins, tablets, inscriptions, and manuscripts have given us new light.

In no field have these discoveries

been more fruitful than in that of the Bible, and particularly the New Testament. Manuscripts of great antiquity and excellence have disclosed to us the ancient Greek text with an accuracy and a purity impossible in former times. In our age we actually know more exactly what Paul and the Evangelists wrote than has been possible in any century since the fourth.

The discoveries of Greek papyri, made in Egypt in the past twenty-five years, have put into our hands a mass of materials actually contemporary with the New Testament, and written in the common Greek of its day. These private documents—letters, wills, deeds, contracts, petitions, reports, accounts, receipts, and memoranda—throw a flood of light upon New Testament life. Their bearing upon the language of the New Testament is even more important. Under their influence, and that of the modern science of comparative philology, New Testament grammar and lexicography have been virtually rewritten. In the past fifteen years six new lexicons of New Testament Greek have been produced, in English, Latin, or German.

When in early life Bishop Lightfoot was teaching in Cambridge, he once remarked to his students that if we could recover letters and similar private documents written by Greeks in New Testament times, they would be of the greatest possible help for

understanding the New Testament; and the papyrus discoveries have proved that he was right.

All this has put the student of the New Testament in a vastly better position. And surely the most obvious thing to do with all these new aids for understanding the New Testament would seem to be to use them to re-translate it. Can anyone seriously think otherwise? Is the New Testament specialist, who has seen this long-desired material come to light, has shared in its decipherment and application, and has used it with growing satisfaction in his daily work, to keep it to himself and shirk the plain duty the possession of these materials lays upon him? One might as well expect Dr. Luckhardt to keep silent about his discovery of the new anæsthetic, ethylene.

American scholarship has made noteworthy contributions to New Testament grammar, lexicography, and interpretation, but until very lately Americans have read the New Testament in English-made versions, with many expressions unfamiliar or misleading to American ears. It has been felt that an American translation, presenting each book in English of the same kind as the Greek in which it was written and in English familiar in America, would meet a real need of American readers, and appeal to that zest for progress so natural to the American mind. And the work has in fact evoked the most generous interest. Newspapers have announced it in their picturesque way: 'Rewrites the Bible,' 'Modernizing the Bible,' 'The Bible à la Chicago,' 'The Bible in Slang,' and even 'Jazzing the Bible.'

Letters pour in from the educated and the uneducated, full of eager interest, and sometimes of very touching appreciation. Business men, engineers, ministers, doctors, and mechanics write

to welcome the new translation. It is no small satisfaction to a quiet professor to know that he has thus served the religious needs of men and women personally unknown to him, in every walk of life, in thirty different states.

'Long have I wished and needed your kind of a translation,' writes a man in New Jersey. A business man in Kansas City says: 'In comparison with the vast number of book-readers, the Bible is the least read of all books, very largely because of its burdensome, involved language, making it impossible for thousands of people to make head or tail of it.' A man in Chicago writes: 'We are in need of just such a translation as I believe yours to be.' 'We have waited a long time for such a work,' writes a St. Louis minister; 'I shall do all in my power to get it before my people.' One remarkable letter comes from a negro living in a basement in New York City: 'Your book will be refused by the rich and well-educated, but the poor and meagrely educated will receive it with thanks and praise.' One can ask no higher compliment.

Nor were the rich and well-educated slow in being heard from. In a hundred editorial sanctums, on the evening after the announcement, appeared the glowering ghost of King James, who never fails to rise and walk the earth when any new rendering of the New Testament has the temerity to show itself. He was not well pleased with the new enterprise. 'Let it be anathema maranatha,' cried King James, who was never able to understand that 'maranatha' was not a curse, but a blessing; and all the editors cried 'Amen!' and seized their fountain pens.

Never was the literature of humor more rapidly enriched than in the moments that followed; and next morning from Utah to Manhattan

there rose an editorial chorus of praise for good King James. The editors conjured up a dreadful vision of a prosy-minded professor, utterly devoid of reverence and good taste, and ignorant of the English tongue, busily engaged with scissors and devastating pen in altering the King James Version to suit himself. It would not comfort them to know to what lengths the tampering, tinkering, puttering, and chipping, which they charge against modern translations, have been tacitly carried in the current printings of the Authorized Version they so much enjoy.

Few verses indeed of that great literary landmark remain as they were first printed; and it is not so very long since about one tenth of the King James Bible — the Apocrypha — was quietly dropped from its contents. It is no real King James, therefore, but in very truth a mere blanched and pallid ghost of him that walks abroad and frights them in the dead vast and middle of the night.

Yet ah! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies?
 Thought would destroy their paradise!
 No more; where ignorance is bliss,
 'T is folly to be wise.

Modern discovery and the march of sound learning mean nothing to them, in the overpowering presence of the Ghost of King James. Across the path to a better understanding of the New Testament still stands that sinister figure, just as the Old Latin barred the way of Jerome's Vulgate, and Jerome's Vulgate barred the way of William Tyndale.

So the Authorized Version has barred the way of both revisions, and still says in effect to even the simplest forms of New Testament study, 'Non licet esse vos.' Against this verdict of conventionality and tradition, New Testa-

ment scholarship will confidently appeal to that deeper faith in the progress of the human mind which we have seen to be characteristic of the American genius.

II

What the modern translator really undertakes to do is something very different. He takes up the soundest obtainable text of the original Greek, saturates himself with the language of the contemporary papyrus documents, and with the aid of the ablest modern lexicons, grammars, translations, commentaries, and special treatises, seeks to understand, without bias or prejudice, just what each sentence of the Greek New Testament was intended by its writer to mean. This meaning he then, to the very utmost of his ability, strives to cast into modern English, of the same kind as the Greek he is translating; English so natural that it may even make the reader sometimes forget, in his absorption in its thought, that it is a translation he is reading, and lead him on and on, until he has read and understood a whole gospel or epistle, and realizes that the New Testament is not a collection of disjointed texts, but a library of coherent and powerful books. It is this ancient quality of continuous readability that we must recover for the New Testament in English.

The uplifting influence of the diction of King James is naturally reflected in that of his editorial champions; 'The King James Version,' says one, 'contains the rarest beauty in the English language. For centuries generations of people speaking the English language and worshiping in Protestant churches have been raised upon its texts.' Surely it is most fitting that the editors who have been raised on these texts should rally to the defense of the texts on which they have been raised.

Most of the editors readily agree that the King James Version is perfectly clear and intelligible. It possesses no difficulties for them, and they marvel that anyone should find any part of it obscure. One is reminded of a great remark of the Apostle Paul: 'If a man thinks he has acquired some knowledge, he does not yet know it as he ought to know it.' One wonders what they understand by a 'horn of salvation,' or by 'taking up one's carriages,' or by these words in the Revelation: 'A measure of wheate for a penie, and three measures of barley for a penie.'

Every novel-reader knows that the third Horseman of the Apocalypse is the Angel of Famine, but it is safe to say that King James did not reveal it to him. How large is a 'measure,' and how much is a 'penie'? Some of us are sufficiently interested in the New Testament to want to know, not simply how it sounds, but what it means, and see neither beauty nor propriety in muffling it up in words that contradict its thought.

Our editors are much disturbed that the poetic old-fashioned 'candle' of King James should be displaced by the commonplace modern 'lamp,' and indulge in much good-natured raillery on this score. 'When it comes to the substitution of such words as "lamp" for "candle,"' says one metropolitan daily, "and "peck measure" for "bushel," and "stand" for "candlestick," one is struck by the absurdity of endeavoring to "modernize" language.' And another proceeds: 'But why did he not bring it entirely up to date and write "touch a button," so that all should know an oil lamp was not meant?'

It is to be feared that, in following our distinguished ghost too closely, these writers have been drawn to the edge of the battlements and had a dis-

astrous fall. He has made these grizzled and godly men in New York, Washington, and Indianapolis, where there are presumably libraries and encyclopædias at least — he has made them think that the apostles used candles and candlesticks, and no one has ever undeceived them.

This is just the trouble with King James; he has constantly to be followed about by a commentator and an archæologist to undo the impressions he has made: to say that when he says ghost he means spirit, and when he says candle he means lamp. Is it necessary to say that candles were unknown to the New Testament, and its characters were dependent upon oil lamps for illumination? It is, in fact, King James, and not the modern translator, who has here 'modernized' the New Testament.

And the irony of it! that his well-meant effort to bring the New Testament up to date in his day should now be mistaken by his adherents for archæological fidelity and charged off to poetry!

The editors have much to say concerning the Lord's Prayer. They declare that King James made no change in that gem of all the liturgies; indeed, says one, 'It is a petition that in its present wording has been held sacred for nearly two thousand years.' From this it must be evident that our Lord and his apostles not only used candles but spoke English — of course the English of King James. As a matter of fact, no two English translations agree in the rendering of the Lord's Prayer, and the two forms given in the Prayer Book differ from them all, King James included.

Of course, criticism, condemnation, and even curses (Revelation 22:18 seems to be the general favorite) have been showered upon every translator of the New Testament, from Jerome

down. The idea of the divine inspiration of the King James Version is still strongly held in some quarters. 'Theologians and laymen alike,' says one good brother, in a newspaper interview, of the present translator, 'will wait with awe for God to strike him dead for thus laying his calloused hands upon the sacred and inspired word of God.'

Yet in Puritan New England, a minister who could not read the Scripture lesson in a version of his own directly from the Greek, but must read it from the Authorized Version, was not thought fit to minister to a Christian congregation. Such were the earlier American ideals of New Testament interpretation, and of the relative values of the Greek original and the traditional version.

When Jerome produced that greatest of all the versions, the Latin Vulgate, he was bitterly criticized even by Augustine himself; and everyone knows the fate of William Tyndale, who first translated the New Testament from Greek into English. The same deep attachment to familiar forms of religious truth still operates and probably always will.

III

The remarkable thing about the reception of the new translation is not the opposition it has aroused, but the welcome it has received. Not all the editors have been hasty and conventional. Here and there all over the country they have ventured to look King James squarely in the eye and even to ask him,

why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,

To cast thee up again.

Two great claims are made for the Authorized Version: that it is richly freighted with religious associations, and that it is a noteworthy monument

of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century English. Both may be at once admitted. Yet both together are not enough to justify for the Version the perpetual monopoly which is usually claimed for it.

These values do not outweigh the meaning of the New Testament, in which its chief interest and worth must always lie. The King James Version belongs of right to literature and to liturgy; it is of little use for interpretation. Its stiffness and obscurity are quite alien to the Greek original, and its 7959 arbitrary paragraphs constitute 7959 obstacles to coherent understanding, which taken together are literally insurmountable.

For the body of memories and associations, which for most of us in middle life or past it are enshrined in the Authorized Version, all thoughtful men must have profound respect. It somehow embodies and reflects, as Dr. Glover of Cambridge once remarked, the history of English-speaking Protestantism for the past three centuries.

These are great values, which none of us would wish to impair. Its literary interest too is very great. I enjoy the Authorized Version, particularly when I can escape from the doctored modern copies to the genuine quaintness of the original of 1611, so full of atmosphere and freedom — of figge trees, and bottomlesse pittes, of sunne, moone, and starres, of oyle and ayre; with its moneths, its furnaces, its souldiers, its ancrees, Marie, Gethsemani, Hierusalem, and all the rest. It may be, as we are constantly told, a masterpiece of terse, rhythmical, native English, although sentences like 'Take that thine is,' and 'I am verily a man which am a Jew,' and the steady use of the Latin 'servant' where the Greek demands the Anglo-Saxon 'slave,' leave me a little dubious.

But the New Testament ought to

be more to us than a literary masterpiece or a mass of associations. It still has a message for modern life, just as it had for its own time. It is something more than a sponge that has absorbed our religious emotions, or a hypnotizing chant to which we really listen only when we miss a familiar word. It must not be reduced to the level of an incantation, the words of which remain after the meaning has been forgotten.

There are higher uses for it than these, and we must not exchange the Greek New Testament, the most valuable book of religion ever written, for a literary curiosity of the seventeenth century, which those who admire it most as literature do not read or understand.

The New Testament was not written for the admiration of dilettantes. Its writers scorned the petty refinements of literary stylists; the Apostle Paul says so in so many words. What would he have thought to see himself tricked out in the artificialities of the Elizabethan phrase-makers?

The papyri have risen from the sands of Egypt to confirm Paul's statement: the New Testament is written in the everyday language of the common people. The discoveries and studies of the past twenty years have established this

beyond peradventure. Those who deny it would do well to explore the evidence.

The greatness of the New Testament lay not in its form but in its meaning. It was its message that elevated and ennobled the humble forms of speech its writers employed. It follows that in translation it should possess ease, clearness, and vigor, rather than Elizabethan pomp and poetry of diction.

Tender associations and literary interest are very well in their way, but when in their name men would silence the discoveries of three hundred years, and stop the mouth of the Greek New Testament, they are going too far. No one wishes to take the King James Version away from those who prize it, but the right of the rest of us to profit by all the archæological and philological progress since 1611 cannot be denied.

The fate of this or that modern translation is a matter of little moment, but freedom to understand the New Testament as it was originally written is of the highest importance. That freedom will never be gained for the English reader until we transfer our allegiance from the form and letter of the New Testament to its meaning and spirit, and thus lay forever the Ghost of King James.

A CAT AND HER BOSWELL

BY HARVEY WICKHAM

FRANÇOIS TASSART, who was valet to Guy de Maupassant, left a book of *Mémoires*, which is now to be found, covered with dust and neglect, only on the back shelves of obscure French libraries, or exposed for sale as rubbish in the *boîtes* of secondhand dealers along the Seine. Yet even as a life of Maupassant it has the merit of a novel point of view; while scattered through its pages, and needing but to be assembled to be recognized, is what is unquestionably the world's best existing biography of a cat.

Maupassant was not the sort of a man one would expect to have a cat. He was excessively active. His chief pleasures were rowing and pistol-practice, and he could not even write without pacing up and down his study floor between paragraphs. On one occasion, having agreed to fight a duel, he insisted upon such deadly terms that his opponent thought better of it, and withdrew the challenge. Being attacked at night by a savage dog, he seized the animal by the throat with one hand, and with the other crammed a stone down its gullet. His idea of being pleasant to the ladies was to send them baskets of live frogs, or to have them sprinkled with water from the garden hose. No, certainly not the kind of a person over whom a furry ball demanding quiet and consideration would be expected to have much influence.

Yet it was to him that Providence vouchsafed — Piroli.

It is December, 1884. Maupassant

is living in the *rez-de-chaussée* of a house on rue Montchanin, Paris. Piroli arrives without ostentation, as the prospective mistress of the Mouse and Rat Suppression Department.

There was something almost surreptitious about the affair, and she came near being handed down to us merely as a subtle, mysterious influence, like the lady of Shakespeare's sonnets. Maupassant never mentions her once in all his works. Even when he came to write of cats, it was, as will be seen, not from Piroli that he got his material.

Was the illustrious author ashamed of the below-stairs character which the intrigue managed to assume even in a *rez-de-chaussée*? Was he piqued at being tamed by a bit of femininity having four feet — he who always was so inclined to behave cavalierly toward those having two?

François is silent on the subject, and introduces Piroli thus: —

'She came, and in a little time grew very familiar; for she loved much to be caressed and to be one of a party, playing above all with the bead curtain at the door of the conservatory. This sometimes continued for hours, my master in his easy chair taking great pleasure in admiring the little creature, so graceful and *souple* in all her movements. And she, from the moment he entered the house, was never willing to quit him.'

Flattery of flatteries! No wonder, then, that on the following New Year's day we hear Maupassant exclaim, —

'It is very cold this evening. Put Piroli in her basket, François, near one of the pipes of the *calorifère*.'

A man who took cold baths every morning, already he seems to have learned something of the more tropical taste of cats. That *calorifère*, — stoves are so rare in Paris and so fearfully and wonderfully misconstrued that it would create only a wrong impression to translate the word, — that *calorifère* must have melted whatever ice of reserve there was left in Piroli's young heart.

And, still not weary of well-doing, the master — it is now January 17, the eve of a long journey — thinks to tell his valet, —

'If you chance to be away from the house for more than a day, be sure to take Piroli to my cousin's, and to recommend her well to the maid (*et la bien recommander à la bonne*).'

François, it is perhaps here the place to say, was endlessly accomplished. He was cook, valet, nurse, friend, literary critic; and with his own hands he used to cast the bullets required by his employer in the hunting-field. The more strange that Piroli's own hunting-exploits should have escaped his attention.

Was she not a redoubtable mouser? Perhaps. But there is no mention in the record of her ever having caught a living thing save the heart of the author of *Bel Ami*.

'On March 28, at eight o'clock in the morning,' continues François, 'M. de Maupassant returned. Piroli recognized his voice even while he was in the vestibule, and ran to him, throwing herself against his legs with plaintive cries of joy (*plaintes et miaulements de joie*).'

'Good morning, my little one,' cried Maupassant; 'only — let me come in.'

She would not, and he was obliged to take her into his arms, leaving others

to settle with the cabby — probably an expensive delegation of authority, if I know Parisian cochers.

'And then,' goes on the historian, 'Piroli sat herself on his desk while my master read the most pressing letters of his accumulated mail, she purring and arching her back (*faisant des ronrons et des gros dos*), trying to support herself with her forepaws upon his breast as if to embrace him. He was hardly able to attend to his correspondence.'

Her conduct, in fact, went from bad to worse. And what did the master say?

'Oh, la petite gaminel'

Nothing more.

Finally, the trunks being opened, Maupassant takes out a lump of native sulphur, a specimen which he has been at the pains of descending to the depths of a mine in Italy to obtain. Piroli, who has not ceased to rub against his legs, gets some of the sulphur dust into her eyes, and she '*se mit à miauler*' and to run about, so that it was almost impossible to catch her for the purpose of giving her care.

'My master was ready to throw the sulphur stone out of the window,' François declares; 'he was desolated to that extent.'

It took a cat to awaken sentiment and pity in Guy de Maupassant. But not even a cat, it appears, could make him altogether faithful. The first indication of a possible shadow on Piroli's horizon comes a year later, at Antibes. The master is discussing a half-finished piece of fiction with his mother, and is reported as saying, —

'It is going perfectly — has fallen, in fact, on all its four feet, like the cat of the *concierge*.'

Why not 'like Piroli,' pray? She had consented to move with him from Paris, and was probably looking up into his face at that very moment.

There was no need to go to that plebeian quadruped of the conciergerie for a comparison. And to add to the slight, François, who nowhere gives a word of detail relative to Piroli's personal appearance except once to mention that she had 'white velvet paws,' goes out of his way to remark that the concierge's brute had 'sweet, thick fur, part white and part *gris foncé*.' It appears, too, that the hussy 'made play-parties without end in company with the master.'

And so it was from her, not Piroli, that he finally took the idea for his *Chronique sur les chats*. Was this his way of getting even for the chains with which the putative mouse-assassin of rue Montchanin had bound him? Did he cherish the fond illusion that some day he would assert himself, and abandon her to her métier?

Anyway, nothing of the sort took place, and by the end of March Piroli returned with her ungrateful lord to Paris, without a mew. Evidently the reconciliation was complete, for we learn that 'she was happy to have again her bead curtain,' and above all a certain great bearskin, the particular odor of which had always intrigued her to such an extent that François is moved to hazard the theory that she was eaten up with curiosity regarding the unknown beast to whom it had originally belonged.

There ensues a blank interval of nearly two years, and then comes the last happy period of Piroli's existence. Maupassant is installed at Chatou — the very name is pleasantly suggestive. He has been at pains to decorate the interior of his villa in what he terms a 'gay fashion.' That is to say he has hung the walls of his writing-room with silken images of 'Chinese ladies, Japanese ladies with parasols, Hottentot ladies dancing, holding each other by the hand and making grimaces,' to

say nothing of pictures of fish and the 'heads of strange beings with silver eyes and moustaches of gold thread.'

To this paradise Piroli brings her first-born, and comes rubbing against the valet's legs to invite him to see the wonder that has been wrought. The master, hearing pitiful cries mingled with her purring, senses that there is something wrong. There is. Not only joy but sorrow has come to the mother — for one of her four kittens is already dead.

Maupassant behaves splendidly, and is lavish with condolences and caresses. Piroli, soothed, runs down to the Seine and strengthens herself with herbs and grasshoppers, '*dont elle était très friande*.'

She had need of strength, for soon there came a dinner-party, and Maupassant, with his usual taste for practical jokes, so arranged it that everybody should lose the last train for Paris. There was a tumult — or *vacarme*, as François says it — and a great making up of beds, many of the guests having even to sleep on the floor.

Piroli, much disturbed by the *vacarme* in question, came out of the '*salon japonais*' where she had left what remained of her infants, 'to see what the disturbance signified.' Maupassant, to reassure her, took her in his arms, and she became the centre of attraction. Who could remember a lost train when there was a chance to see Guy de Maupassant apologizing to a female?

'Satisfied,' continues the narrator, 'Piroli gave some little miaulements of content, because all this flattery was for her.'

But in assuming the responsibilities of maternity, she had given hostages to fate. And although Maupassant had the cat again in his arms the next morning, and was rubbing her back as he exchanged congratulations with the

incomparable valet over the success of the party, he ends by saying, —

‘Next week I am giving another party. I shall take them out rowing. Would n’t that be a good time for you to suppress two more of the kittens? See how thin Piroli is getting. We’d better keep only the one with three colors — and call her Pussy.’

I have no doubt that he pronounced it *Poo-see*, and believed it to be a rare and distinguishing name. Also he probably considered himself very generous. But I wonder what Piroli thought when the double murder hidden behind that word ‘suppress’ was revealed? François does not say, merely observing that his master went away whistling, and that he had never heard him whistle but twice before in his life.

The boating-party resulted ill for this whistling Herod. He overexerted himself at the oars, and for several days was morose toward all human kind, ‘passing many hours on his divan petting Piroli and Pussy; never moving except to go to the kitchen now and then to get them some milk.’ It sounds almost like remorse.

But it must have been remorse spiced with a bit of Maupassantian perversity, since, when evening came, he would ‘turn down the lamp, and with a splendid shell comb which he had brought from Italy, begin to comb their fur the wrong way, amusing himself in making to jump their phosphorescences.’

This is a very literal translation, but I do not wish to become responsible for François’s natural science. His actual word is *phosphorescents*. As for Maupassant, one begins to fear that his understanding of cats was not sufficiently serious and too much mingled with levity.

Now the scene turns to Étretat, on the way to which Pussy had a basket all to herself so that she might not

crowd her mother. Piroli’s good days were nearly over — but not quite. At Étretat waited several interesting things yet to be experienced, among them ‘eight beautiful turtles,’ six young ducks, any number of glow-worms, and a dog.

She seems not to have paid much attention to the turtles, which were forever escaping and being brought back by a shrewd old beggar-woman playfully known as Mary the Sixteenth — suspected of being an accessory before the fact and of not trusting to chance alone to put her in the way of earning a reward. Glowworms Piroli was afraid of. The ducks she tried to make her playmates, but desisted when she found herself getting her feet wet. So it was the dog, Paff, ‘a superb Pont-Audemer spaniel,’ who played the most important part in this, the closing chapter of her life.

Paff, like his master, was a great hunter. But it is pleasant to be able to state that he did not hunt cats, or even order their kittens to be drowned. Of the many pictures which François draws of this charming idyl, the following is a sample.

It is the month of July, 1887, and the weather is very warm. The valet, looking out of his window, sees Paff ‘extended his full length in the alley by the kitchen, beneath the shade of the hedge and of the big wild-apple tree which gives coolness to the well.’ Between Paff and the hedge, Piroli has found a place by squeezing, and lies half on her back, ‘pressing her four velvet white paws against her friend’s ear.’

The chronicle continues: —

‘My master, passing on the way to take his tub, called up to me: “François, do you see that? How delightful they are, those two. I’ve been trying to get them to stay in my workroom, but since it has been so warm they

won't do it, though it is very comfortable there when I have the north window open."

This quasi-desertion, this resistance to the lure of the open north window, is the only revenge which poor Piroli ever seems to have taken for that ancient wavering of her master's heart toward the cat of the concierge. August arrives. She attempts to make up to the world for the kittens so ruthlessly suppressed. The results are disastrous.

In vain was the *vétérinaire* of Crique-tot sent for. In vain did he give 'a very long prescription,' accompanied by a dissertation to the effect that cats are always difficult patients 'on account of their nervousness.'

'The little one,' writes François, 'rendered her last sigh on the fifteenth of September, while lying on my bed.'

Maupassant was away, hunting at Sainte-Hélène.

'When he returned, two days later,' continues the account, 'he came to look at the body where I had kept it, and asked if she had suffered, wanting to know all the details. I told him that the poor cat had cried, clinging to me as if to ask me to help her.'

Of Pussy, who now becomes the *souvenir vivant* of the deceased, little need be said save that she seems to

have been worthy of her mother and to have carried on the prerogatives of the dynasty, so that Maupassant was often moved to remark that she was even more sensitive — *plus chat*, as he puts it — than its founder.

We know of her that she protested against the grating sound of the great story-writer's pen by striking at the nibs with her paw, and that François was ordered to go out and buy some smoother paper so that she might not be annoyed.

Two dogs were added to the ménage — Pel, the son of Paff, and Tahya, brought over from Africa. Then Pussy became savage — not because of the dogs but because of some inner darkness — and had to be killed.

François did not dare tell his master the news, for gloom was already settling over the life of that once-so-brilliant genius, who now sat in his room, rubbing *his own* hair for the empty pleasure of seeing the sparks fly. There were no more cats. The bead curtain hung motionless, or stirred only at the touch of a hand no longer altogether responsible.

It is a deceptive proverb which says that a cat has nine lives. And as for a man — his days are even as a tale that is told.

A PROGRAMME FOR LABOR UNIONS

BY F. LAURISTON BULLARD

I

CERTAIN passages in the report of the Executive Council to the American Federation of Labor at its annual convention in Portland, Oregon, last October, were hailed by many persons as formal notice of intention to make American unionism an instrument of service for the whole community rather than an implement for the enforcement upon the community of the demands of a single class.

Henceforth the movement for the organization of the workers into trades-unions has a deeper meaning than the mere organization of groups for the advancement of group interests, however vital that function may yet remain. Henceforth the organization of the workers into trades-unions must mean the conscious organization of one of the most vital functional elements for enlightened participation in the democracy of industry, whose purpose must be the extension of freedom, the enfranchisement of the producer as such, the rescue of industry from chaos, profiteering, and purely individual whim, including individual incapacity, and the rescue of industry also from the domination of incompetent political bodies.

These statements in that 'pronouncement of the aims of Labor' are vague. They may mean much, or nothing. They are to be interpreted by the document as a whole. The Council denounces the Sherman Anti-Trust Act as 'a legislative monstrosity.' The Transportation Act, the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations, and the

Colorado Industrial Commission are 'ignorant encroachments . . . blundering gestures . . . examples of what all industry has to fear.' The 'elimination of the Railroad Labor Board should mark the end of legislative efforts toward political invasion of the field of wage-fixing.' The authority of the Supreme Court must be limited. The open shop is 'un-American.' In general: 'While Labor now participates more fully in the decisions that shape human life than ever before, and more fully in America than in any other nation on earth,' yet 'our participation must gradually be brought to completion.'

This mystifying report deserves study, not so much for its indefinite references to the organization of industry for service, as for its implications that the powerful Federation feels the force of public opinion. The Executive Council fears that popular reaction against union arrogance, extortion, and tyranny may find expression in restrictive legislation to compel the reforms which Labor of its own accord does not effect. The report reads: 'The threat of State invasion of industrial life is real.' True: the thing here called an 'invasion' is 'real.' The industrial history of the last decade justifies the 'threat.'

This Portland report does not seem to me to contain any positive pledges of reform. The more's the pity, for legislation, however desirable and effec-

tive, never accomplishes all that idealists expect, and many abuses lie beyond the reach of law. Labor, for its own sake and of its own will, ought to institute certain reforms, and the greatest of these should be a change of attitude toward the open shop.

I endorse the open shop, as opposed to 'the shop in which only members of the union claiming jurisdiction are allowed to retain employment.' The one is consistent with the traditions of Americanism, the other is not. As I conceive the open shop, it violates no man's rights, and it secures to all men equal opportunity to work. It does not deny the right to organize and to bargain collectively. The workers, through shop committees, may retain every advantage which the closed shop gives them as to the adjustment of hours and working conditions. The closed shop denies men the right to market their own labor except upon terms prescribed by private organizations, which maintain a monopoly of labor and refuse to tolerate any measure of public control.

For the enforcement of the closed shop the unions for many years have resorted to practices that outrage the common American instinct for fair play. Within a few months, in a county in New Jersey, by means of what the courts called an indirect secondary boycott, nine closed shops have tried to compel two open shops, doing the same type of mill work, to unionize. In the famous Danbury Hatters case the American Federation of Labor undertook to destroy the business of a manufacturer who conducted almost the only open shop in a city solidly unionized. More than half his men were members of the union, but he refused to make his a closed shop, affirming his intention to defend the rights of the men who for many years had worked for him. The unions

thereupon caused spies to trail his shipments all over the United States and to prevent the sale of the products of his factory.

In the recent case of the Duplex Printing Company essentially the same secondary boycott, called by the unions a sympathetic strike, was exposed in the courts. A manufacturer of printing-presses in Michigan is to be compelled to unionize his factory. Certain organizations of machinists with headquarters in New York City, and the national body with which they are affiliated, combine to interfere with his interstate trade by boycotting his presses, especially in Greater New York. Customers are warned. The trucking company usually employed must not haul these presses. The repair shops must not repair them. The employees of buyers must strike to prevent their installation. An exposition company must not display them.

Again, in New York City, a few steamfitters, having tried for sixteen months to obtain admission to the union which naturally they would join, finally sought to work without affiliation, and the building-trades unions made common cause against them and combined to call strikes on all buildings on which they were employed. In one year a boiler-makers' union disciplined seventy members by suspension for life, and many times that number for terms ranging up to ten years; which means that, under a universal closed-shop system, these men are automatically prevented from earning their living at their trade. Practices equally merciless exist in the United Mine Workers.

Mr. Samuel Gompers fulminates frequently upon the limitation of the right to strike as 'slavery.' But he refuses to pass any judgment upon the right to work — a question which he

eluded several times in his debate with Governor Allen of Kansas. The United States Supreme Court has declared that 'there is no more sacred right of citizenship than the right to pursue unmolested a lawful employment in a lawful manner. It is nothing more than the sacred right to labor.' The unionist may insist that the value of collective bargaining depends upon its universal application, and that the progressive welfare of the working classes therefore is bound up with the closed shop; but certainly it is not wise to allow private and irresponsible combinations of craftsmen and laborers to consummate the compulsory organization of all industry. The infirmities of human character apply here as elsewhere.

II

On principle the open shop is easy of defense. A militant unionism maintaining a nation-wide closed shop made up of closed unions must become an economic, and probably a political, menace. The unions are private societies. They deny admission to many qualified candidates. They object to legal supervision and refuse to acknowledge any responsibility to outsiders. Yet they claim the sovereign right to decide who shall and who shall not be employed in industry. A journeyman denied membership in a union on one coast may not ply his trade on the other, or anywhere between the two coasts, although there may be thousands of locals scattered over the country. Several unions, the Big Four, or Railway Brotherhoods, among them, adopt a different policy. But fully one hundred unions insist upon that national closed shop, supported by strikes and boycotts, which seems to me incompatible with the spirit of American democracy. If limitations are to be applied at all as to the manner in

which men may dispose of their labor, the general welfare requires that these restrictions shall be imposed by the Government, that the public shall not be exposed to the selfishness, indifference, or special needs of a class organization.

But how shall the open shop be established? There's the rub! Public opinion should demand it. The non-union men should make their influence felt in this direction, and by organization if need be. The ideal would be for the unions themselves to accept the open shop. They would gain thereby far more than they would lose. The same public opinion that obtained the elimination of the twelve-hour day in steel, and stopped at least one railway strike, can be depended upon to prevent the exploitation of Labor by any dictatorship of Capital.

Labor is not a weakling to-day. Unionized Labor without the closed shop would not need to call for help in maintaining its rights. As a practical matter, the unionists would be immensely benefited by a public demonstration of willingness to meet all their fellow laborers in free and open competition. When the union label shall stand for ability, integrity, fidelity, efficiency, skill, superior craftsmanship, the unions will have nothing to fear from competition. What they need far more than the closed shop is an enthusiasm for production that shall survive such a period of national stress and special inducement as that of the World War.

Contrary to the common impression, there is in existence to-day an abundance of law, tested and interpreted in the courts, by which labor unions, whether incorporated or not, may be held liable for damages caused by unlawful acts of their officers and members. The unions have earned much credit for securing a large body of

humane legislation, but they have exposed themselves to cross-currents of bitter criticism and outbursts of popular indignation for their determined struggle to conquer by their own militant power the privilege of doing what the State alone must retain the right to do. Persistently they have sought to evade legal responsibility, while demanding the limitation of the injunctive process, the legalization of picketing, exemption from anti-trust laws, compulsory use of the union label, and other immunities and favors designed to enable them to enforce their will upon nonunion employees and employers. An *imperium in imperio* seems to be their ideal, and that doctrine may be read into the Portland 'pronouncement.'

The courts have stood in the way. They have vindicated for individuals the right to work and for employers the liberty to select their employees, refusing to endow the unions with what well has been called 'an occupational license.' The Debs and other decisions prevent combinations of employees from dictating how and where a public utility shall render service. The Danbury Hatters and the Bucks Stove & Range cases guarantee business and the public against the boycott. Labor obtained its 'industrial Magna Charta' by the inclusion in the Clayton Act of the declaration that 'the labor of a human being is not a commodity or an article of commerce.' The decisions in the Duplex and the Coronado cases reviewed that act in detail, and left the unions only a frail reed on which to depend for attaining their objects. In picketing cases the Supreme Court has tried sincerely to define the shadowy frontier where free speech and free intercourse merge into intimidation and obstruction. And in February 1922, the Federal Government proceeded by injunction against the un-

economic practices of the Bricklayers' Union, charging limitation of output, rejection of open-shop materials, discrimination between employers, and collusion with contractors — a remarkable and significant action.

Thus, after a quarter-century, the situation is to-day. Labor has tried to find a way by law to compel unionization and to enforce the closed shop, and the courts have blocked these efforts. The long campaign has produced many protective advantages for Labor against greed; but the courts have stood faithfully by the inherent rights of the individual and for freedom of contract.

Now the argument for incorporation of the unions proceeds thus: The security of industrial rights and the safeguarding of the public welfare require that ways shall be established to assess responsibility upon any and all parties who interfere unlawfully with the common functions of industry. Power and accountability are correlative terms; collective management always should be yoked with collective responsibility. Such responsibility the unions systematically elude and disavow. No other human relationship is thus separated from the ordinary resort to civil process by which men seek to vindicate their rights and recover their losses. Commonly it is assumed that voluntary associations cannot sue or be sued, and that they therefore have only to refuse to incorporate in order to stay beyond the reach of the courts. For years the tendency has been manifest in this country to reduce the dimensions of this immunity and to hold the unions responsible in spite of their refusal to incorporate. The Hatters case held individual unionists liable in person and property. But far more significant is the unanimous decision of the United States Supreme Court in June 1922,

in the case of the Coronado Coal Company against the United Mine Workers. In that suit, growing out of the violent opposition to the open-shop operation of some coal mines in Arkansas, the chief question debated was the suability of the union. The company argued for collective responsibility, and placed stress upon the language of the Anti-Trust law, in which it was explicitly stated that the word 'person' included 'association.' The court ruled that under the law 'such organizations are suable in the Federal courts . . . and funds accumulated to be expended in conducting strikes are subject to execution.' Trades-unions were held to be legal entities, even if unincorporated. This case is again in the Federal courts, but no decision as yet contravenes the Supreme Court dictum that the actual existence of a union automatically imposes certain corporate attributes.

III

With these facts in view, the question of compulsory incorporation of labor unions may be considered. The present Supreme Court Justice Brandeis, whose liberal views are widely known, years ago was well within the facts when he said there was plenty of law in existence for holding unions accountable. Yet in his debate with Mr. Gompers he endorsed the incorporation theory, and advanced one argument hardly mentioned by other students of the problem. Labor action often is hasty, the expression of emotion rather than reason. 'I can conceive,' he said, 'of no expenditure of money by a union which could bring so large a return as the payment of compensation for some wrong committed by it. Any such payment would go far in curbing the officers and members from future transgression of the law, and it would above all establish the position of the

union as a responsible agent in the community, ready to abide by the law.'

That last suggestion makes a strong appeal. Definite placing of responsibility is needed. A Labor covenant is notoriously liable to dishonor. Labor holds the right to strike to be superior to all other rights of all other men, and denounces the injunction as 'a preposterous weapon of oppression,' whereas Labor's own inhumanity to other workers — nonunionists, technically 'scabs' — almost passes belief. Some injunctions go to 'preposterous' extremes, as that obtained by Attorney-General Daugherty against the railway shopmen. But that 'government by injunction' to which Labor so strenuously objects is due chiefly to the practical immunity which the unions have enjoyed as irresponsible bodies. While in great strikes much lawlessness often occurs of which no doubt the unions are guiltless, it would be vastly to their advantage if in open court they should establish the fact that habitual hoodlums had seized the opportunity to break the laws.

I concede that I am in doubt as to the advisability of compelling incorporation. The judgment of the highest Federal Court in the Coronado case will be likely to have much weight with the state courts. More than a dozen states now have statutes making voluntary associations liable for damages. Massachusetts missed ratifying such a law by a few hundred ballots in a referendum vote. Let it be remembered that men often accept incorporation as a privilege by which to secure limitation of liability in associations which they join but are not able closely to supervise. The state that issues the franchise exercises supervisory powers in the public interest. These two facts — the tendency to hold the unions liable and the protective value of in-

corporation — may coöperate to induce the unions voluntarily to seek incorporation.

Another device, favored by some whose opinions are entitled to respect, is illustrated in the bill proposed by Mr. Samuel Untermyer, the counsel for the Lockwood Committee, and included in its final report. The Committee recommended the creation of a State Trade Commission, and Mr. Untermyer proposed to place all trades-unions, whether incorporated or not, under its control. The plan recognizes all the fundamental rights possessed by organized Labor. It aims definitely to correct the iniquities exposed in the committee hearings. The unions were to be subject to official regulation as to their constitutions, by-laws, and rules. They must have a license from this Trade Commission, and the Commission would revoke the license whenever upon hearings it should be established that the union was practising the oppressive methods exposed in the Lockwood investigation, as restriction of membership, limitation of apprentices, assessment of prohibitory fines, obstruction of the right of free contract, and many more.

It may be that this proposal involves an excess of supervision. The ideal should be no more regulation than the public welfare requires; but the necessity of some regulation cannot be denied. The Lockwood Committee did not go along with its counsel on this proposal, but expressed the hope that the unions themselves would put through the necessary reforms. Events have not justified this hope.

Some method of supervision and fixing of responsibility needs to be devised, which shall operate generally, and almost automatically, so as not to make an employer or other citizen who stands by his legal rights a conspicuous object of public attention. In the

building trades, in which labor conditions in most of our great cities are as bad as they well can be, a contractor will submit to enormous injustice rather than have 'trouble' with the unions. He does not wish to become a marked man. Being human, he takes the easy way. He submits rather than fight, knowing that, even if he wins, the unions will find ways to hamper, boycott, and ostracize him. He might put on a braver front if he had to pay the costs entailed by submission; but of course the owner, and ultimately the owner's tenants, must foot the bills. From this point of view a good deal may be said in favor of some form of state licensing and regulation.

Granting that strikes at times have paid big dividends in social and economic welfare, and that under the present industrial system the right to strike is essential for the protection of Labor, it still will be granted that the strike should not be the first but the last means employed to obtain what Labor desires. Something should come before the strike. In my judgment that thing should be compulsory investigation, not compulsory arbitration. The latter requires both parties to submit to arbitration and compels both to accept the award. The former does not require of the employer the abandonment of the right to lockout, or of the employee of the right to strike, nor does it compel acquiescence by either in any award.

Few of us realize even now the magnitude of the strike evil. In the twenty months of America's actual participation in the war, the total number of labor strikers in this country was 2,386,285; the number of men sent to France was only 2,053,347. An incomplete computation shows for the year 1919 strike losses in wages of \$723,478,300 and additional industrial losses of \$1,266,357,450 — an average

of \$100 for each American family. From 1881 to 1905 the United States had 38,303 strikes and lockouts, an average of 1532 a year. The total for 1916 to 1918 was 11,430, or 3810 a year. There has been some reduction since, but the average is still high.

Several countries have undertaken to deal with the strike by compulsory arbitration.¹ New Zealand was prematurely hailed as 'the country without strikes.' The law, passed in 1894, requires the registration of unions and employers' associations, thus in effect making them corporate bodies and subject to the jurisdiction of the conciliation boards and the Arbitration Court. In 1905 strikes and lockouts were made statutory offenses. The plan has operated to multiply greatly the number of unions. So long as it functioned as an implement for increasing wages, Labor warmly supported it. When, however, wage-increases ceased, Labor became impatient and rebellious. The law offers the unions an easy way to avoid the consequences of regulation by cancellation of their registration.

IV

Recent changes in this much-amended Act have tended to stress its conciliatory and voluntary features. The awards usually contain a 'preference clause,' which tends practically to compel the workers to unionize. The Conciliation Councils, however, with all parties around the same table, and each party at times in private conference with the Commissioners, for informal discussion, without legal machinery of any kind, are peculiarly attractive. If a deadlock results, then the issue goes automatically to the Arbitration Tribunal; as a rule the

¹ Legislation limiting the right to strike exists in twenty-two countries.

parties prefer to settle their own differences.

Nor has Australia found a panacea in compulsory arbitration. Unionism is very strong there and acts through the official Labor Party, which has four times controlled the Commonwealth Government and often the State governments. Severe as the law is, numerous strikes occur; and the tendency to substitute special tribunals for dealing with specific disputes caused the President of the Arbitration Court to resign, in 1921, at the end of his second term of seven years, when he affirmed these tribunals to be 'a convenient method of yielding to a strike without admitting it.' Three years ago the Commissioner from Australia to the United States declared that 'Compulsory arbitration has proved futile in preventing strikes' in his country; and a few months ago an Australian authority asserted that the system had caused 'almost intolerable confusion.' The two machines overlap and duplicate. Australia has 'the most elaborate and complicated system of industrial legislation' of all countries but it has not produced industrial efficiency.

The plan is neither expedient nor desirable. Many things may readily be tried in countries with no written constitution which may be difficult, if not impossible, in the United States. One may deprecate the autocratic injustices practised by the unions, and yet object to compelling Labor to work against its will in private industry, and to making it obligatory upon an employer to retain a worker whom he does not wish to employ, only in order that agreements for stipulated periods should be enforced. When workers may not strike, they sometimes substitute sabotage for suspension. Probably it is not generally remembered, however, that the Supreme Court has once

affirmed the authority of Congress under certain conditions to compel arbitration. This case, *Wilson vs. New*, was designed to test the validity of the Adamson eight-hour law. The Court, by a five-to-four decision, declared Congress 'undoubtedly' to possess 'the power to provide by appropriate legislation for compulsory arbitration, a power which inevitably resulted from its authority to protect interstate commerce in dealing with a situation which was before it' — in reference, of course, to the imminent railway strike.

The most attractive method of dealing with strikes is now in use in Canada. The Industrial Disputes Investigation Act was passed in 1907, after a long and bitter coal-strike, as a compromise between conciliation and compulsory arbitration. Mr. Mackenzie King, at the time Deputy Minister of Labor, stated the underlying principle thus: 'In any civilized community private rights should cease when they become public wrongs.' The smallest possible amount of compulsion is brought into play in the working of this law. It forbids under penalty the declaration of a lockout or strike pending investigation; but either becomes legal once the investigators have rendered their report. The theory is that the public has a right to know the issues and the facts in an industrial dispute, and that this information should be given out before the actual clash occurs. The boards which function under this law contemplate primarily investigation with publicity as their immediate weapon, and amicable adjustment as their ultimate aim. The parties may strike if they choose after the Board has performed its duty; they may reject any award; but at any rate an opportunity will have been provided for calm reflection, intimate discussion, and the mobilization of

informed public opinion. The Act describes the affected industries thus: 'Any mining-property, agency of transportation or communication, or public-service utility, including, except as hereinbefore provided, railways, whether operated by steam, electricity, or other motive power, steamships, telegraph and telephone lines, gas, electric light, water, and power works.'

The Act does not otherwise define that difficult term 'public utility.' The machinery of the law starts moving only when one of the parties to a dispute applies for the appointment of a board; but if both parties in an industry not named in the law ask for an investigation, a board may be named in such cases as well. A separate board serves in each case. Applications go to the Minister of Labor. If he finds that the law should be applied, a board of three is constituted, one each on nomination of the employer and the employees, and the third on selection by the two, or appointment by the Minister. When constituted, the board must do its work without unnecessary delay. But the whole theory is that sufficient time will elapse to prevent precipitate action and to permit the full force of public opinion to be exercised. Heat cools. Facts unknown to one party or both are brought to light. The Act has operated best in cases involving unionized Labor. A United States Commissioner of Labor has said: 'It is difficult to see how its provisions could be carried out with any degree of satisfaction except in cases where organized employees are dealt with.' Severe penalties are imposed for suspensions during investigations, but the penal provisions have rarely been invoked, even in case of an illegal strike.

How has the method worked? Between April 1907, and April 1922, applications for a board numbered

558, and the number of strikes not averted or ended was 34. For the year ending with March, 1922, the applications were 54, boards were established in 33 instances, and only one strike was not averted. But these figures of course bear only upon cases of voluntary request for a board, and the purpose of the law is to prevent strikes. The strike statistics of the Dominion disclose that mining labor, notoriously hard to control, has not been stabilized by this law. There have been many and serious disputes in this field. Other industries show much more encouraging results, and the loss of time by strikes has been greatly reduced. The Minister of Labor said in 1920 that in fourteen years there had been but one serious dislocation of train service, almost complete absence of street-railway strikes, and no interruption of telegraph and telephone service, and that in general the Act had been of 'great public benefit.'

V

This plan, somewhat modified, may well be tried in the United States. President Wilson asked Congress for the necessary legislation in August 1916, and again in the following December he 'very earnestly renewed' the recommendation, conceding that the right to strike must be retained inviolate, but pleading the predominant right of the public to be protected 'against the challenge of any class,' and suggesting that all arbitral awards be made 'judgments of record of a court of law, in order that their interpretation and enforcement may lie, not with one of the parties to the arbitration, but with an impartial and authoritative tribunal.'

The President, no doubt, was well acquainted with the efforts Congress has made for voluntary arbitration —

the law of 1888, the Erdman Act of 1898, the Newlands Act of 1913. The first applied to interstate transportation, and contained no provision for enforcing awards; no arbitration board ever was constituted under its provisions. The second applied to train service, providing for mediation on request of one party to a dispute and for arbitration on request of both parties, and for awards that should be 'valid and binding.' The third amended the second, and contained no mandatory features. Under the Erdman Act an award was made in an important case; but neither side was satisfied, and only public opinion checked a serious strike. After a few months the Board was reconvened to interpret its decision. The Newlands Act did not prevent the crisis which Congress eluded by enacting the Adamson Act.

Senator Cummins had these facts in mind when he included in the Transportation Act as it passed the Senate a provision for compulsory arbitration of railway labor disputes. The House refused to concur, and the Act now provides for local adjustment boards, and a National Labor Board as an ultimate arbitrator, with only an appeal to public opinion as the enforcement power. Labor has been vehement in denunciation of this agency. The *Federationist* talked about 'a blind, tottering wreck of an idiotic experiment.' Mr. Gompers advised the unions to refuse to appoint representatives to the Board.

The State of Colorado has an Industrial Commission created by the Industrial Relations Act of 1915, and Kansas has its much-discussed Industrial Court. The Colorado law may have been inspired by the experience of Canada. Notice of changes in hours and working-conditions in industries affected by a public interest must be

made by employers and employees to the Commission thirty days in advance of their actual coming into being, and the Commission employs the interval for investigation. Suspensions are not legal until this period has expired, although individuals may quit their employment. Awards and findings, to become binding, must be accepted by both parties. It is the thirty-day hiatus that saves the state from many serious disturbances. The policy of the Commission has been to try by informal conferences to adjust difficulty.

As the direct consequence of a coal strike the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations came into being. Governor Allen objects to the idea that the court means compulsory arbitration; it 'adjudicates' difficulties in such industries as transportation, fuel, and public utilities. This well-intentioned experiment is entitled to a fair trial, and the trial should extend over a period of years. It goes to lengths hitherto unheard-of in this country; it includes as affected with a public interest such industries as food and clothing, which ought not to have been included. An experiment in a state predominantly agricultural may not furnish a criterion of value for an industrial state. Labor emphatically rejects the experiment. 'The state of the parading and ram-paging farmer proposes to put chains on the workingmen of factories and mines.'²

VI

Against this background, consider the idea of a modified compulsory-

investigation plan for the United States. The temporary boards of the Canadian system should be replaced by a board or boards of a more permanent character, qualified by experience and exact information to deal with such highly technical questions as must emerge in altercations pertaining to wages. Mr. Samuel O. Dunn once offered this definite illustration of the way such a board might be constituted for adjusting railway disputes: a permanent chairman, preferably an army officer, who would become expert by long tenure; and, to be designated for the occasion, a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, a member of the Federal Trade Commission, a representative of the employers, and a representative of the employees, presumably equipped respectively with a 'broad knowledge' of the railway situation, business conditions, the point of view of both Labor and the railroad.

The success of any such enterprise would seem to depend upon the ability and fairness of the inquiry board, the tact with which it performed its duties, and its skill in obtaining the confidence and influencing the attitude of the parties to the dispute. Thus the law might be ideal; its success would depend upon such human elements as these. No strike should be called and no strike vote taken until after the board should have reported; and any strike vote then taken should be by ballot, when each voter should be furnished, with the ballot, with a short statement of the findings of the board, prepared by the board itself.

But what of industries not 'affected with a public interest,' the great building industry, for example? The Government has widened its field of supervision enormously in the last fifty years, but Government supervision ought not to swallow up and destroy private enterprise and personal initia-

²The author of the law, a former justice in this tribunal, says that the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the Wolff Packing Company does not 'declare the Act, or any vital section of it, unconstitutional.' The decision in effect means that legislation cannot interfere with the right to strike except where public emergency exists or when an industry affected with a public interest is involved. — THE AUTHOR.

tive. When an industry disturbs the public peace or hinders public welfare, does the public interest acquire a claim which the State must recognize? When a business invokes the protection of the State, does the community at large obtain a right to regulate in any degree the manner in which the business shall be conducted? No student of the Lockwood investigation can doubt that conditions in New York City justify fairly the contention that building does at times become affected with a public interest within the meaning of the phrase as commonly used. Arbitrary interference with construction to an extent detrimental to the health and morals of the people was shown. The State passed rent laws which restrained the right of contract as between landlord and tenant. The housing shortage produced the conditions that the State sought to relieve, as well as the opportunity for scandalous profiteering.

Something surely can be said for the view that an industry designed to alleviate such a situation has a public interest. But is it sufficiently thus affected to come within the purview of compulsory investigation? A nice point. If not, what can be done to reform this industry? Two resources suggest themselves — the open shop and legislation against the sympathetic strike. Why, on account of some difficulty affecting a single union, all the men of a score of other unions should be 'pulled off' a building passes comprehension. And what justification can there be for calling out all the unions on a job in order to enforce the closed shop in a single union?

A chief cause of the evils in the building trades is the arbitrary and exaggerated allocation of work among scores of affiliated unions and the enforcement of these allotments by jurisdictional strikes. The industry above all things

needs all-round craftsmen who shall be available in large operations for many phases of work. Why should not any member of any recognized union do any sort of work on any building, provided he is paid the rate prescribed in the scale for that operation?

In conclusion, let me make these observations. A long chapter might be written upon the participation of employees, through their representatives, in management problems which affect the toiler, under such plans as those now working satisfactorily in the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and the Dennison Manufacturing Company. And — the rank and file of Labor have been shamefully exploited by many of their leaders; men who make 'trouble' to justify their own existence; who look upon industrial clashes as a means of personal exploitation; and who object, for selfish reasons, to regulatory measures. The unionists tolerate an autocracy of officials who know that industrial peace is a menace to their own tenure of power, and many of them take graft from 'Big Business,' 'splitting the loot.' May the day not be far distant when reformers shall appear inside the unions!

Much water has passed under the bridge since Horace Mann, Wendell Phillips, and Robert Rantoul took the side of the journeymen when the merchants of Boston tried to check an 'unlawful combination of workmen' to obtain better wages and a ten-hour day. To-day Labor does not need, and would resent the intrusion of, such men in aid of its cause. The time has come for Labor to talk less about its rights and more about its duties. Significantly, the one hundred unions which drew up a bill of rights in 1921 elaborated a long list of specifications as to what the community owes to Labor, and said nothing whatsoever as to what Labor owes the community.

Lastly: the great solvent, the effective force, is public opinion. Upon occasion the public can and does vindicate its mastery. The railway men stayed at their posts in November 1921, not from any spirit of unselfish consideration of the general welfare, but simply because their leaders saw that to allow the strike to go forward

would outrage the moral sense of the nation. The necessary machinery will arrive when the public really decides that it must arrive. And so we get back to the basic difficulty of all public reforms — the difficulty of rousing a great multitude to anger, and keeping it angry, until something really worth while has been accomplished.

THE VANITY OF EXPECTATION

BY AGNES L. TAYLOR

THEY were the best of things — and the worst; they were the height of wisdom — they were the depth of folly; they were the invention of genius — they were the invention of the Evil One himself. And all this teapot-tempest was stirred up about a trifle of no more weight than — a woman's pocket.

Archdeacon Davis and his wife sat at breakfast in the sunny Deanery dining-room, discussing their doings for the day, among which Mrs. Davis mentioned an appointment at the dressmaker's.

'If you are having a new dress made,' said the Archdeacon, 'I hope you will not allow that woman to put in another of those pockets which I so strongly disapprove of; no doubt you have told her of my objection to them.'

This talk took place at that era in the world's history when Dame Fashion had plucked up women's pockets from the side seam of the skirt and planted them in the rear placket, and before she later decreed that women could have no pockets at all. Mrs. Davis had not meant to start the subject of pockets, for from painful experience she knew

to what discussion it would lead. So she tried to turn it off by saying, —

'I will ask Miss Foley what she can do about it.'

'Do not ask her anything. Tell her that I consider a rear pocket positively immoral; it is an open invitation to pickpockets, and hence an encouragement of vice.'

'Nobody could slip his hand into my pocket without my knowing it,' maintained Mrs. Davis. 'I have told you it would be impossible. And it is n't an "open invitation," for it is under the pleat and does n't show. You have coat-tail pockets; don't they encourage vice, too?'

'Not at all; quite a different matter. I never carry anything in that pocket but a handkerchief, and there are no Fagins nowadays who would trouble to steal a handkerchief. But a woman carries her pocketbook in her back pocket, endangering its safety and tempting the dishonest.'

'Well, dear,' answered his wife with a sigh, 'I'll speak to Miss Foley; but I can't see any harm in putting pockets where they are most convenient.'

No one could say that Mrs. Davis was not as dutiful as a Very Reverend wife should be; never, even in strictest privacy, did she utter the wish that the Archdeacon, who had undeniable executive ability, would limit that gift to church activities and not carry it into the domestic field. Yet the most complaisant wife cannot help having her thoughts. As they rose from the table, she said, —

‘I hope you will have an interesting morning at the ministers’ meeting.’

This was a tactful way of turning the Archdeacon’s displeasure into another channel; for the previous week he had come home from the meeting disgusted because ‘some old fogey’ had talked three quarters of an hour without saying anything. Her effort was largely successful, though the Archdeacon as he left the room fired a parting shot at ‘women’s senseless fashions.’

A brisk walk in the fresh spring air tended to allay his irritation with the tiresome ways of humanity. That morning the speaker was good, and in the discussion which followed the talk, the Archdeacon scored two or three points. How much more rational men were than women! Men could see the force of an argument, but women — ! If once women got an idea in their heads, no reasoning could pry it loose.

After the meeting he went to the Penn Trust Company to cash a check. There were only a few people in the bank, so his business was quickly done. Just as he was turning to go out, his eye fell on a familiar figure at the receiving teller’s window. His wife had said nothing at breakfast about going to the bank; it must have been some later plan. He would wait for her and they could walk home together.

Her back was toward him, and she was in such earnest conversation with the teller that she evidently had not seen him; yet, as if intentionally to

annoy him, what did that provoking woman do but slip her hand into her placket pocket. This sight brought back all the poignancy of the morning’s discussion. If one could only get a woman to be sensible!

Then the imp of mischief who loves to stir up trouble shot an impulse through the clerical coat of the Archdeacon as easily as if piercing the jacket of a youngster in knickerbockers. Here was his chance to prove himself right about pockets. With a step aimed to combine stealthiness with an appearance of casual loitering, in case she should suddenly turn, he passed close behind her, and with a quick motion slipped his hand under the placket and drew out her pocketbook.

He took a few quick steps, then paused, gazing far away into space with a look of innocence which he wanted his wife to see on his face when she should lay her indignant grasp upon his arm. But no hand seized him. He looked over his shoulder; she was still talking intently to the teller. In spite of his own arguments, he did not think the trick could be done so easily. She had noticed nothing; well, so much the better. He would go home without telling her. He left the bank with such ill-concealed chuckling that the doorman wished he knew the joke.

At lunch-time he went to the table with scarcely suppressed smiles. His first glance at his wife showed him, however, that she was not going to confess her loss; in fact, she showed such self-control that no one would have guessed there was anything on her mind. The meal moved along with the commonplaces of talk. The Archdeacon did not want to open the subject while the maid was coming in and out; he would spare his wife’s feelings to that extent, though it was hard to keep from laughing when he thought how amazed she would be if she could

see into his breast pocket. At last, dessert was on the table and they were alone. With studied casualness he began, —

‘Have you had a pleasant morning?’

‘Very much as usual, looking after household matters. Mrs. Shaw called me up and kept me an interminable time at the ‘phone, talking about the Girls’ Friendly entertainment; I thought she would never get done.’

No weakening in her defensive front; of course, she would hate to confess. He must take more direct aim.

‘Was there not something unusual, some unpleasant experience?’

‘Nothing I can think of, except Mrs. Shaw; you know how she always insists on having her own way about everything. What makes you think there was anything?’

Her surprise was too genuine for doubt; evidently she had not needed her pocketbook after he saw her and so had not missed it. That was unfortunate; it took the edge off his triumph. Still, she would be chagrined when she knew.

‘I think you lost something downtown. Did you not miss anything after you left the bank?’

She opened her eyes still wider.

‘I have n’t been downtown. I have n’t been out of the house. It is not till this afternoon that I go to Miss Foley’s.’

With a queer sinking feeling somewhere inside of him the Archdeacon pulled out the pocketbook and held it out to her. She looked at it coldly.

‘Where did you get that? I never saw it before.’

His inward sinking became a landslide, carrying him down some dark descent. From its lowest depths he saw in a flash his mistake, and realized the appallingness of his deed. Suppose someone had seen him, a dignitary of the Church, slip his hand into a strange

woman’s pocket and take her pocketbook. He never could explain it. A practical joke is a feeble and foolish defense to offer a judge and jury. He could see the crowded courtroom, and people whispering behind their hands, ‘He’s just like everybody else: needed money, — a sudden temptation, — and down he goes.’ Even if he should be acquitted —

At this moment the doorbell rang. Yes, it was true; he had been seen. His mind came back with a bound from the courtroom to his own doorstep. He pictured the blue coat and gray helmet entering the hall, the arm of the law holding out a warrant for his arrest. He broke into a cold perspiration, and could not lift his eyes when the maid came in. After an unendurable delay she said, —

‘Mrs. Millar’s boy with the bundle of sewing for the Auxiliary meeting.’

He breathed once more. When he and his wife were again alone, he told her the miserable joke he had tried to play on her.

‘And look what has come of it. You cannot expect that woman to keep quiet, and when the story becomes known, what will people think of me? Those who believe I am not a knave will set me down for a fool, and in my position one is almost as bad as the other. When I stand in the pulpit I shall always feel this ridiculous episode standing between me and my congregation.’

His wife, whatever her inmost feelings may have been, did her best to lighten his self-reproach.

‘When you return it you can just say there was a mistake, and not tell her how you came to have it. You can get around it somehow. But open it and find out whose it is.’

He unfastened the clasp, and looking inside, found two notes, — two new one-hundred-dollar notes, — nothing

else. No card, no scrap of writing. There was nothing in the pocketbook to help him out, and the large sum made his situation worse. He must wait — and think. He retired to his study, but the room was misnamed so far as that afternoon went. Although a book lay open before him, his attention was fixed on the doorbell whose faint ring he could just hear. He had never heard it sound so often in an afternoon, and at every ring his heart pounded as he waited to hear an approaching step. But none came. As dusk fell and his apprehensions quieted a little, he found himself staring at the page where he had opened the book in the early afternoon: he had not read a word.

There was little sleep for him that night. The next morning he was at the bank as soon as the doors were open. The cashier was one of his flock, and he went straight to his office. He did not mean to tell the whole truth if he could help it; no mortal man could be trusted to keep such a good story secret, and it would be too humiliating to have it broadcast through the church. So he weighed his words with care.

‘Good-morning, Mr. Haines; I have come to you for help in a difficulty in which I find myself. Under peculiar circumstances, I came into possession of a pocketbook yesterday which I have reason to think belongs to one of your depositors. Has there been any inquiry made for it?’

‘Not that I have heard of. Did you find it in the bank?’

‘Well, not exactly that; but I carried it home with me because I thought I knew whose it was, and expected to return it to her. However, I found that I was mistaken, and the purse itself contains no clue to the owner. As it has two hundred dollars in it I fear its loss will be a serious matter.’

‘If people are so careless as to drop

their pocketbooks about, they deserve to do some worrying about them. While I have heard of no such inquiry, I’ll ask about it, to make sure.’

He soon returned, shaking his head.

‘No such loss reported yet; I’ll let you know at once if we hear anything. It is very kind of you to take so much trouble. I hope the owner will appreciate the inconvenience she has put you to — I think you said it is a lady’s pocketbook?’

The Archdeacon, feeling most uncomfortable from these remarks, left the bank, and went to the *Evening News* office, where he left a cautiously worded advertisement for the Lost and Found column. Having taken all the steps he could think of to repair the mischief, he felt more at ease, though that word gives no true description of his state of mind. Ease deserted his days and rest his nights as the week wore on to its close without a sign from the Unknown. Each succeeding day deepened the mystery of the silence.

‘Can you imagine,’ he said to his wife, ‘anyone losing two hundred dollars and making no inquiry for it? Would not a much smaller loss send you back to every place you had been that day, to hunt for it?’

‘Perhaps she was only passing through the city, and did n’t miss it for so long that she did n’t know where to look for it.’

The Archdeacon shook his head.

‘I have thought of many different conditions that might fit that mysterious woman, but not one of them will account for her not finding me, either through the bank or the advertisement.’

The next Sunday morning the Archdeacon omitted the Commandments from the service; with thoughts of that two hundred dollars, he felt so shy toward the Eighth that he could not trust himself to read it. A second week

passed without any light on the pocket-book, then a third, and a fourth. Finally, he said to his wife, —

‘I do not want to keep that money any longer about the house; something must be done about it.’

‘You might give it anonymously to missions,’ suggested Mrs. Davis, ‘or to the Cathedral Fund.’

‘My dear,’ said the Archdeacon sternly, ‘you have hinted at something of the same sort before. Understand once for all that I cannot give it to any cause, for it is not mine to give. I am the unwilling custodian of that money and I shall continue its custodian until it is claimed, if it be to my dying day. I shall deposit it in the bank as a special fund, on no account to be touched except to restore it to its rightful owner.’

The archdeaconal garment of urbanity had worn a little thin in these last weeks; Mrs. Davis tried to mend it by replying soothingly, —

‘Certainly, dear; you would, of course, know what is best to do with it.’

As a matter of fact, the Archdeacon had not made up his mind what to do with the money till opposition to his wife’s suggestion crystallized his decision. Now, having stated so positively what should be done, he lost no time in doing it. With the firm conscience of one who knows he treads the strait path, he took the money to the bank, to the very window where, a month before, it had come into his

hand. He passed the notes through the wicket with a sigh of relief; he would feel easier with the money out of his possession, though the incident would leave an everlasting scar on his self-esteem.

The teller was about to enter the amount in the pass book when he suddenly laid down his pen and scanned the notes closely. The Archdeacon’s heart, which had grown more reasonable of late, began to hammer as it had done so often in the first days of this unhappy experience. With a hasty ‘One moment, please,’ the teller darted out of his cage and disappeared into a rear office.

The Archdeacon gripped the ledge of the window hard till his knuckles showed white. He knew that his knees would not give way entirely if he had something to cling to. Were the notes marked? Had they been listed as stolen?

It was hard that the story must come out after all this time; it had been only a joke, after all, and he had tried his best to right the matter.

The teller was coming back; his face gave no encouragement, for it was much disturbed. Leaning forward until he almost touched the bars of the wicket, he announced in a strained whisper, —

‘I am very sorry to have to tell you Dr. Davis, but these notes are counterfeits.’

NIGHTFALLEN SNOW

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

THESE nights of snow are loving to the air
As the still mother of a grieving boy;
For so they fill the air with soft concern,
Imponderable, irresistible,
And draw the numbing hardness slowly out,
And slowly weave a gradual sweetness in;
So freely on its harsh and hungry gloom
They spend the last calm silver penny of love.

O perfect strength of soft unstrenuous snow!
O mouth of beauty whispering in the night!
Æolian snow, that thrills against the wind,
That drifts on hidden grace, and lights it up
With shreds of many rainbows blended white!
O wild and revolutionary snow
That tosses utter newness round the world,
And lays it on the nations in their sleep!

A SCAMBLING AND UNQUIET TIME

ARMISTICE DAY 1922 TO ARMISTICE DAY 1923

BY HENRY W. BUNN

I

NEITHER in the special session (November 20 to December 4, 1922) called by the President to consider the Ship Subsidy bill, nor in its second regular session (December 4, 1922, to March 4, 1923), did the 67th Congress of the United States accomplish much. The Ship Subsidy bill, considerably amended, passed the House, but it was done to death in the Senate by the elegant method of the filibuster. The Art of the Filibuster achieved its most brilliant triumph against the Anti-Lynching bill; reached its apogee there. It is a beautiful art, in which our pre-eminence is as manifest as that of the Greeks in sculpture or that of the Chinese in ceramics; but, if we are to arrive anywhere, we must relegate it to that political limbo where the shade of the Liberveto holds preposterous sway.

The Administration's legislative programme was extensive but, aside from the routine appropriation bills, only two measures of considerable importance were enacted—namely, the Agricultural Credits bill and the bill amending the Debt Funding Act so as to validate the Debt Funding Commission's arrangements for the British debt. Chiefly by adaptation and increase of the powers of existing Federal agencies, the Agricultural Credits Act provides sufficient credit facilities for the farmer and the

raiser of live stock. But more important than credit facilities is the manner of using them. The ample credit proffered is applied most effectively through the medium of coöperative marketing associations. The success of coöperative marketing, on a national scale, of the cotton and tobacco crops argues decisively for this view. The farmer has been at a disadvantage in the past because of lack of coöperation and lack of knowledge; these lacks are supplied by the coöperatives. By concentrating on the needs of the farmer, the 67th Congress removed the most legitimate target for the stock of levin-bolts Jupiter La Follette had laid in.

The which remark starts a train of hypochondriacal speculation. Will the Progressive bloc in the 68th Congress show restraint in wielding that balance of power bestowed by the electorate, or will they postpone all else to their anti-privilege programme? As this writer sees it, the most important matters requiring legislation are: immigration, reclamation, forestal protection, taxation, and transportation—with immigration easily ranking first. The proposal of yet straiter immigration restrictions has the support of the American Federation of Labor, whose members wear their altruism with a difference, but has to face the opposition of certain altruistic capitalists.

Apparently the people were content that the Ship Subsidy bill should die. The issue — a very great one — appears to be defunct or destined to lie perdu indefinitely. The Shipping Board fleet now consists of 356 vessels, with a total tonnage of 2,286,000. Whether Congress will continue for long to appropriate for its Government operation at a loss, and — far more important — whether it will provide for new tonnage for replacement and expansion, is highly dubitative. One wonders how far its name prejudiced the fate of the bill. To the olfactories of the general, 'subsidy' smacks vaguely of turpitude, of foreign commitments.

The only striking episode of the twelvemonth in the war between Capital and Labor, namely, the anthracite controversy, ended nominally in a compromise; actually, it ended in a substantial victory for the miners. The agreement marks no advance towards a fundamental solution of the coal problem. The report of the Coal Commission is a valuable exposé of the elements of that problem, but its recommendations reflect the distrust of men of the admirable type of the commissioners, of legislation as a cure-all for industrial ills.

The recent activities of the Ku Klux Klan have made a great deal of clutter; but their importance is much overestimated. Some are apt to speak of the Klan as of a sort of Fascismo Americano; but such speakers are not 100 per cent Americans. 'T' is an indigenous product, and smacks of our soil. Its high fantasticality casts into the shade whatever Europe or China can show in that kind, not omitting the feats of such darlings of Momus as d'Annunzio and Mussolini. But its lease of life is short. It is too obnoxious to laughter. It is great pity it should not be at once 'sped' and immortalized by some satiric genius.

The conference of many weeks in Mexico City, between commissioners representing the United States and Mexico resulted in a satisfactory understanding as to the rights of American investors in Mexico and as to a machinery for adjustment of claims; and resumption of normal diplomatic relations followed at once.

On August 6 a new treaty of amity and commerce with Turkey was signed, to replace a treaty rendered obsolete by recent developments. The foreign policy of Secretary Hughes, thitherto so uniformly successful, struck its first snag in the Turk. Prior to the Lausanne Conference Mr. Hughes announced that our 'observers' at that conference would be empowered to 'indicate' our Government's position respecting seven 'subjects of particular American concern.' Our observers 'indicated' with considerable energy, but in vain. Ismet Pasha fought for recognition of complete Turkish independence and sovereignty and won it from the Allies and the United States in separate treaties. The capitulations were abolished, the minor remnants of the minorities were left to the tender mercies of the Turks, and the economic was assimilated to the new political status. American educational, religious, and charitable institutions may remain in Turkey, but shorn of many privileges and immunities. To prove that we were not completely discomfited, it may be pointed out that Mr. Grew secured the validation of the so-called Chester Concessions to the prejudice of rival British and French claims, but that partial victory was not over the Turks; and, indeed, in view of the general nature of things in the Near East, and more particularly in view of the strong probability of renewal of the ancient relations between Great Britain and Turkey, it remains to see whether the

Chester concessionaires have landed a bonanza or a white elephant. The subject, however, leaves this writer cold.

A resolution embodying President Harding's proposal of adhesion of our Government to the protocol establishing the Court of International Justice at The Hague, with reservations ingeniously contrived by Mr. Hughes to keep us clear of League taint, was rejected by the Senate toward the end of the last session; but the adverse vote may have indicated nothing more than an unwillingness to decide upon so grand a matter without full discussion. Perhaps the late President's most cherished hope was to win approval of that proposal at the next session.

An adequate review of the American year should take account of marked increases in the murder (including murder by automobiles) rate, the suicide rate, and the divorce rate, and a marked decrease in the marriage rate. On the other hand, the Great Commoner has pursued with undiminished vigor his crusade against Darwinism and all its works; censorship, official and unofficial, has flourished like the green bay-tree; and a great anti-tobacco drive impends. 'T is still a naughty world; but if it is not to be made safe for intolerance, obscurantism, Mrs. Grundy, and the millennium, it will not be for lack of noble American effort.

II

The general elections in Britain on November 15, 1922, gave the Conservatives a working majority in the new Parliament. But more striking than the Conservative success was the showing of the Labor Party, which won more seats than the National (Lloyd George) and the Independent (Asquith) Liberals combined, thus becoming (O ye shades of Walpole and

Chatham!), with its capital-levy plank, His Majesty's Opposition. The Labor Party contains many men of ability and common sense, but it also includes a considerable number of those pestiferous doctrinaires who rejoice in the name of 'intellectuals,' and more than a sprinkling of downright rowdies. By their behavior the gentlemen of the last-named category have considerably prejudiced their party's hopes of an early succession to the Government.

In May, Bonar Law was constrained by ill health to resign the office of Prime Minister and was succeeded by Stanley Baldwin, a man of like kidney — well informed, honest, and cool.

The grand necessity of Britain is the revival of foreign trade. The chief problems confronting the Law and Baldwin Governments have been (all except the last three still are): in the domestic field, unemployment, housing, agriculture; in the foreign field, the German business, the Turkish settlement, the difficulty with Russia, the debt to America.

The change of the official British attitude on the German Reparations question, since the London ultimatum of May 1921, is almost antipodal, yet easily explained. It sprang from the idea that the economic recovery of Germany is to Britain the most immediately desirable thing in the world, as being essential to the economic recovery of Europe as a whole and hence to restoration of the pre-war British markets in Europe (especially the German market); a thing so desirable, indeed, as to justify immense British sacrifices and, quite of course, even greater French sacrifices, on its behalf. How great the sacrifices Britain would make and was content that France should make, appeared in Bonar Law's settlement proposal submitted at the conference of Allied premiers in January. There is no

doubt whatever that Germany, disburdened to the extent contemplated in that proposal, could easily, with a minimum of good management and without the necessity of a capital levy, restore her finances and fisc and make a rapid recovery. France, to be sure, might be ruined; but let that pass.

But a tremendous offsetting consideration could not fail to present itself. For, suppose Bonar Law's proposal to take effect. The German national debt would then be only \$12,500,000,000, as against the British debt of about \$31,000,000,000. This \$12,500,000,000 is precisely the Reparations total, for the internal debt has been wiped out by inflation—the debts of the component States of the Reich and the debts of the great industrial chiefs and landowners have been extinguished in like manner. Moreover, as an incident of the German policy of mendacity and evasion, immense extensions, repairs, and improvements have, since the Armistice, been made to the industrial plant; so that the German capacity of production is, in the opinion of competent authorities, far greater to-day than it was before the war, far greater than Britain's. What then of the prospect of British world trade in competition with a Germany whose per capita debt should be only two fifths that of Britain, with an industrial plant more extensive and far more efficient, and with no armament burden?

By what fantastic argument this offsetting consideration was quashed, will appear later. The official attitude of the British Government on German Reparations is still represented by the Bonar Law proposal. But that the offsetting consideration is dismally present to Mr. Baldwin's imagination, is sufficiently apparent. The other day, in an address to the premiers of the Empire assembled in London, fore-

casting permanent loss of a large part of the pre-war European markets for British products, owing to the extraordinary increase since the War of 'the European capacity of production' (he was thinking chiefly of Germany), he urged the premiers to concert a programme looking to the economic self-sufficiency of the Empire. Later, addressing a convention of his party, he descanted mournfully on the danger of heavy dumping on the British market, on the export advantages so iniquitously furnished by depreciated currencies, on the barriers to British trade presented by foreign tariff walls, on unemployment; and concluded that 'the only way to deal with the question of unemployment is by protecting the home market.' Were those premonitory blasts, heralding a resolved policy of high protection and imperial preference? O shade of Cobden! A terrific struggle within the realm seems surely to impend. 'T is a situation that calls for supreme economic wisdom. Stanley Baldwin has proceeded Amphiaräus. Will he proceed Hamilton?

Two nuances of the British attitude toward France require notice. It is to demand too much of British magnanimity to expect the British to regard with complete complacency the extraordinary aggrandizement of French influence on the Continent or—lend me your ears!—the prospect (almost amounting to certainty) of an ultimate alliance between Lorraine iron and Ruhr coal.

As for the Entente, it survives gaspingly, despite Curzonish infelicities.

At Lausanne, the awful mess in the Near East created by the rivalries, perfidies, rapacity, and stupidities of the French, British, and Italians, had to be 'liquidated,' and it seems to me that British interests were competently handled; at the first conference, by Lord Curzon, at the second, by Sir

Horace Rumbold. To be sure, it was found necessary to sacrifice the holders of the Ottoman debt, but most of these are Frenchmen; and the betrayal of the Anatolian minorities — one of the most unjust and dishonoring facts of history — had to be consummated. But in politics as in gallantry, it is best to leave honor out of the question. The Straits settlement — after all, the main thing — is fairly satisfactory to everybody except the Russians. The Mosul question was left to negotiation; should nothing come of that, it is to be referred to the League of Nations. It is suspected that the British, with their flair for Oriental psychology, laid a substantial foundation for renewal of the old-time cordial relations with the Turk.

On December 5, 1922, the Irish Free State acquired full legal status as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. In September it was admitted to membership in the League of Nations, the British delegates at Geneva, quite characteristically, leading the cheers. The friends of the Free State are a little apprehensive lest it come a cropper in the stony field of finance; but otherwise the outlook is bright. The Republicans gave over their guerrilla warfare in May, and that able and delightful person, Governor-General Timothy Healy, assures us that Ireland is now as tranquil as Britain. May she ever remain so!

In India the experiment of the Diarchy proceeds obscurely. The British Raj seems more secure than it did a year ago. The ill-assorted union of Hindus and Mohammedans in resistance to the British rule cannot maintain itself; it is smothered in the resurgence of the ancient religious antagonisms. In consequence of recent developments in Turkey the Mohammedan leaders of India have lost a grievance — propagandishly effective,

however factitious and false — against the British.

The Kenya (African colony) problem affords a pretty test-case for the racial policy of the British Empire, and has provoked a ferocious logomachy in the British journals.

In December 1922, the British war debt to the United States, with arrears of interest to date, was \$4,600,000,000. It is estimated that the present value of that debt under the funding arrangements is \$3,500,000,000; whence it is apparent that we did not act perfect Shylock in that affair.

To return for a moment to the British foreign trade. It is only 70 per cent of the pre-war trade. The number of registered unemployed is above 1,300,000; no great improvement since a year ago. Under present conditions Britain is overpopulated by ten million souls and the annual increase of births over deaths is 300,000. The Imperial Conference of Premiers and the associated Imperial Economic Conference, just ended, devoted much attention to the question of emigration from Britain to the daughter commonwealths. Something may be done that way, but not much, toward relieving the dreadful condition of supersaturation of population. And now comes insulin to join the war against the Malthusian dispensation. I leave the subject to Dean Inge, whose gloom I share.

III

The mass of literature on the German Reparations question equals that on the Tenth Horn of the Beast, and most of it is just about as valuable as the latter. It is a subject to addle any but the strongest wits. The best discussion thereof known to me is M. Poincaré's letter of reply to Lord Curzon's excessively Curzonish note of August 11, which letter is a lucid, candid, thorough

and accurate exposition and review — indeed, one of the greatest of state papers; the next best is the remarkable article by 'Alpha' in the September *Foreign Affairs*. To those documents the reader is referred for what is denied him here. The following observations merely touch the fringe of the subject.

In December 1922, the Germans defaulted in fuel deliveries, and the Reparations Commission announced the default. Declaring themselves helpless to pay further, the Germans demanded a four years' moratorium, an international loan, and reduction of the Reparations total.

The premiers of Great Britain, France, and Belgium, and a representative of Premier Mussolini, met in London early in January 1923, to discuss the crisis. Bonar Law made his famous proposal. In chief, it called for reduction of the German Reparations debt to $12\frac{1}{2}$ billion dollars, a four years' moratorium, and a mild supervision of the German fisc. It obviously contemplated great Allied sacrifices all around, but would partly compensate those of the continental Allies by writing off their debts to Britain (about seven billion dollars). By its operation the German debt would be \$265 per capita, the French \$575, the British \$700. On a comparison of the average French and British incomes, the French debt burden under this arrangement is seen to be heavier than the British. It is, at least at first blush, perhaps the most astonishing proposal ever made.

Poincaré, the Belgian Premier, and the Italian representative, while content to accept the British offer to remit the debts of their Governments to Britain, — though recognizing that no generosity to those Governments was implied in it, — insisted that Germany pay, in addition to $12\frac{1}{2}$ billions, the total in which their Governments were indebted to the United States — ap-

proximately $6\frac{1}{2}$ billions. Further, placing no faith in German promises, — wherein the British professed a touching provisional faith, — Poincaré insisted on his programme of 'productive guaranties' (the Ruhr policy) and, instead of Bonar Law's almost complete moratorium for four years, he proposed a complete cash moratorium for two years only and would require considerable deliveries in kind during that period. Under Poincaré's proposal the German debt would be \$390 per capita, the French \$480, the British \$700. The figures given lie a little, like all statistics, or rather, tell only part of the truth; but after an exhaustive study of the problem, after duly noting the significance of sundry 'values' such as the bearing of the extinguished German internal debt on the taxable resources of the Reich, I am convinced that Poincaré's proposal contemplates the fairest distribution of debts yet suggested. It takes just account both of the German capacity to pay and of the capacity of the Allies to forgo payment. Bonar Law would not hear to it, and left the conference. The economic War of the Ruhr followed; but the great double issue between Britain and France — on the size of the Reparations total and on methods of collection — remains unaltered, except that Poincaré holds his 'productive guaranties.'

But why, it may be asked, why, in heaven's name, should Britain propose conditions so easy for Germany at the expense of herself and France? The answer is strange. The British attitude appears to be inspired by a bogey raised by the Manchester School and the Cambridge economic wits, — heaven save the mark! — who argue as follows. They point to the menace to British trade from the recognized considerable increase of the productive capacity of Germany since the war, and say that a Reparations burden only increases that

menace, already sufficiently hideous, by calling forth an extra productive effort to rid said burden. The greater the Reparations total, the greater the menace. 'Don't stir those fellows up,' they say, 'and perhaps they'll take things easy and give us a chance; but once get 'em into the habit of high-speed production, as would happen should we impose a big Reparations debt, and we're done for.' From this point of view, the logical course would be — following a hint of Bismarck's — not to discuss the German Reparations debt at all, but to ascertain the amount of tribute which would induce Germany to refrain from pushing her economic advantage. No doubt it was in a spirit of complaisance that the Germans made their May and June proposals contemplating a Reparations total of only \$7,500,000,000.

Well, the French and Belgians went into the Ruhr; and now, after nine months of so-called 'passive resistance,' the Germans have surrendered, at least nominally. It remains to ascertain the fruits of victory. The 'productive guaranties' have not in fact proved productive, but Poincaré has often declared that he did not expect them so to prove prior to cessation of passive resistance. His prime object, worth the nine months' effort, was to induce in the industrial magnates a will to pay, to place their expatriated wealth at the service of the Government, to put the Government on a paying basis, to co-operate to their limit in a policy of fulfillment.

Poincaré may or may not have induced that will; 't is highly dubitative. Coöperation so procured may well be thought precarious. But suppose the will, and that the industrial magnates possess expatriated resources to the extent claimed by Poincaré; alas! the way may now be found fatally obstructed. For there is confusion worse

confounded in the Reich, and no man knoweth the end thereof. The old mark is beneath the tribute of a sneer. The farmers will not accept it, and hoard their produce for fear of confiscation. There is grave doubt lest the new financial measures may be too late to prevent immediate chaos. Hunger is abroad, mother of Revolution. Not that there is insufficient food in the country, but that conditions — chiefly the dislocation of finance — prevent its proper distribution. Separatist movements are afoot in the Rhineland and in the Palatinate. The loyalty of the Reichswehr is suspect; the Bavarian contingent is in open mutiny. Bavaria preposterously obstructs and threatens; there's no telling what may develop from that quarter. In Pomerania and Mecklenburg the Monarchists are busked and ready; in Red Saxony, Red Thuringia, and elsewhere, the Communists ditto. Utter disruption of the Reich is a possibility, or a successful Monarchist putsch at last. Or this, or that. Should the worst happen, — and the very worst is possible, — it would be the logical outcome of a policy of rapacity, mendacity, and repudiation, conceived by the industrial chiefs and accepted by or imposed on successive Governments.

Disruption would mean a quite new face of the Reparations question. It might mean reduction to a negligible sum of the Reparations collectible. But, you say, it would at least provide security for France. Ah! but that would be casting out one devil only to replace him by others more diabolic. One could not face with equanimity the prospect of developments in a France crushed with a debt of 30 billion dollars and with no hope of Reparations.

Suppose the German Republic to have weathered the crisis intact, there would remain for solution the questions of the Reparations total and the

methods of its collection. Can a satisfactory compromise between the conflicting attitudes of Britain and France be achieved? It is doubtful. The extreme difficulty thereof is referable to the bizarre characteristics of the industrial age. Any probable settlement must presuppose a substantial advantage to Germany over the victors in arms. A cosmic joke!

Of all peoples the British and French are the most richly endowed with humor. It were well to invoke the comic spirit on behalf of a settlement which, though satisfactory to neither people, should leave them friends.

IV

The following brief sketch of a fascinating development presupposes in the reader familiarity with the fantastic background.

When, on the night of September 12-13, Primo de Rivera, Marquis de Estella, Captain General of Catalonia, proclaimed martial law throughout Spain, demanded the resignation of the Cabinet, and announced a military directorate, there was no opposition whatever. The King accepted the situation with aplomb and perhaps with satisfaction. A directorate, consisting of nine generals — representing the nine military 'regions' — and the Admiral of the Navy, now governs Spain by decree, as in the days following the Restoration of 1874. The provincial administrations have been abolished and in place of them a committee has been set up for each of the nine regions, consisting of a general of artillery, a general of infantry, and one of cavalry. The Cortes have been dissolved and the constitutional guaranties have been suspended. The political stables have been cleaned.

All very pretty, and most of it very desirable, if the genius of Primo de

Rivera for construction is equal to his genius for destruction. His programme includes deracination of Communism and Separatism; retrenchment, honesty and efficiency in administration; a victorious conclusion to the war in Morocco; and trial of the civilians held by the military to be largely responsible for the Moroccan disasters.

The President of the Directorate promises to restore civil administration, guaranteed pure, as soon as practicable. But the day of restoration is far ahead, if it must await complete realization of the above programme. All else apart, Abdul Krim, the Rif chieftain, a well-educated, able, and resolute man, well versed in up-to-date military science, including the use of artillery and poison gas, is likely to obstruct the plans for Moroccan victory.

But suppose Abdul Krim brought to his knees, the rebellion, in the elegant modern expression, 'liquidated' — what next? Primo de Rivera has not made clear his intentions as to Morocco. Perhaps his ideas lack clarification, and he is waiting on events and the disclosure of popular sentiment. Would he retain and consolidate the conquest or, as he proposed some two years ago, chuck the Moroccan adventure, retaining only the coast with a very limited hinterland?

The quidnuncs all advise the latter. But is it quite, quite certain the quidnuncs have the right of it? If the Marquis is a man of genius, he might well make of the Spanish Zone a real extension of Spain. The population of Spain, whose area is about that of Germany, is only about twenty millions, and this though the Spanish are exceptionally prolific. The explanation is that emigration, mostly to South America, and a high death-rate, offset the high birth-rate, so that the total of population remains stationary. With proper administration, including in

particular obvious agrarian measures, Spain could be made to support in comfort twice her present population, and for decades ahead the surplus could be established in Morocco.

It is true that there has been terrible political mismanagement in Spain for centuries past, but that does not absolutely prove Spanish political incapacity. It may merely indicate the lack, due to a variety of causes, of good political traditions. It may be that we shall see a Spanish renaissance.

No doubt the leitmotif of the revolution was a military grievance. No doubt the other alleged objects thereof were regarded as subsidiary to the satisfaction of this grievance. But it is permitted to hope — though perhaps against hope — that in due time one may be able to tell how the Marquis de Estella rose to the height of a magnificent opportunity; how he solved the Moroccan problem with the genius of a Lyautey, making wise arrangements looking to the conciliation of the Rif tribesmen, who are probably close akin to the original Spanish stock; how he gave the coup de grâce to el caciquismo; how he purified and restored the civil administration, breathing life into dead constitutional forms; how, daring greatly, he thoroughly reformed the army, with drastic purgations; how, content that Spain should remain predominantly agricultural, he set afoot a great agrarian programme; how he sent the alien agitators flying from Catalonia and conciliated the Catalans and Basques by amending the constitution in the direction of larger provincial autonomy; how he balanced the budget and corrected the incidence of taxation; and much else needed in old Spain.

Even so, old Spain, reformed conformably to her genius, would remain aloof from new Europe and the United States. But she might again become the lodestar of her daughters of New

Spain; pan-Hispanism — nonpolitical — might become a force in the world. Though Don Joaquin Costa lock the tomb of the Cid with seven keys, the spirit of the Cid will abroad.

V

On October 31, one year from the day when Mussolini took office as Premier and the Fascist revolution was consummated, there were tremendous celebrations all over Italy. In the Sacred City the Roman Triumph, new style, of the previous year was repeated, and, as the Blackshirts tramped past the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, five hundred aircraft in ordered evolutions intercepted the view from Olympus. The most interesting feature of the celebration was the committal, by ardent patriots, to a bonfire on the Capitoline Hill, of Government promises to pay. It would be interesting to know how much of that precious food the flames licked up. 'T is pity the citizens of France should not similarly sacrifice their twenty-three billion dollars of Government securities. That would be a solution of the Reparations problem for you!

Mussolini has abated no jot of the Dictator. His manner of dealing with Parliament continues Cromwellian, and Parliament submits. Apparently he has evinced something like economic genius. It seems possible that he will show a balanced budget for the year — if so, a marvel! On the data available I incline to the opinion that in its first year of Government control Fascismo has been justified of its works. Yet one cannot rid oneself of a suspicion of results attained by extra-legal methods, of a doubt that such high-tension patriotism can be sustained, and a feeling that relaxation to a mean of humor and common sense might be safer and more beneficent.

Before Mussolini assumed the power, he permitted himself a luxury of Chauvinistic utterance comparable to d'Annunzio's. 'The Mediterranean must be an Italian lake; the Italian cantons of Switzerland must be redeemed:' that sort of thing. But, installed in office, he toned down. His policy was to be one of 'dignity and expansion within the limits of our possibilities, and of equilibrium.' He was for 'the greatest possible accord with Yugoslavia.' To be sure, at his meeting with Curzon and Poincaré before the first Lausanne Conference, he began by ruffling his plumes. 'Italy shall no longer be Britain's chambermaid,' and such-like Voltairean gems, fell from his lips. But in the presence of Lord Curzon's marmoreal dignity he soon lost his conceit of himself, his wings drooped, and he instructed his delegates at the Lausanne Conference to line up with the British.

That was in November 1922, and it was not until August of this year that Mussolini gave himself a loose. I must omit the details, however edifying. In the course of his rampaging, the hero nearly involved his country in war with Yugoslavia over Fiume, which must have caused a Balkan conflagration; he nearly involved his country in war with Greece, which must have involved ditto; he insolently challenged the indubitable competency of the League Council to deal with the Greco-Italian dispute referred to it by Greece; and he gave a shrewd jolt to the Entente.

So much harm can be done by a parvenu, swollen with conceit and unversed in the courtesies essential to international relations. In the event, Mussolini climbed down on the Greek matter with a flea in his ear, and this flea suggested that he go slow in the Fiume matter. At any rate, he withdrew his ultimatum to Belgrade and consented to resumption of negotia-

tions on a fresh basis. It should, however, be remarked that Fiume is a continuing danger spot, that there may be a blow-up any moment over Fiume. Opinions are 'at diameter and sword's-point' over the question whether the League of Nations gained or lost in prestige in consequence of the Council's manner of dealing with the challenge to its competency. In my opinion, it gained, thanks chiefly to Lord Cecil, who averted war, sufficiently vindicated League authority, and, with the tact of a great gentleman (in such contrast with Mussolini's behavior), allowed Mussolini to 'save face'—a matter so important to Romantics and Celestials. Mussolini furnished out the most interesting episode of the year, but proved a very sorry Orlando Furioso.

VI

The Bulgarian coup of June 9 was a little gem of a coup. Briefly, it resulted in the overthrow of the Agrarian Government, the death — while attempting to escape after capture — of Premier Stamboulisky, the dissolution of Parliament with its overwhelming Agrarian majority, and the restoration to power of the bourgeois parties, which include the survivors of those gentlemen who, in 1915, against the will of the majority of the Bulgarian nation, caused the adhesion of Bulgaria to the Central Powers. The coup was executed by the army and the reserve officers, and the new Government definitely rests on military support. Thus ends that interesting experiment of a Farmers' Government, and thus vanishes into air, into thin air, that by no means fantastic project so dearly cherished by Stamboulisky, of a Serbo-Bulgarian Federation which should control Balkan politics.

Partial as one could not fail to be to that experiment of a Farmers' Govern-

ment in a country over 80 per cent of whose men are farmers, one has to admit that the revolution was justified by Stamboulisky's internal policy. That policy could have been forgiven for addressing itself solely to the interests or supposed interests of the farmers; but it was, in addition, oppressive, confiscatory and vindictive toward the bourgeois. Stamboulisky had many magnificent qualities, but he lacked magnanimity. He could not forgive his three years' incarceration for his bold denunciation of Bulgaria's adhesion to Germany, and, released, took it out on the bourgeois; and they in turn took it out on him.

In his foreign policy Stamboulisky showed himself great. That policy was pacific and conciliatory and one of honest effort to fulfill the Treaty of Neuilly. It had one great reward in the reduction of the Bulgarian Reparations debt from \$450,000,000 to \$110,000,000. It failed, however, to secure from the Allies fulfillment of their promise to provide Bulgaria with a satisfactory economic outlet to the Ægean, Allied action in this matter having been stupid, pusillanimous and faithless.

It is too soon for an appraisal of the new Government. It has had to deal with a Communist revolution—a desperate bid ordered intempestively by Moscow in the hope of exploiting to the furtherance of the gospel of Lenin the peasants' fresh resentment on account of the affair of June. A good many peasants did join the Red standards, but the movement was badly coördinated and was rather easily suppressed. Information is lacking as to whether the Government is showing toward the Agrarians that clemency which alone can assure it length of life. The peasantry have acquired political consciousness, and, though the Agrarian leaders have not yet shown themselves

qualified to wield the power, they have doubtless learned much. By no means all the farmers belong to the Agrarian Party; but a misuse of their power by the bourgeois should mean the swelling of the Agrarians' ranks to irresistible strength.

Professor Zankoff declares that his Government is free of Chauvinism, Imperialism, pro-Germanism and other obnoxious isms, and that its foreign policies differ no whit from those of Stamboulisky. That may be true as regards the Allies, but Stamboulisky's policy of rapprochement with Serbia is defunct and along with it a plan for settlement of the very important Macedonian question on the federative principle.

It is proper that we give our eyes and ears to Bulgaria; for you have there, so to speak, the very Balkanization of the Balkan question. Somewhere in the Balkan range Atys hath her cave.

VII

The chief losers by the new face of things in Turkey, next to the Greeks, are the French. The French cease to be the predominant foreign influence in Turkey. Not that the French deserve worse than the British; merely, they fare worse. The abandonment by the French of their Armenian protégés in Cilicia, and even the French separate pact with Angora, were not more flagrant instances of faithless dealing, than was the manner in which the British Government egged on the Greeks against the Turks, or at any rate allowed them to entertain false hopes of British help, and then callously left them in the lurch. It might, however, plausibly be urged that the British in a way redeemed themselves by their bold stand at the Straits after the Smyrna massacre. At any rate, one British reputation stands out refulgent

from the murk and smells sweet amid the intolerable Near East stench — that of General Sir Charles Harington.

The French bid for the primacy in the Near and Middle East failed. Yet it should be some salve to French self-love that the *langue d'oil* gets a new lease of life as the language of diplomacy. O Oil, Oil! destined to embroil the earth.

Turkey is now a Republic with Mustapha Kemal as the first President. The courteous Turk (a Caucasian brother, for the Mongoloid strain is bred out) would fain soothe our feelings, ruffled by our diplomatic defeat at his hands, by pointing out the many ways in which he has done us the honor of imitation: citing the National Pact, the War of Independence, the programme of Turkification, the high tariffs, the C.U.P. (as like the K.K.K. as pea to pea), the Howling Dervishes . . . No more, sweet chuck!

VIII

So Tsao Kun, Super-Tuchun of Chi-li, Ho-nan, and Shan-tung, has reached the goal of his ambition; the Chinese Parliament (bribed, says Lady Rumor — for once probably correct) has elected him President of China. In a country immemorially governed by literati, he is illiterate. He has never shown any capacity except for Celestial intrigue and 'squeeze'; not even military capacity, for the fighting required to clear his path was done by Wu Pei-fu.

We may only hope that he will falsify a very unsavory reputation. For all that he is President, he is a far less important person than Wu Pei-fu. What, then, one wonders, doth Wu Pei-fu, super-Tuchun of Hu-nan and Hu-peh, able soldier, gentleman and literatus, intend? There is something very curious about his silence and ap-

parent inactivity all these months. He was, and probably still is, the cynosure of the best elements of changing China. Peradventure he lieth low, ready to intervene at the psychological moment.

There has been some increase of piracy and banditry in China during the past year, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the latter being the famous Linching affair. But we, too, have our lynching affairs, and our Klan, our hold-ups, our Arkansas and other outrages, our unexampled murder rate; in a comparison of behavior, China would come off the better.

It might be remarked, too, that the attitude of the Chinese toward banditry goes to the credit of their honesty and philosophy. The profession of common or garden banditry is not discredited in China. Why should it be? say the Chinese; for most of the other professions and occupations are merely allotropic forms thereof.

It were foolish, of course, seriously to contend that the future Ssu-ma Ch'ien will dwell lovingly on Chinese performances of the past year; but the following weighty thing is to be said by way of palliation: China is in the throes of an evolution as tremendous as any in the history of mankind. Such is the stability — social, economic, political — of the ancient fabric, that the process must needs be slow. Should the process be carried to the point of thorough Westernization and industrialization, the result would be disastrous not only to China but to the whole human race; should it be limited to absorption of certain desirable elements of Western science and thought, the result might well be a renaissance of the Chinese genius to astonish, delight, and benefit the world. O ye memories of Ch'ang-an, City of the Soul, Nest of the Lyric Bird!

IX

In the above, a selection was made of what seemed to the writer most important. A larger article would discourse of many other things, some scarcely less important, as:—

Of France and her Empire: how her foreign trade prospers; how the Sahara has been crossed by automobile and a trans-Saharan railroad is planned, besides other great colonial projects not feasible unless the Germans pay.

Of Austria: how under League auspices she is making a magical recovery.

Of Greece: of the burden of the Anatolian refugees and how the League has stepped in to help; of her political blunders and perplexities, and the likelihood of a republic.

Of Russia: how at the end of July the A.R.A., a great work of humanity well done, departed; of the crops, and whether there is a surplus to justify the exportations; of the logomachy between M. Chicherin and Lord Curzon and how the Briton unpen'd his foe, a tale right Curzonish and delectable; of the persecution of the churches, and whether or no the new religion, Communism, is to be blamed for adopting the militant methods of its predecessors; and of the new Constitution of the Union of Soviet Republics, which under verbal camouflage leaves the old blood-stained gang in control.

Of Egypt and its new democratic constitution.

Of how Self-Determination, Heavenly Maid, won a famous victory in Memelland.

Of the Baltic States: how nicely they are doing, balancing their budgets and maintaining stable currencies.

Of Japan: the earthquake, Mal-

thusian Nature, and what reason the Japanese, with a debt of only two billion dollars, have to congratulate themselves on the excellent past management of their finances.

Of the Fourth Assembly of the League of Nations and how Orlando Furioso Mussolini played havoc with the agenda.

Of aviation, and that the imagination must bestir itself to keep pace with its developments; nor should one forget that the future of war is in the air.

Of archæological activities: Tutankh-Amen and whether or no Lord Carnarvon was done to death by the outraged divinities of the Nile; the tablets of Nippur; Napata and Meroë, much new light on ancient Ethiopia; the boudoir of a Carthaginian lady, and how like Gwendolyn Smith is to Dido.

Of anthropology: the old boy of St.-Ouen, and the Patagonian chap with his Tertiary patina.

Of what a dreadful toll death has taken this year: President Harding, Steinmetz; Bonar Law, Frederic Harrison, Maurice Hewlett, Lord Morley; Ribot, de Freycinet, Delcassé, Pierre Loti, Sarah Bernhardt; Admiral Baron Kato, and Marquis Matsukata, last but one of the Genro.

Of how the Age of Mammals draws to a close; for Cynthia must have her fur coat and tippet — positively must, you know.

'T is the age of coups, ultimatums, and dictators, of oil and huggermugger finance, of vers libre and syncopated music, of mendacity and her allotropes: propaganda and publicity. 'T is 'a scrambling and unquiet time.' Some do say another Ice Age is toward; 't were well.

FASCISMO: REFORM OR REACTION

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ITALIAN SYNDICALISM

BY JAMES MURPHY

I

ONE of the most striking features of public life in Italy is the prevalence of syndicalism as an adjunct to politics. We have here a condition of affairs which does not exist elsewhere; for there is no other country wherein each political party in the national representative assembly looks for its mandate, wholly or partly, to a specially organized following among the working classes. This fact is of fundamental importance in any serious study of current affairs in Italy; for it underlies the whole trend of the Fascist movement and looks to-day as if it must inevitably become the controlling factor in the future policy of the Fascist Government.

All these followings, with the exception of those under the Fascists, used to be explicitly revolutionary in character and purpose. The revolution was to be effected by means of a concerted national strike and the simultaneous expropriation of farms and factories. Pending the advent of this extra-parliamentary coup-d'état, Italian labor leaders discountenanced the policy of a progressive series of remedial measures for the social and economic betterment of the working classes. Italian labor leaders did not seriously pretend to champion the workman's cause within the established political order. They gave him a

tessera, which was in effect a promissory note entitling him to a share in the revolutionary millennium which was to be delivered at a future date.

The holder considered that the note fell due in 1920. The opportune moment for the revolution had arrived. The diplomatic defeat inflicted on the Italians at the Peace Conference had completely undermined public confidence in the traditional ruling classes. Strikes were a matter of daily occurrence, not for the purpose of securing increased wages or better working-conditions, but merely on the slightest pretext that could be found, such as the appearance of a military uniform in a railway carriage, or the forwarding of a consignment of ammunition from a factory. Bands of farm laborers seized the lands on which they worked. Tenants refused to recognize the right of a proprietor to his rent. Postal services became thoroughly disorganized. Passengers' goods were openly confiscated in transit. In some centres of northern and central Italy Socialist coöperative stores monopolized the right of distribution. A labor coupon was often indispensable for the purchase of the necessities of life.

This was revolution in a guerrilla form. Obviously it could not effect the general purpose dreamed of by the leaders. As a matter of fact, it was

largely not due to their immediate inspiration or initiative. Demobilization, the sudden unleashing of the bonds of discipline under which the masses had been held during the war, dislocation of labor as a result of the withdrawal of government orders from factories, the topsy-turvy intermingling of new classes that had not yet found their respective social *cadres*, the insolence of war wealth, the callous abandonment of ex-service men on the part of an ineffably futile Government, repudiation of pledges, the sting of the diplomatic defeat suffered at Versailles, war sorrows and deprivations on the part of those who had given the country of their best — the accumulation of all these bitter experiences raised a spirit of revolt that spread like wildfire among the masses. Everybody felt the necessity of protesting against something or somebody. Even the most patriotic of those who had fought and suffered in the war could not at times withstand the temptation of asking themselves whether it had been worth while or whether, after all, the Socialists might not have been wiser in their generation than those who had counseled intervention in 1915.

According to the Maximalist element of the Socialists, the revolutionary dawn had arrived. It needed only the word of command for a decisive attack to overthrow the whole bourgeois state. By the opening of September some factories in Piedmont had already been invaded. It was the signal for the general advance. The Maximalist element prevailed in the Socialist councils. The strike was proclaimed, and during the first weeks of September the bulk of the metallurgical factories were occupied.

The grand offensive ended in complete disaster. The experiment of factory control on the part of employees lasted scarcely a month. Technical

heads of departments and skilled foremen left the works. The machine hands and manual laborers had had no technical training or administrative experience. They knew nothing of the ways and means whereby raw materials could be provided. They had no organization for the commercial disposal of whatever goods they might manufacture. Though internal councils of control were established, in accordance with plans that had been matured on paper decades ago, this did not solve the strike trouble. In one of the principal Roman factories, for instance, the manual workers demanded an increase of wages. This being refused, they sent a two hours' ultimatum to the Factory Council and proclaimed a strike. The net result of the grandiose experiment throughout the country was that, after the experience of a month, the white flag floated above the factories and the old régime was reinstated.

The psychological effect on the masses was tremendous. It broke their faith in the Maximalist theory of class warfare and in the effectiveness of labor organizations based on that theory. Moreover, the failure of the factory invasion stultified the whole Socialist position; for it proved that, even if the revolution were to be accomplished, labor would still need expert management of capital and technical guidance, not only in the actual industry but also in commerce, before it could operate the patrimony of the capitalist. It was this general conviction that took the heart out of the Socialist domination of the working classes. The old order had broken down and the way was open for a new system of industrial organization.

II

It is important to bear this chronological order of events in mind for the

purpose of understanding the Fascist syndicalist movement which followed in the wake of the Socialist débâcle. But in order to discover its deeper sources, we must, in the first place, ask why it was that syndicalism of a revolutionary type had become so prevalent in Italy.

The answer will be found in the fact that the arrival of Italy among the modern industrial and commercial nations of Europe had been delayed for generations. Thirty years ago the Italian workman was still, morally and materially, the bound vassal of his employer. Neither on the one side nor on the other was there a consciousness of the dignity of labor as a social function, or of the more material idea of labor as free merchandise in the open market. Only with the advancement of the industrial revival, which set in thirty years ago, did Italian labor begin to be dimly conscious of its value as a national asset. It formed the overwhelming bulk of the population, with no solid middle class to stand between it and the ruling caste. On the part of the latter there was no serious attempt at democratic administration. The ruling caste, whose political organ was the Liberal Party, surrounded itself with a massed array of bureaucratic servitors; and thus in the minds of the working classes the whole paraphernalia of government became invested with the padronal idea.

If the government of the country had been in the hands of the aristocracy, so that some traditional bond would have existed between it and the laboring classes, the attitude of the latter might have been different. But only a small fraction of the old aristocracy had actively interested itself in the *risorgimento*, or in the subsequent national government. The political coterie that had championed the cause of the House

of Savoy maintained itself in power by dint of interminable bargaining for the patronage of the *grande bourgeoisie*, — a rather meagre element in Italy, — and by paying a philanderer's court to the *petite bourgeoisie*. The latter, being ex officio of a servile temperament, was content to fetch and carry for its patrons, in return for the bestowal of a cavalier's cross or the appointment of a son or relative to some minor official position.

In such circumstances it was inevitable that non-Liberal political parties should turn to the proletariat for support and that those who organized labor under pressure of the industrial revival should have placed the wholesale scrapping of the bureaucracy in the forefront of their policy. It is well to note, in addition, that the present position of the Savoy monarchy is the result of a compromise between Garibaldian revolutionaries and Piedmontese politicians. The compromise quickened rather than quelled the revolutionary spirit that had been enkindled in the heart of the proletariat by the appeal of Garibaldian and Mazzinian ideals. Therefore their revolutionary policy gave the Socialist labor organizers the political kudos of having inherited the Garibaldian tradition. This was exploited to its utmost — so much so that no other political party operating in the same sphere could have avoided being drawn into the revolutionary vortex of the Socialist organizers. This is the explanation of how it came to be that the Popular Party, though confessedly Catholic, found itself, by force of circumstances, in the Socialist train.

The pith of the Socialist labor policy was the deferment of remedial measures pending the revolution. The political question must be solved before the economic question could be taken in hand. That was the strategic key of the

whole position. If by any unforeseen combination of circumstances the economic question were solved through other means, and exploitation of the economic inferiority of their *protégés* were thus rendered impossible, the Socialists faced inevitable defeat.

The war brought the solution of the economic problem in its train. The strength of the middle classes dwindled under the economic burden; that of the proletariat increased. The result was that an upward exodus took place in the case of the latter, to meet the downward exodus of the former; and thus a new democracy was created. In Italy that democracy has a conservative trend, for the following reason.

Over two thirds of the Italian people live by agriculture. Female labor on the land is an invariable tradition of the countryside. Therefore conscription did not rob the agrarian districts of manual labor to the same serious degree as in other countries. The high cost of living, which was keenly felt by the bourgeoisie, redounded to the enrichment of the peasantry. Labor was at a high premium, owing to the increased national demand for food-supplies and the crisis precipitated by the submarine blockade. High wages and exemption from military service were the rule in the industrial centres.

Now, the Italian workman, whether in field or factory, is one of the most thrifty individuals in Europe. In the case of the industrial employee the family savings are generally deposited in the bank, sometimes invested in house property or in the purchase of small plots of cultivable land wherever workmen's dwellings are situated on the outskirts of towns and cities. This latter phenomenon is particularly prevalent, owing to the large percentage of small industrial plants established in little country towns and villages. The rural laborer invariably keeps a nest-

egg at the savings bank, with the ultimate idea of securing property in his own right. To this end he is generally assisted by the accumulated savings of his relatives; for you will generally find in the villages and hamlets throughout Italy that the bulk of the inhabitants are interrelated and will club together when economic opportunities or necessities arise.

For landed proprietors on a medium or large scale the war brought a totally different message. Labor, taxes, seeds, machinery, live stock, and so forth made staggering demands on the landlord's purse. Revenue could not keep pace with overhead expenses. Property was becoming a burden. Social unrest and the prospect of war disasters constantly disturbed the landowner's dreams. Therefore it needed no extraordinary amount of persuasion to force him to sell, or to cede the land either on a percentage basis of profits or on lease.

The Socialist revolution was obviously being forestalled by the advancement of the solution of the economic problem. The peasant generally becomes conservative when he finds himself with a vested claim in the land. His political orientation henceforth is not toward a revolution. It tends rather toward a consolidation of the status quo; and for this purpose he becomes directly interested in the political management of affairs. Considering that out of a total of 1,926,861 enrolled in the 'red' syndicates 889,000¹ represented rural labor, and taking this in conjunction with what has been just said of the 'white' syndicates, it is not difficult to see how seriously the transformation of which I have spoken must have affected the strength of the Socialist and semi-Socialist labor policy. That is the fundamental social-eco-

¹ See the Official Organ, *Baltaglie Sindacali*, Sept. 11, 1920.

conomic explanation of the ultimate failure of the strikes of 1919-1920.

III

At this juncture it was that Fascism began to gather strength as a political movement. Hitherto it had been only a sporadic crusade against the Communist vilification of the war and those who had fought in it. The old bourgeoisie, with its stunted political consciousness and its soul knocking against its ribs under the terror of the Socialist revolutionary braggadocio, plucked up courage and ran to the walls on receiving news that the Black Shirts were marching to its aid. The new bourgeoisie, especially the rural section, which had a fairly sound sense of political values, as the result of its apprenticeship in the Socialist school, immediately recognized the possibility of finding through Fascism a political solution of its own problem in accordance with the economic solution which the war had brought about. It was on the shoulders of this combination that the Fascists were borne into power.

Once the reins of government were in its hands, Fascism forthwith turned toward the consolidation of its position by inaugurating an intensive campaign for the reorganization of labor on a national basis. This is the underlying motif of the whole Fascist policy during the past twelve months. But it is hardly noticed by the Roman newspaper correspondents who find their principal copy in the shifting scenes of the political drama.

The Fascists, however, know that their supporters are looking to their bread rather than to their Circenses. Signor Mussolini realizes that his success or failure must ultimately depend upon how far his legislative and administrative policies correspond to the demands of that realistic section of the

nation which seriously interests itself in national production. He has called Bologna 'the strategic key of every situation,' because it is the agricultural capital of the valley of the Po, which is the most productive district in Italy. He knows that the art of political showmanship will butter no parsnips in the valley of the Po; and therefore he has denied himself the facile triumph which he might have had at any time during the past twelve months had he chosen to appeal to the polls. An appeal to the polls in such circumstances would not have resulted in returning to Parliament the type of deputy which the new conditions demand; for probably not even yet has the Fascist labor movement been sufficiently expanded and systematized to warrant a selection of candidates from among its syndical élite. Fascist syndicalism is therefore the kernel of the present political situation.

The movement is of interest even outside of Italy. The working owner, whether in the manual, technical, or administrative sphere, is its central pivot. It is not a labor organization in the traditional sense of being based on class distinction, but rather in the more comprehensive sense of an organic functional collaboration between the various categories actively interested in the economic welfare of the country. By establishing a vital connection between parliament and the syndical confederation, Fascism hopes to eliminate the professional politician and thus solve the problem of industrial unrest, which is at the core of practically all the national difficulties in Europe.

The new syndical movement was formally launched at Ferrara in October, 1921. In the following January a definite corporative constitution was decided upon at a meeting held in Bologna, where the organization was officially registered as *La Confedera-*

zione Nazionale delle Corporazioni Sindacali. It is interesting to note that these two cities had formerly been the citadels of 'red' labor. The founders, and those who came in on the ground floor, as it were, of the new Confederation, represented the new middle class which the war has created. In June, 1922, the first National Congress was held in Milan, at which half a million members were represented. On June 30, 1923, the second National Congress assembled in Rome. It was officially stated by the Secretary, at the inaugural session, that the membership of the Confederation then exceeded 1,500,000. Since that time another half-million has been added; so that the present total exceeds that reached by the 'red' syndicates in September 1920, when the Socialists were at the zenith of their power. Over eighty per cent of those enrolled in the new association are secessionists from the 'red' and 'white' groups of syndicates.

The Socialist Confederation felt so seriously the loss thus incurred that it decided on radical measures for the purpose of consolidating the following which has still remained faithful in the industrial centres of Lombardy, Liguria, and Piedmont. On August 24, 1923, a special convention was called for this purpose, to meet at Milan. The result of its deliberations was that two thirds of the delegates voted in favor of a resolution which formally renounced all future connection with the Socialist political party. The other leading clauses of the resolution repudiated the principle of international affiliation and declared the Confederation ready to follow the national policy of the Fascist Government. This furnishes a striking index of the extraordinary moral influence which the new organization has had on the policy of its competitors.

The cardinal teachings of the Fascist

Confederation are expressed in the following paragraphs, selected textually from the body of the statutes:—

Under the title of *Confederazione Nazionale delle Corporazioni Sindacali* is hereby constituted, throughout the whole territory subject to the Italian State, an association which unites under the symbol of the Italian flag, without distinction of sex or religion, citizens of every class and category who are engaged in manual or intellectual labor.

The Confederation affirms that syndicalism is no longer a specific institutional fact confined solely to 'labor' classes and categories. The example of the latter has given a dynamic syndical impulse to other classes, as a result of which, syndical organization has definitely become an institutional fact of the whole population. As such it is incorporated and identified with the Nation, the supreme synthesis of the material and spiritual values of the race.

The Confederation affirms that the development of production presupposes and implies an increment of capital for the purpose of investment in the ever increasing bulk of new inventions and labor contrivances; but this increment must not result from a diminution of wages where these are consonant with industrial conditions and the general cost of living.

The Confederation affirms that the evolutionary increase of production and the constant addition of new labor-devices implies the multiplication of productive categories, a progressive increase in the bulk of the middle classes, and a correspondingly wider distribution of wealth and prosperity. This implies that proletariat élite are thereby placed in a position wherein it is possible for them to acquire directly the ownership or the management of the means of production, thus rendering themselves socially and technically indispensable.

The Confederation affirms that classification of society is a necessity, inasmuch as it corresponds to respective functions inherent in the graduated scale of duties which is indispensable in a rational organization of labor and production. Therefore classes grow in number according as the

functions of organized society become multiplied to meet the demands of an economic régime wherein an intensive degree of production has been evolved. Progressive economic evolution, therefore, will never be possible if graded classification be abolished; for this would mean a retrogression and arrest of social functions in the sphere of labor.

The Confederation affirms that the dynamic law of civilization does not consist in a struggle between classes, that is to say, between social functions; much less in collaboration between classes, which would mean a confusion of functions. It consists rather in the *lotta delle capacità* [struggle for the triumph of fitness], that is to say, in a struggle on the part of inferior classes toward an increase in technical ability, so that they may eventually be capable of discharging the functions of higher grades, according as the latter become worn out or fail to maintain the requisite standard of excellence demanded by their respective categories.

The final paragraph discloses one of the most interesting features of the organization. Here we have the creation of *gruppi di competenza*, bodies of experts attached to the various syndicates, and, instead of using political propaganda, the new masters say, in effect, to their pupils:—

‘It is vain to hope for salvation through the thaumaturgical power of a political bouleversement. This truth was brought home to you by the experience of the invasion of the factories. We do not come to you from Lenin, or Trotsky, or Karl Marx, but from our common motherland of Italy where syndicates flourished and prospered, to the welfare of the community and the individual, centuries before the name or the language of Marx was articulate on men’s lips. To go forward to-day, you must go backward. You must take up the broken tradition of Latin syndicalism where it was left in the twilight of the Renaissance. From there you will find

that it stretches back in an unbroken series to the Roman syndicates, the *Collegia Romana*, whose power and prestige are monumentalized in the mammoth skeleton of the Roman Empire that has not even yet been buried in the soil of Europe.² Syndicalism accounts for the Colosseum and St. Peter’s, for the roads and harbors of the ancient Roman world, for the glory and wealth of Genoa and Venice and Florence. This is the ideal which we would revive. The syndicalism of those days was essentially a labor school wherein advancement was the guerdon awarded for work and study. There is no utopia in the ballot-box; the Kingdom of Utopia, like the Kingdom of Heaven, is within you. Each man must work out his own economic salvation. The blackboard and the lecture-screen and the model workshop must take the place of the red flag as the *vexillum* of your faith.’

So far as concerns individual members, the specific purpose of Fascist syndicalism is, therefore, instructional. Naturally, the defense of the workman’s just claims is not neglected; but this is a sub-function. The dominating principle is that of technical collaboration. This is one of the reasons why a decentralized territorial system of regimentation has been adopted; for otherwise it would be impossible to ensure continuity of apprenticeship, or to organize technical training on a basis that would correspond to the opportunities and demands of particular localities. Moreover, seeing that a devolutionary scheme in favor of the workman, for the gradual acquirement of a vested interest in the enterprise wherein he is engaged, is one of the features of the organization, it is necessary to have a certain amount of local stability in each syndicate.

²See Mommsen, *De collegiis et sodaliciis Romanorum*.

The provincia, which corresponds to the county in English-speaking countries, is taken as the basis of local autonomy wherever this is practicable. In cases such as seamen's and railroad-men's unions, where the county obviously could not be taken as the territorial unit of distribution, an alternative system is adopted. For functional purposes, however, this alternative system follows the rule laid down for the counties. Each county has a syndicate for every category of employment within its boundaries. In this connection the word 'employment' is taken to include all grades actively interested in any enterprise. Therefore intellectual labor of every type, whether on the part of proprietors or their managers, comes within the ambit of the Confederation. Directors, managers, and technical heads of departments form the first syndicate. Office-staffs, salespeople, and the like, constitute the next; and so on, down to the category of purely manual labor. One county syndicate has no direct relation with other county syndicates of the same category, or with syndicates of different categories within the same county. Each county syndicate must deal independently with its own labor problems, as regards wages and so forth.

In the new régime, therefore, the principle of the national strike is banned. This is held to be in the interests of the workmen as well as of the community. The national strike is not of its nature an effective weapon against the greed or tyranny of employers; for employers can afford to wait when they find themselves automatically banded together by the sudden cessation of the national industry in question. In the case of localized strikes the effect is otherwise; for then the united capitalist front is broken and recalcitrant employers are more easily brought to book. Provision is therefore made for

local strikes, on the part of county syndicates acting autonomously. But they will have to go carefully. The Government is at present engaged on a scheme of legislation which will give juridical recognition to the new syndicates, thus raising them to the status of responsible legal bodies bound by their contracts. This is true both for employers' syndicates and for those of employees. Labor contracts, to be binding in law, must be sanctioned by the corporation to which the contracting syndicates belong; and as these contracts will not be sanctioned except on the advice of *gruppi di competenza*, acting impartially on both sides, there can be no question of injustice or duress on either side.

IV

We come now to the corporation. This is the coördinating centre of the whole system. Therefore its function is distinct from that of the syndicate. The latter is constituted on the horizontal lines that separate one category of employment from another, whereas the corporation is constructed on the vertical lines that divide the whole bulk of national production into a series of specifically distinct industrial groups. Each branch of national production has its special corporation, wherein all the county syndicates of the industry in question are represented on the basis of one delegate for every autonomous syndicate. Masters and men meet in the corporation, though not in the syndicate. The former is, therefore, the national parliament of a particular industrial branch. Its scope is concerned with discussion of general problems affecting the industry as a whole, and the enactment of measures calculated to facilitate and forward its well-being. The function of the corporation being essen-

tially technical and juridical, it does not deal with local administrative problems of labor and employment, except as the supreme court of appeal in case of disputes; but it deals with the social welfare of labor as a whole, considered as a dynamic factor in the prosperity of the specific industry which the corporation represents.

The administrative function of the corporation is entrusted to four principal departments. Each of these has a departmental county branch attached to the syndicates; so that there is a perfectly articulated organic system reciprocating between the periphery and centre of the whole organism.

We are here confronted by a highly developed organization on a comprehensive scale. The laborer is no longer left with his grievance on the doorstep of the Constitution, to howl his antiphony of threats and prayers; he is received into the national family and given his just place according to his birthright. The impact of the war has served to bring out what was already a latent force struggling for free play.

In 1913, for instance, British trades-unions had a membership of 3,965,000. In 1920 they reached the grand total of 8,024,000.³ In France the membership of the *Confédération Générale du Travail* reached about one million in 1913. Seven years later the number had increased to 2,700,000.⁴ Within the same period German unions increased from five to seven millions; and Italian from 900,000 to about three and a half millions. At this rate of progress it would be unreasonable to suppose that syndicalism could remain outside the State without seriously affecting the authority of State institutions.

Italy has been the first of the beligerents to attempt a comprehensive

solution on a national basis. It has this important recommendation in its favor, namely, that it has already been tried with signal success. In choosing the principle of technical instruction as the pivot of their scheme, the Italians have gone to the core of Latin syndicalism as practised in Roman times and in the Middle Ages. The curve of economic prosperity in the history of the Republic and the Empire, from the middle of the third century, B.C. to the time of Constantine, runs *pari passu* with the rise and fall of professional training in the *Collegia Romana*.

It is interesting to point to the inspirational source of the present Italian movement. The dream of the Fascist organizers is to revive the old corporations and adapt them to modern demands. They would reconstruct Italian polity on an economic basis, grouping all elements engaged in national production into syndical units and regrouping these units into representative bodies called corporations. Of these representative bodies they would make the central pivot of political power. Already the parliamentary parties are in an advanced state of liquidation. Even Fascists themselves are seriously canvassing the formal dissolution of the Fascist National Political Party; so that the syndical corporations would eventually be the sole organic link between the central government and the nation. The idea is that by a process of natural selection in the activities of the syndicates and corporations an industrial élite will rise to the surface and keep renewing its worn-out elements by a steady upward exodus from the lower strata. According as this élite has experience of governing in the syndicates and corporations, its members will be chosen for the National Parliament, and thus it is hoped that the professional politician may ultimately be eliminated.

³ See *Labour Gazette*, December, 1920.

⁴ See Gide: *Les Institutions de Progrès Social*; Paris, 1921.

A LEAGUE PICTURE

BY SARAH WAMBAUGH

I

WERE Aristotle to visit again this earth which he so earnestly tried to tell us how to govern, it is safe to say that he would have been at Geneva last September. For there he would have seen the ablest men, and a few of the women, of our twentieth-century world, at grips with the problem which has baffled us from Aristotle's time to now: the problem of how to enable sovereign States — some three score there are now — to live together in the world in peace. To the student of politics there can be no more fascinating occupation than to watch at Geneva the effort to banish the old diplomacy, with its basis of partisanship and emotion, and to put in its place a wholly new technique, which shall turn politics into a science.

Geneva in September means blue lake between purple hills, and Mont Blanc snowcapped and radiant through the autumn haze: a noble setting for the greatest of adventures in the political laboratory, the four weeks' session of the League Assembly. The little provincial city is transformed for the month into the world's capital. For days before the opening of the Assembly, the trains from Paris, Milan, and the East pour the delegations into the city, and with them an ever-increasing army of tourists, chiefly Americans come to act in our national rôle of observers. There are fifty-four States in the League, each entitled to send three delegates, and as many alternates, ex-

perts, attachés, and secretaries as it may choose: counting their families, some of the delegations have over fifty individuals attached to them. If anyone still seriously wonders whether the League is alive, let him ask the hotel-keepers of Geneva.

It was thus that the world was gathering together at Geneva on the first day of last September, preparing to spend the month on discussion of the reduction of armaments, the protection of minorities, mandates, an amendment to Article X of the Covenant, and the effort to put an end to the white-slave traffic and the abuse of opium, when, like a thunderbolt, came Mussolini's addition to the agenda, the bombardment of Corfu. The delegates gathering at the headquarters of the League, which are in the offices of the Permanent Secretariat, a large building, formerly the Hotel National, on the shore of the lake to the north of the city, found the Council already in session, considering what should be its action in answer to the appeal from Greece, received that morning. In the Council room and in the hall outside there was a cosmopolitan gathering of people — the German President of the Free City of Danzig, who must be quite the tallest man in Europe, the Polish Commissioner for Danzig, the League High Commissioner for Danzig, and the League Commissioner for the Saar plebiscite preliminaries, were standing about, waiting for their questions to

be taken up in turn by the Council. Mingling with these was a great crowd of spectators from many countries, among them so many Americans that one could scarcely count them. Add to these over two hundred journalists from all over the world—several score of these also from America—and one has some idea of the audience before which the Council and the Assembly meet and work.

I have seen the opening of three of the League Assemblies, but no familiarity can ever blunt the sense of wonder and exaltation with which I look down from the balcony on those men and women, ambassadors, prime ministers, secretaries for foreign affairs, members of parliaments, professors of international law, and specialists in social welfare, from the four quarters of the globe, gathered behind rows of plain wooden desks, prepared to give their attention for a month to dealing with the world's business. Persian fez and Hindu turban; tall, clean-shaven men from Britain; bearded Frenchmen; solidly built Hollanders; fair-haired Lithuanians; olive-skinned Latin Americans; swarthy Greeks; Vikings from the north—the hall is alive with the color of history and the flavor of paradox. Rumania, escaped from Turkish rule only in the eighteen-fifties, always sends a woman as member of her delegation; Poland, alive again after a century of death, is here, and hoping for a seat on the League Council; Lithuania, where pagan priests kept alive their sacred fires until the end of the fourteenth century when Christianity at last drove out the ancient gods, after centuries of servitude, is here also, alive and lusty with a new nationalism.

Nothing could be plainer than the hall itself, a modern concert hall for all it is named the Salle de la Reformation. Little has been done to transform

it into an assembly hall, except to remove the chairs and to put in temporary desks. The Assembly hall is long and narrow, and there is only one door; yet there is no bothering over precedence. The modern diplomat no longer cares who goes before him, a delegate of a great power or a small one, ally or former enemy, marquis, or peasant premier, or stenographer. As for seating, common sense long ago found that the alphabet provided an excellent way of solving the difficulty, and the delegations are arranged in the order of the French version of the names of their countries.

Time has brought another change, and one of even greater significance: around the hall run two balconies, from which the press and the public can watch the proceedings. Looking down from the balcony on the delegations below, one saw many who were already veterans in League work. Here again were Lord Robert Cecil, guardian spirit of the League, and Professor Gilbert Murray, and Dr. Nansen, and M. Branting, twice Prime Minister of Sweden and now her representative on the League Council; M. Motta, formerly President of Switzerland, one of the great orators of former Assemblies, and Señor Edwards of Chile, last year's president of the Assembly. Here too were Beneš, Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, and Louden, Minister of Holland at Paris, who combines an acute mind with a fine spirit and a most gracious presence. In the French seats were again Gabriel Hanotaux and Henri de Jouvenel. Of the great figures of the last Assembly one missed the courtly presence of Lord Balfour, and of Léon Bourgeois, full of years and honors, the father of the League in France.

As one looked down from the balcony on all these well-known faces, one could forecast from former Assemblies the

rôle that each would play. The conservative leaders, anxious to keep the mind of the Assembly on the world-as-it-is, would be Hanotaux and Jouvenel. The liberal leaders, pressing always for the world-as-it-ought-to-be, would be Nansen, Branting, Murray, and Motta, with Lord Robert at their head. But Lord Robert was there no longer as a free lance: he was now in Balfour's chair as head of the delegation of the British Empire, and the permanent British representative on the League Council. With this greater responsibility would he be as free as before to break a lance in the cause of publicity of debate and the competence of the League? He was to give a noble answer to this question.

II

On the first day of the Assembly come the speech of welcome by the President of the Council and the election of the President of the Assembly. It is an impressive moment, this of the first roll-call of the nations, when the interpreter thunders out, 'Afrique du Sud — Albanie — Belgique — Empire Britannique — Bulgarie — Canada — Chili — Chine' — and so through the long list of fifty-two, while the chief delegate of each country walks up the aisle, climbs the stairs to the platform, and drops his ballot into the box, which, as it happens, is presided over by an American, a member of the Secretariat. It is a dramatic moment also because the election gives some slight indication, supposedly, of the strength of certain interests in the Assembly. It may, however, be only a negative indication, as it was this year. That Motta, the second candidate, was defeated was due to the determination of the French not to have as president a man who has many times urged the admission of Germany into the League; but that Torriente was elected was due to the

strategy of the second Cuban delegate, Señor Aguero, whose skill in making slates at past Assemblies had earned for him the title of 'The Great Elector.'

The full meetings of the Assembly are the place for set speeches and formal votes. At Geneva, as in other assemblies, the real work is done in committees, and there the important discussions take place. In the League Assembly, however, each of the six regular committees, among which the agenda is divided, is a committee of the whole, for each State has a member on each committee. The choice of the chairmen of these committees is a matter of considerable excitement, especially to those delegates, chiefly from our own hemisphere, who take an absorbing interest in the prestige of office-holding. Ordinarily the rest of the world, which, after all, gets quite its share of the places, looks on with interest.

This year all such minor issues were blotted out by the intense preoccupation over the Græco-Italian affair and the Council's probable course. The elections were held and the committees constituted. Then the Assembly adjourned its plenary sessions to give the Council time to work out its problem without comment from the Assembly platform.

Yet the Assembly, though silent as a body, had quickly become the chief actor in the drama. By the presence of the delegates in Geneva, in three days public opinion had been focused and become a living thing. The world found at Geneva that it was united against both the Italian action and the Italian arguments. The latter the delegates dismissed with the explanation that Mussolini's chief legal adviser was on his vacation, — as I believe he actually was, — and that Mussolini had never read the Covenant. It was the small States which

felt most bitterly, for each saw itself in the place of Greece. Hitherto unorganized, they were learning solidarity through the common danger. They were already showing at Geneva an unexpected attachment to the Covenant and a determination to assert its power.

It was against this background that the scenes of the Corfu drama so swiftly unfolded. The story has been already told of the now famous Council meeting when Italy's challenge was met by Lord Robert with the simple reading of the Covenant, and of the later meeting when, through the Conference of Ambassadors, came the pledge of Italy to leave Corfu, and Politis uttered his words of heartfelt gratitude to the League for what it had accomplished.

Corfu had been saved and war averted; but there remained the most intense anxiety that the Council should make a formal answer to the Italian denial of the competence of the League over a great Power in a question of its national honor. We knew that in the Council the struggle was incessant to induce Italy at least to let the question of competence go to the World Court. From the Council meetings, now private, came rumors of battle, of Lord Robert and Branting indefatigable in their efforts to get an agreement that should accord with the prestige of the League, and of Salandra, turning this way and that under the argument, but always obdurate. Ten days of this suspense the Assembly had to endure, while the Council was struggling with the issue.

Meanwhile, however, the Assembly delegates were busily at work in the committees, each of which sat for a full half-day at least three times a week and sometimes oftener. To visitors and journalists it is always a puzzle to choose each day which committee to

watch, for there is always some interesting or amusing debate on in every one. This year in the Committee on Legal Questions, they were considering the Canadian proposal to amend Article X of the Covenant; in the Committee on Technical Questions, the League's High Commissioner in Vienna was reporting on the restoration of Austrian finances, which is so far the League's greatest achievement; in the Committee on Disarmament, the draft Treaty for Mutual Guaranty was being debated; in the Committee on Budget and Finances, there were most revealing differences of opinion; in the Committee on Political Questions, there were the admission of Ireland, the protection of minorities, the report of the Mandates Commission, and other matters; and in the Committee on Social and General Questions, there were the debates on the measures to check white slavery and the abuse of opium, and to promote intellectual coöperation between the universities and other learned bodies of the world. It is to this committee that the women delegates sent by Great Britain, Australia, Rumania, and the Scandinavian countries are always assigned, on the ground, no doubt, that women are supposed to be more keenly interested than men in social welfare. Gilbert Murray presided with Attic humor over the committee, which contained some most interesting personalities, among them Lord Hardinge, once Viceroy of India, and Marquis MacSwiney, formerly chamberlain to the Pope, and now, as one of the Irish delegates, doing his duty by always voting against England, and, moreover, not even voting in English, but in French. And here for three days Congressman Porter, sent to Geneva by the State Department to consult with the Assembly Committee upon the subject of opium, sat with the fifty-two mem-

bers of the League, and paid an unexpected tribute to the 'prestige of the League of Nations.'

III

By far the most important of the committees this year was the Committee on Disarmament, for here was being earnestly debated the fundamental problem before the world — how to reduce the land armaments which are rapidly driving Europe and the rest of the world to bankruptcy.

Article VIII of the Covenant calls for 'the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety, and the enforcement by common action of international obligations'; and provides that the Council, 'taking account of the geographical situation and circumstances of each State, shall formulate plans for such reduction for the consideration and action of the several governments.' For four years the Permanent Military Naval and Air Commission of the League had been at work on the question. Three years ago a temporary mixed commission, with an equal number of representatives of capital, labor, and the public, had been appointed to help it. Even with this assistance, little progress had been made until the Third Assembly. There Lord Robert Cecil, pressing hard for some definite plan for a reduction of armament, had been met by the French insistence on the need of preliminary guaranties. The phrase, 'No disarmament without guaranties, no guaranties without disarmament,' was adopted by the Third Assembly as a fundamental principle. Lord Robert was then added to the Temporary Mixed Commission, and there, in collaboration with Colonel Requin, the chief French military expert on both the commissions, worked out a treaty of Mutual Guaranty,

which, in outline at least, was satisfactory to the French as a preliminary to the reduction of armaments. It was this treaty, of which Lord Robert is the 'spiritual father,' which was up for discussion, article by article.

Of all the debates at this Assembly this was the most revealing of the national fears and policies of the different States of the world. On the first article, which declares aggressive war a crime, they were all agreed, but they differed on every other one. It was a useful lesson to anyone who thinks the problem of land-disarmament a simple one.

The general plan of the treaty was that all the countries of one continent should guarantee each other against aggression. In the debate in the Mixed Commission, however, it had become evident at once that the Powers with the greatest armies, France, Poland, and the Little Entente, would not consider any general guaranty, dependent as it would be on a vote of the Council for its application, a sufficient protection to warrant any reduction of armament. They had insisted that there should be included in the treaty a recognition of the right to enter into partial treaties of defense as well. To this, Lord Robert, realist in his idealism, and seeing it as the price of securing even the first step in disarmament, had agreed, but only on the condition that the partial treaties were not to be valid until they had been approved by the Council as in harmony with the Covenant, and had been published to the world.

But the very recognition of partial treaties had raised up other opponents. Italy, no doubt with the Little Entente in mind, was strongly opposed to any recognition whatever of partial treaties. So too was Japan, who needs no defense in the Pacific; so too were Norway and Sweden, who, safe in their northern peninsula, fear nothing except

a return to the old system of partial alliances. These latter were worried also lest, to meet their obligations under the general Treaty of Guaranty, they might have to increase their small armaments rather than diminish them; while the South American States were anxious to have it understood that their armaments were already reduced to the lowest possible amount.

Many, of course, among both delegates and audience were fearful that the partial treaties would mean a return to the old world-order. Action under them was not to be dependent on any discussion in the Council. An act of aggression was to bring them automatically into force, for the French military advisers had insisted that the delay of waiting on any discussion whatever would make action too late and the treaties of no military value. Again Lord Robert had compromised with reality. It was a bewildering situation for the liberal group who had been accustomed to look to him implicitly for guidance. Confident as ever of his integrity of purpose, could they be sure that in his desire for its accomplishment he had not surrendered too much to the philosophy of militarism?

The debates took place in the great glass room, the scene of so much of the League's history. In committee the fifty-two delegates sit always about three long tables, placed end to end in a hollow square, with the interpreters and the other members of the Secretariat at the end, behind the Chairman. The Chairman of this committee was the Polish Ambassador to London, M. Skirmunt. On his right, at one side of the hollow square sat the two sponsors of the treaty, Lord Robert Cecil and Senator Lebrun of France. Behind them were grouped their advisers, civil and military, among them Colonel Requin, who was sketching the delegates in a manner which seemed to

indicate more detachment than proved to be the case when some point affecting French policy came up. At the opposite table sat the chief of the other supporters of the treaty, Beneš, the slender, supple little man whose brilliant mind has placed him, after only four years of experience in government, at the forefront of European statesmanship. Near by were grouped the critics of the treaty—Lange of Norway and Loudon of Holland and Branting of Sweden and Tosti of Italy and Matsuda of Japan.

In the first debate on the clauses of the treaty the various national policies stood out as clear as do the characters in a well-written play. From the group of opponents Lange of Norway emerged as the chief spokesman, with the delegates of Sweden and Holland and Denmark and Lithuania always behind him. The attacks were answered by Lord Robert and Lebrun. Lange feared that the treaty emphasized guaranties far more than it did reduction of armaments. It was pointed out by Lord Robert that the treaty was based on reduction. Branting suggested that there be included a clause making arbitration compulsory. Lord Robert replied that one must be practical, not academic, and that at least some of the great Powers would refuse to enter such a treaty. The delegate of Lithuania summed up the situation by pointing out that the great Powers thought material disarmament the more important, while the small Powers believed that moral disarmament should be emphasized. Then Lebrun made an eloquent defense of the treaty plan, and Jugoslavia added her support. The Hungarian delegate asked that specific mention should be made of guaranties for States already disarmed by the Paris treaties. The South Americans made clear that what they wished was limitation rather than reduction. Then

the Polish delegates suggested, as a change in drafting, the deletion of the words solemnly declaring that 'aggressive war is an international crime,' and the substitution of a declaration that the signatory State would not indulge in it; but he withdrew at once on Lord Robert's emphatic statement that the phrase was important, 'as public opinion on the other side of the Atlantic will welcome it.'

Vital as were the issues, the tone of the debate was always one of good-will and sincerity. Humor and ingenuity both were displayed in meeting the puzzle of how to refer to an aggressor State without casting a doubt on one's neighbor. The Italian delegate had brought up a hypothetical problem in which states A, B, C, and D were allied, and D became an aggressor. After that Gilbert Murray always referred to the 'sinister state of D,' and Lange spoke of it as the 'mystical letter D.' Lord Robert preferred to use Mauretania and Aquitania.

One felt that, whether they were for or against the treaty, the greater number of the speakers, and perhaps all, were striving most eagerly for some solution of the puzzle. That they had a real desire to come to a reasonable agreement was shown by the response of Lange and some of the other opponents to the short speech of Jouhaux, head of the *Confédération Générale du Travail* of France. From the point of view of the French delegates, Jouhaux must have seemed something of an *enfant terrible*. He had come to Geneva fresh from the convention at Amsterdam of the International Federation of Trade-Unions, of which he is vice president, bringing with him the memorial signed there, asking the Assembly to settle the problem of Reparations. As a representative of labor on the Temporary Mixed Commission, he took part in several of the debates of the

Disarmament Committee. When the partial treaties were attacked by Lange, it was not the arguments of Lebrun or of Requin, but those of Jouhaux which silenced the opposition of Norway and Holland to the essential part of the French policy. Jouhaux's argument was a simple one. We shall, he said, have partial treaties anyway; better to have them above-board, subject to supervision by the Council and publication to the world. So Jouhaux won the case for Requin; but at a later session, when Requin made a wholly unexpected effort to have the Temporary Mixed Commission abolished, Jouhaux made the simple statement that public opinion had looked on the appointment of the Commission as the first step of the League toward the purpose for which it was founded. Thereby he killed any chance the French might have had to give over the work on the plan for disarmament into the exclusive hands of the military experts of the Permanent Military Naval and Air Commission.

One of the most valuable debates was that on the report made by the Temporary Mixed Commission as to what constitutes actual aggression.

It is not surprising and, I think, not to be regretted, that the Assembly postponed any final decision on the treaty, and contented itself with asking the Council to submit it to the Governments, members of the League, for their opinions. This means that the treaty will be discussed again by the Assembly next September. After that, if it is adopted by the Assembly, it will still have to be ratified by certain States of each continent, in order to be generally binding. Whether the treaty, now called the Treaty of Mutual Assistance, will ever get so far is very doubtful; but it has already served a most useful purpose in bringing to light fundamental problems of land disarmament.

IV

With the completion of the work of the committees, the Assembly meets in plenary session for several days to hear the reports and vote on the resolutions proposed. Already several plenary sessions had been held, among them one of intense interest to Americans; for on one and the same day the Assembly had elected a judge to the Permanent Court of International Justice, and had admitted Ireland into the League. Ten minutes it took, all told, the Assembly balloting in the Salle de la Reformation and the Council in the Secretariat across the lake. It was interesting, too, to see that the judge who was chosen—a Brazilian—had been proposed by our four United States representatives on The Hague Court list, as well as by twenty-one of the other states.

The admission of Ireland was one of the great moments of the Assembly. A storm of applause greeted the three Irish delegates, all members of their cabinet, as they were led to their seats; and another came when the President of the Assembly called on President Cosgrave to address the Assembly. Even the most eloquent of them could hardly have found finer or more moving words than that little red-haired shopkeeper turned statesman, who so often, in prison and out, had shown his courage in the fight for Irish freedom. Earnestly he leaned far forward and, raising his arm in the air, began to speak. Bewilderment spread over the faces of the vast audience. It was not English, though the Latins at first thought that it must be; it was not French. A smile of appreciation spread through the audience when it finally dawned on them that it was Gaelic. The Gaelic was only for a moment, however, and President Cosgrave con-

tinued in English of a fine simplicity. It will be a historic speech, that first one of Ireland to her sister nations.

Meanwhile the twenty-seventh was approaching, the date when the Italians had promised to evacuate Corfu. Reassured by the news that the evacuation had begun, the blow of the premature award to Italy of the fifty million lira by the Conference of Ambassadors was all the greater. It was true that the Greek Government had pledged itself to abide by the decision of the Conference of Ambassadors, on the very day that it had applied to the League for aid. But no supporter of the League could be content with this argument. Indignation in Geneva was intense. Meanwhile the Council was still in a deadlock on the question of competence. The Assembly was about to close. The Council must report some decision, if only that it could come to none. Through the morning of the 28th the Council was debating in private session, and again in the afternoon. At last, word flew through the Secretariat that some agreement had been reached, and that it would be announced at once in the Assembly. In a few minutes the half-empty Assembly hall across the lake was crowded.

The agreement was a compromise, as was inevitable. Lord Robert and Branting had got from Salandra his consent to a statement which meant the end of the most sinister of all the Italian arguments, the one, namely, that questions involving national honor were beyond the competence of the League; but the other questions raised by Italy—the right of 'peaceful' reprisal under the Covenant, and the right of the Council to take over a dispute already under the consideration of the Conference of Ambassadors—were to be reported on in December by a Committee of Jurists appointed by the Council itself. If they did not agree, then there would obvi-

ously be another struggle to bring the questions to the World Court, where of course they should have gone in the first place, had Italy not been immovable.

It was the signal for the greatest scene of the Assembly. That body could not vote on the report, but it could speak; and its spokesmen were the great Liberal leaders. When the translator had rendered Ishii's speech into English, Torriente announced 'La parole est à M. Branting, délégué de Suède.' As Branting mounted the steps, and faced the Assembly and the Italian delegates in the front row, such applause burst from the floor and the galleries as had never before been heard in the Assembly hall. In a simple statement he gave his reasons for consenting to the Council's decision as the only one possible, but stated plainly his dislike of any opinion of jurists appointed by their Governments.

Next came Lord Robert, who, by the moving manner of his speech, showed how great was his disappointment with the compromise, but how impossible had been agreement on any other.

Then Nansen came, who spoke bitterly of the killing of little children.

Then Gilbert Murray, who, in a voice trembling with indignation, said, 'As to the decision of the Conference of Ambassadors, I have only to say that I thank God that this League bears no shred of responsibility for that decision. I only wish that I could add that no shred of the responsibility lay on the shoulders of the British Empire.'

Then came the representatives of Persia, of Ireland, of Denmark, of Colombia, of Finland, of Holland, and of India. Through these eleven men four continents had spoken.

With the election of the six temporary members of the Council, the As-

sembly was over for another year. Opening as it did in the shadow of the Italian-Greek crisis, its really fine record of achievement in the other questions entrusted to it has been obscured by the greater issue. Ireland has been admitted, and Ethiopia—which removes a rich and dangerous temptation from the great Powers, her neighbors in Africa. The system for the protection of minorities has been advanced, the mandates have been examined and criticism given where it was deserved; really important progress has been made in the war on white slavery and opium, and, most important of all, the problem of reduction of land armaments has been brought down from the plane of academic idealism and exhaustively discussed as a practical problem.

The world has made a beginning of coöperative thinking. For four years men have sat side by side, discussing the world's business; they are already at work preparing for the Fifth Assembly. Gradually the feeling of solidarity, still faint, is growing. To this feeling the Corfu incident, oddly enough, has done an incalculable service, for it has shown the member States how great is their need of such a political body, and how essential is solidarity in its defense.

As the years go on, it becomes clearer that the League is neither a government nor a judge; it is a method. It is a method which, in the smaller as well as the larger issues, has shown itself wonderfully suited to its purpose. One can fancy that the thought of Aristotle, were he to visit Geneva, might run something like this: 'The mind of man has at last shown itself equal to working out the political methods by which sovereign States may live together as good citizens. But the spirit of man is weak. He has set up the machinery. Now let him use it.'

ACTUALITIES AT SMYRNA

MARK O. PRENTISS, AMERICAN EYEWITNESS, SPEAKS

RECORDED BY JOHN BAKELESS

I

AFTER a few days' tour of investigation among the battlefields of devastated Anatolia, I was back again in Smyrna on September 22. The city, wrecked by the fire, was still filled with homeless people. In the nine days since the fire some 20,000 or 30,000 had been evacuated; but 230,000 remained, and the task of getting them away was baffling.

The chief problem was how to convey the refugees from the city out to the Greek ships, which did not dare to enter what was now a Turkish port and so lay at anchor outside while the refugees were brought to them on lighters. There were plenty of ships, but not half-a-dozen lighters had been left in Smyrna, and the sea from mid-afternoon till midnight was so choppy that we could not work.

Under these conditions the United States naval authorities placed me in charge of the entire work of evacuation, and the appointment was confirmed by the local relief committee. We made a few calculations. At the rate the work was going, it would take about eighteen months to get all the refugees away, and in far less time than that, exposure, hunger, and disease would have finished every one, even if the Turkish authorities had not insisted on complete evacuation before midnight of the thirtieth.

We appealed to the Turkish captain of the port for permission to bring the ships into harbor and lay them alongside the railroad pier in the northern part of the city. They were Greek ships, mind you, and feeling against the Greeks was bitter, yet the Turkish officer gave consent at once. His only stipulation was that the ships must not fly the Greek flag in the harbor, and that no Greeks or British must come on shore. The Turks even assigned three hundred of their soldiers to help; and with these and as many sailors as the two destroyers could spare, we went to work.

I think it is the first instance on record of coöperation between American and Turkish armed forces. They were an odd contrast. The American boys had a keen, wide-awake Yankee interest in everything around them. The Turks were stolidly intent on the work in hand, nothing else. The 'kidding' of the American boys meant nothing to them, though they were never unfriendly; and the gobs' amicable efforts to learn Turkish met with no remarkable degree of success.

The naval officers at first proposed bringing a destroyer into the harbor and laying it alongside the pier, to prevent the massacre that many, at the bottom of their hearts, half expected; but I protested. The presence

of a neutral warship could have done no good and might have irritated the Turks. If everything was quiet, the destroyer was needless. If trouble started, an American naval vessel could not interfere. We took the Turks at their word, trusted them, and never had any reason to regret it.

Of course, Smyrna by that time was full of atrocity stories. Half the buildings were in ruins, in the streets were bodies of men killed while cutting hose, killed in private feuds, executed by the Turks, drowned on the waterfront. I do not pretend that the Turks never did any killing in Smyrna. I know better, for an officer and some soldiers had me up in front of a wall for several of the most uncomfortable minutes I ever lived through, and there was a second or two when I did not expect to live very *far* through them.

It happened in this way. I had come suddenly on a group of Turkish soldiery with loot in their hands. As I had been making photographs wherever I liked, ever since the Turks came in, I very foolishly photographed these men, too. It was an all-but-fatal blunder. Their officer ran at me, seized me by the shoulder, pushed me against a wall, beckoned to some of the men, and stepped back.

It was instantly apparent that an impromptu execution was about to be staged with me as the hero of the occasion. I spoke no Turkish, they no English, and my status as a neutral interested solely in relief was a little difficult to convey in sign language. How were they to know that Kemal and I had parted a few days before on the best of terms?

I did the first thing that came into my head — a foolish bit of bravado, no doubt, but one that served its purpose. Tearing open my blouse, as if to bare my breast to their bullets, I saluted with

dramatic impressiveness — and then turned swiftly to the officer and made signs that I wanted to take his picture. In my turn I thrust him up to the wall and made ready to snap him, taking as much time in posing him and getting him ready as I could.

The dazzling idiocy of it was too much for the Turks. This was n't the proper behavior for an executee at all, and they forgot all about their execution. (Heaven knows I did n't want to remind them of it.) First the officer was photographed; then he wrote his name and regiment in Turkish, so that I could send him a print. Then I spent a good many minutes posing the entire outfit. I took my time and arranged an impressive array — a month later I learned I had taken all three exposures on one film — yes, I was rattled and I admit it.

Next the officer pulled a much-crushed package of dates from his blouse and gravely offered some to me. It was the breaking of bread, which in the East constitutes an inviolable bond. I made haste to accept, privately heaving sighs of relief. The men, too, now brought me bits of food. One held out a chunk of bread. As I clumsily endeavored to break off a piece, he jerked a murderous-looking knife from his boot, and for the first time in my life I felt seasick. 'Heavens,' I thought, 'is it beginning again?' But he merely cut off a bit of the bread and gravely handed it to me.

They showed me their arms, like so many children displaying their toys, and I admired them volubly — in sign language. One man handed me a two-foot knife, and I drew an appreciative forefinger down its edge, wagging my head admiringly as I contemplated its sharpness. 'For Greek?' I enquired — 'No — for E-e-ngleesh!' grunted the proud owner, by way of declaring the feeling of the whole Army.

We spent the rest of the afternoon together, and parted the best of friends. I never saw them again, but I took care to send the officer his photograph. It seemed only good manners — and, besides, I liked him. I treasure my own copy of his portrait. It has a poignant personal interest.

I saw one Greek prisoner shot, with my own eyes. He was being led along by his guards when he suddenly broke away, fell flat in the street, clutched the wheel of a motor-truck, and lay there screaming. His guard first prodded him with the rifle-butt, then struck him, in an effort to make the man get up and go on. No use. The Greek was simply crazy with fright, and the Turkish soldier shot him where he lay screaming. Yet once I saw Kiazim Pasha shout from the window of his headquarters and have two soldiers brought before him. He had glanced out and seen them beating a prisoner.

I feel sure there were both looting and killing in the bazaars on the streets down which the occupying army marched. The pillaged shops, with bodies here and there among them, were the best evidence of what had happened. There was too much of it to hold the *chettés* and the irregular armed bands who accompanied the Turkish army alone responsible. What had happened was clear enough. Soldiers had gone into the little shops, — you could have put the contents of any one on a wagon, — where they helped themselves to anything that caught their fancy; and any specially rebellious Greek or Armenian proprietor who protested was knocked over the head, shot, or bayoneted.

Some of the looting I saw myself. One soldier passed me in full uniform, carrying a chandelier adorned with innumerable prisms. What he wanted with it or how he expected to carry it along on the next march, I don't know,

but it was unquestionably loot. I saw another man with three dozen canes and umbrellas, and I took a photograph of a line of automobiles and camels, which Turkish officers had loaded with silks and calicoes and other goods. I also saw a Greek priest carrying a sewing-machine; but as he was a refugee, it may have been his own property. Thousands of soldiers and civilians were carrying everything you can imagine — sometimes loot — sometimes salvage — sometimes 'just picked up.'

II

It is impossible to understand the psychology of atrocity stories without being through an experience like ours. The reputation that the Turks have — rightly or wrongly — acquired was known. It was also known that they had marched for three hundred miles through wantonly devastated territory — their territory. Atrocities seemed the natural thing to expect. Then there was the fire, and with Greek looting, Turkish looting, private murders, men shot while cutting hose, deaths from fire, drowning, and military executions, bodies began to be pretty thick in the streets.

It was too much for a good many men — and not weaklings by any means. They were like children, who fail to distinguish between what they imagine or expect and what they really see. It is possible for an idea to be so vividly present to the mind that it passes for fact on that ground alone. I was with a naval officer and some of his men in our consulate when a local Y.M.C.A. worker burst in the door. He was in the last stages of collapse, shaking all over and clawing convulsively at his hair — quite incoherent. We tried to quiet him.

'My God, my God, my God!' half a prayer and half an exclamation, was

all we could get out of him. We forced him into a chair. When he was calm enough, we questioned him.

'What 's the matter?'

'O my God, my God!'

'Never mind that. What's the matter?'

'Oh, they 're killing them — killing everybody — the Y.M.C.A. Send your men, send your sailors, quick!'

'Who 's doing this?'

'The Turks, the Turks. They 've stormed the "Y" and got them, and —'

'Did you see it?'

'Yes, with my own eyes. They're killing them. Hurry, hurry!'

The naval officer quietly moved three fingers on his desk, and three sailors hurried out. I went with them. I had left my kodak and binoculars there an hour before and I wanted them. We ran as fast as we could to the Y.M.C.A., but when we got there we found nothing more dreadful than a few placid Turkish soldiers standing guard over a garage next door, of which they had just taken possession. Not a soul had been hurt or even threatened. Neither was there the least sign that a struggle had taken place. The usual calm tense quiet reigned.

The same man burst in later with a story that Turkish soldiers had stripped and were violating six Armenian girls; yet when we went to the place he named we found nothing of the sort — and we went instantly. In each case the man vowed he had seen these events with his own eyes; and he was a perfectly honest, decent chap, but quite out of his head with strain and excitement.

I think I must have investigated a hundred such stories, without finding one of them true. A nurse, declaring she had seen the horrible wound, took me to help a woman whose breast was said to have been cut off. I found she had a gash in one arm — nothing more.

Such hysteria in a sound and normal American of about thirty helps to explain the frenzy of fear among the Greek and Armenian refugees. Their terror took the most grotesque and unexpected forms. The American sailors ran a positive risk from the Greeks, who would seize them like drowning men, merely because the sailors wore a uniform that might represent safety. One nearly had his back broken from being pressed down across the mud-guard of a motor beneath an avalanche of terrified Greeks and Armenians, all clamoring to be saved; and the bribes that those simple sailor lads were offered, and contemptuously turned aside, pass belief. One Greek merchant offered \$50,000 in American currency, to be paid on the spot, if he was placed on board a destroyer; and there is no doubt that he would gladly have fulfilled his share of the bargain if he had had a chance.

The Turkish authorities had given us permission to evacuate all except men of military age, and some of the latter resorted to the most naïve disguises. Big strapping fellows with several days' growth of beard relied on women's garments to save them; and I even saw one patriarch, far beyond the age-limit anyhow, who had donned feminine apparel for safety's sake, in placid indifference to a huge gray beard that flowed down nearly to his waist.

I saw one man of military age, thus disguised, detected by a Turkish officer, who sat his horse, watching the refugees streaming through the gate and on to the pier where the steamers lay to receive them. As they passed, the officer leaned forward suddenly near where I was busy getting the people in, and snatched at the head-dress of what appeared to be a Greek woman. Then he began to tear at the upper part of her clothing.

'Well,' I thought, 'now I shall see a first-class atrocity.'

But as the headdress came off, we saw what the trouble was. The man was hauled back by the Turkish soldiers and unmercifully thrashed by the officer, who wielded his riding-crop until the Greek could scarcely hold himself erect. Yet he stood there, motionless, unresisting, scarcely flinching, while the blows rained on him. He was a disguised Greek officer and took his punishment as a brave man and officer should.

All these men of military age were marched off into the interior, where, the Turkish staff officers told me, they were to be used as laborers in repairing roads and rebuilding all that had been destroyed during the campaign. Ultimately they were to be exchanged. The story went around that the Turks were marching these prisoners out to the outskirts of the city, forcing them to dig long trenches, and then mowing them down by machine-gun fire in the graves they had dug for themselves; but though I diligently explored the vicinity of Smyrna, I could never find a trace of such a thing, and there were so many of these men that such wholesale butchery could not have been concealed. I never saw them, however, after they were taken into the interior; and permission to go inland and see what was happening was refused.

While we were shepherding our terrified charges to the pier, I repeatedly saw small squads of Turkish soldiers moving about and attentively scanning each little knot of shrinking refugees. At intervals they would pause, and a wail would go up from the Greeks. A prisoner would be taken and marched away. It was heartbreaking to see a man torn from his family whose cries and pleading were in vain. There never was any undue violence in these arrests, but it all seemed very myste-

rious. Not until I was on my way back to Constantinople, did I learn from the son of a great Turkish Pasha what it all meant.

Three years before, when the Turks had been retreating while the victorious Greeks were advancing from Smyrna, each unit of the Turkish army had had a staff photographer attached to it; and as the Turks were forced back and back and back, these men one by one dropped off, donned civilian clothes, and went into business as village photographers. When the Greek troops came into the village, these apparently innocent photographers were allowed to ply their trade.

The proud Greeks, officials and civilians alike, had their pictures taken for the folks back home. But the meek photographer kept a copy, on the back of which he wrote the story of his Greek's behavior.

Gradually an enormous collection of photographs of Greeks guilty of atrocities was built up in the files of the Intelligence Department at Angora; and when, in due course of time, the Turks were victors, Greek offenders — or those whom the Turks regarded as such — could be identified and confronted with their deeds and the evidence against them.

III

The Turkish Intelligence service was, I suppose, responsible for the most appalling of all the terrible individual sights that I beheld in the Near East. One day, while we were hard at work getting a big crowd of refugees through the gate and on the pier, a Greek was taken out of the crowd and placed under arrest. He was placed close beside me, but such arrests were not unusual, and I paid no especial heed to this one until I felt a sudden warmth on my side, looked down, and found

that my clothes were damp with blood.

I started back and saw that the prisoner had deliberately drawn taut the loose flesh of his throat, and was hacking away at himself with a small knife. To get the full horror of the thing you must realize that within plain sight some thirty thousand refugees, a hundred Turkish soldiers, and their officers stood apathetically by and watched him. Even his guard just stood there and looked on. It was the incredible apathy, the utter callousness of the East. He wished to kill himself? Very well — let him.

Again we Americans were helpless. Our interference would have jeopardized every one of the helpless Greeks. We all knew that our only hope was to concentrate on getting the refugees away and not exasperating the Turks. Once more we had to think, — and think hard, — ‘The greatest good of the greatest number,’ and hold ourselves in check.

He cut at himself again and still no one moved. Again and again — and yet no sign of sympathy or any feeling. As the prisoner stood there, growing weaker, his eyes caught mine, and he looked across at me, smiling. It was unthinkable. Illogically my first impulse was one of anger.

‘Confound you,’ I thought; ‘why do you make this a personal matter? What are you dragging me into it for? Why so damned friendly to *me*?’

But his courage was not to be resisted. I shook my hands together and smiled back at the dying man. It was all I could do.

He collapsed horribly in the dust, but only for a moment. He pulled himself into a sitting position and saluted me again, in perfect military form and with great poise though he was seated. And again that smile — a farewell that made me feel so friendly that it hurt. Then he fell back. How he did it, I do

not know. I have seen death in many forms, but this man took longer to bleed to death than I thought possible.

Even this was not the end, for a moment later he got to his hands and knees, began to crawl, and got up momentum enough to carry him to the edge of the dock and into the sea. The body floated out a little way from land; but even in death he was not to be at peace. Some officers, evidently from headquarters, drove up. There were sharp orders and inquiries. Then a soldier swam out for the body. It was stripped, examined, then clothes and all were loaded on a carriage and driven off. Perhaps I saw the end of a detected Greek spy, but I do not know — I only recognize his iron determination.

Incidents like that explain the panic terror of the people we were trying to save. When, in their eagerness to get on board, they all began to rush at once to the narrow iron gate leading down to the pier, it was dangerous for them and for us. There was no holding them. Once, with some American sailors, I was struggling vainly to check one of these stampedes, when a well-bred voice behind me murmured quietly, ‘Can I be of any assistance?’

A dapper little Turkish officer stood there, armed only with a light swagger stick. He stepped in behind the row of sailors, brought his stick ‘on guard’ as if it had been a rapier, and began to lunge between the sailors, yelling with every lunge. Such was the fear inspired by the Turkish uniform, or by what he said, that within two minutes the people, whom all of us were powerless to handle, had fallen back twenty feet before a single Turk. When the situation was saved, he smiled, accepted my thanks, and walked quietly away.

Eventually I found a way of handling the terrorized mob who struggled toward the ships. I had been provided

with an ordinary white tropical helmet before going to Smyrna, and this happened to be the only one in the city, where by that time there were very few neutral civilians. I happened to have, too, a commonplace New York police whistle — also the only one of its kind. The two, being unique and in combination, achieved a kind of reputation; and when the rushes became unmanageable, I had but to climb upon a pile of timber, bringing the magic helmet plainly into view, blow lustily upon the equally magic whistle, and by some miracle the stampede would ease away.

I realized the value of the helmet one night soon after the Turks came in, when I went after dark to bring back some valuables from the hospital. I could not reply intelligibly to the challenges of the Turkish sentries, whose bayonets, I felt, bristled everywhere in the darkness; but by keeping the light from an electric torch turned full on the helmet, I got along perfectly, and was passed from post to post without difficulty — until the battery suddenly and permanently gave out. Then, indeed, we were in trouble, and the sheer luck that comes, sometimes, when you need it worst, was all that got us through.

Not one refugee who would come was left behind, and all were out by the time-limit the Turks had set us — midnight of September 30. In eight days we had evacuated 230,000 refugees by actual count and we estimated that some 50,000 escaped before we began counting. The most infuriating part of it all was the bill that the Aidin Railway Company — a line owned and operated by the English — sent in for the use of their pier. I still have a copy of one statement of charges, 'to pier dues for immigrants,' at 25 piastres apiece, total, 50,000 Turkish pounds; and the only excuse was that this quarter of a million of poor terrified dis-

tressed people walked across the railroad tracks to safety.

Getting 230,000 frightened Greeks aboard would have been almost impossible had it not been for the 300 Turkish soldiers assigned by Kiazim Pasha to assist, and also for my Turkish liaison officer, Captain Haaki Bey, who was constantly at my side and indispensable.

In it all the horrible, the terrible, the humorous, and the touching were strangely intermingled. One incident is typical of the brighter side.

I was busy one day getting the crowd through the gate and onto the pier, when a woman with several children became separated from one without noticing that she had lost him, the little chap of three or four years being pushed, kicked, and in danger of being crushed to death as many — yes, many of all ages — had been in that place, so dense was the terrified mass fighting their way toward safety on board the vessels. A Turkish soldier saw him, dropped his rifle, pushed his way through the crowd, protecting the child with his own body, until he had saved him and restored him to his mother.

When the soldier came back, I smiled and patted him on the back to express approval. My linguistic shortcomings made it impossible to be more explicit, but the Turk had no need of English words. He went through an extraordinary pantomime that made mere speech quite needless. He held his hand at the height of a little child's head and opened two fingers, pointing first to himself and then back toward the country lying to the east then, his hand on his heart, he shook his head. His meaning was perfectly clear: he had — or, perhaps, once had had — two children of about the age of the child he had saved.

Such is the terrible Turk — such, at least, is one side of him that I saw.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

AN INSTITUTE FOR HAPPINESS

IF Mr. Bok — may his tribe increase — were to establish An Institute of Happiness, I should apply for the position of president. I know the rules and the technique and the etiquette of happiness, as Mr. Work or Mr. Foster knows the rules of Auction, or as Mr. Snyder or Mr. Haar knows Ma-Jung, or Mah Jong, or Pung Chow. As the latter gentlemen will free the faithful from the odium of following the sordid pastime of the low coolie and direct him to the heights of the true ceremonial ancient Chinese rite, — rules, symbols, nomenclature, and all, — so I will guarantee no dallying in the superficial and fictitious puddles of Pollyannaism, but will lead on to the very pools of Siloam, as it were, where followers may, if they will, be cleansed from the leprosy of dejection, pessimism, and discontent.

I hold no panacea; I claim no Ponce de León heritage; I have had no spirit-transmission; no secret formula is in my possession; I have no touchstone of *bien être*; no magic whatever is mine; yet dare I undertake the teaching of happiness.

Note, however, that it is an extensive course. Those who would matriculate should comprehend the scope of their undertaking. The schools in this art range from the primary through the preparatory and the academic, to the college, the university, and the universe. Nevertheless, the courses are as simple, as logical, as delightful, and as certain of acquirement, as the end to be attained would imply.

As the head of this Happiness Foun-

dation, I already have a small, but incomparable, faculty in mind. It would be impossible to deduce from these members what qualities or habits or convictions would render one eligible to this corps of administrators. It would be impossible to say that there would be no preachers, no poets, no prophets, no psychoanalysts, artists, grave-diggers, tight-rope dancers, moralists, physicists, scientists, editors, dreamers. It would be equally impossible to say that any of these professions would be represented. It would be difficult to say what would constitute qualifications in instructors, though the Head of the Institution would, nevertheless, select the staff unfalteringly.

As to the curriculum, while the subjects taught are, seemingly, as manifold as the demands of the students, they prove themselves in the end few and fundamental. The doctrine to be inculcated deals faithfully with the minutely individual, though the attainment of a doctor's degree proves a grasp of the racial.

Are you — or do you believe yourself — unhappy because of any of the following reasons?

Old Age	Love
Thwartedness	Religion
Poverty	Mentality
Emptiness	Spiritual defects
Boredom	Physical manifestations

Or the content, positive or negative, of any of the above.

If so, you should, in person, or by correspondence, communicate yourself to this Institution if it existed, and have access to the wisdom of specialists.

Here is a world — if not, indeed, a universe — with everything that heart

can desire — except happiness. Is anyone trying to set right this lack? Are the teachers? Assuredly not. They are too busy teaching unessential facts. The preachers? They are involved — or so their followers believe — in inculcating the doctrine, 'Be good and you will be happy'; whereas the foundation stone of the Institute of Happiness is 'Be happy, and you will be good.' Are the poets and writers teaching this one essential? In the main, these are too hidden by the smoke of their own battle to be discernible to the needy. Are the scientists? The professional leaders? The explorers? The tillers of the soil? Too intent, all, on their own ends, to consider happiness. One and all cannot see the woods for the trees.

Happiness is made up of no achievement. It is compounded of no ingredients. It is the flower neither of sickness nor of health. It will not result from the most exalted aspirations, *per se*. It comes neither of good repute, nor of popularity, nor of distinction.

But if I were to state, either in a sentence or in a volume, what happiness *is*, and how it is to be come by, every precious atom of the elixir would be lost — dissipated, scattered by a naughty world. That is why I recommend to Mr. Bok to establish a Foundation of Happiness.

Yes, if World Peace *is* established through Mr. Bok's award, I might consent to consider the Institute of Happiness as a department — a subsidiary institution. But let there be no interference in my field. Peace is not happiness, though it is a better soil than strife or contention in which to grow the precious plant. An international amity may be brought about, if at all, by statesmen, theorists, seers, politicians; but happiness, indeed, is quite another matter. It demands an insight, an inspiration, a knowledge, an experience, and, withal, a control and

poise, that can be expected only of its discoverer, which is to say, of ME.

BREECHES

YELLOW stockings were the only pair left in my drawer — unmitigated mustard, fit only for farce. I winced as I pulled them on with this alliteration. Sidling to my table in the restaurant, I felt them radiate broadcast. But Katy took my order with a straight face; nor from the corner of her eye, nor from the corner of her mouth, did she spread the news. I heaved a sigh and released my digestion. As my calves twinkled, like Mr. Fezziwig's, toward the subway, I came to understand. People looked not at them, but at my thighs. One glance at these was enough to win tolerance for even outrageous stockings. I was instantly classified and rated by my breeches. If I had worn tweeds, the public would have taken the liberty to amuse itself at my color scheme; but army breeches serve as protective coloring. They distract the attention of predatory humor from vulnerable parts. By lacing on the calf, they permit any outer integument whatsoever, and some that they have borne were stranger than mine. Immunity is assured by their symbolism. They say to all beholders: this man is on holiday; and he is going, not to his club, but to that cheaper open air which is indeed open. He is seeking such vacation as may be sought by thousands. Tramp or camper, in whatever kind of cheap travel he chooses, he is to be unmolested. His is the uniform of common freedom. The wearer of this passport may proceed unchallenged.

One heritage, then, of the war promises reconstruction. A costume known in 1916 only as a new uniform has been issued by army stores, true or false, to the whole nation. A million Americans

have bought army breeches as the cheapest of all clothes, again as both suiting and suggesting out-of-doors, and then regularly as of proved adaptability. On the same holiday understanding army breeches are accepted for women.

It's hosen and shoon and breeks alone;
She climbed the wall and followed him.

They even threaten the great American institution of overalls. For while overalls are by common law permitted in public travel only to a workman actually in transit to or from his work, army breeches may engage in interstate commerce. Where will this end? A garb for both sexes, all ages, and all trades, ignoring and obliterating previous condition of servitude to clothes, may be only a holiday garb now; but does it not portend a new freedom?

Such a revolution in dress has not been seen since tailors undid the French Revolution by deceiving a fickle and perverse generation with trousers. The intervening century has been artistically sad. Painting has dissimulated trousers by any sort of masking. Sculpture has fled from them in horror. Only genius — and genius only now and then — has triumphed over trousers in bronze. Journeyman sculpture has either revealed all their essential perversity, or has robed nineteenth-century statesmen in the toga of Cicero. The art of the dance was no sooner recovered than it frankly took trousers off. What can art do with a garb that belies the human form and masks its movements? But the delicious laughter of Mrs. Meynell's 'Unstable Equilibrium' derided it twenty-five years ago in vain. Costume, proverbially conventional, has not often listened to art. Nor dare we invoke art for the application of army breeches to women. The resultant outline lacks something of truth and beauty. For men the artistic

case is more obvious; and for either, art urges, not a particular pattern, but more generally the clothing of legs as legs. Even so, art would not suffice. We needed a more compelling sanction.

Now that we have it from the camp and the road, shall we not dress with more courage? Shall we not enhance one another's courage by rejoicing aloud together? The breeches-bringing bicycle gave hope to the past generation in vain; for the bicycle itself was crowded off the road by the motor-car. The hope from golf has become negligible; for golf no longer promises to penetrate the social mass. But the new hope from army breeches is surely wide enough to warrant a hope for breeches in general. If we must not go to war in trousers, and if we will not go to camp, why must we go to anything? Let us hasten the doom of trousers, after an approved method of publicity, by proclaiming that they are doomed already. Soon may some American prince deserve well of the Republic by wearing breeches and stockings as evening dress. Meanwhile the mass of freeborn Americans can undermine the tottering tyranny of trousers by a method more potent than example, by consentient orders. Let the united orders of these United States, converging by mail upon the Middle West, converge also upon breeches. Gird your loins, ye conservatives! Smite an upstart modernism hip and thigh, and restore the dignity of Alexander Hamilton. Rally, ye radicals, to a cause more liberating than free speech, and far more liberating than free verse — the cause of free legs.

THE POETS IN COLOR

It has been written 'Of Color in the Poets,' why not 'Of the Poets in Color'? Why, for instance, has not some enterprising publisher issued a

Pope or a Wordsworth or a Keats, with the purple patches in purple, so that with a mere flutter of the pages the reader may light upon the desired? No more searching of quotation handbooks; the passage would spring at you, detached from its context and yet rich with it, like Glaucus coming up from the sea. It is not as an amputated fragment that you would then find it, but alive with meaning, explained and magnified by its natural surroundings.

And if purple be conceded, the rest follows. Green for passages of nature-description, drab for the dull didactic, pink for egoistic self-display, yellow for bad taste; and for the servile reproduction of earlier conventions, for what Mr. Lippmann calls 'stereotypes,' nothing is more appropriate than magenta.

How would not the teacher of, say, Wordsworth be aided! There disappears at once the necessity for lectures upon 'The Feeling for Nature in William Wordsworth': the student has merely to glance through the volume and observe the distribution of green, and all is said. Remarks by the instructor on 'The Development of Wordsworth's Art' are also superfluous: one has only to call the attention of the assembled class to the prevalence of magenta at one end of the volume, of drab at the other, and the object of the course is attained.

From force of habit, we have spoken of remarks as made to the class. But in all probability the necessity for such assemblages would disappear, so far as English literature is concerned. This simple color-type device, taking the place of the lecturer, will enable the student at home and in an evening to comprehend the life effort of any English poet. The merest glance into the volume of an author's work will give the material for easy and masterful

statements on the youthful bad taste of Keats or the dreary pedantry of the aging Wordsworth. Thus can education be speeded up and the waste of valuable time avoided.

The student mind is delivered, too, from the intrusive tyranny of the critical essayist. He is left free, on our plan, to commune with the words of the poet himself, undisturbed by a multiplicity of words about the poet. If a simple streak of yellow on a page can give the student guidance and set his mind working, it is surely an advantage for his development; it is surely better pedagogy than our present distraction by multifarious vocal comment.

Just as we have escaped to the movie from the verbiage of an unsatisfactory stage, so we retreat from the voluble critic to the quiet illumination of the pointing finger of color. The blend of green and purple on a Wordsworth page, with a single spot of yellow and some little streaks of pink, tells all that the most diligent pedagogue could tell in a semester; we know from it that here Wordsworth nobly expressed his feeling for nature, with one unfortunate lapse of taste and a touch or two of intruding complacency.

Of course, the pedagogue is not so easily deprived of his occupation. He will find substitutes. Instead of discouraging on 'The Development of Wordsworth's Art,' he will lecture on 'The Inaccurate Use of Magenta in the Westmoreland Edition' of the poet; or he will struggle to reduce the Yellow Period of Keats, as indicated in the Hampstead volume of his poems.

The word is yet with us; but assuredly everything that we can do to reduce the mass of lesser words, every attempt toward immediate spiritual communion with the great English poets, is a move for the better.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Is it all in the newspapers and on the surface of an over-jazzed existence, or has there actually been a change in the way Americans regard the relations between men and women, and the institutions by which those relations are surrounded? There is much idle talk upon the behavior of the younger generation, but is there any deeper change, indicating the evolution of new standards for old? To read the novels of Joyce, Cabell, May Sinclair, Sherwood Anderson, D. H. Lawrence, — a majority, indeed, of those novels now most influential with young men and women, — one would say yes. The whole question — as vital a one as any to ordinary human beings — is the theme of **Stuart P. Sherman's** 'Conversation with Cornelia.' Some will recognize Cornelia as their aunt, or their school-teacher, perhaps some will find in her a fair replica of themselves! **Stuart P. Sherman**, as most *Atlantic* readers know, is professor of English at the University of Illinois, and the author of several volumes of literary criticism. In July we published his provocative study of the censorship, 'Unprintable.' **Henry W. Kinney**, who reports the Japanese earthquake for the *Atlantic*, has enjoyed a curiously varied career. Born in Hawaii, he was graduated from the University of Copenhagen, Denmark, did graduate work in the University of California, and returned to his native island. There he became, at different times, teacher, rancher, purser on island tramps, editor, and superintendent of public instruction. Five years ago he went to Japan and is now managing editor of the *Trans-Pacific*. He writes: —

I was in about the centre of the disaster. . . . It gave me the opportunity to walk right through the principal earthquake region immediately after the quakes . . . over 36 miles in about 13 hours.

* * *

'Our Unsuitable Marriage' is the true story of a young woman of education and refinement who in a spirit of adventure went

to teach in the Kentucky mountains. She had a mountaineer in one of her classes who was a 'moonshiner' — and handsome as well. She fell in love with him — but that's the story. . . . **Arthur Pound**, by turns a printer, editor, and always a student of social and political problems, writes this month a study of Henry Ford and of the idea that is Henry Ford. Mr. Pound is the author of *The Iron Man in Industry*. **Edward W. Bok** has been a very active man of leisure since he resigned the editorship of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and began to 'play.' His offer of a hundred thousand dollars for the best idea to promote peace has recently attracted world attention. Persons numbering 22,165 and representatives of twenty-two countries have submitted suggestions for obtaining world peace to the jury of award.

* * *

Atlantic readers will remember **Olive Tilford Dargan** for her tales of the hill-people of North Carolina among whom she makes her home. We publish a fourth of these 'Highland Annals' this month. **Edgar J. Goodspeed** is professor of Biblical and Patristic Greek at the University of Chicago and secretary to the President. It is an interesting news item that his recent translation of the New Testament is being printed serially in the *Chicago Evening Post*. **As** an American poet and essayist *Atlantic* readers are familiar with **John Jay Chapman**. He is the author of *A Glance Toward Shakespeare*, *William Lloyd Garrison*, and many volumes of verse and prose. **Harvey Wickham**, wandering essayist and familiar *Atlantic* contributor sends us his manuscript this month from Vienna. **F. Lauriston Bullard** is a veteran journalist who continues the discussion of the abuses of trades-unionism begun in the December *Atlantic*. **Agnes L. Taylor** is a writer of short stories that remind us a little, by their flavor and their subject, of Anthony Trollope. She is a new *Atlantic* contributor. **Sarah N. Cleghorn**

is both poet and novelist, and the author of *A Turnpike Lady*, *The Spinster*, *Portraits and Protests*.

* * *

Henry W. Bunn since 1920, following his retirement from twenty years' active service in the army, has been a journalist with a judicial and philosophical bent. For the January 1921 *Atlantic* he wrote a succinct and comprehensive review of the preceding twelve months. James Murphy for over twelve years has engaged in a study of Italian questions. During the war he was appointed by the Italian Government to direct their press propaganda in London, but upon the advent of the Fascists to power he returned to Italy. Sarah Wambaugh has been a member of the secretariat of the League of Nations and has served as an expert adviser on questions regarding the administration of the Saar Basin and the Free City of Danzig. She was at Geneva throughout the first, third, and the latest League Assemblies. Mark O. Prentiss, American industrial engineer, concludes his personal story of what the Turks did at Smyrna in this number of the *Atlantic*. Present in the city during its capture and burning, he met and talked with Mustapha Kemal and the principal Turkish leaders.

* * *

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A bit of genuine appreciation!

Last night, as I drew near a small boy's bedtime, I discovered a combination hard to break up — my eight-year-old, an easychair, and 'A Week-End with Chinese Bandits.' Reluctantly I pried him loose and sent him off to bed, only by promising that he could tuck the magazine under his pillow and finish the yarn at break of day. Evidently bandits under the pillow produce light slumber, for the first thing I was conscious of this morning was the low murmur of his voice in the next room, as he continued the story aloud for the benefit of his six-year-old brother. Occasionally there was a halt, and, raising his voice to carry through the thin partition of the old farm house, laboriously he spelled out for parental assistance, 'phenacetine' or some other stumblingblock.

Now the two of them are off to our little country school for the day, but the lure of an unfinished tale will bring them hustling home again. Who says college professors monopolize the *Atlantic*!

AGNES D. GOFF.

Our castigators too are vocal — very.

GENTLEMEN, —

I congratulate you on your par-excellent JOURNALISTIC COWARDICE.

Undoubtedly your blatant bigotry, chivalrous injustice and crass ignorance of religious truths, preëminently befit you to sit in judgment of what may be of service or disservice to any church.

Please oblige with balance of my subscription, and the discontinuance of your magazine.

Yours,
J. P. VLOSSAK.

* * *

Among all that we have printed of marriage and divorce, for pure wisdom we commend this.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

While the subject of marriage is occupying so much of your attention — and ours — you may like to hear what an old colored man said to me on an occasion when he thought I was taking the relation too lightly: —

'Dis heah marryin' is a ser'us bizness, Miss Cid. Didn' you nevah stop an' 'cidah whut a ser'us bizness it is? Pshaw! Lots o' folks don' think nothin' 'bout it, dey jes' pats dey foot an' hops in. But jes' look how you dun got Gawd all tangled up in it, an' see all dem things you dun promise — you say no mattah how sick he be, nuh how po', he keep agittin' po'ah an' po'ah, you dun promise stay by him; he git sickah an' sickah an' you dun promise stick by him an' he dun say de same by you. An' in de matermony it say de time dun cum fer ter tu'n aloose fum eve'ythin' an' holter yo' husban'. I tell you, Miss Cid, is a ser'us mattah an' can' nobody keep it fum bein' a promise eben ef you dun gone an' marry somebody else an' lef' him; not tell you die, one uh de udder.

'But sum folks, when de shoe pinch, dey shake it off.'

CID RICKETTS SUMNER.

* * *

In this number of the *Atlantic* we publish Edward W. Bok's own explanation of his internationally advertised peace award, under the title, 'What I Expect.' We heartily urge our readers to participate in the nation-wide referendum to follow the announcement of the award. A word about this referendum which is really a gigantic experiment in the expression of public opinion has been sent us by the Peace Award Committee: —

The competition closed on November 15th last. We think the Jury will have made its selection by January first. Immediately after that, the winning plan is to be submitted to the widest possible public for consideration and for a vote. On the release date a number of leading papers throughout the country, including the *New York Times*, the *New York Tribune* and the *New York World*, will carry with the text of the winning plan a ballot which will contain space for the signer's name and address, a statement as to whether or not he or she is a voter, and a statement as to whether or not he or she approves the winning plan *in substance*.

Several hundred organizations and institutions, including the eighty-eight great national organizations which are members of our Coöperating Council, will send the winning plan with the ballot to each of their members for a vote.

These organizations include the most distinguished professional, fraternal, civic, and religious organizations (all faiths) in the country. The interested participation of these widely differing groups in the 'referendum' is to be explained only by the fact that they realize the vast opportunity which the American Peace Award offers for crystallizing public sentiment in this country and for making articulate the interest of millions of our citizens upon a subject of vast importance to us all. Participation in the referendum does not involve endorsement of the plan or commitment to any programme with regard to it.

We realize that some voters will wish to express themselves more fully than a 'yes' or 'no' vote permits. We ask in this case that they by all means send us their fuller opinions, but that they do this in some separate communication. The ballots may be sent directly back to us; we shall have them tabulated by states, with all duplicates removed, in order that the result may be a really authentic record of popular judgment.

AMERICAN PEACE AWARD
342 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

* * *

In this number Henry W. Kinney records as an eyewitness some measure of the appalling destruction the earthquake has wrought in Japan. The possible effect of American relief work on peace between Japan and America is pointed out in a pertinent letter from Major H. A. Finch of the United States Army:—

Americans living in Japan in 1921 testify to the gravity of the situation there in that year. And it kept getting worse up to the very day of

Secretary Hughes's speech before the Limitation of Armaments Conference. Many Japanese were convinced that the Conference was to be another diplomatic defeat for their country. Immediately following the Hughes statement, showing the United States to be sincerely working for peace and not for advantage over Japan, the tension eased tremendously. War talk stopped like magic and it has never since regained its pre-Conference volume.

But revived it has to some extent, and this letter is to emphasize the fact that, in extending relief to the Japanese in their present distress, we again have an opportunity to prove to them that we are not the scheming, militaristic nation they have imagined us to be.

Even if this work of American dollars were to be evaluated solely on a mercenary basis, it would be hard to find a better way to invest a few millions. Certainly our country gained much in good will through its gracious gesture in returning to China our portion of the extracted Boxer indemnity. For twenty years the fine feeling thus engendered has persisted in China, and it seems fated to crystallize into 'a traditional friendship.' To cite a more recent case—it is almost inconceivable that the Belgians could ever take up arms against the country that for years did so much toward their relief.

The Japanese are a supersensitive people, and while they may be keenly appreciative of favors rendered, it cannot be expected that one good turn will necessarily remove all possibility of war. It may do much, however, toward restoring us to a position nearer the 'favored nation' place we held for so many years in Japanese eyes after Admiral Perry's visit.

* * *

The contention of Cornelia James Cannon in 'The Dissociated School' (November *Atlantic*) that all private schools are undemocratic and, ergo, should be eliminated, has caused a wave of protest, as well as of commendation. We are permitted to quote from Frank W. Cushwa's editorial in the Phillips Exeter *Bulletin*.

The *Atlantic* writer speaks 'of our great heritage [this democracy] sanctified though it has been by the services of a Washington and a Lincoln.' To Exeter Washington sent his nephew; and Lincoln, his own son. In the past decade sons of high officials,—of the President of the United States,—sons of workmen, of captains of industry, of shopkeepers, have all been drawn to Exeter by a common ideal.

But this ideal is vastly more comprehensive than that held by this ardent protagonist of the

public schools. It does, however, as our charter indicates, begin with democracy. As we have stated elsewhere, we are not so sure that democracy is or can be more surely fostered in the public high school than in a private endowed school like Exeter. Here in the Academy, for example, conditions are ideally favorable for democracy; and here surely a real democracy exists. The boys are detached from their families, from their social environment; and, except in rare instances, neither their teachers nor their fellow students know of their social position or influence at home. Anything besides the boy's real self and worth is irrelevant.

There is also an independence in the board of trustees and in the faculty that makes the standards of scholarship and discipline absolutely uniform and inflexible. Moreover, there is a tremendous gain for the maintenance of an intelligent democracy in the cosmopolitan character of the student body; by the perspective that a boy gets from association with other boys from every section, he loses his provincialism, his home-town attitude. Here he not only sits in a classroom with boys of all classes and sections, but he lives, eats, works, and plays with them, spends practically his whole time with them. In the local high school, on the other hand, the boy's family is known by both teachers and students—the kind of car he has and the influence his father wields. Mothers and fathers know with whom their sons and daughters associate, and often do not regard family standing as irrelevant. Nor are the teachers or the members of the school board always independent; membership on the school boards is oftentimes the first round in the political ladder.

As for standards of scholarship and discipline, the average parents wish them to be no higher than their own sons can attain. The parents pay the taxes; they have different degrees of influence, culture, and taste; and sometimes they control the destiny of teachers. Moreover, life in the high school does not necessarily produce intimate relationship among all classes; the students merely go to school together, they do not live together. Cliques in the high school follow generally the social lines of the community. The public schools, it is admitted, promote democracy, but the democracy is not necessarily inevitable or complete. Nor is democracy a monopoly of the public school. Exeter, we believe, has conditions that produce democracy, and a democracy resulting from those conditions that no high school can surpass.

But we believe that schools exist for reasons other than social. Scholastic standards can be more successfully maintained, we believe, in a school like Exeter than in the great majority of town or city high schools. And the training of

the body must be looked out for also. There can be no doubt, we think, that life in the Exeter countryside, with the bracing climate, is more conducive to physical growth and health—moral, too—than life in our great crowded cities. With private schools retained, most boys, it is true, have to remain in the city; many can go to private schools in the country, but most cannot. But are we to consider everything harmful that cannot be universally enjoyed?

Other elements in the situation seem never to be considered by those who would abolish private schools. In H. G. Wells's recent biography of Sanderson of Oundle — 'a great teacher-pioneer' — there is this sentence: 'Out of a small country grammar school, he created something more suggestive of those great modern teaching centres of which our world stands in need than anything that has yet been attempted.' It happened at Oundle, at Rugby, as it happened at Andover, at Exeter, and some other places in this country, that schools, relatively insignificant at first, have become great teaching centres. It has not happened that every town and city has such a centre, and it probably never will. It is a reasonable thing to believe that in the future as in the past, for secondary education as for college and university, many will not be able to get what they want at home, certainly not the best training, and they will have to seek it where it can be found.

* * *

Katharine Fullerton Gerould in her 'Ritual and Regalia' (November *Atlantic*) has aroused the men to retort and irony.

The secrets of these organizations have been the only ones which men have been able to keep from the genial all-inquisitiveness of the female sex, and the possession of these secrets therefore gives the numerous male members of them their one claim to superiority. This answers why they appeal to men. The answer to the question why women do not like these secret organizations is the same — namely, that within them there are some things which have resisted countless generations of insatiable female curiosity.

Finally, she asks in great apparent distraction, Why the regalia? This question can best be answered by a conundrum which runs like this: What animal is it that is very large, has four feet, a long slender tail, a trunk of ivory, and crows like a rooster? The answer is an elephant. But you say an elephant does not crow like a rooster. That is conceded; it is only put into the conundrum to make it hard. That answers why the regalia: it is simply put in to make it hard so that women will not guess the secrets.

C. D. C.



Bedford Stone Club,
Bedford, Ind.



The New Greystone Hotel, Bedford, Ind.
Nicol, Scholer & Hoffman, Architects, Lafayette, Ind.

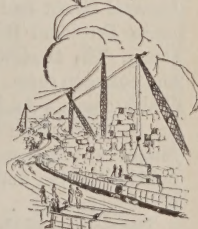
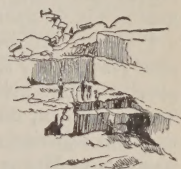
Come to the Land of Stone!

"SECURITY" has been written indelibly across the mind of the present day builder. Large or small the modern structure must have the endurance of a fortress. So selection of materials becomes a paramount problem.

During the early months of the New Year thousands of prospective builders will visit the famous Indiana Limestone district. Here in this picturesque land the world's greatest natural stone deposit sprawls out over a vast area of tumbling countryside. When the early spring operations are in full swing, the whole district becomes a thrilling spectacle of engineering skill.

Bedford and Bloomington, the home of Indiana Limestone—midway between Indianapolis and Louisville on the Dixie Highway—are easily accessible and just an hour from French Lick Springs. To meet the swelling tide of commerce Bedford recently opened the new Greystone Hotel, America's finest one hundred room hostelry. There and at the Bedford Stone Club the guest will find genuine hospitality.

Builders benefit by visiting the Indiana Limestone district, for it provides a spectacle of fascinating interest and educational value.



BUILD THE NATION SECURELY WITH



The NATION'S BUILDING STONE

THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

Grover Cleveland, the Man and the Statesman, by Robert McElroy, Edwards Professor of History, Princeton University. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1923. Two vols., 8vo. xi+427 pp. \$10.00.

'CLEVELAND is the noblest man that has filled the presidential chair since Lincoln.' This verdict of Gladstone's and the similar judgment of singularly competent men looking from different points of view are fully sustained by Professor McElroy's biography. It would seem as if every honest American must lay it down with mixed feelings—admiration for the single-minded, brave, conscientious, and unselfish man whose story it is, disgust for the mean and small persons who opposed and maligned him, and amazement that a government so often controlled and always greatly influenced by such men as his defamers should endure so long.

Professor McElroy's biography in its general plan resembles *Pilgrim's Progress*. It does not purport to be a history of the times; but it gives us the descent, education, early life, and professional experience of Mr. Cleveland until he was chosen Mayor of Buffalo, and then carries him through his public life—not always chronologically, but taking up, one after another, the various questions that he encountered, and telling us how he dealt with them. What Grover Cleveland was and what he did is well told. It also shows us why men like Cleveland appear so rarely in our public life.

The condition of public affairs in this country when he entered public life was deplorable. The corruption which followed the Civil War and flourished under the administration of General Grant had been checked for four years under President Hayes, but the tide of evil was rising. The time was ripe for honesty, courage, and common sense. The hour and the man were 'baith come.' As Mayor of Buffalo from January 1, 1882, when he was not yet forty-five, he fought a ring composed of members of both political parties and beat them, to the great gain of the city.

The politics of the State called for reform, and his success in Buffalo turned men's eyes toward him, with the result that he was chosen Governor of New York by a majority exceeding 150,000 votes before his first year as Mayor had expired, and he entered upon his duties as Governor in January 1883. While still Governor, he was chosen President in November 1884. As Mayor and Governor he had won a great reputation for honesty, courage, and wisdom, and he had also earned the enmity of Tammany and those who

supported its doctrines and practices all over New York.

Within the limits of this notice it is impossible even to catalogue his battles, but by every one he increased his enemies. Through good repute and ill repute he fought and suffered. He left office apparently discredited, but in four years his fellow countrymen called him back to command. Four years more passed and he could read in the *Atlanta Constitution*: 'Grover Cleveland will go out under a greater burden of popular contempt than has ever been excited by a public man since the foundation of the government'; or, in the *Kansas City Times*: 'The Democratic party . . . long ago stamped him as a political leper and cast him out as unclean.' Yet all the while, though he did not know it, his countrymen trusted him; and his reputation has grown and will grow as long as American history is read.

Like his great predecessor, he lived to hear

'the hisses change to cheers
The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise.'

His biography invites much comment; the contests in which he fought are not over, and each tempts the critic to speech; but space forbids, and everyone should read these volumes, if only—to borrow words from Mr. Root—in order to feel 'a sense of satisfaction that his country can on occasion produce and honor such a man as Grover Cleveland.'

MOORFIELD STOREY.

The Dark Frigate: wherein is told the story of Philip Marsham who lived in the time of King Charles and was bred a sailor but came home to England after many hazards by sea and land and fought for the King at Newbury and lost a great inheritance and departed for Barbados in the same ship, by curious chance, in which he had long adventured with the pirates, by Charles Boardman Hawes. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1923. 8vo. xii+247 pp. \$2.00.

THE seventeenth-century title does not make it altogether clear that *The Dark Frigate* is not an historical novel, but is an adventure story concerned with mutineers, pirates, and other 'hazards by sea and land.' History plays a small part, except in the final chapters; and yet one feels that a good deal of historical study went to the writing, for the general effect of the book is like that of an excerpt from Hakluyt's *Voyages*. Philip Marsham's experiences are terrifying enough, but are well within the range of possi-

Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Ave., New York



"MR. Churchill's account of his experiences at the Admiralty, when the battle of the Dogger Bank was being fought and the wireless reports of the British ships were coming in, is one of the finest things in literature."

—Saturday Review.



"THIS volume marshals the whole case with admirable skill and convincing force. Mr. Churchill not only fully vindicates his policies . . . but he has made an expert and singularly valuable contribution to war history."

—New York Tribune.

THE WORLD CRISIS

1915

By the Rt. Hon.
WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

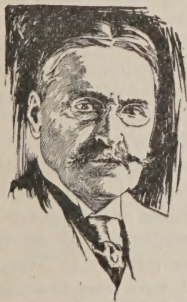
First Lord of the Admiralty, 1911 to 1915

"An even finer piece of work than the first book, which is giving it the highest praise. Its interest is extraordinary, and its vigour of narration places its author among the greatest writers of our day. He has in a singular degree the dramatic sense and the gift of eloquence. The subjects he treats are among the most absorbing in the whole tragic story of the war—the great epic of the Dardanelles, the resistance of the Admiralty and of the Grand Fleet command to an offensive policy at sea, the battle of the Dogger Bank as heard by wireless at the Admiralty, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and the first experiments with tanks, blisters, and smoke-producing equipment. He speaks with exceptional authority."

—The Saturday Review (London).

THE WORLD CRISIS, 1915. With maps \$6.50

THE WORLD CRISIS, 1911-1914. With maps \$6.50



From England

comes one of the most luminous estimates yet recorded of a great American autobiography

PROFESSOR MICHAEL PUPIN'S

From Immigrant to Inventor

Says the Saturday Review:

"AN American book which I strongly recommend is 'From Immigrant to Inventor,' by Professor Pupin. The author is a scientific man of international fame who was born a Serb in the Banat or military frontier of Austria, then incorporated with Hungary. The book has two interests. I have never met so good and complete an account of the Americanization of an immigrant, and I have never read so plain a story of the growth of modern science told for those who have no knowledge of the subject. But it has in my eyes a merit far greater. The account of life in his native village as a herd boy is written with a simple and vivid style which approaches the highest literary art, and this simple and direct method, even in his most romantic outbursts of feeling, persists through the book."

Second printing. Illustrated. \$4.00

bility — no more unusual, in fact, than those of many an Elizabethan or Jacobean seaman. In telling them, the author has given no rosy picture of piracy. We see clearly that his outlaws, so truculent and loud-mouthed, are mostly cowards at heart, and that for one buccaneering expedition that succeeded there must have been many that miserably failed. The voyage of the dark frigate, the *Rose of Devon*, was diverted from honest trade in salt fish to a cruise after doubloons and pieces of eight; but it ended, for most of the crew, on Execution Dock. Even the sinister leader, the Old One, though he excites some admiration in the end, is the chief example of the futility of his code. Indeed, few books could more effectually discourage a boy reader who might be thinking of piracy as a vocation.

In the *Mutineers*, the *Great Quest*, and this — it is sad to reflect — his last novel, Mr. Hawes carried on with skill and devotion a tradition in story-telling which, though it is the oldest in the world, never has many practitioners of his ability. He not only believed that the main aim in story-telling should be to tell a good story, but he believed whole-heartedly that a good story deserved to be told in good English. It is significant that one of his very last bits of writing was a commendation of John Erskine's *The Literary Discipline* and what he called 'the stern, indeed the absolute, laws which determine the writer's success or failure.' Throughout *The Dark Frigate* one detects not only the believer in romance, but the believer in the rich, authentic, old English idiom; and it is this, rather than his ability to spin first-rate yarns, that groups him, if not with Stevenson, with whom he was inevitably compared, then at least with John Buchan, and H. DeVere Stackpoole, and the few others now carrying on the Stevenson tradition of conscientious writing of romance.

The Dark Frigate is a good story, so good that it could well have been twice as long. If it lacks some of the excitement and spontaneity of the earlier books, it shows the same skill in choosing incident and detail, in rapid narration, and in flashing a character in a sentence or two. One episode, the meeting with the ketch, Porcupine, is so full of ironical humor that one wishes the author had seen fit to make it the centre of his story. It suggests a grim farce of dog eat dog, or sea dog eat sea dog. But perhaps the author thought it sufficient to record it incidentally and let the reader dream over its possibilities.

R. M. GAY.

The End of the House of Alard, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1923. 12mo. vi + 353 pp. \$2.00.

THE soil of England, at the present time, is producing more women novelists of distinguished rank than either the Continental countries or the United States. It would be interesting to know just why; perhaps it is the combination of a long tradition of the novel, which gives their art something rich and sure to grow in with a more

solid personal freedom of a social and feminist sort than is found in other lands. At all events, in a world where the Jane Austen sort of restriction no longer carries its artistic or human reward because, in theory at least, all barriers are down, English women writers seem on the whole less inhibited, more squarely on their feet than the Americans, without any effort to be so. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith is one of the younger half-dozen to whose latest book one has learned to look forward. Perhaps she is more 'English' than any of the rest. Certainly she is less touched by European traditions than Katherine Mansfield: those exquisite perfections and subtleties of technique and observation are not hers. She tries no revolutionary experiments in method and style, like Dorothy Richardson and Virginia Woolf. She is not soaked in the newer continental psychology, like Rebecca West, and the beauty she conveys is less stylistic. Up to now she has seemed to be developing rather along the sturdy and epic Hardy tradition.

The End of the House of Alard is a novel of Sussex, but, though it still contains the agricultural and the religious motives which one has come to listen for in Miss Kaye-Smith's every composition, the attack is unexpectedly conventional. In the earlier books the yeoman farmers and fighting Methodists of the land, their characters, human problems, and local background have been the author's preoccupation. Now it is the gentry, the decaying squires on their mortgaged and tax-burdened estates, the futile vicars on their hereditary livings. The hero of this novel is not a person but a thesis.

According to the thesis, the land no longer belongs rightfully to the gentleman squire, or the vicarage to the country parson: they must yield to small landholders on the one hand and, on the other, to a more democratic and religious clergy, closer to the needs of land and flock. At present the squires are marrying out of their clan, in a last effort to hold their place. That is what the heir of the house of Alard tries, abandoning his Stella, — his doctor's daughter, — for a rich Jewess, in a futile endeavor to keep the farms he loves. Ineffectiveness is the rule in this numerous family, suffering mentally from arteriosclerosis, eating miserable food off heavy plate, waited on by clumsy minions in livery, and screened by hothouse flowers from financial obligation. Only Peter, the heir, carries ineffectiveness to the point of suicide; but the rest fall by the wayside in a less spectacular manner — all save the two who break with tradition by renouncing it: Jenny, who marries a farmer, and Gervase, the religious younger son, who joins a Catholic brotherhood and sells the estates.

In any large-scale Sussex epic the country aristocracy has its place, and we should not quarrel with Miss Kaye-Smith's moral if it were drawn from the vitals of her Alards. But the truth is that after the powerfully created Joanna Godden, with her domineering charm, her

ALFRED A. KNOPF
PUBLISHER



220 WEST 42d ST.
NEW YORK

Borzi Books for January

THE PITIFUL
WIFE

by Storm Jameson



This powerful and moving story of modern marriage, by one of the finest women writers in England to-day, created a sensational controversy when published abroad. "A magnificent exchange of passionate words, which reveals, better than anything in recent literature, that terrible moment when a man and woman discover that they are crying to each other across a great gulf, never to be bridged by the understanding alone."—*The London Mercury*. \$2.50

PLUTARCH LIED

by Jean de Pierrefeu

A translation of the daring arraignment of French war-policies by a former member of the General Staff Headquarters of the French Army. "Wise men will gain from it an augmented horror of War and of all the obscure forces which it brings upon us."—*New York Post*. \$2.50

DON JUAN by Azorin

A story of the second coming of *Don Juan*, by one of the most interesting contemporary Spanish writers. \$2.00

THE FABRIC
OF EUROPE

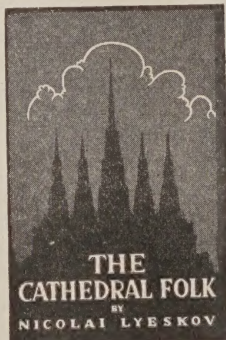
by Harold Stannard

A searching and scholarly enquiry into the forces which make for permanent unrest in Europe. \$3.50

THE OLD AND
THE NEW
GERMANY

by John F. Coar

An authoritative presentation of the current problems of the German peoples in the light of their past and present civilization. \$2.50



THE CATHEDRAL
FOLK

by Nicolai Lyeskov

A keen and penetrating satire on the godly, church-going folk in the small cities of Russia, by one of the most fascinating writers of the past century, author of *The Sentry*. \$2.50

GOD'S ORCHID

by Hjalmar Bergman

A dramatic story of the events of a single day in a small Swedish town. Within this narrow frame the author has set down incidents and character that possess a universal significance. The novel has been compared to Proust's *Swann's Way*. \$2.50

THE SHADOW
OF
THE CROSS

by Jean and Jérôme
Tharaud

The work of the brothers Tharaud, recent winners of the Prix Goncourt, holds the highest place in the literature of France. This, their first translated work and acknowledged masterpiece, is a story of Jewish traditions in the "east end of Europe." \$2.50

GOETHE

by Benedetto Croce

Introduction by Douglas Ainslie
A remarkable analysis of the greatest of German writers by one of the greatest philosophers of our day. \$2.75

THE DIARIES AND LET-
TERS OF OTTO BRAUN

Introduction by Havelock Ellis

The collected fragments of the writings of a German genius which was prematurely stilled by the War. "The music of *Adonais* seems to sing in the brain as we approach the end of this beautiful book."—*Havelock Ellis*. \$3.50



BLACK BRYONY

by T. F. Powys

With woodcuts by R. A. Garnett

T. F. Powys is undoubtedly one of the most original writers of our day. This novel of Dorset villagers has the same intensity, bitter irony and even cruelty that have marked his short-stories. \$2.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

In CANADA from the Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto

THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

strongly wrought purposes and fallible achievement, Peter and his relatives are thin and cold as algebraic symbols. Does the author know them too well or too little to feel their tragedy? It seems that she feels only that of the land which needs to discard them.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Some Newspapers and Newspapermen, by Oswald Garrison Villard, Litt.D., LL.D.
New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1923. 12mo.
Illustrated. xii+345 pp. \$2.50.

WHAT constitutes an 'ideal newspaper'? Unanswered — and perhaps unanswerable — question! What constitutes bad journalism? Mr. Villard provides a textbook, enriched by evidence selected with care, determination, and that passion for proof which excludes evidence undesired. Mr. Villard speaks from a seat of potential authority. His service from 1897 to 1918 as managing editor, editorial writer, and president of the New York *Evening Post*; and his service as editor of *The Nation*, entitle him to express his opinions. He has done so. Mr. Villard paints a gloomy picture. He does not undertake to provide a formula by which a newspaper may rise to the heights of perfection, ethically understood, and at the same time be self-supporting. That is not the purpose of his present volume; he seeks here to picture what he has seen — much evil, and a little good.

In his preface he notes the progress of the press; it is, in his eyes, a rake's progress only. 'While nothing has been set down in malice,' writes the author, he 'must admit a bias.' This he presents as the bias of one who, looking upon journalism, 'cannot witness its rapid decadence without sharp pain.' Many will sympathize with a bias of this sort, yet many too will feel that he has recorded this 'decadence' with much gusto. Who now will write a companion — or contrasting — volume from the bias of one who sees evidences of some gain in journalism, despite obvious evils?

'Newspapermen,' says the author, 'are like sheep.' Newspapermen are human beings, whose kinship to sheep is an old discovery. 'Any definite worth-while survey of the rise and fall of American journalism,' he says, must apply the test of 'the ethical measuring stick.' Yet good men differ as to the stick and its application. 'Independence' is an elusive term. Does all championship of 'the established order' come from the insincere? Is there no independent thought but that which counsels radical change? We are in a large and rather miscellaneous world, and there is a bewildering welter of opinions and beliefs; and a large proportion of it all is sincere — even though it hits us hard.

Mr. Villard considers the good points of the *New York Times*, but is more zealous in enumerating what he regards as its bad ones. Mr. Hearst he cudgels with high enthusiasm. The *New York World* is praised for liberalism; yet 'it does not

begin to approximate what it ought to be.' Mr. Munsey's dailies are 'conventional and insular.' The Yiddish *Vorwärts* wins unstinted praise: 'the most interesting, the most challenging, of New York's daily papers.' Boston is 'a journalistic poor-farm.' It has no bright blossoms. The *Monitor*, 'a Christian Daily,' is 'absolutely clean, dignified, honest'; yet unexalted. The *Suns* of Baltimore are better: 'journalistic resurrections.' The Philadelphia *Ledger* is 'a muffed opportunity.' Washington, the national capital, is 'without a thunderer.' So it goes, through Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco, and Louisville. The Bennetts, father and son, of the *New York Herald* were 'the most remarkable newspapermen this country has ever produced'; and they are dead. Edwin L. Godkin is praised generously: 'the greatest of our editorial writers.' William Lloyd Garrison had a moral leadership of which 'the need in the press was never greater than to-day.'

Well — a gloomy, depressing book; but not to be tossed aside. There is ripe thought in it. It is not quite as independent in thought as its author means it to be. He is a rigid partisan of nonpartisanship, a persecutor of those who persecute, a dismal prophet. Yet no one seeking the progress and enlightenment of American journalism can read his volume without being glad it has been written — only it is not to be swallowed at a gulp.

EDWARD ELWELL WHITING.

New Hampshire, a Poem with Notes and Grace Notes, by Robert Frost. With Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1923. 12mo. x+113 pp. \$2.50.

TIME was when a poet with so clearly American a quality as Robert Frost would have been hailed as a Yankee Vergil, Theocritus, Burns, or what you will. Now it may be said that an American is striking a note at once so truly indigenous and so unquestionably poetic that poets of other tongues and races may expect to be called the British, Celtic, or Latin Robert Frosts. This is hardly a statement which one would venture on the strength of a single book. But *New Hampshire* is the consistent culmination, up to the present time, of a series of books which give their author an entirely distinctive place in American letters. He is no less authentically himself in his own way than A. E. Housman is in his. He has made no profuse or sensational output. It has all possessed the beauty of an austere reality. It is modern in its idiom, without the 'free' extravagances of many contemporary makers of verse, and with the unspeakable advantage that its creator has something to say which, in feeling, thought, and mode of utterance, is abundantly worth saying.

The full title of this latest volume of Mr. Frost's — *New Hampshire, a Poem with Notes and Grace Notes* — defines it admirably. 'New

Old Friends And New Books

Readers of the *Atlantic* will need no introduction to these "auld acquaintances" whose new books offer stimulation to the most discriminating literary taste. There are few indeed who can fail to feel the voltage of the electrifying

Philip Guedalla

Some who found highly delectable the spectacle of the thunder bolts which P. G. hurled at "The Second Empire" have apparently been stamped by these same bolts crashing much nearer home — as they do in "Masters and Men." Serene indifference is one attitude no one can take toward P. G.'s latest. \$2.50



Wallace Irwin

has impressed the *literati* and the general book reading public alike (rather an achievement) with "Lew Tyler's Wives." There is something universal in his theme and something masterly in his handling of it that gives this romance of a man and three women a double-barreled appeal. \$2.00



The Outline of Art

In the caves of the Dordogne, the artists of the Stone Age wrote the first chapter in the history of art. The ages which follow, with their record of artistic genius, are surveyed in Sir William Orpen's "Outline of Art." Hundreds of famous pictures, selected from galleries in many countries, are reproduced, many in full colors, to illustrate the story of the lives and works of the world's renowned artists. Two volumes. \$4.50 each



The Outline of Literature

It is a far-flung panorama that reaches from Homer to Wells, measuring thirty centuries of literary history. That we may see it in perspective John Drinkwater has edited "The Outline of Literature." Every great writer who has contributed to the world's immortal literature finds his proper place in this story of stories which offers a balanced appreciation of the books and authors of all ages. Three volumes, two now ready. Over five hundred illustrations, many in color. \$4.50 per vol.

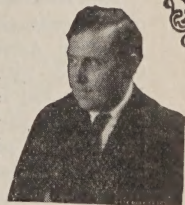
Robert Lynd

calls his new book "Solomon in All His Glory." Essays these are so rich in suggestion that they offer innumerable inviting bypaths that lead you off the dusty main road to cool glades of mental refreshment. For people who enjoy being alone now and then. \$2.50



Heywood Brown

wanted to share with his public the refreshing personality of Judith — so he put her into his latest novel, "The Sun Field." What Judith has to say about women and marriage — and what she *does* about it are an important part of this story. \$2.00



There is much in each of these books to challenge opinion and inspire original thought. They are worth asking for at any bookstore

G. P. PUTNAM'S Sons
2 West 45th Street, New York

Hampshire' is the longest single poem in the book. As an expression of the essential American quality of rural inland New England, it may be regarded as a latter-day 'Snow-Bound.' Could its original projection have been made into the comparative vacuum of Whittier's time — before Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, and other faithful delineators of New England folk had made their studies in this field — it would have arrested an attention which no native poet commands to-day.

I knew a man who failing as a farmer
Burned down his farmhouse for the fire insurance
And spent the proceeds on a telescope
To satisfy a life-long curiosity
About our place among the infinities.
And how was that for other-worldliness?

These characteristic lines suggest the type of man and woman with whom the poet deals. With such persons and with the background of nature, especially in its more stern and wintry aspects, against which they are set, he goes on to concern himself. The 'Notes' which fill the central body of the book are New England eclogues, little narratives in the vein of his previous stories in verse, neither so grim as the grimmest of their predecessors, such as 'A Servant to Servants,' nor so broadly humorous as 'Brown's Ride.' The 'Grace Notes' with which the volume ends are lyrics of life and nature so true and delicate in quality that they should be read and not described.

Intensely local as the book is, it conveys also a definite sense of the universal. So it is with any creative work which presents in forms of suitable beauty the essential truth of person and place. It is by such writing that a country may best be judged. Therefore to foreign critics in particular Robert Frost should be commended as an illuminating antidote to our small-town novelists.

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

Europe Since 1918, by Herbert Adams Gibbons.
New York and London: The Century Co.
1923. 12mo. xvi+622 pp. \$3.00.

THIS book may be described as a compendium of after-war controversies. Its theme begins with the Armistice of November 1918, and terminates with a chapter entitled 'The Next Move in the International Game.' Altogether there are thirty of these chapter headings and they form a pretty exhaustive compilation of the world's major political ailments. Under them the author provides the reader with an exegesis of capital errors in statesmanship, for which he finds abundant illustrative material in the history of the last five years. He writes with strong convictions and at times with a zest of indignation that approaches invective; he makes statements provocative of discussion; his book

is the reverse of colorless in matters of opinion, despite the well-worn topics with which it deals; but he rides no hobby and his judgments have the balance that comes from a wide knowledge.

Mr. Gibbons has studied Europe's problems upon the ground since long before the war, as a correspondent and a teacher abroad, and as a writer of books upon foreign politics. His present volume carries the weight of long observation and mature thinking. Many ocean passages have not washed the starch out of his Americanism, and while he does not minimize our own equation of error in dealing with other countries, he keeps a sturdy foothold in the United States. There is no patronizing cosmopolitanism in his attitude. He indulges in no mournful condemnation of our course toward Europe and avoids political sentimentalism in general, although he is acutely conscious of the need of international solidarity and his constructive proposals — for instance a concluding sentence in which he says that the great cause of war in our generation is 'inequality in trade, colonization, and investment opportunities among Powers of equal size, strength, standard of living, and productive capacity' — call for a large measure of national self-renunciation.

Some chapters, especially those describing the Peace Conference and the treaties, bristle with points of sore controversy, and apostles of President Wilson will disagree with certain of the author's positions. The volume is dated from Princeton and is written by a holder of Princeton degrees, but this degree of association has not begotten community of doctrine with the University's former president. Near-Eastern issues are handled with intimate knowledge, for the author lived several years at Constantinople. The policies of France receive sympathetic treatment, — the author is a *Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur*, — but he reluctantly concludes that she has, by seizing the Ruhr, lessened Germany's capacity for Reparations, weakened the political situation of France and Belgium in post-bellum Europe, and hurt her 'prestige as a chivalrous nation, scrupulous in her treatment of the civilian population at her mercy, and rigorous in her observance of international law and the elementary principles of justice.'

In discussing Interallied debts, after quoting the familiar proverb 'Your money lend and lose a friend,' Mr. Gibbons points out that the victorious European Powers appropriated very considerable assets after the war, of which the United States took no share; still, cancellation may serve to promote both business and peace.

Upon the whole the book is probably the most up-to-date, clear, and comprehensive account of the great international issues of the moment and their immediate historical background.

VICTOR S. CLARK.

These reviews will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston. For ten or more copies there is a charge of one cent per copy.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1924

FOR FRANCE TO ANSWER

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL P. R. C. GROVES

I

SINCE the Armistice Europe has experienced a period of unparalleled turmoil. The kaleidoscope of international affairs has shown us ultimatums, wars, revolts, revolutions, and dictatorships. Diplomacy has frequently connoted the point of the bayonet. Vilna, the Ruhr, and Corfu are typical of the spirit which prevails. On the other hand the pact arrived at after the recent convulsion has proved to be no settlement: the Treaty of Versailles is in danger of crumbling, and the League of Nations which it created is far from being that greater barrier to conflict which its promoters intended.

A survey of these sombre facts and of the developments in European armaments results in the conclusion that the post-war chapter of history bears the same heading as all previous chapters — namely, 'Armed Force is the dominant factor in human affairs.'

To appreciate the increasingly sinister significance of air power in Europe it is necessary to note an inevitable corollary to this axiom. This corollary, which is often overlooked, is that the 'diplomatic value' of force is proportional not merely to the size of that force but also to its readiness for action. Witness the crises which in the past

have been solved by the threat of a British naval demonstration; or the diplomatic value of the German Army before the war. Or, as an example of the obverse, witness the discounting by Germany of the enormous potential power of the United States. That Germany miscalculated is beside the point. The value of force as a diplomatic counter is also proportional to its nature — that is, to its war value in terms of speed, range, and potentials for destruction.

Clearly the nature of air power renders it the perfect instrument for diplomatic pressure. It is also the key weapon in war; for, owing to its development, war has altered in character. Hitherto primarily an affair of 'fronts' it will henceforth be primarily an affair of 'areas.' The increase in the range, carrying capacity, speed, and general efficiency of aircraft, together with the actual growth in their numbers and the potentialities of production, implies that on the outbreak of war between any of the principal European Powers whole fleets of aircraft will be available for offensive purposes. Each side will at once strike at the heart and nerve centres of its opponent: at his dockyards, arsenals, munition

factories, mobilization centres, and at those nerve ganglia of national morale — the great cities.

In the opinion of Marshal Foch, contained in a statement given to the writer in January 1921, air force alone may be decisive at the outset in any future European conflict: —

‘The potentialities of aircraft attack on a large scale are almost incalculable, but it is clear that such attack, owing to its crushing moral effect on a nation, may impress public opinion to the point of disarming the Government and thus become decisive.’

The protagonists of the older forms of force are inclined to discount the new arm and contend that its claims are based upon prophecy, not upon accomplishment. It might as well be claimed that the armament programmes of all States are based on prophecy!

The predominance of air power is warranted by an array of facts the mere enumeration of which would fill a volume. Salient among these are: —

(1) That the strategic aerial weapon, namely the long-distance weight-carrying aeroplane, has undergone great technical development since the Armistice. At a moderate estimate its general efficiency as a weapon of war has doubled. This is due to improvements in the designs of the aircraft themselves, to the increasing use of steel and lightweight metal alloys in their construction, and to more powerful and more efficient engines. In 1918 the most reliable aircraft of this type carried two engines giving a total of between 700 and 800 horsepower. The giants of to-day are driven by several engines of which the total horsepower may be as much as 2700. A 4000-horsepower machine will soon be in the air. The significance of these figures will be seen if they be compared with the horsepower of the railway locomotive, which, in Europe, averages 1000.

The armament of the bomber has also developed, both in regard to the number of small-calibre guns it carries for its own protection, — now as many as eight, — and to the size and efficiency of its bombs. The largest bomb yet manufactured was made by the Aircraft Armament Division of the United States Ordnance Department. The following account of a recent test illustrates the immense potentials for destruction of aerial bombardment: —

This 4000-lb. demolition bomb is of much the same design as the 2000-lb. bomb used so effectively against the ex-German battleship *Oestfriedland*, destroyed last year in aviation tests. The bomb actually weighs about 4300 lbs. complete with nose and tail fuses, loaded with approximately 2000 lbs. of TNT.

The bomb, when dropped in a recent test, was fitted with time fuses and fell in a firm sandy soil from 4000 feet altitude. The fuses functioned perfectly, delaying the detonation of the charge until the bomb was well buried, and the explosion threw a dense cloud of earth to a height of over 1000 feet. The crater averaged 64 feet in diameter with a depth of 19 feet below the original level and a rim about 5 feet high. The volume displaced was over 1000 cubic yards.

(2) Experiments carried out on both sides of the Atlantic have proved that battleships can be sunk by aircraft attack on a scale which is quite small compared with that which is now possible. This aspect will be considered more fully later.

(3) There has also been a marked development both in the performance and in the armaments of that class of aircraft, heavier than air, known as ‘Fighters.’ But it should be noted that, on the whole, the offensive has gained on the defensive in the sphere of aerial armaments. This is due principally to the above-mentioned development in the strategic aerial weapon.

In the future war of areas the only effective defense against aircraft attack

will be the aerial counter-offensive, and the only effective safeguard against aerial aggression will be the threat of reprisals in kind. The truth of this postulate will be apparent from the following considerations:—

At the Armistice the air defenses of London consisted of 11 specially trained night-fighting squadrons of aeroplanes, 180 guns on the ground, 10 balloon aprons, and a large number of search-lights. The number of aircraft was nearly 300, and the total number of men employed was some 30,000—that is, the equivalent of two divisions of infantry. In addition there were a number of specially prepared night-landing grounds, extensive telephone installations, and a large headquarters staff to coördinate and direct the whole defensive organization. These defenses were found to be inadequate to protect London against the Lilliputian air raids of that period, the largest of which was carried out by only 36 aeroplanes.

It would obviously be impracticable in peace time for any European State to maintain air defenses, even on this totally inadequate scale, not merely for the defense of its capital but for every city, town, dockyard, arsenal, munition factory and other nerve centre within its frontiers.

The experience of all the belligerents during the Great War proved that ground defenses are of little value against aircraft. Balloon aprons cannot reach high enough. Anti-aircraft guns may or may not help to reassure the population and demoralize the invaders, but their material effect is negligible. Very frequently weather conditions preclude the gunners from seeing their targets, and even under good conditions of visibility the percentage of hits of the total number of rounds fired lurks in the depths of decimal notation. Early in the late conflict the British Ministry of Munitions esti-

mated that in order to score a direct hit upon an aeroplane flying at 8000 feet and capable of a speed of 100 miles per hour no less than 162,000 guns would have to fire simultaneously! The experience of the war bore out that estimate. There is a difference of opinion as to the number of aeroplanes brought down by anti-aircraft fire over Great Britain in the course of the recent conflict, but the total can be placed fairly safely at under six.

If, in the full light of our present knowledge of the battle values of aircraft, we apply to navies the lessons of the war in regard to aerial defense, we are driven inexorably to the conclusion that the efficiency of sea power in European waters is dependent primarily upon command of the air. Naval bases cannot be defended adequately except by aircraft. Surface craft of every description are liable to be destroyed by torpedo-carrying aircraft, by the direct hit or near miss of colossal bombs, and by mines laid by aircraft. Admiral Sir Percy Scott, one of Britain's leading experts on ships' armor, has stated that it is impossible to protect battleships against sub-surface attack, on the scale which may now be anticipated, without so reducing their speed as to render them useless. Cruisers are even more vulnerable than battleships because their higher speed involves weaker armor. Picture an attack by even one thousand up-to-date aircraft upon any naval squadron lacking adequate air defense.

The use of smoke clouds and smoke screens—the latter made by smoke buoys dropped in large numbers—would render the attackers intermittently invisible. The ships would soon be manœuvring in a mist, and shortly would themselves be moving clouds of dense smoke caused by the impact of phosphorous bombs. But the attackers owing to their great mobility would

still be able to see their objectives. Innumerable opportunities would occur for close-range attack. The partially or completely blinded ships would be subjected to continuous smashing from above and below the water line. Their only defense would be their anti-aircraft armaments. Owing to the necessarily unstable platforms afforded by surface craft the anti-aircraft gunner is even more handicapped at sea than he is on land, and his chances of hitting targets moving at speeds ranging up to 200 miles per hour are indeed small.

Certain it is that a squadron attacked by 100 modern aircraft, *and itself inadequately defended from the air*, would be in extreme jeopardy. At sea the manoeuvres of the surface craft would handicap the attackers to some extent, but could serve only to prolong an unequal contest. In port, annihilation would come more quickly.

The results of the bombing tests carried out against the battleships Virginia and New Jersey this year, of the tests carried out off the Virginia capes last year, of similar tests carried out in European waters, and of the ascertained efficiency of torpedo-carrying aircraft, afford ample warrant for taking a recent statement by General Patrick as a decisive ruling in regard to the vulnerability of surface craft to aerial attack:—

The air service does not for a moment assume to say that battleships, or any other component parts of a naval establishment, are obsolete. We merely rest on the conclusions of the Joint Board, that, under proper conditions, we can put out of commission or sink any naval craft that floats.

Opposition to this view in naval circles throughout the world is perhaps inevitable. But the view is justified by hard facts; its truth will therefore prevail despite the opposition of great vested interests and the bias of naval

traditions; for, sooner or later, facts must be faced, however unpalatable or however incredible they may appear.

The actual position of air power in the sphere of armaments has been summed up by Admiral Sims in a single sentence, 'The command of the air means the command of the surface, whether it be sea or land.'

II

It follows from the various considerations reviewed above that any great European Power which possesses air supremacy is, ipso facto, in a position to dictate to Europe. But Europe has never yet tolerated a dictatorship. She has always sought to check aspirants to such authority by means of a counterpoise of force; when this method of maintaining the 'balance of power' has failed, the result has invariably been war—as examples, the wars ending 1815 and 1918.

A review of the rise of air power in Europe will show that the danger which a dictatorship connotes has again appeared, and that international suspicions are once more seething.

At the Armistice the aerial strengths of the principal European belligerents were approximately as follows:—

Aeroplanes and seaplanes

GREAT BRITAIN.....	22,000
FRANCE.....	20,000
ITALY.....	5,000
GERMANY.....	18,000
AUSTRIA.....	5,000

The first three figures quoted above were supplied to the Supreme Council at the Peace Conference by the Governments concerned. The remaining two are estimates made by the aeronautical authorities of the Allied Powers. In each case only about one seventh of the total numbers of aircraft was actually in service at the

Armistice; the remainder consisted of reserves and training machines.

The Peace treaties forbade the Central Powers to possess any military or naval aviation. Interallied Aeronautical Commissions of Control were appointed to give effect to this ruling, and during the three years which followed the Armistice most of the aircraft of the Central Powers were destroyed, removed, or otherwise accounted for and a clean sweep was made of most of their aeronautical installations.

On the side of the Allies, Great Britain and Italy rapidly reduced their air services to mere skeleton organizations. France also reduced her air force, but simultaneously inaugurated a thorough and far-reaching policy of rearmament and reorganization.

By the end of 1921 the Central Powers possessed no military or naval aviation, although Germany possessed a few 'commercial' aeroplanes of negligible military value.

In October of the same year the actual strengths of the principal Allied Powers in all categories of aircraft heavier than air were stated at the Washington Conference to be:—

	<i>At home</i>	<i>Abroad</i>	<i>Total</i>
FRANCE	1036	686	1722
GREAT BRITAIN . .	545	503	1048
ITALY	454	40	494

The publication of these figures — which, it should be noted, included aircraft allotted to training establishments — caused uneasiness in Great Britain, where it was pointed out that they implied that France held an aerial supremacy over Britain of three to one so far as Europe was concerned; because the bulk of the French aircraft 'abroad' were merely across the Mediterranean; whereas British aircraft under the same heading were principally in Mesopotamia and India, too far afield to count for purposes of home defense.

In December 1922, a little over a year later, a statement issued by the British Air Ministry caused something of a sensation:—

The strength of the Royal Air Force at present stationed in Europe, including units temporarily in the Constantinople area, is approximately fifteen squadrons; that of the French Air Service one hundred squadrons. The average establishment of the British squadron is, however, twelve machines, while that of the French is nine. The total number of British active service squadrons is thirty-two; of the French active service squadrons one hundred and twenty-eight.

By the following May the aerial strengths of the two Powers were stated in the House of Commons to be: France 140 squadrons, Great Britain 35 squadrons — of which 7 were available for home defense.

This implied that in service aviation alone the aerial strengths of France and Great Britain were in the proportion of 15 to 1 if measured in terms of 'first-line' aircraft available in Europe. But even that comparison does not show the full extent of Britain's inferiority, for it is not by service aviation only that air power must be measured. France has developed her Civil aviation in a very remarkable manner: her subsidies to Civil flying in the current year are eight times as great as those of Great Britain. The result is that France possesses a Civil air fleet of some 800 machines which, together with their personnel, form a valuable reserve to her service organization. Britain on the other hand has approximately 150 commercial machines. The disparity in aircraft industries, which are in effect the foundations of air power, is equally illuminating: in 1922 the total output of the British Aircraft Industry was 200 machines, while that of the French was 3300.

In addition to the great disparity in

air force is the fact that, owing to the new provisions of military geography, Great Britain is probably the most vulnerable nation in Europe. From the point of view of aerial defense her insular position is a disadvantage, for the seas which surround her favor surprise attack by aircraft and render it difficult to observe their lines of retreat. The bulk of her population is crowded together in great cities within a comparatively small area. London, her most vital nerve centre, has an area of 700 square miles, making it the largest aircraft target in the world. At the same time, owing to its geographical situation, it is Britain's most exposed great city. There is no harbor in the country which is not within aircraft range of France and, in the event of war with that country, Britain's seaborne supplies of food and raw material, upon which she is absolutely dependent, would be liable to be sunk by aircraft attack both in harbor and in home waters.

These considerations, together with the immense preponderance of French air power, resulted in an increasing agitation for larger air defenses in the British Parliament and Press. In response to this popular pressure the Prime Minister announced on June 27, 1923, that the Government had decided to adopt a one-power standard in the air, and that, as a first step toward the attainment of that standard, the Royal Air Force would be expanded to a total of 82 squadrons, of which 52 would be allocated definitely to home defense. Thirty-four of these squadrons were to be raised by the end of 1925. The conclusion of his speech is noteworthy:—

‘The question of further addition to this force will depend upon the character of the programmes of foreign Powers. France has plans for increasing the military air force to 220 squadrons, and the naval force to 50

squadrons, within the next few years, and this country is obviously interested in knowing what proportion of the increase will be bombing squadrons. If any substantial addition is made to that particular arm, the home-defense programme of the Government may have to be considered.’

This speech and the announcement it contained met with a hostile reception in several prominent organs of the French Press; one of these printed its comments under the headline, ‘England builds up a formidable air force against us while Germany rearms’—an example of the enmity which this sinister contest has fomented between two allies who, only a few years ago, were fighting side by side in the cause of liberty and justice.

On June 29 the Chamber of Deputies voted an increase of the Military Air Vote by 36,920,000 francs in order to add 68 squadrons to the French Air Force and bring it to 208 squadrons.

Meanwhile Italy had also embarked on a new air programme the details of which have not been published; but a statement made by Signor Mussolini at Rome on November 4, 1923, is significant:—

‘If others arm in the air Italy also must arm in the air. The other day 300 aeroplanes flew over Rome without mishap. Next year their number will be three times that figure. We are forced to embark on this aviation policy.’

These facts speak for themselves.

With the best will in the world it is no longer possible to support the claim that French air policy, which is the driving force behind this new and fervid competition in armaments, is dictated by the danger of a camouflaged development of air power in Germany. It is true that, during the three years immediately following the Armistice, Germany's constant attempts to evade the execution of the

Air clauses of the Treaty and to build up commercial aviation on a convertible basis gave the Allies cause for uneasiness. But by the end of 1921, if not earlier, France was amply ensured against that potential danger. Although the danger has not materialized, French air power has increased to an extent which has caused her neighbors misgivings and has obliged them to embark on policies of aerial expansion.

The Interallied Aeronautical Commission of Control, appointed by the Supreme Council to ensure the execution of the Air clauses of the Peace Treaty, completed its task in May 1921, and withdrew from Germany. It was replaced by an Interallied Aeronautical Commission of Guaranty which was charged with the duty of ensuring that Germany should not build up air power in any form. That Commission is still in Germany; if France is in a position to state that, despite its efforts, and despite the intelligence to the contrary received in Great Britain from various sources, Germany, although she is apparently in a state of chaos, is actually building up air power, the publication of such a statement, supported by a few concrete facts, would go far to allay the growing uneasiness in Great Britain and in Italy.

It is often hinted in the French Press nowadays that the real air menace to France lies not so much in Germany herself as in German coöperation with Bolshevik Russia. If this is the case, let the facts be stated. If it can be shown that there exists, anywhere in Europe, an air menace which justifies French air policy, not only will goodwill toward France be reestablished, but her old allies will immediately rally beside her in order to meet what would amount to a common danger.

But in the absence of some such justification it is, unfortunately, no

longer possible for France's most ardent supporters in Great Britain to refute the contention that French air policy, for some time past, has been dictated, to a decreasing extent, by the fear of German aggression, and, to an increasing extent, by a desire to ensure that none shall be in a position to query her mandates in Europe.

III

In Great Britain the need for immediately embarking on a large air programme has given rise to considerable bitterness, not only because that necessity has unpleasant implications, but also on account of the great expenditure it must involve. Aviation calls for the services of personnel from fifty different trades. In France these men are obtained under conscription at a nominal wage. In Great Britain, where there is no conscription, they must be paid a market wage. Herein lies the answer to the oft-repeated indictment that Great Britain has spent more on aviation than has France. It has been estimated that the French air policy will force British air estimates, which total £23,000,000 for 1923, to £100,000,000 per annum within a decade—an irritating prospect for a country which is struggling with unparalleled economic depression. Great Britain has at present only 70 per cent of her pre-war trade; her people are the most highly taxed in the world; she has nearly one and one-half millions of unemployed to support; and she has undertaken to repay to the United States a sum of £40,000,000 annually. In these circumstances it is, perhaps, not unnatural that the average Britisher should argue as follows:—

‘France is by far the greatest military power in Europe. Even without the assistance of her Continental allies, Poland and Belgium, her military

domination on the Continent is absolute. We recognize her need for military insurance and we therefore do not venture to criticize her military hegemony.

'But she has also spent many milliards in building up a great air fleet, a fleet to which she is still adding although it is already far in excess of the requirements of her army and out of all proportion to any aerial danger which threatens her. She explains that her air policy is dictated by fear of aerial attack from beyond the Rhine. Obviously, if such a danger exists, it threatens us equally; yet, when we decide to increase our nominal air defenses by 34 squadrons, France immediately votes to increase her air fleet by 68 squadrons, in spite of the fact that her aerial strength in Europe is already at least fifteen times as great as our own. What does this mean?'

In view of the short period which elapsed between the British Premier's speech and the announcement of the new French programme, it is highly probable that the latter had already been decided upon when the speech was made. Nevertheless, coupled with the remarks in the French Press already referred to, it had the effect of increasing public misgiving in Great Britain. This in turn reacted upon the British Government's decision to develop a one-power standard in the air, and the decision was widely acclaimed. Britain's new programme includes the raising of a number of squadrons on a territorial basis with a view to overcoming the handicap due to her lack of conscription.

There is no doubt whatever that Britain will now rapidly make up leeway. At the end of the war she possessed the largest air force in the world, and, if need be, her greater industrial resources and better credit will enable her again to outstrip European rivals.

Certain it is that Italy also will come

to the front. Signor Mussolini has sounded the alarm and has added the post of Air Minister to his numerous duties. His energy and the new temper of his people will ensure the rapid execution of his new programme.

But, to those who realize fully the present and future potentials of air power, this new competition in armaments, accompanied as it must be by ever growing enmity, is of the most ominous portent. The science of aviation is still in its infancy. Its ally, chemical science, stands merely on the threshold of its possible application to explosives and poisons. The air weapon which these sciences have created is already the paramount form of force, and is developing; indeed the whole apparatus of air warfare is constantly changing in a swift and stupendous progress toward perfection. Meanwhile tensions are growing between the leading European Powers. Unless these processes can be curbed it is highly probable that they will culminate in a 'war of areas.' In such a contest each of the belligerents would be in a position to inflict upon its opponent destruction on a super-cyclonic scale. If they were fairly equally matched, devastation might continue until the collapse of the entire social and industrial system of both combatants. The victor would probably suffer almost as much as the vanquished. The struggle could hardly be confined to the original combatants, for aerial bombardment precludes discrimination. The loss of life and property amongst neutrals residing in the theatres of war would be so great that their Governments would find it difficult to refrain from intervention. But, even if the conflagration did not spread, its baneful effects would be world wide, for, as the recent conflict proved, all States are now in some degree economically interdependent. It follows that a 'war of

areas' between two or more of the leading European nations would involve incalculable damage to the common fabric of civilization.

Certain it is that a danger of such a war is growing; the explosion may be delayed for a decade or more, or it may flare up earlier; but it is clearly inevitable unless the Great Powers make a concerted effort to prevent it.

Despite the skeptics, the Washington Conference succeeded in effecting a general limitation of naval armaments and banished competitive naval construction for a period of fifteen years. A general limitation of aerial armaments to a reasonable scale—that is, to a scale based on the defensive requirements and national responsibilities of each State—is equally practicable. Such limitation would be more

difficult to arrange owing to the spirit which prevails in Europe, and because of the many technical difficulties to which the Air committee of the Washington Conference drew attention. But nevertheless there is no doubt that a compromise could be arrived at.

There is urgent need for a conference of the Great Powers to consider this cardinal issue; the air problem is central to the whole complexity of Europe's problems to-day, and until it is solved no measures for stabilizing the European situation can be other than palliative. And if Europe is not stabilized soon, the result may prove to be that recently predicted to an American audience by Mr. Lloyd George: 'Civilization is doomed within this generation to a catastrophe such as the world has never seen.'

THE AMERICAN MALADY

BY LANGDON MITCHELL

I

At a clinic for children, recently held in a county town in Virginia, the capable woman physician was called upon to examine a wretched, very little child of the unfortunate poor-white class. Having looked him over, she handed him back to his barefoot sister, and, instead of noting his several specific defects on the card under her hand, she wrote the words: 'Everything all wrong. Hopeless.'

I was reminded of this scene in reading that formidable compilation of critical protest, recently published, entitled *Civilization in America*. The book

contains thirty essays, on thirty subjects, by thirty dissatisfied experts, and is in the nature of a critical clinic held upon the rest of us. As I galloped through this series of essays in dissent, I saw as in a vision these United States passed, anxious, naked, and bawling, to the laps of the thirty authoritative gentlemen; and I seemed, by that inner audition granted to the visionary, to hear the sad expected comment of all thirty of them: 'Everything all wrong. Hopeless. Next nation, please!'

The co-authors of *Civilization in America* set out to diagnose our na-

tional disease: to tell us what is wrong with our America, with the life we lead. A good deal seems to be wrong. We seem to be in a bad way. On a first, hasty reading, we might imagine, or hope, that this consensus of unfavorable opinion was the product of European travelers. But not so. Four fifths of the writers are American-born and of the original stock.

The fact is pertinent to any unfavorable opinion we may form about the book. For home truths by home people are one thing, and comment upon us by foreigners another.

We feel sure of it, since most of us have heard or read how, in our hot and sensitive youth, the great Dickens and the delightful Mrs. Trollope, setting foot on our shores, with diagnostic intentions, glanced hastily at the Yankee patient, and using no very obscure or technical terms, said: 'Coarse, crass, ignorant, impudent, barbarous, green yet corrupt, and strangely embarrassed with a superfluity of spittle.' And our fathers further informed us how the patient rocked with rage on his invalid couch of the Alleghany slopes, and the two doctors returned, calm and complacent, to the perfections, the infinite mercy and charm of the London slums. In our own day Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Wells, and a number of Continental writers have turned the glasses of their attention upon our moral landscape, but without, we feel, affording us much insight into our own case; the truth, if I am in any way wise in such matters, being that the European mind cannot much avail us. It is too full of false expectation.

The word by which we so splashily indicate our state of affairs — the word 'democracy' — is to the European a stumblingblock. We and he employ the one word, but by it we intend disparate things. The European sets foot on our soil predisposed to find Euro-

pean democracy in full flower and power. Instead, he finds a republic; a thousand years of tradition and usage, of unwritten, even unspoken agreements; and he finds, too, something subtle yet powerful; profound but innocent; something continually and freely criticized, and yet apparently impregnable to radical change; something religious, and yet cynical. A year ago, in Paris, the editor of one of the more popular French dailies said to me very nearly as follows: —

'Yes, I have traveled in your country. But your countrymen are not good at explaining things, and there is so much in America that needs explanation. For example: your democracy — is it democracy? If so, why do you open the session of your Congress with a petition to a Supreme Being? And is your President a High Priest, that he comes forth, as it were, robed in a sort of sacerdotal style, a few days previous to that Feast of Gratitude you hold in November, and delivers a national prayer? And I ask you, is it democracy when the Governor of one of your States appoints — he, of his own volition, appoints a Senator ad interim? What I seemed to see was, for me, not democracy at all. I don't know what it was, or is. But democracy, as we conceive it, no.'

His face was grave, and he sighed much as a man might sigh who had been disappointed in an affair of the heart.

It is conceivable that European democracy is one thing, our own another. We Westerners must, therefore, turn to our fellow countrymen for the mirror which shall show us our own deficiencies. I go even further. Those men, whether or not born and bred among us, who are *European-minded*, can avail us little by their critical comment.

'No, I don't feel at home in America.'

The words, precisely as I quote them, were spoken to me by a well-known young poet. 'I hate America; I hate the people. I'm going to Paris, to live in the Latin quarter.'

I was sorry for this young American; sorry for the Latin quarter. We may, some of us do, love European countries. We rejoice, and should, in the richness, the completion, of European civilization. But whither, toward what, does it all seem to move? As we regard it and reflect upon it, having, possibly, the historic sense, we are convinced that Europe is not moving in our direction, but in another direction. We feel—even if we do not know—that whatever flower of culture we may produce, it will not be a European flower. We may come to perfection, or not, but we must take our way to it by paths other than the paths the European treads.

Civilization in America affords no very bright and shining outlook, but it is a field of sunbeams compared with the dark and rapidly gathering storm of critical disapproval which confronts us in the novels of what is called 'the younger set.' And if it were not so, our American attitude toward mere critics is that they are professional faultfinders; so that disposes of them. But that our writers of fiction should be out of sympathy with their own country-folk is another horse entirely, if only because we read fiction when, being tired, we have nothing else to do—and why should a tired man be pinched at and pessimized? Moreover we feel, however obscurely, that novelists, being dedicated to an art of understanding, can have but one criterion of any action or state of affairs: whether, namely, it tends to increase or diminish the well-being of a man. This inclines us to consider their account of us, however fleetingly. What is their account? How do they see us?

Well, the authors of *Main Street* and *Miss Lulu Bett*, of *Cytherea*, of *This Side of Paradise*, and—turning to the older set—of *Ethan Frome* and *Unleavened Bread*, in portraying our American environments, undoubtedly register disapproval or dismay or dislike. They declare our circumstances to be destructive of human happiness and perfection. And it may be of moment that so many of the newer poets agree with them. So, too, do many members of the professional class; and this class creates, or sustains, our material civilization.

I can imagine that at this point the American drummer, with whom I frequently consort,—and find him no fool,—will call me a calamity-howler, tell me to go chase myself, or, even worse, ask me if I hate my own country.

I suppose that in confessing something more than a sneaking affection for our common country, a writer may subject himself to being called a conservative, even a patriot. But I will go boldly at it, and declare at once that I like the race which—when we wish to irritate the Jew or the Celt to frenzy—we call the Anglo-Saxon. I like the American, and, if I am narrowly inquired of, I shall reply with malice and candor that the American I like is the American-American. The strange habits and preferences of our people do not irritate me beyond bearing. I retain my calm in the presence of their monstrous religiosity and their occasional extremism in politics. I am not moved so much as—I fear—I ought to be, when they accept Mr. Ford and Mr. Bryan as exemplary men, fitted for leadership and public office. Even the total blank and vacuity of the American mind after it has submitted itself to four years of college education leave me in a friendly and amiable mood; and there is a positive aspect to my tolerance.

These United States are a man's country. The wilderness is not too far away; it invites and can be enjoyed without paying a ransom. If you are weary of the college campus, or of suburban felicities, or of what Philadelphians call the 'Main Line,' you take the train to New Brunswick, or the Navajo Reservation, and refresh yourself with hardship and the simple life. To sum up my patriotism, I believe that I like American life for many of the same reasons for which the sailor likes what he calls dirty weather: there is, in our state of affairs, something chaotic and adverse which calls for action and provokes high spirits.

If a writer of much vogue and authority—for example, Mr. Stuart Sherman—should thus open his heart and declare his ease in Zion, we can all readily imagine the outcry that would follow. Not only the poets, but all those others I have mentioned, would chorus their protest at him the instant he appeared on the back platform of the Pullman car on his way to the Painted Desert; and Mr. Sherman would find his firm and lucid style and all his wit quite drowned in the tumult of dissention protest.

'What!' he would hear. 'These base and brutalizing sports are your ideal! Let us tell you then, mountain sheep and mackerel are not America. The America we know is a morgue of mind. Republican institutions are as outworn as chain armor, democracy is the dream of a drunken fool, and our people are corrupt and contented. To be at home in a country can mean only that you are at ease, satisfied with its mind, its spirit, its social habits. But perhaps you exuberate merely. Well, if you do, cease from exuberation, quit throwing your style; else live hereafter and forever in a wicky-up or a teepee and leave to us to create, by antipathy, by indignation, by compassion, criti-

cism, and a justified anger, the future you care nothing about: that better Time and State which you are incapable of even imagining. If we mistake you, then say in plain words whether or no you agree with us that something is extremely wrong with America and American life.'

Mr. Sherman, being no doubt hardened to the hailstorms of invective and tolerably indifferent to supplication, would probably make no answer to these suffering voices.

But if the young and famous addressed me in these terms, I should certainly feel reined up. I should cease from throwing my style, if I had any to throw, and I should try to give an account of my opinions in the plainest language.

Well, then, I agree with them. There is something wrong with our American life, unconscionably wrong. I am aware of it as they are, and I feel indignation as they do—or, at least, an ardent desire for a better state of things. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks and Mr. Harold Stearns, among those who have contributed to *Civilization in America*, indicate clearly enough that our America is not doing and being all she could; that something is very much the matter with us.

Again, the writers of fiction have, I believe, observed us correctly. I cannot think that *Main Street* and *Babbitt* are false pictures of our life. The sordidness, gloom, and almost unrelieved *tedium vitæ* described or indicated in the *Spoon River Anthology* are not something manufactured by Mr. Masters, but something observed and felt.

Our state of things justifies and calls for such sentiment. It is only when these writers come to specify and point out the evils at work in our life that I find myself no longer at one with them. I feel that their attitude is the product of European-mindedness.

We are, indeed, sick; but not because we are Americans; or because we are so largely of the Nordic race; or because we inherit the Common Law and the Bill of Rights; or because Patrick Henry — as is often asserted — was a windbag, or Jefferson a worse one, and Washington apparently a truthful, perhaps even a continent, man.

II

The virtues and values of a people do not constitute their weakness. On what point, then, shall we fix our attention, in order to discover the true nature of our ailment?

A French writer has said of China that it is not a country or nation, but a civilization. And what a flood of light is thrown by this observation on the whole field of thought in which we now find ourselves! There is, then, a thing called civilization, apart from the political organization. And this civilization may, possibly, be something apart or aside from religion. So that, if both Church and State were abolished overnight, there would still be this civilization. The American mind can hardly conceive of such a state of things. The sectarian churches, the President, the public schools, the Supreme Court, Congress, this and these, or what proceeds from these, are civilization, and there is and can be nothing left over, or outside these.

Well, China is too remote a dream for our interpretation. Let us, therefore, take France herself as an example of the truth of this French observation. If the French Government ceased, or changed into some other form; if the Roman Church passed away like smoke, French civilization would not be radically or immediately affected. It would continue to function. French art, science, and literature, French social habits, would not suddenly stag-

nate. They might even increase the energy of their activities.

And so in every country, though an organized polity and a traditional religion are primary, and possibly, in the long run, necessary, as being conservators of civilization, yet they are not the thing itself. They are not all of man's life — not even half. In our country, as in others, men live only semioccasionally in political thought and action; still more semioccasionally in the sphere of religious feeling and belief. When the idea that politics and religion are not eight tenths of civilization offends the American, we have to remind him that a man's love of his mother is not an effect of politics or of piety. Science, art, literature, thought, and the pleasure we may possibly take in fishing, are not the products of Church or State.

And so, if we want to know what the American Malady really is, we must — at least, in my opinion — avert the eyes of the mind from our self-governed ecclesiastical establishments and from the State. We must turn our thoughts upon the life men lead, aside from the ecclesiastical and political spheres. We must, in short, look into our civilization. Instantly we feel that we are on the right track. For the American man is really contented with the political state of things: he casts his vote without tears or nausea; and he is not more than gently critical and dissatisfied when, in a pew, he sings a hymn of which the burden may be that life is a vale of tears, and the sooner over the better for all concerned. In his heart he is aware that life and the world mean much to him.

But — and here we have it — when he locks the door of his office, when he leaves the church or the voting-place, he is confronted with his own leisure; and instantly the poor fellow is struck to the heart with the most intolerable and inescapable boredom. He may

not know why he is bored, but he knows that he is, and he makes no bones about it. Time and himself hang heavy on his hands.

The proof that this is so is on every street-corner in every town, where, when our citizens are not politically or religiously engaged, we shall see them loafing, idling, and wondering what next, and where they look the discontent they feel. This discontent is so universal and so notorious that we sometimes pride ourselves on its ravages, the idea being that we shall be the more ambitious, and work the harder. Children, artists, and morons, we think, may glow with the happiness of mere being, or with the love of their games; but not the rest of us. We know and appreciate the value of being under the lash; of being gnawed upon by dissatisfaction. Boredom energizes, for we have to escape it, and, reflecting that to-morrow will soon be here, we itch for the relief that its routine labor will afford us.

Thus, if I am right, our leisure hours have no good meaning for us. We meet them as a man meets a dun or the shadow of death. But, in Heaven's name, what is the reason why a robust, self-governing, and sufficiently pious people is subject to intolerable tedium in those hours when it is not at work, or being voted or prayed for? It will be understood that I speak of the mass of our people — not of those who are set apart by their possession of wealth or education, and decidedly not of those few who have been bred up in European or Colonial traditions of the conduct of life; for these latter know how to live with satisfaction to themselves.

Again, it must not be thought that all of us, on leaving our work at the stroke of five, sink at once and supinely into a state of coma or into boredom; that we make no conscious effort to come at diversion and pleasure. This

may happen with many. But others of us, when the day's task is finished, seek distraction, pleasure, and interest, as eagerly, as feverishly as any of the peoples of our earth. Yet we rarely obtain what we seek because we do not know how to entertain ourselves; and, wanting this great art of civilization, we try to kill time and oblivate care by speed, by yet more speed, or by doing a variety of things, none of which we care much to do.

Fixing our attention now on the mass of our people, who, if I at all know them, are habitually discontented, we need not be deeply read in Freud to be aware that a continuous, an habitual, discontent is a symptom of something extremely wrong with the person so afflicted, or with the life about him. It is as much a symptom of a disease or a morbid state of the soul and mind, as a subnormal pulse would be an indication of some physiological disturbance. Such a symptom implies a cause. What then are the causes — or is there perhaps a main cause — of our spiritual tedium?

Every son of man seeks to live a good sort of life: seeks, that is, so to build up and arrange his life that solid good shall be attained. But, in our country, many and powerful forces obscure the knowledge of what is a solidly good, desirable life. We often speak, in an excellent idiom, of having a good time. In that matter the Latin man seems a happy throw of nature. So, too, the Negro. Not long since I was having a heart-to-heart talk with a magnificent black fellow who, as is so often the case, expressed to me in simple Negro language a profound truth. 'White folks can do a lot,' said he, 'but they don't have a good time.'

Yet the white folks' forefathers did once have a good time. What are the influences which have brought the sons of these forefathers to the point

where they live a meagre and miserable life, so little responsive to the hungers and thirsts of the mind and soul that, in leading it, they are eternally dissatisfied?

To begin with, we are, through the lack of tradition incident to our emigration, — followed by repeated immigrations, — a folk cursed with bad cooking, and, as a result, with malnutrition, far beyond anything observable among the peasantry of France or Germany. Thus our citizens are tortured with what they are pleased to call stomach trouble. Again, our newly-rich, rising rapidly into their new-richest, rise as they may, have nothing to rise into. Having, that is, through the acquisition of money, attained to the possibility of a greater degree of self-perfection, — and therewith happiness, — they make no effort in that direction, preferring to remain what is called 'plain'; which is to say, really, unfinished; which is to say, half-baked; rather than to grow and mould themselves into a more completed and worked-upon humanity. They have no Ideal Man, no single loved and admired character, on which to model themselves. They remain as they were, but, wishing to look different, their tailors gratify the last *libido*.

Furthermore, the American family has no intellectual interests. It does not even know what such things are.

Still further, we are nomads, and the Ford car, with other inventions, invites and indurates the nomadic habit. But a rich, deep, and powerful civilization cannot be founded on a tribe of nomads, who pitch their modern shacks to-day along the Susquehanna, and, exhausting the soil, move to-morrow to the Wasatch Range.

Lastly, there emanates from our great cities a peculiar moral effluvium of vulgarization, an *odor mortalis*, of which London and Berlin also are

capable. Our mountaineers, it is true, are ignorant and our country people miseducated; but they are not vulgar. The Arab of the Arabian Desert is not vulgar, and neither is the Apache. But that our cities vulgarize is too plain to need proving; though, if proof were needed, our spoken English and manners would suffice. And we should not forget that vulgarity is no trifling matter, for it is composed of ignorance and of belief in it; of incapacity for intellectual distinction; of distaste for moral and all other refinements; and it is usually attended by insolence and ill-will. A vulgarized human being is thus a damaged soul, an infection to his fellow men; a danger to the State; a contributive cause to the decline or corruption of the moral well-being that we try to embrace in the word 'culture.'

Now, if many of us are vulgar, and multitudes of us are nomadic; and if these vulgarized nomads suffer from stomach trouble and have no intellectual interests; and if, when they make money, and are thus free to do and be what they choose, they then choose to do and be only what they have hitherto done and been, leaving ideals, noble behavior, intellectual enjoyments, the pleasure of the arts, and the pursuit and practice of the simple life, to their chauffeur — well, all this does not precisely make for a rich and Athenian culture, not even for the thrice-hammered hardihood of Rome.

III

I have mentioned above a very few of the forces which are adverse to that larger, freer, more fruitful life, the essentially good life I speak of, and to the contentment which must follow on leading such a life. But these, though contributory, are all negative powers. Whatever it is that brings us to a suffering and dissatisfaction so debilitating

and so general must itself be positive and operate upon great masses of our population. With this conception in mind, no one will be astonished when I say that a false conception of what makes for a good life is the main and active cause of our great American malady of boredom. This false conception, apart from its sources, is as positive and powerful as any believed-in truth. For error is as creative as truth, only it creates evil. And here we are at once in the sphere of ideals, and in that sphere we know well enough that the fruit of a false conception of things is not often, or for long, anything true or excellent.

If a naturally truthful man imagines that he can take up with a course of lying, and does take up with it, the result will be that he will lower his pride, poison his serenity, and weaken his force. With a born liar, not so. His lies may even conceivably intensify his health. But the truthful man will be undermined by his own error.

So a tender-hearted man may indulge in this error: he may imagine that he can kill an old woman and, stealing her hoard of gold, live happily ever after. The hero of *Crime and Punishment* imagined that he could do this, and he tried it. His error, his false conception, led him on to self-horror and ruin.

Our American brother is like the hero of Dostoevsky's novel. The false conception under which he labors, the error he believes to be truth, and on and in which he acts, is that he thinks there is no good life apart from labor, politics, and piety. By a good life, I mean, as I have sought to indicate, not merely and exclusively moral conduct, but the life which is good for us because it is consonant with our higher nature, answers every demand of that nature, and, being thus necessary, brings us to every sort of fulfillment, to increase of

all that is best in us, and so to happiness — or at least contentment. Such a life implies freedom of choice and self-activity, and brings it about that the man leading it flourishes in health of body, mind, and spirit, producing fruit according to his kind, finding and fulfilling himself. Speaking in terms of religion, when he leads such a life he obeys the voice of God. Such a life he feels to be good, and he calls it good.

But the larger number of our countrymen are convinced that labor, politics, and piety are the whole of life; and this error takes a still more positive form when the misguided man believes the pleasures of art, music, poetry, social meetings, and the intellectual life, to be in themselves irrelevant, low, bad, or negligible. Now see how this false ideal delivers the American over to misery and vice.

He despises and discards those things which the soul of man creates for its own joy. In so doing he puts himself on a level with crude and semibarbarous tribes like the Kaffirs or Yaquis. For these, too, plough the earth for bread, live under a system of traditional custom, as binding as law, and are pious according to their own lights. They lack nothing but, simply, civilization; which is to say, they lack the good life — the sort of life, let us say, led by Jefferson and Franklin when they were not at work.

It is, I feel, sufficiently obvious that our people do actually live a life that is crude and semibarbarous. It was not always so. Historical events have deprived the American of much that he should and once did possess. He is not conscious of the loss of these means of a finer and more copious life. He does not know that time, circumstance, and the course of things have, with exquisite sleight of hand, stolen away all his best means of happiness, all the wonder and wealth of his soul. All he knows is

that his life is empty, and he feels sad.

If we could plainly show the causal process of his deprivation of good, we should not only be breathing life into history — we should be at once made aware of the true nature of the things he has lost.

But, to do this, we should be obliged to write a novel; for only a novel, with its infinitude of loving detail, could show us the American man in the process of becoming, of being compelled to become, the thing he now is. I have often wished the task might be undertaken: that a novel, preferably long and delightful, should be composed, showing the English or Scotch emigrant, say, of the later seventeenth century, landing on our shore, and being, in the years following, stripped bare of half his intellectual and spiritual powers and possessions.

We should then see a robust and adventurous man step from civilization and a rich popular culture into the void of the wilderness; we should see him provided, on his landing, with a complex and ancient religion; and we should then see him, as pioneer, hunter, and backwoodsman, lose all the fineness of that religion, cease to practise its rites, forget its formulæ, and retain of it little but the memory. We should see his mate obliged to prepare the food for their fourteen children helter-skelter, as best she might, and we should shortly be witness to her resort to saleratus, hot bread, pork, and that man-destroying weapon, the frying-pan.

We should see dance, ballad, and glee in the process of being forgotten. We should see the Englishman attenuate his social customs, his manners, his jollity; and the Scot forget the gay or tragic songs of his forbears, air and words alike slipping away from him into the soft, perpetual twilight of the primeval forest.

And presently we should assist in the emigration of his children, to the Valley of Virginia, or the banks of the Wabash, and again should watch the heavy, swaying schooner-wagons of the children of those children drifting slowly westwards, across the Father of Waters, to the Great Plains, the prairies, where at last their own descendants are lost to sight and knowledge under the shadow of Mount Shasta. And observing narrowly those famous covered wagons on their long trail, in every mountain gorge, in every defile lit up and blooming with the pale large flowers of the rhododendron, and on the gently undulating blue-green prairie, we should find the ashes of the fires they lit, and about which they warmed their cold fingers, and told stories of how their forefathers lived in the tide-water county of Old Virginia, in the green fields of Sussex, or on the bonnie braes of Kilravock. And searching among those innumerable circles of faded, former fires, among the pale ashes of oak and pine, or in the charred dung of the buffalo, we should find in every heap their loved, their lost, their forgotten, their disused spiritual possessions: not only bits of colored glass, beads, shreds of calico, lying there to witness that world-shaking, world-creating historical event — the Great Migration; not these only, but other and greater things, dropped, lost, and put by of stern necessity: song and dance, with violin and clavichord, garlands of flowers, graces and charms, manners and customs, convivial meetings, festivals, the life of the mind, and respect for it, gayeties of heart, and all diversions, all distinctions, all that in the past their forefathers had created that they might live in something more than the momentary taste of the palate and touch of the palm.

And with these means of happiness and of a full and flourishing life, we

should stumble on yet higher things — music of infinite remoteness, creeds as old, almost, as the rise of man, the grace and charm of an ancient and mellow religion, and — yes — even the Psalms of David and the songs of Shakespeare. I repeat: we should, in all verity and sincereness, see these things, and far more than these, lying mouldy and forgotten in the charred ashes of the dung of the buffalo.

But, did our pioneer forbears retain nothing? They retained what they could use under the pressure of the new circumstances: a stark moral code, and cockfights. They retained horse-racing, the traditions of English liberty and law. They held to that respect for woman which we have seen flower in the immediate past. Else — nothing, or but little. This profound and enthralling work of fiction would, no doubt, let us understand that the more puritanical the immigrant was, the less he lost; for the less he had to lose, having already in the old country suffered a denudation of all liberal values.

Moreover, if our gifted novelist should continue his story, we should presently feel the bitter wind of Calvinism gather its malign forces, and blow on the descendants of these pioneers; or we should see them converted to an evangelical creed, which, with the deaths of those extraordinary saints and gentlemen, the Wesleys, must perforce be upheld and continued by men of coarse natures and ignorant minds.

And in the third volume of this somewhat prolonged Story of Man, we should be confronted with the life-destroying forces of the Industrial Era.

IV

But at this point, I feel convinced, my optimistic commercial traveler will again turn upon me, and say that I

have not advanced one scrap of proof that the life we Americans lead is a poor one, in fact and actually; not a scrap of proof that we are discontented or unhappy. He will probably add that in his opinion we are aglow with the most blithe and winsome joy; and that we are a profoundly cultured people, as witness Mr. Ford and Mr. Bryan. And not only so, but an intellectual yet wisely optimistic people, as witness Mr. William Allen White. And I feel sure that he will end by asserting that my picture of our life is too dark, too monotonously dismal to be true.

Well, the gentleman can be comforted: for I hasten to assure him that, touching the dismalness and monotony of American life, I have so far painted or sketched the thing in a dazzle of crimson and gold: let him have patience, and he shall presently come to what is darker and dimaler, a good deal.

That the leisure hours of a million men are not joyous does, however, not admit of exact demonstration. Still, if I must play the game of a citation of living men in proof of my thesis, then, indeed, my heart leaps up, for I know that my enemy has given himself into my hand, and I cry out, as boys do at prisoner's base, 'I will take Mr. William Allen White for "my side."' He shall bear witness. He shall tell us in what degree the Kansan loves and lives a full and flourishing life, and to how much happiness he seems to attain.

I take Mr. White for my side the more readily as he has such a hearty appreciation of the value of material goods, and such an understanding of the part that law and political justice play in human life. And, further, Mr. White is genial, and fair, and humorous. Impossible not to be carried along with what he writes. He is a man not at war with life; he does not see it darkly; he does not rebel. He is even

faintly tinged with our roseate optimism, and he is one of the few men who can speak of our modern Puritanism without roiling the rowdy Cavalier, who inhabits, I am afraid, the bosom of every true lover of life. Mr. White, too, is in love with Kansas.

To be in love is an engaging state of mind, and in Mr. White results in a desire to celebrate the object of his affections. He is aware of the imperfections of his bride, but he prefers to dwell on her material well-being, her 'determination to make the Ten Commandments work,' her stark morality, her political church, and her eager reforming spirit. His bride may lack the graces and elegancies of the ladies of the 'Boule Miche,' but she has the main thing: she's a moral woman, and a good housekeeper. And yet, despite his admiration for Kansas, Mr. White makes certain admissions. And his tone in making them fills me with a fear that all is not so well with Kansas as we have hitherto thought.

Mr. White describes the physical well-being, the comfort, justice, order, and health of his fellow citizens, and expatiates on the fact that his own neighborhood enjoys 'twenty-five miles of hard-surfaced roads, and more telephones and Ford cars than there are heads of families.' He writes (I change the order of his sentences with but a very little malice): 'We are a deeply religious people. Life and Liberty are esteemed. We have no criminal class. Still we are not a joyless people.' It is here that I begin to feel a dusk of anxiety creep upon me.

'Deep in our hearts is the obsessed fanaticism of John Brown.' But I am under the impression that fanaticism is no very cordial friend to human liberty, and is an embittered foe to all that is liberal and enlarging in life. I feel almost inclined to ask if it would not be better to have a few less hard-surfaced

roads, and a few, just a few more criminals, and not so many fanatics.

Mr. White, however, goes on to tell us that those who strive to make life beautiful for themselves and others in Kansas do not find, if I understand him, much response to their endeavor. That Kansas, though just and thriving, has not as yet produced a great poet, or musician, or philosopher; and that surely democracy is futile if out of it 'something worthy—eternally worthy' does not come! 'The Tree shall be known by its fruits,' and finally, to quote him directly: 'Nothing is more gorgeous in form and color than a Kansas sunset; yet it is hidden from us. The Kansas prairies are as mysterious and moody as the sea in their loveliness, yet we graze and plough them, and do not see them. . . . Yes,' he continues, 'though Kansas is well off, she lacks joy!'

And reflecting upon his own previous assertion that Kansas disapproves of the Latin way of life, with its temperate drinking of wine, its singular indifference to continence in the male animal, and its frank delight in songs of a somewhat pagan nature, he is moved to make a very wise observation. He makes it, as it were, doubtfully, modestly, but he makes it.

'Surely all joy, all happiness, all permanent delight that restores the love of man, does not come from the wine, women, and song which Kansas frowns upon!'

And his conclusion is that this question, the question of the absence of 'joy,'—that is, I suppose, of natural and wholesome pleasure,—is not a Kansas question, but 'tremendously American.'

Well, I feel that with such a witness, 'my side' wins. Mr. White is surely as much dissatisfied with American life as I should wish every man to be; and his dissatisfaction goes straight to the

point I labor — we lack 'joy.' He sums the matter up in telling us that in Kansas we have an energetic and just people, fermenting with reformers, enjoying 'a perfect sewer-system,' and an infinity of telephones, and Ford cars; but which yet possesses little or none of that 'permanent delight which restores the soul of man.'

'These Kansans,' then, — or these Americans, — have the prairies, with their changeful colors, their moods; but the prairies possess for them no other significance than what they may find in their front parlor, papered with magenta roses and pink lilies.

How was it that a Russian serf, the poet Kolsoff, could so rejoice in the beauty of the steppes he ploughed for another? Or how was it that an ignorant stripling, half-naked, and, later in life, far more criminal in his actions than Kansas would countenance, could, in his high tone, sing, or say: —

He sendeth the springs into the valleys . . .
The wild asses quench their thirst.

To the American it would be indubitable that none but wild asses would quench their thirst at these springs of God.

Mr. White, in short, thinks that we Americans have no love for nature, get nothing from it — nothing more than a dog or an ox gets. And, further, he indicates that whether Kansans, or otherwise, we fail to get anything from the two great, popular and associated arts, Poetry and Music. Yet these two arts are main-traveled roads to a world of life-giving pleasure and human perfection; and they are, too, within the specific compass of our racial giftedness.

Now, a people to which Nature, Music, and Poetry are as blank as they probably are to a dog or an ox, is necessarily pitched back upon coarse, animal pleasures; or it seeks for the excitement which our human consti-

tution demands, in the stimulus provided by Coca-Cola drunk in excess. For social diversion, not untinged by pathos, an auction-sale must serve; or at a pinch, the funeral of some unknown citizen, where death itself makes us feel, if nothing else, at least the tremor of apprehension. When all else fails, there is alcohol; and wanting that, the man can sleep.

V

It may be argued that, so far, I have taken into consideration only the rougher sort of people. What of our college boys and girls, with their enthusiasm for truth and beauty? What of our well-paid college professors? I am under the impression that our college professors will in a measure agree with me, that most of our college boys are disdainful of the arts and sciences; that the American student is a fine, upstanding, honest, well-intentioned, athletic, and empty-headed fellow; that at thirty or fifty he is this still, and nothing more; and — no light matter — that his ideal men are the ideal men of the whole community: Mr. Ford, Mr. Bryan, and others upon whom the professor looks somewhat coldly.

Turning now to the professor himself, the truth is that he is a Greek among early, very early, and very ignorant and crass Romans. He tutors these kindly barbarians as best he may. But he cannot impart to them his spirit, the necessary spirit of skepticism in Science; the necessary spirit of belief in Beauty; and his vital and creative respect and enthusiasm for intellectual values. He cannot inspire them with these beliefs and enthusiasms because, like the standard men they admire, they hold these things in fear and contempt.

If we can, by a gross effort, imagine Mr. Henry Ford and Mr. William J. Bryan, and that bellicose and redoubt-

able man, Bishop Cannon of the Methodist Church, with the modest Mr. William H. Anderson, as Roman youths, in their togas of virility, attending a class held, say, by Mr. George Santayana; and if, holding the picture, we try to imagine and hear Mr. Santayana imparting his subtle, urbane, wise, and liberal spirit — what he knows, feels, and is — to the boisterous young Romans I have mentioned, evidently, the four of them would have none of his spirit. They have their own spirit, their own dæmon.

Mr. Ford would cry out in Latin of a kind, as he has already cried out in English of a kind, that he cares not ten cents for all the history that was ever written: 'History is bunk.' Mr. Bryan would rush from the classroom, and, seeking the Forum, any forum, would make an oration against the late Mr. Darwin; and so with the others. For they are possessed, already, of a spirit of their own: the dæmon of false knowledge, of narrow, mean ideals; and that dæmon must be cast out before any good thing can enter them or those like them at the hand of even the most inspired professor. When I say that these gentlemen are possessed by dæmons, I am not trying to be funny, but to be exact, and, in an imaginative way, to convey the idea, none too easy of apprehension, that the American, possessing already his own notion of what he conceives to be a good life, has the utmost contempt for the good life, which he knows nothing about and does not possess.

He labors, that is, under the false conception to which I alluded. He is a slave to error. He is an idolater of the bad. And the rest of us — poets, novelists, and professors — can go hang: we are a mere minority. Thus, it is that in our country the poet, the writer or artist, and the professor feel isolated and solitary. They are face to

face with this Gallio among the nations. America cares for none of these things. She cares for none of these things, because she has been decivilized. Historic events and a false ideal have brought us to that pass. We are, as a people, without the knowledge or practice of what clearly enough is civilization. And we are not aware of the fact.

But am I not rather taking the definition of civilization for granted? What is civilization? How do the authorities define it?

Well, the *Ladies' Home Journal* is, possibly, in a degree, and certainly intends itself to be, an agent of civilization. It should, therefore, be qualified to define civilization, or at least to point out a true and ideal civilization. And the editor, taking up just this issue in the August number, writes as follows: —

'There is only one first-class civilization in the world to-day. It is right here in the United States. It may be a cocky thing to say, but relatively it [our civilization] is first-class; while Europe's is hardly second-class, and Asia's is about fourth- to sixth-class.'

It is comforting to know that such is the case. It disposes of so much. First of all, it relieves us of any effort to bring about a higher sort of civilization. Since we are so decidedly first-class, we may rest on the oars of effort, and let France and England try to catch up. We may rest on our oars, or on our knitting-needles, and, suspended in the Heaven of our own superiority, look deliciously down on China, where family life is so detestably stable, and where the people have been innocent pacifists now these two thousand years or more.

It is pleasing, too, to feel that the French are not in it with us. Their family life, too, is irritatingly successful; and their women are at the same

time so little regarded by their husbands, and by French law, that both by custom and under that law they are, we are told, practically partners in their husband's business affairs. And then, though we take little interest in such matters, it is certainly a pleasing thought, and one that fans our self-esteem into a cordial glow, to be made aware that our science and our music, two things which may have, we suppose, some relation to civilization, are on a plane above those of the French.

We don't know who our American Pasteur is, or who our César Franck is, but it's simply grand to know we have them. Further, it is nice to realize, from the highest authority, that England, through whom we inherited the language we speak, though not that refined bur-r-r which a few of us have implanted in the innocent thing, has at last sunk to second place, and can be regarded with complacent disesteem.

The word 'cocky,' the Dictionary informs me, is the same as 'cock-sure,' and signifies to be confidently certain; and the Dictionary adds that it is a 'low word,' which we now know not to be the case. But the subject is serious, and irony gets us no further. Let us, then, say, as we surely must say, that such an extreme overestimate of what the people of our country have accomplished, in the way of creating a noble, fruitful, and humane life for themselves, is unworthy of any student of manners.

There is in such a comparative judgment and award nothing helpful or forwarding; no qualification is made, no distinction observed. It is as if a man should say that Athens and Florence in their great periods were less creative of human well-being than Newark and Yonkers of to-day.

I feel, however, that we can come

by a less cocky, or less vainglorious, estimate of our American civilization by turning to the novelists, whose life-task it really is to deal with such matters. The editor of the *Home Journal* might naturally object to taking the opinion of mere men upon such a subject. He might argue that men know nothing about civilization or culture. Let me, therefore, appeal to a woman, that is, to *A Circuit Rider's Wife*, by Mrs. Corra Harris.

The book is an autobiographical sketch, written with a gusto, sparkle, and humor that should have recommended it to the higher critical appreciation. It treats, with much else, of our American life, as it was lived forty years ago, in the country districts of a Southern State. And in such districts, as we all know, life has not very much changed with lapse of time. There is much animation in the account of that life, and, rarest of things in a book by an American author, there is an extraordinary subtlety in what we are accustomed to call the psychology of the characters portrayed.

What is the nature of the life described? I think any reader of Mrs. Harris's book will agree with me when I say that the life is chill, sterile, sad, and, above all, dull. In fact, it is dull with a dullness which surpasses any dullness that this reader has ever encountered, save in just such countryside. As, however, the narrative does concern itself with a backward people, and a Methodist community of that period, it might be felt, and reasonably so, that we cannot expect art, gayety, social diversion, or even human happiness in such a milieu.

Let me, then, turn to another woman writer, to Miss Willa Cather, for support. The excellence of her gift we all know. Whatever her novels may lack, it is certainly not truth, candor, or a knowledge of the people of whose

existence she treats. In *The Song of the Lark* the author portrays the life led in a small town in Colorado; in *My Antonia* the current of things in a similar town in Nebraska. What here we have dealt with is not the aristocratic South, or the effete East, but the West; that portion of our empire where, as the popular song has it, everything is a little wider, warmer, larger, and more generous — in short, happier.

Do we find it so? No; the life which the writer paints, or suggests, is divested of all the nobler pleasures; empty of intellectual interest; devoid of social diversion; artless, heartless, furtive, narrow, bleak, mournful, mean, and inhuman. Impossible to speak or read of it jocosely. Jest and irony die in their preconception. This is the American! To this he has fallen! We look in the magic glass, and the glass is truly magic with the grace and truth of genius, and we see our American brother's face. It is a very sad face, but not sad with thought; not furrowed by dark experience; not weary with having lived. No, the face, as it appears on this canvas, wears the mournful, baffled expression of a soul which does not know how to live, and has not lived.

It can only be said of these unhappy people that the existence they are called upon to endure is composed of that iteration of nothing to which the human soul cannot accustom itself this side of an insane asylum. If Mrs. Corra Harris, and Miss Willa Cather report with only half truth the facts of our case, we must feel that we are in a bad way; that we really are a decivilized people, wanting in all the arts of civilization; and in consequence, undeveloped, starved of all that is best — discontented, and dull. To this state our false conception of what is good has brought us.

VI

The most thankless task in the world is that of telling our countrymen that anything whatever ails or is wrong with them. You are at once called a grouch, and a sour-belly. You are held to retard the wheels of progress. Why, then, undertake that which brings only an increase of disesteem and dislike, and to which little attention will be paid? As is well known, our national timidity shrinks from the task, or only essays it in the form of fiction, or when sure of sympathetic agreement. But, no doubt, the day will come when there will be American writers who shall be steeled to a just contempt of the disapproval of the great and ignorant mass of their fellow-countrymen. To those, in the future, must and will fall the task which truth imposes — the task of criticism; the task of finding fault where fault should be found.

If the life our people lead is not good, but bad; if it is an existence which, by what it lacks, dehumanizes; if it tortures the young heart and cripples the youthful mind; if it is green and yet corrupt; if it is stupefyingly dull and empty of good; if it is mean, ignoble, and poor, we must face these facts, analyze them, interpret them if we can, and try to understand them.

In the sphere of religion Wycliffe and Luther were in their day not remiss in pointing out corruption. And the poets, the novelists, of our time are their true sons, and should take heart of hope from the examples of those great Reformers, who first acquainted themselves with what was wrong, and thereafter reformed it. First, the weighing of facts, then their interpretation, and after that the more agreeable task of the betterment of what is bad. With us, in the Western world, reform is too frequently directed upon

political evils only. Above all, it neglects the preliminary labor of the knowledge and understanding of the evil to be removed.

And again, our energetic spirit of reform wastes itself in the endeavor to raise the lowest and most unfortunate class a little, a very little higher.

But it is not the blind and the crippled, it is not the half-witted, or the nomad worker, with and in whom lie the destinies of America. To the exceptional boy or girl, to the gifted, to those who by the divine grace of high breeding in humble circumstances, are fore-ordained to some sort of leadership; to those to whom God has already given much, to them give yet more. Concentrate on the best you now have, and the wheels of progress will spin twice as fast as they now do. Cultivate your productive soil, and let the barren mountain pasture, or the marshland, wait a while. If this is unchristian, so much the worse for our modern Christianity. It was to this aim that Emerson dedicated his life.

But to do this, however inadequately, we must see clearly, as in the daylight of truth, in the very cruelty of it, those things in which American life is most wanting. And we must see that this absence of great and glorious things has not come about by chance, but is owing to our false conception of what is good, what bad; and that this devaluation of good, this arid contempt of it, is the creative cause of all the wretchedness which so keenly affects us. We must seek to realize that this is the main cause why, in the midst of perfect tranquillity, and unparalleled plenty, we are neither contented nor happy. No doubt, other causes are at work

upon us. But this is the Satan of our life. This is the Goliath of America. And against this giant power of evil, so deeply entrenched, so apparently unassailable, untouchable, the future American critic must throw whatever puny stone he may have in his sling. By thus doing, by destroying this dark misconception, we shall, at least in a measure, bring about the good life.

I may seem to some readers, at this point, to speak in hyperbole, and to be now as grotesquely extravagant in hope of the good, as I was earlier extreme in criticism of the bad. I may seem, too, to have advanced very inadequate proof that our life is not the most excellent one in the world.

I have mentioned Mr. George Santayana; let us listen to him. In his *Character and Opinion in the United States* he speaks of us Americans and of our life, at some length. He appraises our civilization, and culture, and analyzes our characteristics, without fear, with indeed much candor, but with esteem and affection. In his Preface, he writes: 'I am confident of not giving serious offense to the judicious, because they will feel that it is affection for the American people that makes me wish that what is best and most beautiful should not be absent from their lives. . . . There is, in America, a fund of vigor, goodness, and hope such as no nation ever possessed before.' In America, 'all is love of achievement, nothing is unkindness; it is a fearless people, and free from malice.

'This soil,' he continues, 'is propitious to every seed, but why should it not also breed clean thinking, honest judgment, and rational happiness?'

AMERICAN WOMEN AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

ARE American women in general taking an interest in public affairs since their enfranchisement? Or is this interest confined as hitherto to the comparatively few women here and there: to the individual woman disinterestedly thoughtful, and to the immediately interested women, directing spirits in women's organized activities?

The writer happened during the past fourteen months to cross and criss-cross the United States. She has spent two months in the Far West and on the Pacific coast; a month in New York City; some days in Denver; some days in Chicago; a month in Florida; a fortnight in Indiana; a month in Tennessee. She has been around a bit in her own state of Kentucky.

In these varied circumstances and conditions of routine life, social life, club life, hotel life, and the chance contacts of travel, she feels that she has touched a fairly representative cross-section of her sex.

Especially in California, Florida, and more recently in a summer hotel in the mountains of Tennessee, the women whom she met were gathered from many quarters of the country. While in her home city, Louisville, and in New York City, during this time she has mingled with women of varied activities and affiliations. By a cross-section of her sex, therefore, she means the country woman, the town woman, the city woman; the professional woman, the woman of wealth; the uninformed woman, the woman of average education, the cultivated woman.

And within this period she can recall no instance in any casual group, social or otherwise, composed entirely of women, where the conversation voluntarily turned on public affairs as such: on politics; on government, or on the principles or fundamentals back of these things. *Voluntarily*, please note.

From time to time she has heard personalities: a story, let us say, of the late President or of Mrs. Harding; an anathema against, or a eulogy of, this and that public figure — Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Harvey, and so forth. But even these are the exceptions.

Occasionally she has heard some woman say that prohibition is a success because she has heard, or read, that such and such local jail at such and such place, is empty; and another woman say that it is a failure because all the young people — or so she has heard, or read — carry hip flasks. But never once in any entirely feminine group has she heard any voluntary, any casual, discussion of, for example, the right to personal liberty as opposed to the right of government to protect the individual against himself.

In mixed groups, men and women, yes, she has heard these and other issues of public moment discussed.

But, whatever the nature of public affairs thus touched on in these mixed groups, whether immigration, the I. W. W., or the tariff on lemons on the Pacific coast; peonage, convict labor, the whipping-post, or the Ku Klux, in Florida; evolution and the Funda-

mentalists in Tennessee and Kentucky; Al Smith and the 'wets' in New York City; the subject was always introduced by a man, and any sustained discussion was carried on by the men.

I am not claiming that these women were not as able to take part in such discussions as the men. On this point I venture no opinion. Nor am I claiming that these men were invariably informed, or that the argument was invariably impressive, or convincing.

I *am* saying that in my judgment American women generally are not interested in public affairs, national or local, in the concrete or in the abstract.

Having made this charge, I will make another. The American woman, as I meet her, is more concerned with informing herself along almost any line rather than politics and public affairs. And when I say this, I have in mind my friends, my associates, my acquaintances, myself, my dressmaker, my milliner, my cook, my younger relatives, and the daughters of my friends.

Last spring, to test my theory, I brought up the word 'Fundamentalist' in six diverse groups of Kentucky women, and did not find a woman in these six groups who knew what a Fundamentalist was. And this in the state where, owing to the activities of these same Fundamentalists, 'evolution was saved to the world,' a year and more ago, by a majority of one vote in the legislature. Yet these six groups were made up of intelligent, cultivated women, competent and able in their chosen activities; but with little or no interest in public affairs.

I was on a train when the news of President Harding's death shocked the country. The following morning, in our sleeper, the question came up, who — on the automatic succession of Mr. Coolidge to the presidency — would be the Vice-President.

I did not know when asked, nor did

any of us in the sleeper, man or woman. But the point I want to make is that none of the women seemed in the least interested, in the least disturbed by the consciousness that it was our place, as well as the men's, to repudiate our ignorance and find out.

I heard a clergyman from the North, called to a church in the South, ask a group of five Southern women just what was the attitude of the white South generally to the Dyer Anti-Lynching bill. These five women, representing as they did three states where racial friction is intense, never had heard of the bill.

I heard a man on the porch of a hotel at an Indiana water-cure ask a group of women how women in general feel about the World Court. They confessed without a qualm that they personally did not feel at all; that, while they had heard the name, they did not know what the World Court was.

A man in my hearing brought up the Sheppard-Towner law in a group of men and women. 'Why is it that all that you women have done thus far with your ballot and your legislation tends toward paternalism, toward centralization of government, toward Federal interference with State rights — that justifiable bugaboo with many in this country of ours, from the time of Jefferson to this? And Federal interference in a sense, and to an extent, which we men and our fathers and grandfathers, North or South, have never contemplated?'

The ensuing discussion waxed interesting, but it was a masculine discussion. If the women had a point of view to advance, or a position to defend, they did not embrace their opportunity. On the contrary, before the end of the discussion, they were out of it, drifting off to piano, magazine, or card-table.

Did or did not 'Sheppard-Towner

law,' 'Federal interference,' 'Centralization,' mean anything to them?

Mulling over these matters, I approached two women who came within my category of women who in their separate ways *are* interested. One — the individual woman disinterestedly thoughtful, a B. S. and an M. A. in this case as it happens — holds the chair of psychology in a woman's college. The other — the immediately interested woman, a directing spirit in women's organized activities — is vice-chairman in her party for her city and county committee. I put the same question to each: —

'We American women, according to recent articles in the magazines, have earned a name as successful organizers and excellent executives. We are further charged in these articles with a driving desire, an obsession even, to get things done, to carry our end, to put things over, to show that we can if we will; this without always considering the ultimate result.

'Can it be that we brought enfranchisement upon ourselves when on the whole we, the American women in the mass, did not care for it; that we were not, and are not, interested in having it; are not awake to what it signifies, or alive to the responsibilities our acceptance of it implies?'

The first woman writes me: —

'Habit-formation is a slow and regular process. Legislation opens opportunity for habit-formation for the next generation, but will not affect the present generation unless there is a strong conscious interest on the part of each individual to interrupt the habits already formed.

'Women will, and do, discuss child- and home-welfare because of their present conscious responsibility. Just as men do not, not because of lack of general interest, but because of the lack of specific responsibility along

these lines. Women's interest thus far in the history of the world has been specific, not general.'

The second woman writes: —

'Many men, especially men in the rural districts and the small towns, are still, and actively, resenting the giving of suffrage to women as a whole, and in particular to their own household women, and seek to discourage, not only its exercise, but such interest in affairs as will lead to any desire to exercise it.

'A countryman of some standing told me recently that, if his wife ever voted, she could start from that moment and make her own living. That he 'd work for her no longer in that event, and that he 'd told her so.

'A woman called me on the telephone preceding a recent local election to ask my advice about voting, saying she had two little children, and her husband told her he would leave her if she went to the polls. These cases are not as exceptional as you would suppose. As for the women of the great prosperous American middle-class, I begin to believe it is because they are so materially comfortable that they are plethoric.

'As for arousing woman's interest in affairs and in the exercise of the ballot, I have this to say: Give her something tangible and within her experience to talk about, and to work for. Tell her her district needs a new schoolhouse; or her town a new sewer; or her city an up-to-date health department. Women are not interested in abstract principles. They wish some concrete result.'

Whatever the explanation, I am forced to conclude that, among American women the country over, apart from those few disinterestedly thoughtful, and those directly concerned, there is a lack of interest in public affairs, an apathy, an absence of concern, not so much in the issue at hand, as in the principle behind it.

THE PROPOSED MONOPOLY IN EDUCATION

BY JAMES H. RYAN

I

The thing which the world needs most is a proper spiritual conception of human relationships. — PRESIDENT COOLIDGE.

DEMOCRACY has fallen on evil days. A war which was fought to make the world safe for democracy has brought in its train the overthrow of almost every working democracy. Continental Europe to-day is governed by dictators; parliaments no longer convene; the press is shackled, or it vociferously applauds the usurpations of its political masters; the people do not care a whit who rules. Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain—to mention but the large nations—have repudiated before the world their democratic faith. Not liberty, but a strong-armed authority, is what these peoples appear to want; and a Lenin, a Mussolini, and a Rivera are endeavoring to give them what they want.

In England and the United States, democracy has fared somewhat better. In spite of its defects, we still maintain unbroken our faith in the workability of those principles which have come down to us from the fathers. Acute observers, however, are beginning to express doubts as to our ability to organize successfully for this experiment in government, to which the English-speaking peoples are committed, the heterogeneous and clashing elements which make up our vast populations. Political progressives are demanding a radical change in government policies. Communists would

overthrow everything and begin anew. Enlightened liberals shake their heads, and see nothing but misfortune before us. Some have already prophesied disaster. The gloomy forebodings of such far-seeing thinkers as Hilaire Belloc have had at least this good effect—they have called attention to the fact that we are living in a fool's paradise if we imagine for a moment that democracy can run itself, that it can be successful if we are afraid to think straight, and to act according to convictions arrived at after the severest kind of straight thinking.

There are two principal forces which make for the ultimate success of democratic endeavor. One is legislation, and the other education. In the process of its actualization, democracy must look to these two activities, more than to any others, for aid and comfort. If law observance breaks down; if public officials become corrupt or negligent; if the making of laws falls under the control of any one group, thinking only of the advantages which will accrue to it from a domination of this function of government; if the people themselves fail to take an intelligent interest in the working of their government or become actively hostile to it, then we can with safety predict the near-collapse of democratic institutions. If, on the other hand, education fails to measure up to the requirements of the democratic state, if its administration is bad, its upkeep too expensive, its

curriculum not fashioned to meet the growing demands made upon it, we have reached a situation fraught with the direst possible consequences. Correct thinking, and nothing but correct thinking, about both legislation and education, will bring us salvation.

Unfortunately, on no other two subjects has there been so much loose thinking as on these. Education, in particular, has been most severely criticized. Daily the conviction is growing on many that all is not well with American education. Some critics have gone so far as to question its value in the task of preserving and developing our democratic ideals.

The immediate imperative seems to be to restate our philosophy of education in terms of present-day democracy. If either our ideas of democracy are wrong, or our philosophy of education is false, wisdom dictates a correction of these views so as to meet the exigencies of logic and of fact. No argument should be required to convince every right-thinking person that such an examination is necessary. And we can look forward to a series of plans capable of meeting the situation only if we succeed in making a just, acceptable, and logical restatement of what the objectives and functions of education should be in a democracy such as ours.

Like religion, education is a topic about which every man feels himself well qualified to give expert advice. It has touched his life at so many points that he is quite sure he knows all about a subject which the profoundest philosophers have dared to approach only in fear and trembling. On few other subjects, therefore, will one hear expressed and defended such arrant nonsense, snap judgments, and visionary plans, as on that of education.

The plain man does know something of education, and he rightly conceives of it as the surest means which has been

developed to make certain the preservation of himself and his children. Now, both philosophers and statesmen must never lose sight of this point of view, lowly as it seems to be. Education is for the welfare, first of the individual, and then of the species of which each individual is a personal representative. Government may be of many kinds, for it too is a human institution. But government for its own purposes, however lofty or praiseworthy these may be, must not attempt to change or distort the underlying principle of all education, which is to equip the child for the duties and obligations that lie before him.

A lip-service to democracy will not save us from the consequences of a false reading of the principles underlying democratic government. If our philosophy of the individual is wrong, it is foolish to expect right conceptions of government, law, and education. This is particularly true in the field of education, which must, if it is to be at all adequate, endeavor to meet the demands that democracy makes upon it. Now, a true democracy seeks, as its primary objective, the education of the individual, first and foremost for his own welfare and for the development of his inherent powers and faculties, and secondly, for the welfare of the body social. It is quite true that no individual lives to himself alone in a democracy; that he must also live *with* people and *for* people. But this he cannot do if education minimizes, or fails to recognize, the fact that what it must do primarily is to train the individual not only as a political, but as a religious and social, unit as well.

A democracy is supposed to be peculiarly sensitive to the needs of the individual. It is so essentially a personal process that, if it fails to recognize the sanctity inherent in the possession of a personality, as well as the

rights which follow from the same, it becomes *eo ipso* tyrannical, an oppressor rather than a protector of individual rights. A democracy, to fulfill its mission, must never drift away from the moorings to which it is tied — the individual man. Moreover, it can go forward only as the individual goes forward. Laws imposed from without may make a people industrious, happy, perhaps moral. But in this case, as is evident, it is not the people who have grown into a better social state. In a democracy, the people must create by individual devotion to high ideals a better and universal social condition of living. Nothing but education can effect such an outcome. And it must be, first, last, and all the time, an education of the individual; otherwise government 'of the people, by the people, for the people' becomes a meaningless phrase.

II

There are political theorists among us who subscribe to the belief that the State is a sort of super-individual, possessing a life of its own, and in search of a good other than that of the individuals who compose it. It is a philosophical fallacy pure and simple to envisage the State as a species of super-organism, with a life all its own, to which we owe other responsibilities than those we owe to ourselves, and to our neighbors. Hegel, the most undemocratic thinker who ever lived, is responsible for what has been called the 'organic' conception of the State. This view cannot be defended from the standpoint either of logic, or of practical consequences. For although it is true that the State possesses a certain unity, and that the good of the whole quite universally reacts to the good of the individuals who make up the whole, yet this unity is purely mechanical.

It has no resemblance at all to the unity possessed by a living organism, since it does not exist divorced from the units which go to make it up.

Practically, to subordinate the real and certain good of the individual to the so-called good of the State would be to introduce an aristocratic element into democracy, which, in a short time, would do away with all initiative, unselfishness, and progress. For what meaning can the phrase 'the good of the State' have? In practice it most often means the good of statesmen, not in the sense of graft, but in the results which these statesmen think should be obtained by the society over which for the moment they have control. Now, the ordinary statesman quite naturally is convinced that the more elaborate the machinery of government, the more assured are the results which he thinks should be obtained. Unfortunately, there is no way to disillusion him. But in the mechanical process of making citizens, spontaneity, initiative, individual responsibility, freedom of thought and act become completely submerged. The products are wholesale samples of human beings, all modeled after the ideal of citizenship which the statesman of the hour thinks best. Germany tried out, and with characteristic German thoroughness, the Hegelian philosophy. For a half-century and more it subordinated the individual to the State, the good of Germans to the good of Germany. The example is not so far away that we should readily forget the results of the experiment.

The State, even at its best, is mechanical, wooden, soulless, and the education which it supplies is so tinged and colored by mechanical ideals that it would be little short of miraculous if it succeeded, as a general rule, in producing anything superior and individual. Only the enthusiast for a State-controlled system of education

can close his eyes to this fact. The history of education, since the days when Sparta tried the experiment of a Government-controlled system, bears out only too well this contention. Quite recently that searching philosopher, Bertrand Russell, summed up his view of a nationalized system of education in the following words: 'Our modern State education is mainly designed to produce convenient citizens, and therefore dares not encourage spontaneity, since all spontaneity interferes with system. There is a tendency to uniformity, to the suppression of private judgment, to the production of populations which are tame toward their rulers and ferocious toward the "enemy." Even if our centralization escapes destruction in great wars, this tendency of State education to produce mental slavery will, if it is not checked, kill out everything of value in the way of art and thought, and even, ultimately, of human affection. And it eventually kills the joy of life, which cannot exist where spontaneity is dead.'

III

Democracy is essentially a religious ideal. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. One would have to go a great distance in search of a better expression of our democratic faith. Love spells democracy, and love, at bottom, is freedom. No nation needs to ponder this truth more than America. We possess freedom to-day—it is our proud boast. But how long shall we have it, if democracy becomes recreant to its trust by conceiving its task as one of suppressing individual freedom in the supposed interests of a phantom individual, called the State?

Some ninety years ago, the State formed a school system of its own, distinct and separate from that which

had been built up by private initiative. In this process of dissociation, the private elementary schools, and later the colleges, were paralleled by State institutions. The latter have had the advantage of public authority and legislation. Large amounts of money have been expended upon them. They have educated the vast majority of our citizens. They have called forth an enormous literature on all phases of education. The avowed purpose of their promoters was to develop the right sort of citizenship. In that aim all Americans agreed.

These facts explain the enthusiasm for the State school. They do not explain the criticism to which, of recent times especially, the school has been subjected. It is hard to see, for instance, why so much notice has been taken of the illiteracy shown by examination of army recruits. It is even more difficult to understand the complaints about the violation of certain enactments intended to promote sobriety. It is surprising to see educators and other prominent citizens forming a nation-wide vigilance society to secure legislation against mob violence and to develop respect for authority and obedience to law.

Possibly these critics and reformers are prejudiced. Or, again, they may forget that State education for democracy does not include moral training. Or, finally, they may imagine that people educated at public expense should have some consideration for public institutions. Which of these explanations is the true one need not be decided now. The plain fact is that many intelligent persons are dissatisfied with the sort of democracy that prevails among a very large number of public-school-made Americans.

But what will puzzle the critics is the proposal to mend the situation by driving all our children into the very

same educational boiling-pot. One is reminded of the teacher who gave as an excuse for the disorder among the forty children in her room the fact that one small boy out in the street could not be brought into the school.

No one questions the right of the State to educate, or its duty to provide equal educational opportunity for all. But that is quite a different thing from looking to the State as the final source and sanction of all educational objective. We are witnessing to-day, in the name of patriotism, a gradual turning of the public school into an instrument for the fostering of the narrowest nationalism. In the minds of many well-meaning people, the sole function of education is to turn out citizens like Fords, so many every minute of the working day. It would seem that the policy of Germany before the war, which prostituted the school to such base national aims, would be sufficient proof of the falsity of this philosophy.

The State undoubtedly has the right to determine the objectives which it wishes attained by its own schools. But without the circle of these aims and purposes there must remain secure for individual initiative and experiment, whether religious or not, a field which outsiders may freely cultivate. And what is this field? That of the individual soul. If the State fails to recognize, for any reason whatsoever, the claims of the individual for moral and spiritual development, then it should not put obstacles in the way of those whose sole purpose is to supply this deficiency, and in the interests of the State itself.

No one, at least in the United States, would deny that a democracy without morality is soulless. It is so essentially a spiritual process that in the absence of those moral qualities, like self-reliance, self-control, bravery, justice, and generosity, which alone make an

individual upright and strong, it becomes unthinkable. In the philosophy of those who hold for religious training, religion and morality are not thought of as in contrast to democracy; on the contrary, they are considered the life blood of democracy, the stuff out of which any lasting democracy must be fashioned. No less an American than George Washington saw this truth most clearly. He openly favored religious training, for he understood that religious values must be regarded as fundamental in every scheme of government built upon democratic principles.

Nor can there be any question of the possibility of a religious education becoming narrowly sectarian and, as a result, a menace to the maintenance of democratic thought. But we are not dealing with theories or possibilities now. The testimony of American history is that the religious school, no less than the public, was established to train citizens, not sectarian groups. And the only safe criterion for judging whether the religious school has measured up to its profession of faith in democracy, and to the purposes of its founders, is the lives of those who have gone from its doors. That these men have been Americans, in the highest sense of the word, no one can deny without questioning the loyalty of the leading scientists, writers, ministers, and statesmen whom our country has produced. Many of these men belonged, if you wish, to sects; they were trained under sectarian influences; but they were not less worthy Americans because they happened to be professing Christians.

And, in particular, I resent with all my soul the unjust imputation of disloyalty hurled at one particular religious school — the Catholic school. Not only is it unfair, it is both unjust and immoral, to stamp as disloyal

the products of a system of education the very foundation of which is authority and respect for authority, especially as embodied in the Constitution of the United States. No one has a right to cast unjust suspicions on the democracy or patriotism of a Cardinal Gibbons or a Chief Justice White. To do so without the evidence necessary to justify such a charge, is to show one's self both a prejudiced and a false American.

The uniformitarians demand a system of schools in which the State alone shall say what may be taught and how it shall be taught, and which every child must attend. But if the philosophy of extreme nationalism is right, why stop with the elementary school? Logic demands that our whole system of education, from grammar school to university, be put under State control. There is no valid reason why the State must educate all children in public schools which is not equally valid for high schools and colleges. As a matter of fact, since from the colleges go forth the leaders of the nation, it is much more important for Government to control college education, than it is to nationalize the lower schools.

It might be well for us to consider for a moment the possible consequences of such action. Five sixths of our colleges are religious schools, and three fourths of the students who attend college are now being educated under religious auspices. Few have questioned the democratic character of the training given by the religious college. And no one in his sane mind would advocate the forceful taking out of our national life the valuable contributions to democracy which these institutions are making yearly. A policy which would close the doors of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, because they are private schools, condemns itself by the weight of its own unreasonableness.

Nothing could be more dangerous to the continuance of our democracy than a national system of schools. Outside of the consideration, held firmly by many educators, that it would spell standardization, and consequent degeneration, for the public school itself, such policy would engender bitter prejudices, distrust, and even hatred among the important groups who go to make up our country. Not only Catholics, but Protestants and Jews as well, would resent the nationalization of education. Catholics, in particular, would feel that they have a real grievance against the State, if it should outlaw their schools. In their minds such laws would be regarded much in the light of religious persecution.

Class or religious prejudices should have no place in determining our educational objectives. Catholic and Protestant, believer and nonbeliever, have lived in peace so far. Is this the time for any one class, with its particular loyalties, to impose on the nation its own conception of what American education must be, even though it claims to be actuated by motives of patriotism and national well-being?

IV

It is very difficult to behold in the tendency toward State control of education, represented by the recent enactment in Oregon, which closes all schools except the public, a healthy expression of our democracy, or one that reflects the best public thought on the education question. Such laws are so foreign to American ideals, so contrary to the past dealings of the State as represented by the history of the aid given to private educational initiative, so destructive of the spirit of fair play and tolerance which has always characterized us as a people, that it is with chagrin, mixed with fear for the future

of democracy itself, that we view this invasion of a domain always thought of as peculiarly free from attacks or interference on the part of the State.

Few, if any, interpreters of the relations of democracy to education are more qualified to express in this context the genuine American tradition than Professor Dewey. He looks upon the Oregon law as a manifestation of social intolerance, comparable with other manifestations of that spirit known to all of us, such as the Lusk laws, and the many laws recently enacted regulating the teaching of American history. 'To some of us who thought we were good Americans,' writes Doctor Dewey, 'the Oregon law seems to strike at the root of American toleration and trust and good faith between various elements of the population in each other.'

The closing up of a few private schools may not affect to an appreciable degree the course of democratic education in one State, or the course of democratic thought in the nation. But once grant the principle that the child is a ward of the State, and the gates are opened to a flood of undemocratic legislation which must sweep away the very basis of all good-will, confidence, and trust, upon which the different groups that make up our Republic found the possibility of united action.

The United States has no need for, and should not have, a national system of schools, not even of public elementary schools. For to nationalize education is to centralize it, and, to that extent, undemocratize it. What education needs to-day is not more, but less, centralization. Educational salvation is not to be found in the office of a secretary in the President's Cabinet, nor will it ever be purchased by subsidies granted from Washington. Democratic education, both in its adminis-

tration and in its aims, is a local matter. If it is ever to accomplish its purpose, namely, to draw together the people of our country so that they will both understand and accomplish the obligations of a democratic citizenship, the local character of the school must never be relinquished. Each community must see its duty and must be willing to embrace the obligations consequent thereon, must jealously guard its right to train its own children according to standards which it can understand and accept, and not according to standards imposed by a benevolent bureaucracy situated a thousand miles away.

All this must appear very elementary to most of us, to whom local control of the schools has been as the breath of our nostrils. Yet this principle is being challenged by a determined minority, both in and outside the teaching profession, who, for the pottage of Federal aid, would gladly relinquish their inheritance of local control and initiative. Education, no one can question, presents a national aspect and entails a national obligation. So do legislation, industry, business, religion, art, and all the other factors making for democratic outcomes. But while in these latter fields the processes of centralization have either been tried and found wanting, or been acknowledged beforehand as harmful from the point of view of the welfare of the whole, in public education its leaders are demanding, from a Government only too prone to lay a heavy hand upon local initiative, the golden chains which spell slavery, and eventually the death, of educational freedom.

It has often been remarked that the best sign of the possession of wisdom is to profit by the mistakes of the past. The history of Government-controlled education in some of the European countries teaches a lesson the signifi-

cance of which needs no emphasis for our American democracy. Herbert Spencer, in his essay on education, quotes Richter to the effect that 'the best rule in politics is said to be "*pas trop gouverner*"; it is also true in education.' Hard experience confirms this belief. The less of Government we have in education, at least for the present, the better off education will be.

In California there exists an organization, interested in the public school, whose slogan is, 'It is the school that is public, not the child.' That motto might well be made the guiding star for every writer on the relations of the State to education.

The child belongs to the parent. He is not 'a national child.' Neither must his education be 'first national and after that personal.' If our democracy is to endure, it must respect, especially in its schools, the qualities which alone can save it — individualism, variety,

personal initiative. These things demand freedom — not only freedom for the individual to work out his life in the way the individual thinks it must be worked out, but also freedom to accept the educational objectives which he deems vital to his own development.

The making of this world a better place to live in is the task of education. To that end all forces must coöperate, each one bringing its specific contribution to the attainment of human welfare. A democratic Government, to be successful, must rely on private initiative, on individuals, on religious groups to supplement what it is doing. But to suppress the endeavors of all non-State groups, in the supposed interests of a higher loyalty, will always be regarded by right-thinking men as an act of the grossest tyranny, the final result of which can be nothing short of the destruction of the social organism itself.

SPRING HEELS

BY PARKHURST WHITNEY

I

GRAN'MA and Mr. Fred Green were in lively discussion. The popular village shoe-merchant was describing his wares from a squatting position before the fitting-bench; the effort made him look pop-eyed and red around the gills, but his tongue was hung in the middle. Gran'ma was asking questions about prices and durability, especially durability. When she was a girl, she said, she wore copper-toed shoes, and she wished to goodness they had n't gone

out of fashion; she never knew such a young-un for stubbing. The young-un sat beside gran'ma, with stockinged foot stiffly extended. He was saying nothing, because nothing was expected of him; although his feet were the subject of the discussion, his shoes would be chosen by gran'ma, under the expert supervision of Mr. Fred Green.

The latter was now talking earnestly about a new style known as spring heels. He had begun by showing some

splendid brogans, veritable gunboats of leather. Among them a small boy had seen a pair that suited him perfectly. They had bright brass hooks, leather laces, broad, prominent heels, and a toe big enough to kick a hole in a barn door. They were shoes for a strong man, and his heart yearned toward them. Then Mr. Green had gone to the shelves and produced these insipid, flat-bottomed things. He called them a boon to growing feet. A small boy called them by another name, and listened to their eulogy with a premonition of evil.

'You take a growing boy, and what he wants is a shoe that 'll give his feet a chance to grow right,' Mr. Green was explaining. 'I'm not saying these other styles I just been showing you ain't good shoes. They're A number one in every respect. But you take such shoes and they're kind of liable to throw the weight of the body forrads on the toes and the ball of the foot. You can see for yourself what that means —'

'We — ll — ' Gran'ma hesitated, as one who did n't feel quite worthy of Mr. Green's estimate of her perceptions.

'Why, the weight of the body is thrown forrads on the toes and the ball of the foot,' the shoe-man said triumphantly. 'I'm not saying that ain't all right for you and me, but I am saying that for a growing boy —'

'Yes, I see,' said gran'ma at last.

'But you take this spring-heel shoe,' Mr. Green resumed, 'and you get the ideal shoe for a growing boy. Just look at that heel, though it's so low you can hardly call it a heel, and you can see for yourself how that is n't going to throw the weight of the body all on the toes and the ball of the foot. It's going to let some of it come on the heel, and give the growing foot a chance to grow right, like nature intended.'

'Um — ' said gran'ma. 'How much are they?'

'Three eighty-five the pair.'

'Mercy!' Gran'ma raised her big-veined hands in a gesture of protest, and a small boy took heart for a moment. 'I never saw anything like the way prices for young-uns' things are. Why that's about as much as I pay for my own shoes.'

'You can't duplicate the value anywheres,' Mr. Green declared. 'I really ought to get four dollars the pair, but they're a brand-new idea and I want to introduce them to my trade, and so I'm marking them at three eighty-five.'

'It's a lot of money,' gran'ma objected.

'Not when you consider what you're getting.' The shoe-man, still squatting, puffed a little and resumed his skillful discourse. 'There's some of my trade I would n't bother to show this shoe to at all. There's some people in town that don't care whether their children walk on their heels or on their heads, and it'd be a waste of time to show 'em a shoe like this one. But I don't have to tell *you* that when you start a boy off in life with feet that are right it's just like putting money in the bank for him. Take care of his feet now, and he'll be all the more able to pay you back later, is the way I look at it.'

Gran'ma — bless her intentions, anyway — seemed to look at it that way, too. Memories of her own neglected childhood inclined her toward the best, regardless of price, for her grandson. 'Fit a pair to him,' she directed.

Mr. Green fitted a pair, and then sat back on his heels to regard his work. 'There!' he cried. 'There's a shoe that is a shoe. Nobby, made scientific, and I'm not saying it won't give just as much wear as any of them other shoes I showed you, either. What I'm

saying is that there 's a shoe that combines style and wear and gives the growing foot a chance to grow right, at the same time. . . . Yes, ma 'am, there 's a boy that ain't going to suffer from corns and bun'ons like some of us do.'

'They do look kind of nice,' said gran'ma, glowing with the thought that she had safeguarded the future of her grandson's feet. She turned to him, perhaps expecting some slight appreciation of her good deed. 'How do *you* like 'em?'

How did he like 'em? Ah, the eternal ineptness of elders in their dealings with small boys. He did n't like 'em at all; he hated 'em. It seemed to him that if gran'ma and Mr. Fred Green had deliberately set out to make trouble, they could have done nothing more devilish than to put spring heels on him.

'They 're — they 're girl's shoes,' he mumbled.

II

A small boy had to put down the race of elders, not only as inept, but as incapable of profiting by experience. This affair of the spring heels was not the first offense of gran'ma and the merchants. Why, only a short year before, they had blundered so badly that he would never cease to shudder at the recollection.

The incident began pleasantly enough as one of his periodic visits to The City. A few days before, some malevolent person had put a nail in the roof of gran'ma's barn in such a fashion that his everyday pants were ripped beyond repair. This meant that his Sunday suit had to step down, and thus there was created a vacancy in his wardrobe which had to be filled. The matter of buying a suit for the Sabbath, so painfully associated with hell-fire sermons, did n't greatly interest him;

but he regarded other aspects of the trip with keen anticipation. Certainly with no sense of impending tragedy. There was the ride on the 9.38, known all along the line as Ed Dodd's train, in honor of its fat and affable conductor. There was the news-butcher with his funny papers; gran'ma, though she would protest a little, could always be persuaded to give up ten cents for a copy of *Life*. There was the sooty car-window, out of which one could watch the world swing by in great circles. Then, at last, The City itself — the clamorous, smoky train-shed; the great rushing-about in the streets, which was so infectious; and vivifying the scene forever in a small boy's memory, the pungent smells that floated up to his country nose from the wholesale district along the river front. Noon was only an hour away, but those exotic odors so worked upon his appetite that the prospect of lunch at the Melrose Bakery and Restaurant became tantalizingly remote. After lunch, with all the bearings of his being lubricated by an enormous bowl of bone-soup, a glorious afternoon at the Wonderland Musée. Hi! what a splendid place for a small boy was that popular institution of primitive America! Lifelike figures of murderers, generals, queens, and poisoners. A cage of monkeys. A Punch and Judy show. Wonders and wonders, and all for ten cents! It was there, one later day, that he first saw stereopticon views that were not stereopticon views. They moved, they moved! A street car came rushing up through a white sheet, so menacingly real that a small boy squirmed in his seat, expecting to see it come crashing down on to the heads of the orchestra. Gran'ma said it was a newfangled notion called the Vitagraph, but she guessed there was some trick about it.

Before such delights could be tasted, however, they had to do their trading;

they had to go to B. Roseblatt and Sons, Gents' and Boys' Up-to-date Clothiers and Outfitters, and get that Sunday suit. Mr. B. Roseblatt himself materialized out of the murky depths of a long aisle the moment that gran'ma crossed the threshold — so gracious a gentleman that a small boy always thought of him first as a friend of the family. His round, dark face was bisected by the friendliest of smiles; on his full lips were words that seemed to have nothing to do with trade. It was gran'ma's health and the health of a young feller that seemed to concern him most; not until gran'ma had assured him that each was doing as well as could be expected did Mr. Roseblatt permit himself a reference to trade.

'Somethink for the young feller?'

'Yes,' said gran'ma, 'he's got to have a new suit.'

'This way, plees,' said Mr. Roseblatt. He led the way down a cross-aisle to a table stacked with ready-made garments. He placed a chair for gran'ma, and appraised a small boy swiftly. 'For size, he iss about twelf years, yess?'

'Only ten,' said gran'ma, with quiet pride, 'but he takes twelve-year sizes.'

Mr. Roseblatt's brown eyes widened, and he stared at a small boy as though he were looking upon a prodigy, a veritable Pantagruel. 'Is it possible? My, my, vat a big feller for his age! I should haf said twelf years for sure.' Ah, Mr. Roseblatt, your words were milk and honey; though you caused a small boy to suffer frightfully, he can never forget the unction with which you applied them. It seemed to him then that the visit of gran'ma and himself was your day of days; years passed before doubt crept in, before he wondered if you ever looked upon other ten-year-old boys as prodigies of limb and muscle.

Mr. Roseblatt ran his hands rapidly down a pile of jackets, and with a smart pull extracted one of plain blue. 'Here iss somethink nice,' he said. 'Solit colors are always elegant — anyvays, we shall dry it on for size.'

A small boy backed into the jacket, which was held open for him. Mr. Roseblatt ran around in front, buttoned it, looked at the sleeve length, patted the lapels, and stepped back to study the whole effect. Then he darted to the rear, stroked the shoulders, tugged at the tail, and again stepped back for a view in perspective. Finally he turned to gran'ma and bowed. 'Vell,' he said, 'you are right. I haf to admit it. There is a twelf size — but see how it fits. I haf neffer seen anythink petter. Neffer. If I should see dot young feller wearing such a jacket, und I did not know petter, I should say, "Dere iss a young feller which has his clothes made to order." That iss vat I should say if I did not know petter.'

'It does fit good,' gran'ma agreed, 'but that suit he's wearing now is kind of a blue. Mebbe a change —'

'A change is goot und a change you shall haf,' said Mr. Roseblatt. 'Such a fit I haf neffer seen, but we shall se vat else iss there.' He burrowed among the piles, and presently several twelve-year sizes for a husky of ten had been tried, patted, surveyed, and rejected. Gran'ma, Mr. Roseblatt, and a small boy himself agreed that the blue jacket was superior to them all.

'If it was n't blue I would n't hesitate a second,' gran'ma explained. 'But there's that suit he's got on that's kind of a blue, and then those dark colors are so hard to keep tidy. They show every speck and spot —'

'Thiss here gray,' suggested Mr. Roseblatt; 'it iss an elegant piece of goots.'

'Don't care much for it,' said

gran'ma. She made motions that looked suspiciously like preparations for departure. A small boy brightened, thinking of the Melrose Bakery & Restaurant. Mr. Roseblatt's smiling, round face became grave. Suddenly his arms flew up in a convulsive gesture.

'Vait!' he cried. 'I haf thought of somethink.' He rushed upon gran'ma and patted her gently but firmly back into her chair. 'Vait, vait!' he repeated. He hustled out into the main aisle, turned the corner, and was lost to sight behind the great tables of clothing. In another moment he was back in the cross-aisle, beaming in the direction of gran'ma and a small boy. 'Vait!' he shouted. 'Don't moof!' He disappeared once more and was gone for several minutes.

When he returned he carried something in his arms, in the attitude of one who brings an unusually choice offering to the gods. It was wrapped in tissue paper, and Mr. Roseblatt laid it reverently in gran'ma's lap. 'Open,' he said. 'Open und see.'

A small boy, his curiosity piqued, drew near, while gran'ma tore away the flimsy tissue. Material of a rich, dark, lustrous texture was disclosed. Gran'ma stroked it with her worn fingers. 'Why, it 's black velvet!' she exclaimed.

'Black felfet it iss, and such a piece of goots as I haf neffer seen before,' said Mr. Roseblatt. 'Just now it has come, und just now I haf taken it from der packing-box.'

Gran'ma lifted the jacket. Mr. Roseblatt took it gently from her hands and held it aloft. A small boy looked for the first time upon that fateful garment. He said nothing, but gran'ma loosed an exclamation of pleasure. 'Well, now, that is kind of pretty.'

Mr. Roseblatt beamed. 'I knew,' he cried. 'I knew you should like it. Iss it not elegunt?'

'Expensive, too, I expect,' gran'ma interjected.

'You should only admire it,' protested Mr. Roseblatt. 'I do not say "buy"; I say iss it not elegunt?'

'It 's elegant enough,' gran'ma admitted, 'but what are you asking for it?'

For an instant Mr. Roseblatt showed signs of impatience. More gutturals crept into his speech as he tried to make gran'ma understand that one did not talk of prices in the presence of beauty. 'See, you are der first gustomer to which I have showed it this piece of goots. It iss not efery gustomer I would show it. Ach! vat do some beebel know of peautiful thinks! But you — you should puy *oder* you should not puy. It iss for me a bleasure to show peautiful thinks to a lady which gan abbrecciate dem.'

Gran'ma was rebuked and silent. Mr. Roseblatt explained further, for it appeared that he had suddenly been inspired in the presence of beauty. 'You know vat I should like to do, ma'am? I should like to dry dot suit on dis young feller. I should like to see it for myselluf how it looks. Such a suit on such a young feller — ach!' Mr. Roseblatt raised his eyes, as though the sight of so much elegance would be almost too much to bear.

'So long 's you understand — ' gran'ma began.

'Berfectly, berfectly.' Mr. Roseblatt turned to a small boy. 'Now young feller, you und I shall go into the dress-ink room, und ven ve come out I pet you ve shall surprise your gran'ma — '

The young feller went into the dressing-room and Mr. Roseblatt hovered on the other side of the drab curtain, frequently peering in to watch progress. 'Chently, chently!' he cried in some alarm, as a small boy thrust his feet into the velvet breeches. Mr. Roseblatt came in and assisted with

the buttoning. He adjusted the jacket with many fond caresses, and studied the effect. 'No!' he cried. 'Do not go out until I come back. Vait!'

He came back quickly with another piece of goods. 'Now ve shall pegin ofer again,' he explained. He removed the jacket, removed a small boy's pink-and-white striped blouse, and produced a soft, white blouse with an Eton collar. 'Ai! dot iss it!' he said, when the change had been effected. 'My, vot a fine-lookink young feller!'

His appraising glances traveled downward, and his pleased expression faded. 'Nein, dot von't do,' he muttered. 'Sit down, young feller,' he directed. He knelt before a small boy, blew noisily, removed a shoe, looked into its interior and rose again. 'Now vait vunce more,' he said. 'Just a minute — vait.'

This time he returned with new shoes and stockings: fine-ribbed stockings and shoes with patent-leather tips. 'Now ve haf it,' he said finally. He led a small boy forth to gran'ma, and presented him with a bow.

'Land sakes,' gran'ma sputtered. 'You've dressed him all over!'

'It iss no trouble, I assure you,' said Mr. Roseblatt. 'I am glad to do it, ven I haf a fine young feller to show fine goots on.' He pointed dramatically at the long mirror against the wall. 'Look at yourself, young feller,' he cried.

The young feller looked, and could hardly believe that the elegant reflection was himself. Gone was the simply dressed country-boy, metamorphosed into a young fashionable in black and white. Black velvet pants, braided along the seams. Black bows and glittering buckles at the knees. A short-waisted jacket, also resplendent with braid and big buttons, and cut to display a broad expanse of immaculate shirt-front. His awed eyes traveled down to the patent-leather tips and

back to the Eton collar that covered his shoulders like a cape. Jiminy! he certainly was rigged out for once!

Gran'ma and Mr. Roseblatt came toward him. 'Look vunce more, ma'am,' Mr. Roseblatt was saying, 'und den I shall take it off. Unless, of gourse, you should like —'

'H'm.' Gran'ma coughed slightly and seemed to deliberate. 'How much did you say you were asking for it?'

'Twenty-four dollars.'

'Sakes alive!' exclaimed gran'ma.

'But iss it not elegunt?' cried Mr. Roseblatt.

'But it's a mint of money,' cried gran'ma.

'Dot blue suit iss a very nice suit,' suggested Mr. Roseblatt, declining to discuss mints of money.

Gran'ma, fond soul, regarded her grandson in his elegance. Perhaps she was making financial calculations at the same time, for she toyed with the silk bag in which she carried her worn leather pocketbook, as though she would weigh its hard-won contents. 'Well,' she said finally, 'I guess I must be crazy, but I'll take it.'

'The blue?' Mr. Roseblatt inquired.

'The black velvet,' said gran'ma.

Mr. Roseblatt bowed low. 'Ma'am, I congratulate you. I take pride to myself dot I regonized you as vun who abbreciated elegunce. Of gourse, you vill vant the shirt und shoes und extras —'

'Yes,' said gran'ma weakly.

'Goot.' Mr. Roseblatt produced his sales-pad and was, at last, full of business. 'It iss not so much, ma'am,' he said, after some exercises with his pencil, 'not ven you gonsider vat it iss you are gettink. Dere vill be no young feller anyveres so elegunt as dis young feller.'

It was not quite true, that last remark. There was a young feller who was quite as elegant, and a small

boy was soon reminded of him. The black velvet suit made its first appearance the following Sunday morning. Gran'ma inspected a small boy's efforts, and her fond eyes sparkled across the tops of her spectacles, as she put the touch of perfection into the drooping folds of his black tie.

He, himself, to tell the truth, was rather pleased with his appearance. Oh, he had forebodings — but he was hoping for the best. He was such an elegant young feller; perhaps less elegant young fellers would be stricken dumb with admiration.

'Little Lord Fauntleroy! Oh, Oh! Little Lord Fauntleroy! Oh, Oh!'

It was the erudite but unæsthetic Joe Rivers who first sounded the slogan that the pack began to chant in chorus. The way home from Sunday School became a Via Dolorosa stretching into infinity. Even that supposedly loyal friend, Beany Chappell, tittered with the mob; indeed, it was that viper who singled out, for special comment, the black bows and silver buckles that bloomed on the gorgeous breeches.

A small boy ate his fricasseed chicken that day with a heart as heavy as the dumplings that accompanied gran'ma's favorite Sunday dish. There were fifty-two Sundays in a year, and certainly he could n't hope for a new suit in less time; gran'ma had made very clear to him that his wardrobe had cost a mint of money, much more money than a poor woman could afford. Only death, then, could help him — or the end of the world.

For the first and last time in his youth he could regard the frequent millennial calculations of his parson without horror. Life in a black velvet suit was an even more dreadful prospect than the crack of doom.

After dinner he asked gran'ma if he could remove his black velvet suit. Gran'ma said, now that was real

thoughtful of him, and she was glad to see he was beginning to take care of his things. Yes, he could take the suit off, and be sure to hang it in the closet where the moths could n't get at it.

So he started for his bedroom, but on the way he passed gran'ma's sweet-grass work basket, which was lying on the centre table in the sitting-room. A glittering something in the basket beckoned to the tail of his eye, and he halted to investigate. . . . When he went on he had gran'ma's steel scissors in his hand, and sudden determination in his heart. Before he laid away that darn' black velvet suit, he had with firm strokes slashed off the black bows and silver buckles.

It was a little thing, but it would help.

III

The real tragedy of childhood is that its tragedies usually have their beginnings in the world of elders. It is there the fuse is laid that sets off the blast that strips a small boy of his skin and leaves the quivering nerves exposed. Worse, only faint echoes of the blast reach the guilty persons, so that they never suffer for their enormities — and never can understand. Loud had been gran'ma's cries when she discovered the mutilation of the velvet breeches, but it was apparent that the sounds had n't echoed in her ears for long. How, otherwise, could she have approved of spring heels?

Behold a small boy setting out for school, the day after gran'ma and Mr. Fred Green, the popular village shoemerchant, had worked their will upon him.

It is twenty minutes of nine, and the schoolhouse is a good fifteen-minute walk from where he lives. Nevertheless, he is loitering in his front yard, fretfully dangling the books that hang at the end of a long strap.

Joe Rivers, that white-headed scoffer at elegance, came galloping up the street. 'Who 's goin' my way, join my class — ' he shouted.

A small boy paid no attention to the invitation, and the white-head addressed a specific question to him. 'Aintcha goin' to school?'

'Dunno,' said a small boy shortly.

The white-head was curious, and he came into the yard. 'Why aintcha goin'? Sick? Whatcha got?'

'Naw, I ain't sick.'

'Then why aintcha goin' to school?' The white-head was plainly puzzled, and a small boy got what satisfaction he could, under the circumstances, from that fact.

'Mebbe I am goin',' he said, 'and mebbe I ain't.'

The white-head seemed to realize that he had been led into a ridiculous situation, and he retreated, affecting complete indifference. 'Who's goin' my way — ' he began.

Then his roving eyes fixed themselves upon a small boy's extremities. 'Hi!' he shouted. 'New shoes! Gotta christen 'em!' He bent down, moistened his lips, aimed accurately, and continued to stare. 'Girl's shoes!' he cried finally. 'Whatcha wearin' girl's shoes for?'

'They ain't either girl's shoes.' A lie, of course: a most detestable lie.

'They are too,' gibed the white-head. 'They ain't got any heels.'

'What if they ain't?' A small boy tried to achieve an air of unconcern, even of superiority. Suppose he could talk to Joe Rivers the way Mr. Fred Green had talked to gran'ma, and convince the fellow that spring heels were the perfection of style, comfort, and wear? 'They 're the best shoes they are.'

'Huh!' The white-head was derisive. 'I guess if they 're the best shoes they are my father 'd get me some.'

'Betcha your father could n' buy 'em.'

'Betcha he could.'

'Betcha he could n'.'

'Why could n't he?'

'Cause they cost too much, that 's why he could n'.' A small boy was well pleased with the effect of that insult. In a twinkling the tormentor had become the tormented; it would be necessary for the white-head to redeem the honor of his family before he could return to the attack upon a small boy's shoes.

This was clearly understood by Joe Rivers.

'Huh!' He grunted disdainfully. 'I guess my father could buy a hunderd thousan' pairs if he wanted to, on'y he would n' want to. My father would n' make *me* wear girl's shoes.'

Ah, a deadly retort, Joe Rivers! A small boy winced and knew that once more he was on the defensive. 'They ain't girl's shoes,' he protested, but in his heart he knew — he knew that he lied.

'They are too girl's shoes.'

'They ain't either girl's shoes.'

'Girl's shoes, girl's shoes, he 's wearin' girl's shoes,' chanted the white-head.

There comes a time when words, even the most insulting words, will no longer serve. One must go to war for his cause, though it be an inglorious cause — and what could be less glorious than a war in behalf of girl's shoes? Still, there is always honor —

Such a time had come for a small boy. There was a lump in his throat that made further argument impossible. There were tears in his eyes — not tears of fear, but poison drops of rage.

With legs and arms flailing he rushed upon that evil genius of his childhood. 'Girl's shoes!' He 'd give that fellow 'girl's shoes!'

'Ow!' The white-head bellowed with pain and backed away. 'You kicked me in the shin, you —' The exact epithet eluded him, and he bent down to rub the afflicted spot. 'No fair kickin',' he complained. Fair! A small boy did n't want to be fair; he wanted to mutilate, in the quickest and most horrible manner.

He who tells of small boys fighting with some regard for the rules of fair play and no hitting below the belt lays himself open to the charge of romancing. Small boys have no code, no nice rules of personal combat. They engage with feet, teeth, talons, and fists, and let the blows fall where they will. They butt, they wrestle. They swing many murderous blows that only cleave the air. They separate to breathe noisily, glare ferociously, and taunt each other into a renewal of the struggle. They begin with explosive suddenness, and end generally without decision and without damage; indeed, considering the vicious air which surrounds these encounters, it is strange that there have been so few fatalities in the millions of fights that have taken place since small boys first came upon this troubled world.

So a small boy opened his war upon Joe Rivers.

He was familiar with the details of that classic battle between Tom Brown and Slogger Williams at Rugby. He admired the professional and gentlemanly manner in which it had been conducted. He even dreamed of patterning his own affairs of honor upon that splendid model of fair play. But when it came to slaughter, he fought as small boys always do fight — outside of the pages of books. Even as Joe Rivers nursed his bruised shin, a small boy leaped upon his back and bore him to the ground — The rest has just been described.

Eventually they unwound their arms

and legs and got to their feet to observe the ceremony of puffing, glaring, and taunting.

They were too badly blown for words, but looks will do. They began warily to circle each other.

'Boys!' It was gran'ma's voice, and a small boy shuddered involuntarily. He looked away from his enemy to see her standing on the porch, wiping her hands characteristically on her gingham apron. 'I hope you boys are n't quarreling.'

Joe Rivers, sensing the approach of another potential opponent, backed across the sidewalk into the neutral territory of the road.

A small boy clenched his hands and held his ground.

'Have you boys been fighting?' gran'ma repeated.

'Uh — no,' a small boy mumbled at last.

'Oh what a whopper!' This blast from Joe Rivers, safe across the frontier. 'He gimme an awful kick in the shin.'

'I declare!' gran'ma exclaimed. 'I declare!'

'He — he —' stuttered a small boy, glaring at that white-headed blabber.

'I've nothing to do with him,' said gran'ma sharply. 'It's you I'm talking to. I've spoke to you time and again about fighting, and I don't know why you don't mind what I say. You know it ain't nice to fight, and you know I don't want you to fight. If Joseph Rivers or any other boys want to fight, you can just tell them what I've allus told you to say. You can just tell 'em, "My gran'ma don't want me to fight."'

A small boy listened to those awful words with eyes downcast. Now, if Joe Rivers had repeated his earlier question, 'Sick?' he could have answered truthfully, 'Yes, unto death.' But Joe Rivers sidled away schoolwards, broke

into a gallop, halted again before turning the corner.

"My gran'ma don't want me to fight," he shrieked joyfully. Then he resumed his gallop, proclaiming the tidings along the way.

IV

Mrs. Joseph Rivers, senior, visited gran'ma in the early evening of that calamitous day. When she had gone, gran'ma visited a small boy in retirement in his bedroom. He had seen the coming and going of Mrs. Rivers, and so he knew what was on gran'ma's mind, though he wore an expression of innocence. Gran'ma unburdened herself with an unhappy air, as of one who had been brought to shame before the whole village.

'I declare, I don't know what's come over you,' she exclaimed. 'I don't know what to do about you. Mrs. Rivers has been here and says you've pitched into her boy three times to-day, and the last time you tore his blouse right off his back.'

These were facts which could not be disputed, and a small boy did n't attempt it.

'Have n't you anything to say for yourself?' gran'ma continued. 'I declare, I never was so ashamed, and I'd think you'd be, too. Fighting—' Her voice trailed off into silence pregnant with horror.

'Well, I did n't begin it,' said a small boy finally.

'There's no excuse for you fighting,' gran'ma interrupted. 'I've told you—'

'Well, he began it just the samey,' a small boy insisted. 'If he had n't of called me names—'

'What names?'

'Uh—well, it—was n't 'zackly names,' a small boy corrected himself.

'If it was n't names what was it?' gran'ma asked acidly.

'He kept sayin', uh—'

'Well—'

'Uh—he kept hollerin' "Gran'ma don't want me to fight—gran'ma don't want me to fight."'

'So I don't,' snapped gran'ma. 'I think it was real good of him to remind you—'

Then, suddenly, she seemed to come upon the full significance of a small boy's explanation, and she was perplexed, dumfounded. 'Do you mean to tell me you pitched into him just because he told you what I've allus tried to drum into you? I do declare, you're the queerest boy I ever did see. I don't know what to think about you—'

A small boy knew what she should think about him—about all small boys.

But what use trying to tell her? She was only a grown-up and grown-ups never could understand.

COURAGE

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF THORLEIF MOKLEBY

TRANSLATED BY H. R. DILLING

THE diary of the late Thorleif Mogleby, assistant at the Norwegian Geophysical Station of Quade Hook, in Kings Bay, Spitzbergen, reveals one of the deep tragedies of that vast Arctic for which so many explorers have laid down their lives. The diary, together with the bodies of the two victims, was found exactly a year after the leader's frozen and faltering hand had written down the last farewell, adding, 'In Christ's name; his will be done.'

The opening words of this remarkable record seem to show that these brave men had a kind of presentiment of the terrible fate awaiting them; yet both of them — Mogleby and Simonsen, the latter being the station steward in Kings Bay — started out on their expedition with complete courage and a firm belief in the protection of God.

In the diary we can follow them from the very first day, when they were surprised by a blinding snowstorm and the terrible pack-ice, which had not been expected so near the coast. Then we see them drifting with the ice in their small open craft for twenty-five infinite days — nights rather, for the blackness was complete, until they were brought into Kobbe Bay, only to face the worst and last of all their desperate battles against frost, hunger, and despair — a struggle endured through another three long months and finally stilled by death.

The diary, extending over one hundred and fifteen days, would fill a book; but the following extracts give a picture of this desperately heroic quest. It is a human document, tragic and appealing, and, in its quiet matter-of-fact temper, supreme among the heroic records of the conquest of the North. — H. R. D.

Tuesday, February 21, 1922. — In the open three-compartment boat of the station, Harald Simonsen and I to-day set out on a journey to find, if possible, a whaler, Nilson, from Tromsø, who is supposed to be lying somewhere in Cross Bay. It is our intention to help him to Kings Bay or to give him some provision, and so forth, as he is supposed to be badly equipped.

This account, if it ever finds a reader, may serve to show how in these regions one may miscalculate regarding weather, wind, and ice conditions.

February 24 (Friday). — So far we have kept the boat safe, but as a precaution we hauled it up on an ice floe. We hoped this morning to be able to reach land on skis.

We succeeded in advancing only about one hundred yards. Then we had to return, as the sea is heavy and it is far from one safe floe to another. . . .

Ice, ice, wherever we can see — we can only deliver ourselves into the hands of God; we can do nothing to get free.

February 26 (Sunday). — We have provisions for a couple of months. We have decided to be as economical as possible with food, oil, and ammunition. So, then, we trust in fate and accept the situation as it is, with calm and fortitude. Verily, we are unwilling prisoners on an ice floe in the Polar Sea in the middle of winter.

February 28 (Tuesday). — During the night we have again drifted southward — half of the distance which, yesterday, we drifted northward. We are, however, much farther from shore: I should think, about four miles. Waves from the southwest were rather annoying during the night. We had to get up from our sleeping-bags and go out on the floe to protect it from other ice floes. . . . If our floe should burst, and the boat should come between the ice and this angry sea, we would surely be crushed. There has n't been much rest either. It is very chilly and we have to keep moving all the time to keep warm.

March 17 (Friday). — That we are still alive to-day is more than I had dared to hope, so much have we suffered during this interim. It is n't very clear to me how it has all happened, but I will try to write it down as well as I can remember.

Wednesday night, March 1, we were still on the ice floe north of Magdalene Bay. The sea went high and the mass of ice was pressing against shore so hard that we almost got up into the breakers. Late at night we got a storm and snowdrift from shore. Blinded, we drifted seaward again. . . . The following morning we launched the boat and started rowing toward shore — we were then far north and about 12 to 15 miles southward. We had been going in this way hardly two hours, when we encountered a new belt of ice. We tried in vain to get through. For 36

hours we rowed and sailed without food and without sleep. Friday evening, March 3, we found a floe large enough so that we could haul the craft upon it. Sunday morning a real hurricane broke loose from the north, with a terrible sea that washed over the ice floe. Hurriedly we had to get the boat off. Then began a journey which, I believe, is unique. We fell off from storm and sea. The oars literally froze to lumps of ice, such was the cold. All we ate during the day was a handful of raisins and a couple of zwiebacks each; we had time for no more. . . .

Thus we kept going until Monday afternoon. By that time we were so tired and worn-out that we had to put the boat up on an ice floe; it was then so covered with ice that we could hardly move it, but the wind was abating. The next day we continued, rowing and poling — no end of exasperating work! . . .

It was now calm but cold, and we saw that the water froze to ice around us. . . . We were quite exhausted. Day after day we had been working to get nearer shore and out of, or rather, through, the ice. But now we sighted ice — ice — mile after mile, as far as we could see in all directions.

I prepared myself to leave the world this sad Tuesday afternoon. I committed my soul to God and bade farewell to the dear ones at home. Because I could see no hope of rescue for us, nothing but death ahead, I bade farewell to life and all that had been dear to me. It was a bitter and heavy feeling; it was as if the heart was torn out of my breast.

My God, what an hour! But I bowed my head before his good and mighty will. . . .

Friday night the ice loosened once more and we were in danger of being carried out anew. . . . We had no choice but to row toward shore and

try to land, one way or another. It was a hard job, as our arms were worn-out so that we could hardly lift the oars, and we were both as in a trance. At last, however, we came ashore and brought most of our belongings with us. The edge of the ice along the shore is 6 to 8 yards high, so it was impossible to get the boat up. . . . We dug ourselves into the snow close to the sea and crept into our bags. Later in the day we made a snow hut in which we still are living. . . . The chances of getting away from here in the near future are small and it is a long way to Quade Hook. All our clothes, especially our shoes, are wet and frozen, and it is no pleasure to put them on.

We can now only wait and hope — wait and hope — for milder weather and ice-free waters, and we shall endeavor to get southward bit by bit. Simonsen has all this time been untiring and brave; if he had n't been we should n't be alive now. We pray each day to God that we may be able to get out with our lives, for now I know what life is and how death tastes. . . .

We are two miserable, frozen men, far, far out in the snow-desert, in the middle of winter. We who meant to be rescuers are now ourselves badly in need of rescue.

[From now on we note that their minds turn more and more to religion and their thoughts linger ever around their home in Norway.]

March 19 (Sunday). — We are still living in the snow hut. Ice stops us from getting away, and most probably the ice is lying all along the coast. As long as we have kerosene and food we are pretty safe. . . .

Both yesterday and to-day it has been snowing almost the whole time. We keep to the hut on account of our worn-out shoes.

March 20 (Monday). — Simonsen has been out on a trip and returns with the discomfiting news that our boat, our last hope and only means of escape, has broken loose and drifted off during the night. . . . We can only trust in God the Almighty, who only is able to help us in our great need. . . .

March 29 (Wednesday). — We still keep inside the hut and the days pass slowly. We have shortened our rations, and we may still have enough for about three weeks, but the kerosene, I am sorry to say, will soon be finished.

Another question, which very much occupies our mind, is, whether the Geophysical Station is searching for us northward. . . .

April 4 (Tuesday). — To-day it is six weeks since we started out on this disastrous voyage, the outcome of which we don't yet know. . . .

Since we landed, my health has been in bad condition, my right side seems kind of withered and worn out; I can, however, still move about without too much difficulty. . . .

The way we now live, we shall have food to last us till about April 20, and within that time we hope to shoot something. Our bodies, however, are not much to brag about, worn-out as they are with the toil, the frost, and the scarcity of food. It does n't exactly strengthen a man to be literally lying on ice in a snowdrift; one undeniably gets somewhat uncomfortable both in body and in soul. . . .

April 14 (Good Friday). — A few things have happened since I wrote last — mostly of an unpleasant nature, I am sorry to say. . . . Monday when I was going to take a look at the weather, I sighted a whaler near the point on the south side of the bay. I shouted to Simonsen, and we both started to run as best we could in that

direction. Simonsen had taken along the rifle and the revolver and fired seven shots. I yelled at the top of my voice, but, alas, we were not observed. The whaler headed away southward. There we stood—miserable, exhausted, frostbitten, and despairing! So near had we been to rescue and yet we were as far off now as ever. . . . Slowly we sauntered back and, comforted by a cup of coffee, we crept into our bags again. . . .

April 18 (Tuesday).—We have made a tin can into a rather good stove and are now cooking our scarce rations with wreckage-wood, of which we luckily have found quite a lot—if only we had anything to cook! The ice is still lying all around and hardly any birds are to be seen. We have so far used five buckshots and have shot one sea gull and three small, very young sea hens. . . .

Easter Eve we erected the mast with an 'anarok' on top, on the outermost point here.

The worst for us now is the thought of our dear ones, and the dreary life of uncertainty which they are now probably going through. However, we have n't yet abandoned the hope of a reunion in this life.

April 24.—We, Simonsen, my brave dear friend, and I, have fought hard—harder, perhaps, than most men have to fight. And really it looks as if we shall have to give up soon. Our strength will soon be exhausted, we can hardly keep warm in our sleeping-bags. There is a snowfall every day, frost and ice, so there is no game yet. We have cherished a faint hope of sustaining life till egg-time, and then of eating enough to get strength sufficient to go overland to Kings Bay; but now I clearly perceive that this will be the end of us. I have made myself quite familiar with the idea of saying farewell to this life.

How that feels I can't describe, it can be felt only by the one concerned. Instead of spring, we have a severe winter just now, and we have n't much power left. But I will continue writing till I feel I can do no more. It may be a week, perhaps less, perhaps more—that I don't know. I am a mere shadow of myself, and it looks as if a snow-drift in the Arctic will be my grave.

May 7.—We are still alive, but are growing weaker from day to day. . . . Like aged men we are trudging along, when the weather permits, Simonsen to fetch wood, and I to shoot auks beyond a rock, near by. If a God's miracle does not happen, we shall have to lay down our lives here in the snow desert, just now in the springtime, when all is sprouting with life, and it is light and beautiful. It seems as if it were preordained that we should be sacrificed here, we two wretches. We have fought all we can, but it seems in vain. Certainly nobody can imagine what it means to lie here in a snow cave and starve through the coldest months of the year.

It also looks as if we had been forgotten by the world. Why don't they search for us along the coast? When we did n't get to Cross Bay the conclusion should have been obvious to them that we had got out of our course, and had attempted to save ourselves by going ashore somewhere or other. Those who knew us ought to have understood that we were not such weaklings as to give up if we were stuck in the ice. Are our lives, then, so little worth? At home, when a man has been drowned, for instance, they will drag the water for days to find the body. Shall our lifeless bodies lie here as a prey for beasts? We have had a spark of hope of their searching the coast, but now we commence to lose all that is called hope. . . .

June 7. — Now the hour has come, when we have arrived at the end of our journey and shall wonder away from this world. I no longer see any escape. The late spring finished us. We had expected to find eider eggs by the end of May, but it is still almost full winter. We had suffered, starved, frozen, and toiled hard, but still we had some kind of hope as to the eggs. Now our power is broken. Together we die, as we have fought together — my splendid friend, Harald Simonsen, and I. No whaling-ships can be expected hereabouts for at least 14 days. And that will be too late for us. By then we shall be already in Heaven.

Yet we are calm and glad to get away, because now we deserve the rest. If our bodies are found, it is my last wish, to be brought inside the church for a moment, before I am lowered down in the sacred soil. This is now my hope. But no white coffin nor white stone. I have been seeing only white for such a long time now that I am longing for something else. And plant flowers on the grave! Blue and red. Daisies, pansies, and forget-me-nots.

[From a letter written the same day.]

Now I am so tired that the rest will feel good. I am like a man eighty years old and I know what age and exhaustion are. And the old man has learned to bow himself humbly before the will of God and knows that his will is best for me.

June 12. — We are still hanging on to life and have, for a couple of days, cooked soup of the birds' skins. Simonsen can hardly stir. I have gone out of the bag for the last time to warm a cup of tea. Perhaps the thread of life will hold till the middle of June. Well, we lived to see the summer, but, alas, we did n't find food.

Hand in hand we go, my brave friend Simonsen and I, to the glory of God, and we are satisfied and glad. . . .

We were at Spitzbergen, and were put to a task that we really had nothing to do with. We wanted to help. Please also help us by looking after our dear ones!

The weather is so beautiful now at midnight that I had to write a little to divert my thoughts. It is dead calm and brilliant sunshine. Eight days more and we should surely have found duck eggs. We are slowly starving to death under full summer and sunshine.

[Later — no date, but probably the next day. The writing is hardly legible.]

The last tea leaves I have boiled today. Now we shall lie down for good. I have erected a cross over our resting-place. We might lie here and live a couple of days more perhaps. Now I place the box with our diaries under some stones and hope they will be found.

Life was short, but beautiful. We have resigned and are satisfied with our fate.

In Christ's name: his will be done!

[The 'whaler' sighted by the two men on Good Friday was the S.S. Foca, sent out by the Geophysical Station at Quade Hook to search for their two missing members; and Mogleby is wrong and somewhat unfair when he writes on May 7, that they are forgotten by the world, and were not searched for. Every effort was made to find them, and it is probable that, if the two explorers had erected the mast before and not after they sighted the Foca, they would have been discovered.

It was this mast which was sighted by the Fram, and which led to the finding of the bodies. It is of sad

interest to note that Dr. Stoll, the leader of the Quade Hook Station, took Mokleby's and Simonsen's tragic fate and their accusation so much to heart that he died a few days later, after the *Fram* brought the bodies back.

Their last wishes were fulfilled. They were given a beautiful and solemn

funeral, their flower-decked graves are in Norway, their native soil, and their families are well taken care of, through a general collection started by *Aftenposten*, Norway's leading newspaper, to which their countrymen, not only in Norway but all over the world, contributed.]

THE WILL TO LOVE

A POSTSCRIPT TO A DISCUSSION OF DIVORCE

BY ELIZABETH C. ADAMS

HAVING examined with eager interest the *Atlantic's* exhibit of thoughtful opinions on the subjects of marriage and divorce, I find myself wondering why no one of the contributors to this vitally important discussion has asked seriously whether love between a man and a woman can or cannot be induced. This to me is the heart of the whole problem. On its answer hangs, as I shall hope to show, the answer to the divorce question.

It is customary to begin any discussion of marriage and divorce by assuming the desirability of uninterrupted family life, other things being equal. Even the present rising generation hesitates to contradict when one says that a man and wife should keep together if possible. The world sees that a nation of stable homes is a stable nation, and that children of such homes grow up into stalwart generations of men. The new President of Radcliffe College, Ada Louise Comstock, in her inaugural address declared that a large proportion of the dullards she had en-

countered in her years as an educator came from homes wherein divorce was either actual or imminent.

What the modern mind mainly questions is whether a child is not better off in a home frankly broken than in one that is full of cracks merely puttied over to give the appearance of wholeness. If any home could be doomed to remain forever in such a parlous condition, few of us, I think, would choose to be one of its inmates, and only the most rigid disciplinarian would consign a child to such an atmosphere. The question which I raise is, need ever so cracked a domestic structure remain in that condition? In other words, has man or has he not the will to love?

Writing on the subject of divorce in a recent *Atlantic*, Mrs. Gerould calls it a cynical point of view which holds that 'almost any two people who have once chosen to come together will be as happy in that as in any other combination.' To my mind this is the only point of view which is not cynical, for it is the only one that takes it for granted that

man has dominion over his own thinking and feeling. With it, to my mind, stands or falls the whole question of the rightness of divorce.

If it were wholly impossible for two persons to control their feeling for each other, marriages would rarely remain happy for longer than five or six years at best, and we might well form our laws to render divorce as easy as marriage.

That it is not impossible to foster love for one's wife or husband is being proved every day by thousands of thoughtful men and women, who, though more or less disillusioned as to the angelic nature of their partners in marriage, or at least as to the Heaven-made fitness of the match, have turned their attention to whatsoever things are lovely in each other, with the result that a new understanding and respect and even tenderness have grown up between them.

It may be claimed that only certain types of minds can perform such feats as this; that the highly organized, temperamental, passionate, or emotional man or woman is helpless before spontaneous feeling.

Who has not seen such miracles brought to pass, however, in the case of husbands and wives so temperamentally different that they seemed to speak in different tongues? By patient, kindly observance of each other's discernible lovely traits, and faith in the loveliness that lurks undiscovered in all created beings, these believers in themselves have finally built up a comradeship fit for the foundation of the best possible home.

That one or both of these persons might not have experienced more rapturous moments of happiness with more like-minded mates, I am not interested to dispute; but is it at all sure that, year in and year out, through periods of the children's teething, or the bank ac-

count's running low, or missing trains, there would have been, even in the case of the most Heaven-made mates, a tale of uninterrupted joy?

In ancient India there was no choosing of mates, and yet, such was the sense of the duty of loving taught at the mother's knee, — not only of the duty, but of the beauty of loving, — that the young husband and wife usually managed to make a very good piece of work of idealizing each other, so that mutual respect and tenderness formed the atmosphere of home-life in early unconquered India.

In our own day, we have William James showing the possibility of the will to believe, which is an essential and sure step to the will to love; and we have Dr. Richard Cabot, in his chapter on Marriage in *What Men Live By*, setting the true standard for good sportsmanship in marriage relations. A good sport, he shows, will take pride in succeeding in any adventure, and marriage is only one of life's adventures.

But how about the passionate element in love between the sexes, someone may ask. Can a man or woman be happy without it, and can children be richly endowed where it is lacking at their conception? Although I have seen homes that were happy without the presence of this element, I know that there are many writers on the subject, including the Swedish individualist, Ellen Key, who are unwilling to concede the possible perfectness of a home or joyousness of its children if passion enters not at all into the relation of the husband and wife.

To these I can say that I believe even this commonly considered involuntary feeling can grow out of the increased understanding, hence tenderness and attachment, that two intelligent, sympathetic persons can build up for each other on a basis of faith in God and in man.

Please note that I speak of the attachment that *two* persons can build up, as I doubt if a really close and tender comradeship can be established unless both of those concerned see the goal and are willing to try for it.

This does not mean that one would like to see society go back to the customs of early India and arrange marriages with no regard to mutual attraction; but it does mean that, the step to marriage once taken, one would like to see in the parties to it more of the attitude of the good sport, who never gives up until he has not only tried all the ordinary human methods, but also has set a higher standard of methods for saving the day. In the case of marriage, it would mean saving the day for homes of beautiful living and reliable loving.

That there should be some provision for failure in such an adventure, there seems to be no doubt, though I should like to see the granting of divorce based on the condition that neither party to it has another specific mate in mind. That a man or woman can make a thoroughly sincere try at learning to love the established partner, while having the attention diverted by a counter-attraction, is too much to expect. It simply cannot be done, unless the attracting outsider is definitely and irrevocably dismissed from the mind as a possible mate.

If story and scenario writers could be induced to cease a while in their glorification of the thrill of love at first sight, and be brought to show instead the glory of love attained through good sportsmanship, might not the number of divorces, with their trail of heart-aches, miserable faith-robbed children, and weak men and women, be considerably lessened? Much more effective than such a reform, however, would be an enlightened revival of the Indian mother's custom of teaching her children the power of the spirit and the glory of man's dominion over his inner kingdom.

This is surprisingly easy, even with very little children. The Indian mother drew on the rich storehouse of the *Ramayana* for models of loyalty and strength; but if the modern Occidental mother knows some of the best fairy tales, or the legends of the Round Table, she can fortify the young hearts of her children with many an indelible picture of faith triumphant over all evil suggestions.

When all men come to be so fortunate as to learn thus at a mother's knee something of the science of living and the art of loving, we shall have gone far toward eradicating the tendency to divorce, because we shall have struck at its root, materialistic selfishness, and shall have planted in its place the will to love.

IN FEBRUARY

BY GEORGE VILLIERS

'I AM the boyish savor in the wind, the breath and uprising of flowers,
The young green milk in the sapling flowing,
The velvet down on the —'

O heaven! —

As I walk home through the late winter dusk,
Making a song to the beat of my steps on the road,
The evening is full of the whisper of birds' wings
And their twitter and scuffle in the bushes;
And once a thrush
In the lace of an overhanging bough
Gives that long low note
That April hears.

The heavens above me
Are like the gray dappled flank of a horse;
They move westward in a body
Quicker than I can go.
When I look up into the sky
I feel like a straw
Thrown on to the surface of a racing stream,
Buffeted hither and thither,
Eddying — whirling — circling —
I stagger like a drunken man
When I look up.

'I am the boyish savor in the wind, the breath and uprising of flowers,
The young green milk in the sapling flowing,
The velvet down on the leaf;
I am the dreams in the far-away heavens,
The light on the edge of the cloud.

I skip with the black-legged lambs in the orchard,
For me, too, is the veined udder stretched,
The mother patient and standing.
I pull at the teat with my fellows,
The sweet milk comes in spurts,
And the warm infusion spreads over my body,
Giving me strength through my limbs.
I sing with the birds in the branches of the trees;
In a green gloom I sing the sorrowful cadences,
The love-plaint mingled with grief.
I am the hand that milks, the milk in the pail;
I am the springing of grasses and bursting of buds —
What though my spirit be locked in the loins of the hills —
Lo, I am the Spring!

A little air,
A little wanton air
Warm with the approach of flowers,
Whispers in the undergrowth
Or touches my cheek,
With sometimes such a meaning in it
As makes me stop, stock still,
And take great breaths deep down into the lower lungs,
Exulting, with rush of old memories
Released in the brain,
And sense of things far off,
And loveliness still to be sought for
And worshiped ever
Through the years to come.

'I am the boyish savor of the wind, the breath and uprising of flowers,
The young green milk in the sapling flowing,
The velvet down on the —'

Hark!
As I turn in at the gate at the bottom of the garden,
That long, low note again.
The Thrush.

He is late.

He should be with the other birds

Somewhere in the fastness of the bushes,

With his soft brown head

Tucked under his wing,

Asleep.

Hark! Again — Again —

And now no more.

O God, I cry, give me the song of the birds,

The need to sing each transient flash as it passes,

Happy or sad.

Roll back from my mind like clouds

The confusions and inhibitions of my mortality,

The spectres of Doubt and Fear, enthroned in the mind,

Obscuring the sense of Thy loveliness

As it comes to me ever;

Driving it underground

To grope deep channels there, sightless and blind,

While Death keeps state above.

Let me slip the cerements of my mortal heritage

And mingle in essence with Thine onrushing Life,

Everlasting and divine,

Through birds and trees and rivers and flowers,

Through days and years;

Then shall I sing as this thrush

From the pressure of Beauty within

And Beauty without;

Then shall I sing as this thrush,

And my song will be true.

THE HAPPINESS OF WRITING AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

MR. EDMUND GOSSE, commenting on the lack of literary curiosity in the early years of the seventeenth century, ascribes it to a growing desire for real knowledge, to an increasing seriousness of mind. Men read travels, history, philosophy, theology. 'There were interesting people to be met with, but there were no Boswells. Sir Aston Cokayne mentions that he knew all the men of his time, and could have written their lives, had it been worth his while. Instead of doing this, the exasperating creature wrote bad epigrams and dreary tragi-comedies.'

A century later, when literary curiosity had in some measure revived, Sir Walter Scott, losing his temper over Richard Cumberland's *Memoirs*, wrote of their author in the *Quarterly Review*: 'He has pandered to the public lust for personal anecdote by publishing his own life, and the private history of his acquaintances.'

A better illustration of La Fontaine's wisest fable, 'The Miller, his Son, and the Ass,' could not anywhere be found. The only way to please everybody is to have no ass, that is, to print nothing, and leave the world at peace. But as authorship is a trade by which men seek to live, they must in some way get their beast to market, and be criticized accordingly.

It is probable that the increasing vogue of biography, the amazing output of books about men and women of meagre attainments and flickering ce-

lebrity, set the modern autobiographer at work.

For now the dentist cannot die,
And leave his forceps as of old,
But round him, ere his clay be cold,
Is spun the vast biography.

The astute dentist says very sensibly: 'If there is any money to be made out of me, why not make it myself? If there is any gossip to be told about me, why not tell it myself? If modesty restrains me from praising myself as highly as I should expect a biographer to praise me, prudence dictates the ignoring of circumstances which an indiscreet biographer might drag into the light. I am, to say the least, as safe in my own hands as I should be in anybody else's; and I shall, moreover, enjoy the pleasure dearest to the heart of man, the pleasure of talking about myself in the terms that suit me best.'

Perhaps it is this open-hearted enjoyment which communicates itself to the reader, if he has a generous disposition, and likes to see other people have a good time. Even the titles of certain autobiographical works are saturated with self-appreciation. We can see the august simper with which a great lady in the days of Charles the Second headed her manuscript: 'A True Relation of the Birth, Breeding, and Life of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle. Written by Herself.' Mr. Theodore Dreiser's *A Book About Myself* sounds like nothing but a loud human purr. The intimate wording of *Margot*

Asquith, An Autobiography, gives the key to all the cheerful confidences that follow. Never before or since has any book been so much relished by its author. She makes no foolish pretense of concealing the pleasure that it gives her; but passes on with radiant satisfaction from episode to episode, extracting from each in turn its full and flattering significance. The volumes are as devoid of revelations as of reticence. If at times they resemble the dance of the seven veils, the reader is invariably reassured when the last veil has been whisked aside, and he sees there is nothing behind it.

The happiness of writing an autobiography which is going to be published and read is a simple and comprehensible emotion. Before books were invented, men carved on stone something of a vainglorious nature about themselves, and expected their subjects or their neighbors to decipher it. But there is a deeper and subtler gratification in writing an autobiography which seeks no immediate public and contents itself with the expression of a profound and indulged egotism. Marie Bashkirtseff has been reproached for making the world her father confessor; but the reproach seems hardly justified in view of the fact that the *Journal*, although 'meant to be read,' was never thrust by its author upon readers, and was not published until six years after her death. She was, although barely out of girlhood, as complex as Mrs. Asquith is simple and robust. She possessed, moreover, genuine intellectual and artistic gifts. The immensity of her self-love and self-pity (she could be more sorry for her own troubles than anybody who ever lived) steeped her pages in an ignoble emotionalism. She was often unhappy; but she reveled in her unhappiness, and summoned the Almighty to give it his serious attention. Her overmastering

interest in herself made writing about herself a secret and passionate delight. Unvexed by publishers, printers, proof-readers, and reviewers, her *Journal* was to Mlle. Bashkirtseff what his religion was to Sir Thomas Browne, 'all pure profit.'

There must always be a different standard for the confessions which, like Rousseau's, are made voluntarily to the world, and the confessions which, like Mr. Pepys's, are disinterred by the world from the caches where the confessants concealed them. Not content with writing in a cipher, which must have been a deal of trouble, the great diarist confided his most shameless passages to the additional cover of Spanish, French, Greek, and Latin, thus piquing the curiosity of a public which likes nothing better than to penetrate secrets and rifle tombs. He had been dead one hundred and twenty-two years before the first part of his diary was printed. Fifty years later, it was considerably enlarged. One hundred and ninety years after the garrulous Secretary of the Admiralty had passed into the eternal silences, the record of his life (of that portion of it which he deemed worth recording) was given unreservedly to English readers. The *Diary* is what it is because of the manner of the writing. Mr. Lang says that of all who have gossiped about themselves, Pepys alone tells the truth. Naturally. If one does not tell the truth in a Greek cipher, when shall the truth be told?

II

The severe strictures passed by George Eliot upon autobiographies are directed against scandal-mongering no less than against personal outpourings. She could have had the English-speaking world for a confidant had she consented to confide to it; but nothing was less to her liking. She objected to

'volunteered and picked confessions,' as in their nature insincere, and also as conveying, directly or indirectly, accusations against others. Her natural impulse was to veil her own soul — which was often sick and sore — from scrutiny; and, being a person of limited sympathies, she begrudged her neighbor the privilege of exhibiting his soul, sores and all, to the public. The struggle of human nature 'to bury its lowest faculties,' over which she cast unbroken silence, is what the egotist wants to reveal and the public wants to observe. When Nietzsche says debonairly of himself, 'I have had no experience of religious difficulties, and have never known what it was to feel sinful,' the statement, though probably untrue, creates at once an atmosphere of flatness. It is what Walt Whitman ardently admired in beasts, —

They do not lie awake in the dark, and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.

Next to the pleasure of writing lovingly about ourselves — but not comparable to it — is the pleasure of writing unlovingly about our fellows. Next to the joy of the egotist is the joy of the detractor. I think that the last years of Saint-Simon, those sad impoverished years when he lived forgotten by his world, must have been tremendously cheered by the certainty that, sooner or later, the public would read his memoirs. Nobody knows with what patient labor, and from what devious sources, he collected his material; but we can all divine the secret zest with which he penned his brilliant, malicious, sympathetic, truth-telling pages. Thirty years after his death, some of these pages crept cautiously into print; but a full hundred years had passed before the whole text was given to the world. Perhaps the dying French gentleman anticipated no earlier resurrection for

his buried manuscript; but he knew his nation and he knew his work. The nation and the work were bound to meet.

A somewhat similar satisfaction must have stolen into the heart of Charles Greville when he wrote the last pages of his diary, and laid it aside for future publication. Nineteenth-century England presented none of the restrictions common to eighteenth-century France; and ten years after Greville's death the first installment of the ever-famous *Memoirs* exploded like a bomb in the serried ranks of British official and fashionable life. It shook, not the security, but the complacency of the Queen on her throne. It was an intelligent and impartial picture of the times; and there is nothing that people like less than to be intelligently and impartially described. Moreover, the writer was no anonymous critic whose words came unweighted by authority, no mere man of letters whom men of affairs could ignore. He had lived in the heart of administrative England, and he knew whereof he spoke.

Lord Hervey's memoirs are not autobiographical at all: they are historical, like the memoirs of Sully, and Jean de Joinville, and Philippe de Comines. They are very properly entitled *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second*, and what their author did not know about that interesting reign (as seen from the angle of the Court) was not worth the knowing. Historians have made free use of his material; and some of those to whom it has been most valuable, like Thackeray, have harshly depreciated the chronicler. Dr. Jowett, in a moment of cynical misgiving, said that every amusing story must of necessity be unkind, untrue, or immoral. Hervey's stories are not untrue, and not often immoral; but they are unkind. What did he see about him of which he could consistently write with kindness? His sharpest thrusts

have a careless quality which redeems them from the charge of vindictiveness. When he says of Frederick, Prince of Wales, 'He was as false as his capacity would allow him to be,' it sounds like an observation passed with casual unconcern upon a natural phenomenon which had chanced to come under his notice.

Sully was a maker of history as well as a writer of history. He had no taste and no time for self-analysis, and, like Joinville, he had the rare good fortune to serve a master whom he sincerely loved and admired. Comines also admired his master, but he did not love him. Nobody has yet been put on record as loving Louis the Eleventh. All these men wrote with candor and acumen. No pleasure which they can have taken in compiling their memoirs can equal, or even approach, the pleasure with which we read them. Their accuracy is the accuracy of the observer, not of the antiquarian. 'In my opinion,' writes Comines, 'you who lived in the age when these affairs were transacted have no need to be informed of the exact hours when everything was done.' 'I now make known to my readers,' observes Joinville composedly, 'that all they shall find in this book which I have declared I have seen and known, is true, and what they ought most firmly to believe. As for such things as I have mentioned as hearsay, they may understand them as they please.'

III

These excursions into the diversified region of the memoir lead us away from the straight and narrow path of the autobiography. These saunterings along the pleasant byways of history distract us from the consideration of the human soul, as shown us by its too ecstatic possessor. We know as much as we need to know about the souls of

Lord Hervey, and Sully, and the Sire de Joinville, which was really a beautiful article; but we know a great deal more about the souls of George the Second, and Henry of Navarre, and of Saint Louis, shining starlike through the centuries. What we gain is better worth having than what we lose.

When we read the true autobiography, as that of Benvenuto Cellini, we see the august men of the period assume a secondary place, a shadowy significance. They patronize the artist or imprison him, according to their bent. They give him purses of five hundred ducats when they are complacent, and they banish him from their very limited domains when he kills somebody whom they prefer to keep alive. But not for one moment is our attention distracted from the narrator himself to these rude arbiters of fate. He makes it plain to us from the start that he is penning his autobiography in a spirit of composed enjoyment, and because he deems it 'incumbent upon upright men who have performed anything noble or praiseworthy to record with their own hand the events of their lives.' He tells us in detail how it pleased God that he should come into the world; and he tells us of all that he has done to make God's action in the matter a source of regret, as well as of satisfaction, to others. Those true words of Frederick the Great, '*On peut apprendre de bonnes choses d'un scélérat,*' are singularly applicable to this particular rascal. It is as difficult to find standards by which to appraise his worth as it is to find rules by which to test his accuracy. Just as it has been said of Rousseau, that even in the very ecstasy of truth-telling he does not tell the truth, so it may be said of Cellini, that even in the very ecstasy of lying he does not wholly lie.

It is characteristic of a simpler age than the one we live in now that auto-

biographers sang their own praises candidly and lustily. Cellini puts graceful eulogies of himself into the mouths of his contemporaries, which is one way, and a very good way, of getting them said. The Duchesse de Montpensier (La Grande Mademoiselle) goes a step further, and assures us that the Creator is sympathetically aware of her merits and importance. 'I may say without vanity that just Heaven would not bestow such a woman as I am upon a man who was unworthy of her.' Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baireuth, and sister of Frederick the Great, writes with composure: 'Happily my good disposition was stronger than the bad example of my governess.'

This directness contrasts pleasantly with the more involved, and possibly more judicious, methods employed by memoir-writers like Richard Lovell Edgeworth, father of the immortal Maria, and by autobiographers like Harriet Martineau. Mr. Edgeworth, recounting his first experience of married life, says with conscious nobility: 'I felt the inconvenience of an early and hasty marriage; and though I heartily repented of my folly, I determined to bear with fortitude and temper the evil I had brought upon myself.'

Miss Martineau, whose voluminous work is ranked by Anna Robeson Burr as among the great autobiographies of the world, does not condescend to naïveté; but she never forgets, or permits her reader to forget, what a superior person she is. When Miss Aiken ventures to congratulate her upon her 'success' in London society, she loftily repudiates the word. Success implies endeavor, and she (Harriet Martineau) has 'nothing to strive for in any such direction.' When she sails for the United States, it is with the avowed purpose of 'self-discipline.'

She has become 'too much accustomed to luxury,' and seeks for wholesome hardships. It sounds a trifle far-fetched. Byron — an incomparable traveler — admits that folks who go 'a-pleasuring' in the world must not ask for comfort; but even Byron did not visit the East in order to be uncomfortable. He was not hunting a corrective for St. James Street and Piccadilly.

There is no finer example in the world of the happiness of writing an autobiography than that afforded us by Miss Martineau. Her book is a real book, not an ephemeral piece of self-flattery. Her enjoyment of it is so intense that it impedes her progress. She cannot get on with her narrative because of the delight of lingering. Every circumstance of an uneventful childhood invites her attention. Other little girls cry now and then. Mothers and nurserymaids are aware of this fact. Other little girls hate to get up in the morning. Other little girls are occasionally impertinent to their parents. But no one else has ever recorded these details with such serious and sympathetic concern. A petulant word from an older sister (most of us have lived through something of the kind) made her resolve 'never to tell anybody anything again.' This resolution was broken. She has told everybody everything, and the telling must have given her days, and weeks, and months of undiluted pleasure.

Miss Martineau's life was in the main a successful one. It is natural that she should have liked to think about it and write about it. But Mrs. Oliphant, a far more brilliant woman, was overburdened, overworked, always anxious, and often very unhappy. Arthur Young was a melancholy, disgruntled man, at odds with himself, his surroundings, and the world. The painter, Haydon, lived through years so harassed by poverty, so untempered by discretion,

so embittered by disappointments, that his tragic suicide was the only thing which could have brought his manifold miseries to an end. Yet Mrs. Oliphant took comfort in setting forth her difficulties, and in expressing a reasonable self-pity. Arthur Young relieved his mind by a well-worked-out system of intensive grumbling. Even Haydon seems to have sought and found a dreary solace in the recital of his woes. The fragment of autobiography is painful to read, but was evidently the one poor consolation of its writer's life.

That George Sand's *Histoire de Ma Vie* afforded its author more than her proper share of contentment is evidenced by its length, and by the relish which is stamped on every page. Sir Leslie Stephen pronounced it the best autobiography he had ever read. It seems to have delighted him as Rousseau's *Confessions* delighted Emerson; which goes to prove that intellectual kinship need not necessarily be accompanied by any similarity of taste. 'If we would really know our hearts,' says Bishop Wilson, 'let us impartially review our actions.' George Sand and Rousseau reviewed their actions with the fondest solicitude, but were biased in their own favor. Gibbon reviewed his actions, and such emotions as he was aware of, with an impartiality that staggers us; but his heart, at no time an intrusive organ, gave him little concern. Franklin, with whom truth-telling was never an 'ecstasy,' but a natural process like breathing and eating, reviewed his actions candidly, if not altogether impartially, and left the record without boast, or apology, or the reticence dictated by taste, to the judgment of coming generations. He was a busy man, engaged, like Sully, in making history on a large scale. It pleased him, not only to write his recollections but to bequeath them, as he bequeathed

so much else, to the young nation that he loved. He never sought to patent his inventions. He never sought to publish his autobiography. His large outlook embraced the future, and America was his residuary legatee.

John Wesley kept a journal for fifty-five years. This is one of the most amazing facts in the history of letters. He was beyond comparison the hardest worker of his day. John Stuart Mill, who knew too much and did too much for any one man, also wrote an autobiography, which the reading world has been content to ignore. But Mill's failing health compelled him sometimes to rest. Wesley never rested. It is estimated that for over thirty years he rode, on an average, eight thousand miles a year. He preached in his lifetime full thirty thousand sermons — an overwhelming and relentless figure. He wrestled with lagging Churchmen of the Establishment no less than with zealous Antinomians, Swedenborgians, Necessitarians, Anabaptists, and Quakers. Other records of human endeavor read like the idling of a summer day alongside of his supernatural activities. Yet so great is the compulsion of the born diarist to confide to the world the history of his thoughts and deeds, that Wesley found time — or took time — to write, in a minute, cryptic shorthand, a diary which fills seven large volumes. He not only wanted to do this; he *had* to do it. The narrative, now bald and itemized, now stirring and spirited, now poignant and terrible, was part of himself. He might have said of it more truly than Walt Whitman said of *Leaves of Grass*, that whoever laid hold upon the book laid hold upon a man.

IV

To ask that the autobiographer should 'know himself as a realist, and deal with himself as an artist,' is one

way of demanding perfection. Realists are plentiful, and their ranks are freshly recruited every year. Artists are rare, and grow always rarer in an age which lacks the freedom, the serenity, the sense of proportion, essential to their development. It has happened from time to time that a single powerful and sustained emotion has forced from a reticent nature an unreserved and illuminating disclosure. Newman's *Apologetica pro vita sua* was written with an avowed purpose — to make clear the sincerity of his religious life, and to refute a charge of deceitfulness. The stern coercion which gave it birth, and which carried it to a triumphant close, was remote from any sense of enjoyment save such as might be found in clarity of thought and distinction of workmanship. The thrust of truth in this fragment of autobiography has carried it far; but it is not by truth alone that a book lives. It is not by simple veracity that minds 'deeply moralized, discriminating, and sad' have charmed, and will always charm, the few austere thinkers and fastidious critics whom a standardized world has spared.

The pleasure derived by ordinary readers from memoirs and reminiscences is twofold. It is the pleasure of acquiring agreeable information in an agreeable way, and it is, more rarely, the pleasure of a direct and penetrating mental stimulus. *The Education of Henry Adams* has so filtered through the intelligent public mind that echoes of it are still to be heard in serious lectures and flippant after-dinner speeches. We can, if we are adroit borrowers, set up intellectual shop-keeping on Mr. Adams's stock-in-trade. We can deal out over our own counters his essentially marketable judgments.

The simpler delight afforded us by such a charming book as Frederick Locker's *Confidences*, which is not confidential at all; or by John Murray's

well-bred *Memoirs of a Publisher*; or by Lord Broughton's *Recollections of a Long Life*, is easy to estimate. We could ill spare Lord Broughton's volumes, both because he tells us things we do not learn elsewhere, and because of his illuminating common-sense. The world of authorship has of late years so occupied itself with Lord Byron that we wince at the sound of his name. But if we really want to know him, we must still turn to Broughton for the knowledge. The account of Byron's wedding in the *Recollections* is as unforgettable as the account of Byron's funeral in Moore's diffuse and rambling *Memoirs*. It is in such narratives that the eyewitness eclipses, and must forever eclipse, the most acute and penetrating investigator. Biographers cannot stand as Broughton stood at the door of Seaham, when the ill-mated couple drove away to certain misery: 'I felt as if I had buried a friend.' Historians cannot stand as John Evelyn stood on the Strand, when the second Charles entered London: 'I beheld him and blessed God!' Or at Gravesend seven years later, when the Dutch fleet lay at the mouth of the Thames: 'A dreadful spectacle as ever Englishmen saw, and a dishonor never to be wiped off!'

Dr. Crothers, who thinks autobiographers have more than their share of vanity, says that he has never come across one whose confessions included a well-grounded apprehension that his friends often found him a little wearing. But the diarist Crabb Robinson comes close to this supreme ideal of candor. 'When my vivacity is checked by old age,' he writes wistfully, 'and I have lost my companionable qualities, I shall then have nothing left but a little good-nature to make me tolerable to my friends.' It is a misgiving common to reasonable minds; but who can imagine Margot Asquith contemplating her waning vivacity! Who can imagine

Marie Bashkirtseff or Harriet Martineau admitting the likelihood of her ever boring her acquaintances! Even Mrs. Pat Campbell conveys to us, directly or indirectly, on every page of *My Life and Some Letters*, the assurance that she pleased. The letters are a great help in this good cause. When a woman publishes the haphazard but ardent notes of her impressionable friends, she extracts from these somewhat withered garlands a late and lingering tribute to her charms.

Ever since that most readable book, *An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, Comedian*, was given to the English world, actors and playwrights have been indefatigable autobiographers. They may write about themselves alone, as did Macready, or about themselves and the world, after the fashion of Frances Kemble. They may be amusing, like Ellen Terry, or discursive, like Augustus Thomas, or casual, like John Drew. But they fall into line, and tell us what dramas they wrote, what companies they managed, what parts they played, and when and where they played them, together with any scraps of theatrical gossip they may be fortunate enough to recollect. All, at least, except the once celebrated Mrs. Inchbald. She recollected so much that the publisher, Phillips, offered her a thousand pounds for her manuscript; and her confessor, a wise and nameless Catholic priest, persuaded her to burn it unread. Yet there are people so perversely minded as to disapprove of auricular confession.

The golden age of the autobiographer has come, perhaps to stay. Mr. Howells, observant and sympathetic, welcomed its dawning, and the fullness of its promise. He was of the opinion that this form of composition represented 'the supreme Christian contribution to literature'; and, while admitting that there were bad as well as good speci-

mens of the art, he stoutly maintained that one more autobiography, however indifferent, was better than one less — a disputable point.

The question which confronts the reading public is this: 'How far should the law of kindness, which we all profess to follow, influence us in allowing to our fellow creatures the happiness of writing books about themselves?' There is no use saying that it would be impossible to stop them. Nothing in the way of inhibitions is impossible to the United States. 'There is no country,' says the observant Santayana, 'in which people live under more powerful compulsions.'

Americans have so far been inclined to tolerate the vanity of the autobiography, because mankind is naturally vain, and to forgive its dullness, because life is frequently dull. Moreover, they are well disposed toward any form of art or letters that lays claim to the quality of truth; and it is generally conceded that a man knows himself better than others know him. He does not know, and he never can know, how he appears to his acquaintances. The sound of his own voice, the light in his own eye, his accent, his mannerisms, his laugh, the sensations, pleasurable or otherwise, which he produces by his presence — these things, apparent to every casual observer, are unfamiliar to him. But his *naturel* (a word too expressive for translation) which others must estimate by the help of circumstantial evidence, he can, if he be honest, know and judge.

This, at least, is the theory on which rest the lucidity of art and the weight of conscience. Yet George Sand, who was given to self-inspection, self-analysis, and self-applause, admitted the dimness of her inward vision. 'The study of the human heart,' she wrote, 'is of such a nature, that the more we are absorbed by it, the less clearly do we see.'

DEATH AS A DREAM EXPERIENCE

BY M. E. B.

Since the value of this article depends upon the reliability of the narrator, it is important that the reader should know that M. E. B. occupies a responsible position in an organization for health improvement in the Far East. He has just returned from his post, where the experience related took place. We can assure our readers of its entire genuineness. — THE EDITORS.

DEATH is an event which sooner or later must come to all mankind. While the physical phenomenon has been abundantly observed, for reasons which are obvious the subjective experiences of those who die can only be surmised. The whole organism, physical and mental, naturally shrinks from this experience. The nearest approach to it appears to be in the loss of consciousness which occurs in sleep, syncope, or similar states.

In sleep the subconscious mind is at times highly active, and its experiences, surviving in conscious memory, are called dreams. Yet the natural repugnance to death is so great that even in dreams there is an inhibition which, in the vast majority of individuals, seems to halt the imagination short of the great event. In dreams one may fall over a high precipice; but just before striking the rocks below, one awakes. One may be pursued by armed savages; yet just before the fatal blow is given, one awakes. In fact, there is a widely prevalent idea that if one should dream of actually experiencing death, such an experience would prove a reality and the shock would be so great that one would never awake. This idea is erroneous, at least in the case reported in this paper.

Dreams are popularly supposed to be based upon the experiences or imagi-

nations of the subject during conscious life. The groundwork of the writer's dream is so based, but he knows of nothing in his conscious imaginings which would have stimulated a dream of actual death. In fact, sharing the universal abhorrence of the experience, he avoids as far as possible all thought of death as related to himself, and has never before consciously imagined what the actual experience would be like.

The dream was evidently based upon the experience of being overtaken by night in the midst of a tiger-infested jungle. A huge tiger was at that time terrorizing the inhabitants of that district. It had killed three small elephants, and great numbers of cattle and caribou. A large reward was being offered for its destruction. The writer was forced by circumstances to pitch his small camp within about 200 yards of where this tiger had killed a horse a day or so previously. The tiger was known to be in the vicinity of this kill, and this knowledge, coupled with the unusual nervousness of his pony, made restful sleep an impossibility. The long hours of the night passed away without incident, however, and the experience soon faded from active memory. About four years later, during a conversation about tigers, the incident was recalled and related. Shortly thereafter, the writer had the following

dream, which will be given in narrative form.

I dreamed that my wife and I were traveling with a small group of carriers through a similar tiger-infested jungle. The carriers happened to stop for rest at a spot where the jungle was particularly beautiful. We alighted and looked with delight upon the wonderful scene about us — the stately trees, the long and graceful vines, the giant ferns, the luxuriant growth which Nature so lavishly displays in those regions. When the carriers were ready to start, we sent our horses with them and followed on foot.

The path was a circuitous one, with numerous clumps of tall bushes on either side. We walked leisurely along, noting the various growths of particular beauty, until I happened to hear a noise like the cracking of a dead limb. On looking around, I noticed a large tiger crouching behind a clump of bushes in the jungle about fifty yards behind us. Fearing that, if we started to run, the tiger would rush us, my wife and I hurriedly walked after the carriers, whom we expected to find just ahead of us. Each turn in the path, however, brought fresh disappointment, as the carriers were farther ahead than we had realized. We kept a careful watch upon the tiger, which stealthily stalked us and gradually drew nearer. Soon we saw along the path ahead a small rest-house, where we thought the carriers would surely have stopped, so we made a run for it. As soon as the tiger noticed our flight, he made instant and rapid pursuit.

As we reached the rest-house I noticed that the carriers had gone on, and there was nothing to do but take refuge in the house. It was of the tumble-down type common in those regions, and consisted of two small rooms opening upon a small verandah, and provided with a communicating

doorway. The partition wall was of woven bamboo and extended only about six feet from the floor, leaving an open space between that height and the thatched roof. The communicating door and one of the exterior doors were partially off of their hinges, while one exterior door was entirely missing. We entered the house through this open doorway, dashed through the communicating doorway into the second room, and tried to close the communicating door. On entering the house, I instantly realized that we were lost, as the dilapidated door would prove insufficient; and anyway the tiger would go over the partition in one leap.

My wife could perhaps be saved if I could hold the tiger's attention so that he would not observe her flight. As he bounded into the first room, I pushed my wife out of the exit door of the second room, shouted to her to run to the carriers, pushed the door shut, seized a heavy club which happened to be lying on the floor, and, as the tiger an instant later dashed through the communicating doorway, I tried to drive my club down his throat. I saw his wide-open mouth, heard his terrifying roar, was conscious that he struck me a terrific blow with his left paw — and then was overwhelmed with a sensation of great DARKNESS, and knew nothing more.

How long I remained unconscious, I do not know; but it must have been a number of hours at least, because the tiger had in that interval of time devoured the greater part of my body. I next became aware of being still existent in a most peculiar state. I seemed to be situated in the air about the level of the tops of the lower trees. I had no bodily form whatsoever, but was simply a state of awareness existing in the atmosphere. Occasionally my position in the air changed instantaneously without reference to any volition of my

own. My movements seemed to me to be like those of the flitting lights which one occasionally sees over swamps. I was immediately interested in this peculiar experience, and wondered what had happened. Then I became aware of a portion of a skull, a piece of a human thigh-bone, and scattered remnants of parts of a human body lying on the ground below me.

The attack of the tiger came back to memory and these thoughts rose in my consciousness: 'Why, that must be ME lying down there!! The tiger has eaten ME! That means that I have passed through death. That is very interesting; I must try to remember all about this. Death is nothing like what I had imagined it would be. It is not hard at all to die. I wish everyone could know this. I wonder what becomes of me now. I wonder where Heaven is, where the Lord is, and how I shall go about it to find Him.'

I was so interested in this new situation in which I found myself that I had not yet realized what my tragic demise would mean to others. At this point my thoughts were interrupted by the sight of a group of frightened carriers cautiously approaching along the path, anxiously searching. Among them I saw my wife, forcibly held back by the carriers from too rapid approach, as they evidently feared that the tiger might be lurking near. I saw upon her face the anguish of hopeless despair.

They came to the place where the ghastly remains gave indubitable evidence of the tragic event. My wife did

not swoon, but sank to the ground overcome with grief and horror. I was filled with unutterable anguish as I looked upon her. I tried to call to her, but could not, as, being disembodied, I had no means of speaking. I tried to go to her, but could not move. As I witnessed her grief and realized her desperate plight (a week's journey through those dangerous regions separated her from the nearest European settlement), and knew my own utter helplessness to come to her assistance, I groaned and groaned in spirit. Of course she could not hear me. She raised her grief-marked countenance and, looking in my direction, stretched out her arms toward me in appeal, and cried out in tones of anguish that pierced my very soul, 'O —! O —!'

Suddenly I found that I was able to move. I turned. As I did so, I realized that I was in bed, that I must have had a nightmare, and that my wife was calling me from her room. Although only partially awake, a flood of thankfulness came over me with the realization that this had been but a dream. I replied sleepily, but gratefully, 'Thank you, —, thank you,' and sank again into dreamless sleep.

The next morning my wife twitted me over my extreme politeness in my sleep, since I thanked her so profusely. She had been awakened by my groans and, thinking that I must be having a particularly bad dream, had called to awaken me.

Perhaps she called me back to life — who knows?

UNIONS AND THE PUBLIC

BY GEORGE SOULE

CERTAIN current impressions about organized labor in the United States deserve a more critical examination than they have received. It is important to know, for instance, whether, as Mr. F. Lauriston Bullard charges in recent issues of the *Atlantic Monthly*, antagonism to unions arises, not from an employers' conspiracy to destroy them, but from a genuine public revolt 'against the outrageous tyrannies of an intolerant labor dictatorship.' Has the public been correctly informed about the unions? Did they take advantage of war conditions to obtain unwarranted concessions? Were they wrong in refusing to accept deflation of wages afterward? Do they engage in serious limitation of output, connive at corruption, flout the public, and refuse to reform or to accept good advice? What about the 'closed' and the 'open' shops? Is it necessary to pass regulatory legislation, or to establish governmental arbitration bodies? Mr. Bullard's article furnishes an excellent occasion for broad discussion of these subjects which are of importance to all.

I

Scientists recognize that induction of general conclusions from a few specific instances is perilous. No array of examples, either of credit or of discredit to the unions is very illuminating without a general background of economic data with regard to productivity and wages.

Professor Walter W. Stewart, now

of the Federal Reserve System, and Professor Edmund E. Day of Harvard, as well as numerous other economists, have laboriously calculated indices of the physical production in the United States for the twenty or thirty years preceding 1919. These estimates are in substantial agreement with each other. They show that between 1899 and 1919 the annual production of goods increased about 80 per cent. During the same period the population of the United States increased about 40 per cent, or only half as rapidly. In this twenty-year period the yearly output of goods per capita of the population increased about 30 per cent. If we exclude agriculture and mining, we find that the yearly output of manufactures increased 40 per cent per capita.

Since 1919 the annual production in basic industries has increased about 23 per cent, according to the Federal Reserve Board, while the population has increased a little over 5 per cent. Production per capita has therefore grown nearly 17 per cent in the last four years. Production of manufactured goods, according to the Department of Commerce, has been enlarged over 11 per cent since 1919, while the number of wage-earners engaged in manufacture, as indicated by the excellent employment index of the New York State Department of Labor, has fallen nearly 3 per cent. The production of manufactures per wage-earner may therefore be estimated as about 15 per cent higher than four years ago.

If the unions have been attempting

to thwart technical progress or to limit output, it does not appear that they have, on the whole, been highly successful. The figures do not indicate the existence of a crisis.

An intensive study of wasteful methods in industry was made in 1921 by a group of distinguished engineers for the Federated American Engineering Societies. They did not attempt to set up ideal standards, but they did roughly assess the responsibility for preventable waste in six important industries as between management, labor, and outside contacts of firms. Unions exist in each of the industries studied. The engineers estimated that the responsibility of management for waste ranged between 50 per cent and 81 per cent, according to the industry. The responsibility of labor ranged between 9 and 28 per cent. In only one industry was the responsibility of labor as large as one third that of management. The engineers, of course, took into consideration strikes and lockouts, union rules and practices. It therefore appears that in so far as the preventable wasteful practices of industry are an evil, union practices do not deserve a major share of public attention.

Did labor profiteer during the war, and has it insisted on an inequitable share of the national income since the war? Most persons who discuss this subject think only of the increase in the dollars paid to labor, and forget the diminished purchasing power of those dollars. They also overlook the increase in national productivity. The best figures available on incomes of manufacturing wage-earners before 1914, — those calculated from the United States Census of Manufactures, — when compared with changes in retail prices of food, which make up about two fifths of the workers' family budget, indicate that in 1914 the average wage-earner

could buy about 10 per cent less than in 1889, twenty-five years earlier. Estimates of real wages after 1914 are possible on a yearly basis, because various states, such as New York and Wisconsin, have kept good statistics of actual earnings, while the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics has published an index of changes in the retail prices, not only of food, but also of all the items in the family budget.

A comparison of these figures shows that the purchasing power of average wages rose slightly in 1915 and 1916, but in 1917 and 1918 fell below even the 1914 level. The cost of living rose faster than wages, and consequently in the war years, when labor was popularly supposed to be profiteering, it was actually, in purchasing power, some 15 per cent below the level it had enjoyed thirty years earlier. In 1919 and 1920 real wages rose again to the 1899 level. Since 1919 they have increased, and are now about 28 per cent higher than in 1899. This enlargement of purchasing power with its possibility of a better standard of living is chiefly due to the fact that wages were not 'deflated' as much as prices during the recent depression. But, be it noted, this 28-per-cent increase in the goods which wage-earners may buy is only a belated and inadequate accompaniment of the growth in national productivity for which they are partly responsible. We now produce annually about 50 per cent more goods than in 1899 for every man, woman, and child in the country. But the manufacturing wage-earner can buy only 28 per cent more. Studies of union wage-scales show that in many cases they have advanced less than average earnings.

The general truth, so far as it may be ascertained from the most dependable statistics we have, seems therefore

to be the exact reverse of the usual anti-union contention. Far from receiving an enlarged share of a diminished volume of production, wage-earners have been receiving a diminished share of an enlarged volume of production.

II

There is not space here to tell the story of the anti-union campaign which was resumed with renewed intensity shortly after the Armistice and prosecuted with vigor during the depression of 1921, when about one third of the industrial wage-earners were jobless.

The National Founders Association may be taken as an example of the organized forces in the United States bent on the destruction of trades-unionism. It began its hostile activities as long ago as 1904. Its members are pledged not to make agreements with unions. It is a closely knit and well-financed union of employers who furnish each other, in the event of labor trouble, with strike-breakers, with production capacity in other shops, with contributions in money, and with armed guards and special policemen. Members are instructed, the moment a strike occurs, to 'cut off all negotiations and accept nothing but unconditional surrender.' The association practises the blacklist and has an extensive spy system. In addition to its purely industrial activities it carries on large-scale publicity and lobbying. A characteristic attitude of its organ, the *Open Shop Review*, is that it teaches 'how really small is the class that *has* to live in squalor and filth and unsanitary conditions; that the great majority of the class which *so* lives is there because it *wants* to be.' It attacks the theory of the living wage and has said that any man with \$100 is a capitalist. In its pages the A.F. of L. is linked with the I.W.W., and unionism is likened

to Bolshevism. The Association has fought remedial labor legislation, assailed President Wilson's industrial conferences, and attacked the United States Employment Service. During the war it urged the conscription of labor for industrial enterprises — though not the conscription of capital. There are numerous other powerful organizations of employers with similar aims and methods — such as the National Metal Trades Association and the National Erectors Association.

Long before the war labor had to fight this type of unrelenting opposition in industry after industry. For over a hundred years unions have existed and grown in the United States in the face of such apparently overwhelming obstacles. Union organization has been sufficiently delayed by them so that not more than one third of the industrial wage-earners have even yet won the right of collective bargaining.

There never has been a time when a large part of the employers, the judges, the editors, and the 'public opinion' which they exemplify, were not hostile to union activity. This struggle has of course had some influence in determining the nature of unions and the character of their leaders.

The difference which came with the war was due not only to the need of general coöperation, but also to the nation's ostensibly democratic purposes. The chief 'concession' which the Government made to the unions was a recognition of their existence and their right to represent the workers before arbitrators, to bargain and make contracts. In return the unions made the substantial concession of abstinence from strikes. The concessions on both sides were the absolute minimal necessities for a policy of coöperation. You cannot make peace with a body whose existence you do not recognize.

The numbers who poured into the unions during this period, when organizations of labor were in official good standing, merely gave evidence of the restraint previously imposed by the fear of hostile employers. Naturally, however, the anti-union employers regarded this enforced truce as a 'surrender' to labor 'dictatorship,' and were eager to resume the industrial war the moment the international war was over. This they did with a vengeance. Anyone in a position to observe industrial events can testify to the wide organization and energy of the attack. In view of this history it is absurd to suppose that the war against unionism is anything new, or that it is wholly or even chiefly a spontaneous revolt of 'the public.'

III

With this background, it is enlightening to approach the typical charges of union wickedness to which Mr. Bullard devotes so much space. I do not know in what two cities¹ no applicant is admitted to a plumbers' union unless he is the father, the brother, or the son of a member, but as a general statement this charge is certainly false. To cut a small door through a hollow-tile partition requires — at least in New York — not twelve classes of labor, three weeks of time, and \$250 in money, but two or three trades and a day and a half at the utmost. Three coats of plaster on lath are required in New York, not by union fiat, but by State law, for the good reason that two coats will not last long in good condition. And so on. But it is unprofitable to dispute about such detailed technical matters in a general discussion.

It must be admitted that on several occasions graft and bribery have been

discovered in the construction industry. In this respect this industry is not typical of other unionized industries. The causes of such conditions are certainly not simple. They are interwoven with corrupt politics, with unfair competition, with the greed of profit-makers, with many recognized evils which in some degree have characterized American cities and American business for many years. There is no group which such dishonesty injures more than the wage-earners, and they ought to be unrelenting in rooting it out and punishing it. They bear as much responsibility for dishonesty among their officials as business men and citizens in general do for other forms of prevalent dishonesty. But no one thinks of attacking our Government or our methods of business organization for the sins of dishonest individuals, and I cannot understand why the unions alone should be assailed on account of these occasional disclosures in the building trades. There is already ample legislation penalizing dishonesty. The building-trades unions themselves are attempting to combat the evil. Their struggle against it is no more easy than the struggle against any kind of public corruption in a democratic community; they cannot end it by fiat. Improvement is measured by education and a gradual raising of the general conscience.

It also must be admitted that some union practices tend to limit production. Yet in his report on the building industry for the Federated Engineering Societies, Mr. Sanford E. Thompson, a prominent engineer, assessed 65 per cent of the responsibility for waste against management, 21 per cent against labor, and 14 per cent against outside contacts. Among his findings on this subject Mr. Thompson states, 'The building trades, because of the scattered nature of their work and its

¹ The cities are Chicago and San Francisco. — THE EDITOR.

miscellaneous and seasonal character, particularly need organizations that will assist them in maintaining their rights and obtaining a square deal. . . . Some of the union rules affecting work are justified in furthering quality and workmanship. . . . In considering this question it must be recognized that the unions are by no means alone in their restriction of output. . . . Despite the restrictive action of many of the union regulations, there is growing evidence of willingness to coöperate. . . . Some of the unions are taking the initiative in these matters, opposing restriction of output, and training and educating their members, thus producing good mechanics and furthering the elimination of waste.'

The handicap of outsiders in passing definite judgment on trade practices may be illustrated by the rule of the painters against the use of spraying machines, cited by Mr. Bullard. An employer recently discussing this subject with me said: 'We have carried on extensive experiments with these machines. They are costly to buy and their maintenance is costly. We have had difficulty in obtaining as good results with them as with brushes. The painters who operate them have to wear gas masks. Two of our men disobeyed my positive instructions on this point, and both contracted lead poisoning. One case was promptly treated and serious illness was thus avoided. Of the other, the doctor whom I sent said it was the worst case of poisoning he had ever seen which did not result in death. I can understand the union's opposition to the machines, and I am not convinced that they are the best method for the employer.'

Many union rules either do not limit production or have an insignificant effect. Many which do limit output are amply justified on the ground of

workmanship or health. Such infrequent rules as may be adopted only because they 'make work' cannot be assessed without an understanding of the industrial background. Mr. Thompson's study shows the large amount of seasonal unemployment in the building industry. Out of an average of 275 effective working-days possible, 96 — or 31 per cent — are normally lost. The percentages of days lost for the various skilled trades range from 20 per cent in the case of the upholsterers to 44 per cent in the case of the iron workers. In addition, there is the heavy cyclical unemployment. The slow growth in numbers of building-trades workmen and apprentices between 1914 and 1920 is largely due to the terrific slump of building in 1917 and afterward, incident to the war. And in 1921, according to the estimate of the National Bureau of Economic Research, building employment fell off 18 per cent even from the 1920 level. These conditions, together with the heavy labor 'turnover' from job to job, are not likely to induce workmen to produce at top speed while on a specific building, or to 'work themselves out of a job' — whether they are organized or unorganized.

Unions have been active in attempting to remedy the maladjustments of the industry. In numerous important cities the unions are coöperating with the employers through committees on apprenticeship and training. The Building Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor, through its representation in the American Construction Council, which includes all parties in the industry, declared strongly for stabilization during the boom of 1923, and advised the postponement of unnecessary building, in spite of the fact that the competition for labor at that time resulted in the payment of bonuses. The evil of strikes resulting

from jurisdictional disputes has been nearly overcome by the action of the unions in submitting such matters to the National Board of Jurisdictional Award, composed of employers, representatives of labor, an architect, and an engineer. This board has decided about two hundred cases, and is obeyed by all unions except the carpenters'.

This way of conference and adjustment of technical difficulties within the industry itself contrasts sharply with the methods adopted in Chicago. According to Mr. Alexander M. Bing,² a large real-estate owner in New York, who is an experienced student of labor matters, the Chicago efforts were neither fully creditable to the 'open shop' forces, nor effective. Judge Landis was chosen as arbitrator of a dispute, on the subject of wages alone, by all the trades except the carpenters' and painters'. His wage award departed from established precedent by fixing maximum rather than minimum rates. These maximum rates were lower in relation to the cost of living than the minimum rates existing in 1914. He upset the prevailing uniform scales and introduced, among the trades, differentials difficult in many cases to justify. He apparently exceeded his authority by dealing with the highly technical subject of working rules, even in cases where employers and unions had come to agreement on them. It was on this ground that many unions besides the carpenters' and painters' rejected the award. Nevertheless a 'Citizens' Committee' was formed, incorporated itself, raised a huge war-chest, and decreed that all unions refusing to enforce the award were 'outlawed' and that their trades would henceforth forever be operated on the open-shop basis. Large numbers

of strike-breakers were imported. Yet in spite of strong financial and other pressure put upon the contractors, the terms of the award proved intrinsically unworkable and were universally evaded. The unions could not be destroyed. And last summer the three largest general contractors announced that they would no longer coöperate with the Citizens' Committee.

IV

Space is lacking to deal fully with the other industries in which Mr. Bullard's examples lie. The statement — 'John W. Lewis and his backers intend to establish a monopoly of all coal-mining labor' — is a hostile way of recording the fact that the United Mine Workers of America desire to add to their membership the miners of the nonunion fields. The bituminous coal-mining industry is competitive, and the gains in living and working conditions won by the miners in parts of it will be precarious if not established by the miners in other parts. The violence which often accompanies attempts at organization is largely due, as the report of the United States Coal Commission clearly states, to the determination of the nonunion operators to prevent their employees from organizing, which is carried out by such reprehensible means as privately owned and closed towns, 'yellow dog' contracts, oppressive leases of company housing, hired thugs and gunmen, and deputy sheriffs appointed by the public authorities, but paid out of the treasuries of the employers.

Most of the working rules in railroad shops embodied in the National Agreements were practised years before the war and are still in force on the majority of railroads. On the few roads which refused to settle with the shopmen and are at complete liberty to

²'The Posse Comitatus in Industry,' by Alexander M. Bing. *The Survey*, January 15, 1923, p. 493.

decree whatever rules they like, financial and operating results have been in some cases deplorably bad, and in others distinctly inferior to those of the settled roads. One need only refer to the minutes of the Interstate Commerce Commission's investigation of the Lehigh Valley, or to the statistics of such nonunion roads as the Delaware and Hudson, the New York, New Haven and Hartford, and the Central of New Jersey, as compared with such union roads as the Baltimore and Ohio or the New York Central, to substantiate this statement.

The Pennsylvania is probably the most successful railroad which has refused to deal with the shop union. Yet since the strike the Baltimore and Ohio, which runs through virtually the same territory, has outdistanced it in every important respect, although the Baltimore and Ohio accords full recognition to the shop unions. The net operating income of the Baltimore and Ohio more than doubled for the first eight months of 1923 over the first eight months of 1922, while that of the Pennsylvania grew only 12 per cent. Locomotives out of service for repairs were reduced by the Baltimore and Ohio from 50.6 per cent in July 1922, to 14.1 per cent in July 1923, and on the Pennsylvania only from 23.2 per cent in July 1922, to 19.9 per cent in July 1923. An entire issue of this magazine could be filled with statistics supporting the conclusion that the union roads have fared better than the nonunion.

V

It is untrue that unions do not accept any responsibility for better industrial methods. Mr. Gompers has made so many statements as to the necessity for technical advancement and production that it is difficult to select a quotation. 'The trades-union

movement of America understands fully the necessity for adequate production of the necessities of life,' is perhaps his most compact sentence. 'It is my firm conviction that the labor movement not only welcomes but invites your coöperation,' he said to the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in 1920. In June 1921, he wrote in the *American Federationist*, 'There is a need for scientific readjustment of a large part of our industrial life to-day and the trades-union movement looks hopefully to the engineers and the scientists of industry for a needed and valuable contribution to human welfare.' Mr. Gompers is against 'speeding up' and some schools of engineering method, but he is not blind to problems of production.

Even more to the point is the statement of William H. Johnston, President of the International Association of Machinists, that the union 'will continue to go out of its way to find progressive enlightened employers in order to devise practical ways and means of coöperation with the specific object in mind of improving the efficiency and service so that thereby both employer and employee may benefit.' He has since found such an employer in President Daniel Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio, with the result that a highly significant experiment is being carried on which cannot here be described. The spirit behind the experiment is well expressed in the preamble to the new agreement between the shopcrafts unions and the railroad, which was proposed by the unions. It runs as follows:—

The welfare of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and its employees is dependent on the service which the railroad renders the public. Improvements in this service and economy in operating and maintenance expenses result chiefly from willing coöperation between the railroad's management

and the voluntary organizations of its employees. When groups responsible for better service and greater efficiency share fairly in the benefits which follow their joint efforts, improvements in the conduct of the railroad are greatly encouraged. The parties to this agreement recognize the foregoing principles and agree to be governed by them in their relations.

Other prominent illustrations might be adduced, such as the School for Printers' Apprentices in New York, maintained jointly by the employers and Typographical Union No. 6 at a yearly cost of \$10,000 to each party, or the well-known record of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in the shops of Hart Schaffner and Marx and other firms in the Chicago and other markets, or the activities of Arsenal and Navy Yard employees in promoting economies of peace-time production.

VI

The case for the union as a necessary protection of the employee has been put so many times and is so obvious that it is almost universally accepted by economists and social scientists — though not, in practice, by many large American employers and their advocates, and frequently not by the courts.

It is now beginning to be recognized that the potential value of the unions is positive as well as negative. Just as employees must be organized in order effectively to refuse coöperation for their own protection, so also they must be organized in order to practise coöperation in solving the large problems of industry in the general interest.

The natural tendency of the employer is to dictate wages, hours, working practices. It is *his* business. The natural tendency of workmen is to strive for some control over these matters. It is *their* job, their life. When they organize to exercise such

control, the employer is likely to accuse them of practising dictatorship. The public is told that it is affronted when strikes occur in the process of establishing or extending that control. But the only solution for dictatorship on either side is some form of democracy. The industrial struggle will never be allayed until constitutional government in industry is recognized and practised. It cannot be effectively practised, in a capitalistic order, without the agency of genuine unions and the laws embodied in their agreements with employers.

Both employers and employees are human. Both make mistakes, both are tempted to act arbitrarily, especially when the emphasis is laid on conflict by either side. But it is difficult to see how progress may be made except through them. As their warfare for existence is gradually won, unions are certain to turn more and more to constructive measures.

The last convention of the American Federation of Labor adopted a striking, if somewhat vague, resolution on industrial democracy. In commenting on the subject previously, President Gompers³ had written: —

There is probably not an organization of any size or strength that has not enacted rules affecting the work and practice of its members. . . . We have bankers' ethics, doctors' ethics, lawyers' ethics, accountants' ethics and trades-union ethics. . . . These various organizations in the world of work and industry are building a law of industry. This law is designed to *make things work*. Not all of this law is wise, but its main tendency is constructive and progressive. It is made by men who know their field and their subject. Political law, where it touches industry, for the most part fumbles and retards. . . . And the laws that are built as a result of organization are the laws that can be agreed to by those who must live under them. That is im-

³ *American Federationist*, May 1923.

portant. There may be much crudeness, but in the end it is the way of democracy at work. In industry there can be no law unless there is almost universal recognition of its justice and practicability.

That seems a liberal, a wise, and a sound view of the matter. It is full of tolerance and hope. It recognizes the democratic possibility of making the best of things, not merely for profits and production of goods, but for the service of human character.

VII

The issue of the 'closed' against the 'open' shop is one which has been more confused in the public mind than any other having to do with labor. The confusion is partly due to a careless definition of the terms and to a calculated misuse of them. It is also partly due to a statement of the issue as one of conflicting legal 'rights.' When a writer defends the open shop as one in which a nonunion man may work, although collective bargaining with unions is practised, he is defending a situation which exists, with the full consent of the unions, on the union railroads and in other unionized industries. But he is not describing the situation which is desired by the anti-union employer who declares for the open shop because he does not want to make contracts with unions and wishes to keep organized labor from exercising any measure of control in his establishment. Many an open shop, though perhaps not closed to union members, is closed to union influence. To say that employees may organize but may not exercise their power to achieve the main object of organization — the regulation of hours, wages, and working conditions by collective agreement with the employer — is to make a meaningless concession. To say that the legal right of any man to make an

individual contract of employment must be protected, while admitting that employees have a right to organize and bargain collectively, is to state two rights which cannot be reconciled if either is to be universally exercised.

The real issue is between the union and the nonunion shop. Some union shops are technically closed and some technically open, but in all an effective majority of the employees belong to the union, and conditions of employment are regulated by agreements with the organization. In the nonunion shop, on the other hand, the employer will not deal with organized labor — though he may go through the form of dealing with a local and comparatively powerless 'shop committee.' The big issue, the one on which it is important for the public to take a decided position, is whether it is to the public interest or not that unions shall have an opportunity to function in industry. There would be little doubt of a popular verdict in favor of the union shop, if the issue were always so stated.

It is not easy to form a judgment on the relative merits of the closed and the open union-shops. Both work well in practice in some cases, and both have their abuses. Printing employers, a majority of whom recognize the closed shop, usually have excellent relations with their organized employees, and a highly developed system of arbitration based on collective contracts has existed for years in the industry. On the railroads and in some of the clothing centres, unions have little difficulty in maintaining their status though permitting individuals to remain outside the organization. The closed-shop system is defended on the ground that it is a safeguard of mutual responsibility and good faith. Union organizations sometimes cannot exercise the discipline necessary to guarantee the execution of agreements

if they do not include all the employees. The employee who accepts the protection of union conditions, though he pays no dues and remains free to violate the law of the agreement, is said to be morally in the position of an anarchist who accepts the protection of government but will not pay taxes and believes himself justified in violating the public law when he so desires. On the other hand, unions practising the open shop say they prefer to base their strength upon the voluntary loyalty of the majority of the employees rather than upon the compulsion of a closed-shop agreement with the employer. They are willing to let those anti-social individuals who will not share in their responsibilities remain aloof, in the belief that such individuals are less a menace outside the organization than in it. The closed union-shop is liable to the abuses of power, the open union-shop to the manipulations of any who wish to undermine the system of autonomous industrial law. Either works well if both sides want it to work.

VIII

We have, then, a situation in which the historic and spontaneous growth of organized labor has been in some measure successful, and in some measure has been thwarted by those who are hostile to it. We have industrial dislocations due to this conflict. We have instances of abuses on both sides, and also instances of extremely hopeful experiments in industrial government where the existence and powers of unions are conceded and utilized for positive purposes without the compulsion of public law. It is proposed that 'the public' do something about this situation by legislation.

The basic difficulty, according to Mr. Bullard, is 'the difficulty of rousing a great multitude to anger, and keeping

it angry, until something really worth while is accomplished.' The task is hardly so simple as that. I confess to complete skepticism about the possibility of accomplishing anything really worth while in the spirit of anger, especially by the fomented anger of a reluctant public. I confess to a doubt about the possibility of dealing helpfully with an intricate industrial situation solely by a predetermined legislative programme. It seems to me that what the public needs first is far less angry exhortation and far more insight into the social problems of industry. A public adequately informed on the larger aspects of unionism would make up its mind as to whether it wished to endorse the principle of constitutional industrial democracy which is implied in the activities of genuine unions. It would decide which industrial problems should be left to the solution of those in industry who know it at first hand, and which to governmental legislatures, boards, commissions, and courts. It would observe carefully those experiments in organized industrial coöperation in which anger, conflict, and private gain have as far as possible been laid aside, and intelligence and goodwill applied to the tasks of service.

A public so informed would, in my opinion, confine legislation on industrial relations rather narrowly to the establishment of the legal conditions necessary for social and economic growth. It would avoid arbitrary measures as far as possible, and would endure a good deal of inconvenience, if necessary, while nourishing the belief that, given the fundamental concession of democracy, advances in science,—both physical and human science,—in technique, in education, and in mutual understanding will in the end furnish the lasting gains which we are likely to achieve in the creation of a humane industrial order.

MISS BETSY BEAVER

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

WELL, *sirs*, I sure do wish I could claim kin with them Beaver folks lives up Eel River! They cert'nly must be a mighty onusual race of humans. Thar 's Tony Beaver, of course, and I reckon thar ain't a hand on this log job but what 's heard about *him*. Then too thar 's his sister, Miss Betsy Beaver, what I 'm aiming to tell you-all about this evening.

Yes Jake, I don't keer if I do have a bite off 'n you. Mebbe it 'll sorter help me to chaw out this tale.

Well, now, Miss Betsy Beaver she 's jest the nicest commonest kinder woman a feller ever did see. You-all knows the kind, jest going right along sewing on buttons, making griddle-cakes, and helping a neighbor out when the new baby 's coming. Feet squar' to the ground, right on the job *all* the time, and if thar 's any clouds round, you better b'lieve Miss Betsy she ain't got *her* head up in none of 'em.

All hands up Eel River they jest thinks the world of Miss Betsy. She don't stay up thar regular, but about once in so often she 'll come by and git 'em all sorter straightened out — pants patched, kittles scraped, and all like that.

She sure is a mighty good-hearted somebody. Thar ain't a hand up Eel River what ain't had to thank her for somep'n'; and it 's jest the truth, if it wa'n't for her, I reckon them three pore dog-goned pine trees, what Tony 's allus been so mean to, would 'a' been skeered into turpentine long since.

You say you ain't heard of them trees?

Well, they 's jest three right pitiful pine trees on a ridge up Eel River. They 's all of a size, like they 'd been hatched outter the one cone, and all going up the ridge one right behind the tother. Well some way them trees heard tell of what a powerful lumber-jack Tony Beaver is, and ever since then they been a-running and a-running to git away from Tony. But course, all of you hands here knows a tree jest natcherly *can't* run. So all them pore critters kin do is to kinder hunch up they backs, and strain and strain to bust they roots loose, and git on away. And thar they been for a person can't hardly say how long, a-running, and a-running up the ridge, but never gitting nowhar.

Well, them trees they jest erbout tickle Tony to death. He would n't really lay a finger on one of 'em, but he can't help fooling with 'em, and every once in so often he 'll holler out to the hands, 'Hey now, fellers! We got to git to work on them pine trees at sun-up!' And at that the rosin it 'll bust out over them trees in a cold sweat, and all night afterwards you 'll hear the pore dog-goned things crying and fretting, and shivering to theyselves, swishing they branches across they noses, and sniffing out in the kinder windy way a pine tree talks, 'B-e-a-v-e-r, To-n-y B-e-a-v-e-r 's coming!'

And Tony he 's got 'em so skeered

now, that he don't even have to *say* a word to 'em. All he has to do to make 'em sweat rosin is jest to spit on his hands, and roll up his sleeves right easy as he walks by 'em. And it 's the *truth*, them trees they jest hates Tony so bad, that if they ketches a sight of him way off on a far ridge, they bristles up they needles like you 've seen a cat fur up its tail when dogs is about.

Oh, all right! If you-all don't b'lieve *me*, some other feller in this bunk-house kin finish out the tale. Well then, I 'll tune up ergin.

Miss Betsy now, she 's mighty soft-hearted, so every night along about early candlelight she 'll slip out on the ridge, and sorter stroke them trees down, telling 'em Tony was jest fooling, and talking to 'em mighty motherly and nice, like she was tucking the kivers in around 'em and hearing 'em say they prayers. And the pore dog-goned critters 'll quit shivering and sniffing, and dreaming turrible dreams about fresh chips and spilled sawdust; and *then* all night a person kin hear 'em whispering to theyselves, swishing out, 'M-i-s-s B-e-t-s-y B-e-a-v-e-r 's here! M-i-s-s B-e-t-s-y 's here!' Like they was turning over in bed comforting theyselves.

Tony, too, he thinks a heap of Miss Betsy; but course you-all know you don't never view yer own sister through no kind of a pretty haze like yer apt to see the tother feller's sister. And anyhow, Tony he 's right sure that the real *big* feller in the Beaver family has a T to the front of they names, 'stead of a B.

Still and all, he ain't fergitting that they 's more 'n one time when Miss Betsy 's pulled him and the Eel River crew outer a tight fix. Mebbe you fellers recollect the time Big Henry cut into that sugar maple what was a bleeder, and come nigh drowning the whole camp in sugar water?

You ain't heard tell of that?

Well, *sirs*, fellers! That sure *was* a time! And outer it too thar come one of the *biggest* eye-openers Tony Beaver ever got.

Big Henry now, he 's jest a hog fer tree molasses on his griddlecakes, so one spring he sets out to tap the sugar maples 'round camp. But whoop-eel! He ain't notched more 'n a couple, when he struck that thar one what 'peared to be a bleeder, like I said, and *swish!* the sap outer that dog-goned tree, it squirted up pretty nigh fifty feet high! And in jest the shake of a lamb's tail, every hand thar was wading knee-deep in sugar water.

It 's the *truth*, that thar maple had sent its roots so all-fired deep it had jest natcherly tapped the res-e-voy, way, way down in the ground whar the spring sap of all the trees is stored; and when Big Henry cut into it so keerless, it was like he 'd yanked the plug outer the whole Atlantic ocean — 'cept course this was sweet water 'stead of salt. And it was, 'Mind out, all hands, that yer don't git drowned!'

The fellers they rustled round in a hurry, and got a couple of ditches dug, and jest *did* git that turrible tide of water headed off into Eel River 'fore it washed the whole camp away. But that dog-goned tree, it kep' right erlong spouting up day and night, night and day. It sure was a *turrible e-vent*, for let erlone stopping work, and putting everything under two feet of sugar water, it was wasting erway the sap from all the tother trees, and the whole forest got skeered fer fear they was about to bleed to death, and sunt a delegation in to Tony to ast him please to stop the leak.

Tony now, course he hated mighty bad to have them trees all mad at him, so him and Big Henry tied ropes to theyselves, and swimmied out across all that torrent, and though they was

swep' away a time or two, in the end, both of them being right stout hands, they got theyselves anchored, and chopped the tree down.

But pshaw! come to find out, that did n't do one par-tickle of good, for the dog-goned stump, it spouted up worse 'n the tree had done. It sure was a miserable cur'osity, jest setting thar squirting up sugar water, day and night, night and day, leaking away the greenness from all the tother trees.

Ole preacher Moses Mutters 'lowed it was the beginning of another Flood, and he was all for gitting the hands to work on a ark, thinking he 'd be a second Noah, I reckon. But he oughter knowed he could n't of got none of them big Eel River Jim-bruisers into a ark, two by two, nor any other ways. And anyhow, while he was searching the Scripters, trying to figger out how many cubicks went to a ephod, and then devide them all by omers to git the measurements right, Tony got the flood checked up. He tuck a log chain, and after a right smart tussle, he got it fastened round that stump, and *then* he grubbed the blamed thing up with them powerful steers of hisn; and when the roots was busted loose, the flood quit.

II

Well, after all that big to-do, the hands they was pretty nigh wore out. So they wrenched the sugar water outer they shirts and pants, and kinder spread theyselves out on the banks of Eel River to rest up.

But you *know* thar ain't no rest to Tony Beaver! He jest shuck heself off, more like some kinder wild varmint than a human, and then he commences to study on all of that thar maple sap. Thar was the river jest swimming full of it, from bank to bank, and end to end. It sure did look like a pity to have

it go to waste, and all hands sech hogs for tree molasses too.

Well Tony he studies a spell, and then he goes up stream to whar he 's got him a oil well, and not saying nuthing to nobody, he pulled the plug outer it, and let a whole mess of oil run into the river atop of all that sugar water, and *then* he tetched the whole blamed thing off with a match.

Well, *sirs!* I don't reckon thar ever was sech a biling and a brewing! The whole of Eel River jest bubbled and blazed and carried on some'n' scandalous. And when at last the fires burnt out, and the smoke clared, thar was the river full up with tree molasses.

Tony he sure was tickled at his smartness *that* time! But pshaw! come to find out, them molasses they wa'n't no 'count for nuthing. They was jest so rank with burnt oil, they was n't even fitten for hogs, let erlone humans.

And it wa'n't no time nuther, 'fore Tony seen he 'd got the whole outfit into a awful fix. Thar was Eel River so stuck up with tree molasses from end to end that the waters jest natcherly could n't run. The waters could n't run, and course the logs could n't travel, and thar was Tony's big spring drive all tied up, and the river jest *ruined*.

And *bees* — Who-*ee!* every bee that was out that spring come a-hustling up Eel River with the ole lady and all of the kids. The dog-goned critters was a-swariming, and a-stinging, and jest into *everything!* Every kinder bee that ever was! Why, they tell me they was even some of Paul Bunyan's bees come down from way up north somewhars, to git a taste of that sweetness. Paul Bunyan, he 's that great lumberjack they tells so many tales erbout, a person would come nigh thinking he was Tony Beaver heself. Them bees of hisn, they say, is jest the awfulest stinging critters ever heard tell of. Every

one of 'em 's nigh as big as a ox, and Paul crossed some of 'em once with a gang of moskeeters, and ever since then, the dog-goned cusses has had stings both before and behind.

Yes, sir! They sure was in a fix that spring! And Tony heself jest *could n't* git it figgered out how to clar the place of them bees, and git the river to running ergin.

Well erlong 'bout that time, Miss Betsy she hit camp. She did n't take more 'n erbout one look at Eel River all ruined like it was with tree molasses, and right black with bees, 'foreshe hollers out, 'My *lands*, Tony! Why in the name of common sense don't yer finish the job?'

'Finish the job?' Tony says, kinder blank.

'Why, *sure!*' Miss Betsy answers him back. 'Here,' she hollers, 'you fellers jump round now, and run some more oil into that thar river.'

Well, all hands cert'nly was glad to have Miss Betsy take over the job. So they run the oil in like she said, and then Miss Betsy lighted the whole mess up once more. The river, she biled and bubbled and smoked from end to end ergin; but this time, when the flame died down, hold and below! all of that long sweetening had done biled down to short sweetening, and thar was Eel River all froze across with maple sugar. All the hands had to do was jest to go out and chop the blamed stuff loose, and let the spring freshets carry it away, and jest d'rectly the water was 'running nice and free, with the log drive going down stream, and all of them turrible bees burned to death.

Well now, course that was pretty smart of Miss Betsy. But still and all, it wa'n't much more 'n what 'most any of the woman-folks woulder thought of—and anyhow, Tony was pretty nigh sure he 'd of figgered it out fer heself in another pair of seconds. So

he jest kep' right erlong thinking of Miss Betsy as nice and common, and knowing that the real *big* feller in the Beaver fam'ly had a T to the front of they names 'stead of a B.

Course, Miss Betsy, *she* did n't think nothing 't all of it. She stayed round camp fer a spell, gitting things sorter straightened up, and speaking a kind word to them pore little dog-goned pine trees; and then, seeing as how the traveling was good, 'count of the blocks of maple sugar still in the river, she borrowed a cheer and a ole quilt from camp, and had the hands to hook her in a good-sized chunk of sugar, and she spreads the quilt out on it, and setting down in the cheer, opens her ole umbrel'. A little breeze come erlong, and Miss Betsy floated on down stream jest as pretty and nice as you please, going down to the levels, whar was a pore woman needing her, with a new baby on the way, and no daddy thar to do the gander walk, 'count of him having jest got kilt on a log drive. And as she floated on round the bend, the hands heard Miss Betsy singing a little song that went kinder this way, —

'Make the beds, and mix the dough;
Feed the chickens, and sew and sew;
Tend the baby, and milk the cow;
Fer a person 's job is here and now.'

III

Well, I reckon you fellers would of thought that was all of *that*, but it was outer all that big biling of tree molasses that Tony he got the great eye-opener I been promising you-all.

Course, that fire it was turrible hot, and it burned or melted or busted everything it tetched. Amongst tother things it melted a ole glass tickler laying alongside of the river whar some feller had throwed it. Thar was a gray rock laying close to it, and when the flame come erlong that melted the

tickler, it busted the rock too, and whatsoever was in the heart of that rock it got all melted up with the glass, and it sure did make a awful strange brew. Tony he found it laying thar mighty innocent on the river's edge. The glass had cooled off right thin like a window light, and was sech a peculiar color that jest outer pure idleness Tony picked it up and squinted through the blamed thing. And Great Day in the Morning! *he was a-squinting into the next world!*

Well, *sirs!* what Tony seen come at him so sudden it broke the breath right off short in his throat, and the hide all down the spine of his back kinder riz up in bristles.

He give sech a jump that the glass jerked outer his hand and busted itself up erginst a rock. But still thar was a piece left big enough fer a feller to see through.

Tony was all by heself out thar on the edge of Eel River. It was gitting erlong toward dark, and a ole bullfrog, setting in a puddle somewhars, was making a mighty big, round, lonesome kind of a noise in his throat. Tony throwed a cat eye down at that thar strange piece of glass, and then he looked all erbout him right easy—most 'specially he looked to the back of him. Then he glanced over toward camp, and it sure did supple up that stiff feeling down the spine of his back to see everything so nice and common over thar. Thar was the good hot smell of sody biscuits and coffee; and thar was Big Henry and the Sullivan feller in they blue shirts coming on down the ridge into camp, they axes over they shoulders, not keering nuthin fer nobody.

Well then, Tony he stoops over sorter stiff like, and picking up the glass squints through it ergin—and *thar ergin was the next world!*

What 's that you fellers say?

Well, of course I can't say for *sure* it was the *next* world. It mought of been the world right to the back of this one, and then ergin it mought of been two, three worlds on ahead. All I know fer certain is it wa'n't no sorter world Tony Beaver ever had seen afore.

Course, all of you fellers knows thar 's kinds of glass that 'll make little things look big, and tother kinds that 'll make fur-away things, like stars, look close; but this dog-goned glass done more 'n that: it showed things what was right spang up erginst this world, but what nobody did n't know was there.

Well, Tony he helt it up to his eye ergin, and jest looked *and looked*, with all of the looks he had. The last thing he recollected was hearing Jim Sullivan whistling 'Sourwood Mountain' over on the ridge, and the next thing he knowed, Big Henry was shaking him by the arm.

'Hey, Tony, whar air you! Hey, Tony! H-e-y, T-o-n-y!' Big Henry hollers, like Tony was fur away.

Big Henry 's shaking him jostled the glass outer Tony's hand, so he sorter come back to heself. And now the twilight was all gone, and seemed like it was way late in the night.

'Hey, Tony!' Big Henry says, still shaking him, and still hollering; 'we been a-looking, and a-hollering fer you half the night.'

'Half the night?' Tony says, in a kind of a daze.

'Yes, *sure!*' Big Henry tells him. 'Supper 's done eat and over a whole while back.'

'Supper?' Tony says, like his thoughts was coming through a fog.

'Yes, supper! *supper!* SUPPER!' Big Henry yells at him; fer he 's a hand what knows a holler to victuals will fetch a feller to heself when no other sound would.

Tony sets down on a stump kinder

weak-like. 'Big Henry,' he says, speaking like he was at prayer meeting, 'I been a-looking into the next world.'

'Come on back to camp, and sleep it off,' Big Henry tells him. 'You been a-drinking on a empty stomick.' Only Big Henry did n't use no sech genteel word as stomick.

But Tony he fishes up that piece of glass, and holds it out to the tother feller — and in the end, it was Tony led Big Henry back to camp.

Well, now, that was how the business commenced, and I tell you it wa'n't hardly *no* time 'fore the awfulest kind of a blight had fell over them hands up Eel River. Thar was all the spring jobs jest fa'rly hollering out to be done: tan-bark to be spudded, logs on the skid-ways, and the drive jammed in the river. But in place of a camp roaring with work, thar was jest a turrible sickly silence over everything, and a gang of half-starved fellers setting in a circle passing a little piece of glass from hand to hand.

Oh, don't ast *me* what the glass showed 'em, fer I jest natcherly don't know. Not a feller thar could ever lay out in words what he seen. And if he had been able to, I would n't of listened, fer I know dog-goned well it ain't fer no common hand like *me* to go turning over the leaves thataway, trying to read the end of the tale 'fore time fetches it up natcheral.

And it wa'n't good fer none of them Eel River hands neither. They looked and looked so hard through that dog-goned little squint-hole, that they come pretty nigh looking theyselves right over the edge and into the next world itself. They jest honkered down thar on the river bank, passing the glass from hand to hand, licking they chops over what they seen, and every last one of 'em acting like a fool fer want of sense.

Tony he let 'em all look in turn, 'cept

ole Brother Moses Mutters. That ole preacher feller had the next world all figgered out and lined off in his own mind so nice, with harpers harping on they harps, and all like that, Tony was skeered he mought be right badly upshot if he was to ketch a glimpse of what it was like sure 'nough.

So ole man Mutters was the only one of 'em had any sense left, and when he seen how it was working on Tony and all them tother pore fellers, he tuck his foot in his hand and put out after Miss Betsy Beaver, and fotched her into camp.

When Miss Betsy got thar, she found that turrible blight over everything, with all of them stout hands so fell erway that they looked like a gang of razor-backed hogs. Thar was they boots and shirts and pants, with the hide and bones still in 'em, but looked like whatsoever it is makes every feller a real person had pretty nigh oozed away into the next world, leaving them all jest sorter pitiful shells of theyselves.

Well, Tony he did have the sense to know Miss Betsy, and he holds out the piece of glass to her and says, 'Hey, sis! Look a-here!' with a kinder maudlin smile on his face.

But he would n't let the glass go outer his hand, holding it right tight while she looked.

'Well, what do yer see?' he says, all swelled up proud like a toad, and waiting fer her to git excited.

'I don't see nothing outer the common,' Miss Betsy 'lows.

'Aw, sis', you air of the earth earthy, and jest natcherly *can't* behold celestial sights.'

Tony had to swaller some after he got them big words out, fer that was next-world talk that his tongue did n't come by natcheral.

'Tony,' Miss Betsy says, 'the saw-mill 's run down, the steers is loose and trampling up the whole world, and the

logs is jammed in the river; quit spying into the next world, and git on back to yer job in this one.'

With that Miss Betsy tried to snatch that blamed glass erway. But Tony he helt a-holt of it fer all he was worth.

So Miss Betsy let him be, and not saying nothing to nobody, she went on over to the cook-house. Thar she fired up the stove, and commenced biling coffee, baking biscuits, and frying meat. And all the while she sung a nice little song, —

'Biscuits, and coffee, and bacon fry,
Come on and eat a-fore you die.'

Well, *sirs!* it wa'n't long 'fore the smell of all them good victuals come a-blowing down the wind to whar them pore fools, what had pretty nigh oozed all away into the next world, was a-setting. Big Henry and the Sullivan feller was the first to git a whiff of the victuals. When that smell come to 'em, they kinder woke up and put they noses up in the wind like you 've seen a hound dog do. And they snuffed, and they snuffed. And they had n't drawed in that smell long 'fore they knowed thar wa'n't nothing in all the next world they wanted so bad as they wanted Miss Betsy's sody biscuits and coffee. With that they kinder flopped over, and then they scrambled up on they hoofs and come a-loping to the cook-house, all lopsided and weak-like.

'Pore fellers!' Miss Betsy says, not even making 'em wash up nor nothing, but jest setting 'em down and pouring they coffee into they saucers for 'em. 'Pore fellers! you sure ain't ready for the next world *yit!*'

Miss Betsy keeps right erlong feeding 'em, and cooking, and singing, —

'Biscuits and coffee, and bacon fry,
Come on and eat a-fore you die.'

And now, all mixed up with the smell of victuals and Miss Betsy's little song,

the tother hands could hear Big Henry and Jim Sullivan smacking they lips, rattling they knives, and lapping up they coffee, fer they was hungry, and did n't keer who knowed it. And at that sound, first one and then a nother of the other fellers busted loose from the next world, and come a-staggering into camp, yelping for grub like a hound on a hot trail; twill it wa'n't hardly no time 'fore Miss Betsy had 'em pretty nigh all sung home ergin, jest to the tune of sody biscuits and coffee.

But they was jest a few pore fellers so fur over the edge of the next world, that victuals could n't pull 'em back. And Tony he was one of 'em. So then Miss Betsy she went off on a nother trail, and sets all the hands to work what had been fed good. They was like folks come home from a far country, and they was mighty glad to roll up they sleeves and git back on the job ergin, being jest natcherly homesick for the sound of a sawmill running, and the feel of a axe-helve in the palm of a man's hand. Jest d'rectly the whole camp was roaring with work ergin; sawmill sending up squirts of steam erginst the ridge, axes chopping, trees falling, and the fellers whooping and hollering, cracking jokes, and smelling all good and hot once more.

Well now, you-all know they is jest a very few hands, not more 'n erbout one to fifty, say, what would rather work than eat; and them few pore fellers what was still stuck in the next world was this kind. Victuals could n't fotch 'em, but when they heard the mill running, and the axes ringing and ketched a whiff of tanbark and sweat all sorter mixed up together, the sap of this world commenced to run through 'em once more. They staggered up to they feet, all dry and stiff-like; and sorter slow, and uncertain, like they was remembering somep'n' from away

back, they pushed up they sleeves and spits in they hands — And *whoop-ee!* that was the charm that busted 'em loose, and set 'em right back ergin whar they belonged.

All, that is, 'cept Tony. He did sorter raise up with the rest, but he was holding the glass at the time, and seemed like 'fore he could stop heself, he tuck a nother big mouthful of the next world, and that turrible blight fell down over him ergin.

So now all the hands was home but Tony. Miss Betsy come on down to whar he was setting and commenced to sing to him; but now her voice did n't hardly sound human no more. It sounded like wind swishing through the white oak trees, and water running in spring. And this was her song: —

'Outer the earth come a red flower,
And outer the earth come a blue;
And outer the earth come rocks and rivers,
And outer the earth come you.'

Tony sorter stirred when he heard that song, like somep'n' was hollering to him that he oughter know. But it come to him mighty dim and distant.

Miss Betsy she lays her hand on his arm. Miss Betsy's hand, now, it's right large and weather-worn, and looks like the brown earth itself. She went on a-singing to him in that curous voice of hers that sounded more like running water and trees and birds, than it sounded human.

'Red flower, and blue flower,
A-shaking in the breeze;
And sap, sap, spring sap,
A-running up all the trees.'

And now Tony looks up at Miss Betsy, with that dim next-worldness commencing to blow off his face, like mists blowing off a mountain ridge.

Miss Betsy's hand slid on down and closed over hisn, while she kep' on singing.

'They's next worlds, and last worlds,
And tother worlds maybe,
But the green earth and the brown earth
Is world enough for me.'

Miss Betsy's fingers closed right tight over that thar piece of glass.

'Come on home, honey,' she says. 'The Spring's done come, and the birds is singing.'

She looks down at Tony, and he nods back at her kinder faint-like. And right then Miss Betsy pitched that turrible squint-hole into the next world away over into the middle of Eel River, whar could n't nobody ever find it no more.

And after that she tuck Tony back to camp, and fed him good.

Tony he eat, *and he eat*; and 'fore long he was all fed full, with the sap running through him good ergin, and powerful glad to be back whar he belonged, with both feet squar' to the ground, and the trees showing green erginst the sky.

Still and all, he's got to show off some before his sister.

'I reckon you thought I was acting mighty strange,' he says; 'but you don't know what I was a-seeing through that little piece of glass.'

'Why, of *course* I know,' Miss Betsy says, going right erlong scraping up the dishes, and gitting 'em ready to wash.

'Aw, no, Betsy, you don't know what I seen,' Tony tells her mighty grand. 'I was a-looking into the next world.'

'Why, cert'nly you was,' Miss Betsy tells him. 'But I been a-looking thar all of my life.'

'You what? What's that you say?' Tony asts her, still too wropt up in his own grandness to sense what the woman was saying.

'Why, *my lands*, Tony!' Miss Betsy busts out like she was jest clar *out-done* with the feller. 'Why, I was *born* seeing all them things you had to peek through a little squint of glass to even

ketch a glimpse of! And the more I sees of the next world,' she says, swishing the yellor soap 'round in the hot dish-water, 'the more I knows a person oughter git busy in this one.'

'Betsy! Why, *Betsy!*' Tony cries, so tuck aback he could n't hardly git his words out.

Miss Betsy quit swishing the hot soap-suds 'round, and rests both hands on the kitchen table.

'Tony,' she says, 'look at me — look at me right good.'

Tony done like she said, and all to once, right thar in his own sister's face, looking down at him over the rim of a common dishpan, it seemed like he could see all of them things, and more besides, that he 'd been a-peeking at over thar in the next world.

'Betsy! *Sister!*' he stammers out, jest so awe-struck that he kinder hunkered down on the ground at her feet, and reached out for to kiss her hand.

But at that Miss Betsy broke out in

a laugh, the strange tother-world look on her face wrinkled all erway, and thar she was ergin, jest Sister Betsy Beaver, what Tony had knowed all of his life.

'Aw, *(Tony,*' she says, 'quit that foolishness, and take that dirty shirt off yer back so 's I kin git it into the washtub.'

Tony he laughs too, but he 's still mighty humble. 'Well, sister,' he says, 'if yer won't let me kiss yer hand, maybe you 'll let me help you hang out the wash, anyhow.'

And *that 's* how Tony come to find out that the real *big* person in the Beaver fam'ly had a B to the front of they names, 'stead of a T. And when them three little ole pine trees got word of it all, they pretty nigh laughed themselves to death; and all night long a feller could hear 'em whispering and swishing they branches together, snickering out, 'B-e-a-v-e-r! M-i-s-s B-e-t-s-y B-e-a-v-e-r, fooled T-o-n-y B-e-a-v-e-r!'

IS THERE A FOOLPROOF SCIENCE?

BY L. P. JACKS

I

THE task of human thought, as many have conceived it, is to explain the universe in which we live and of which we are living and conscious parts. That is a highly ambitious programme. We all 'accept the universe,' to use a familiar phrase, but without knowing exactly what it is we have accepted. Is it friendly, or hostile, or neutral? Is it dead or is it alive?

Facts are popularly regarded as antidotes to mysteries. And yet, in sober earnest, there is nothing so mysterious as a fact. One cannot name a single fact in nature, the whole truth of which is known to anybody. It was thought that Newton had discovered the whole fact of gravitation. Einstein is making that extremely doubtful. And if this is true

of single facts, what shall we say of that total fact we call the universe? It will be time enough to explain the universe when we have completely discovered it, which we are far from having done, as Hume so often reminds us. Some have even doubted whether it is a universe at all. William James calls it a 'pluralistic universe,' which is an indirect mode of saying that 'universe' is not the best name for it.

Should a time ever come when the total fact of the universe stood solidly before us, completely discovered, it would instantly explain itself, and so relieve us at a stroke from all our philosophical botherations. The explanation of the universe is not outside it, but inside it.

It would be more in accordance with the reality of things, and more modest on our part, if we were to say that the task of thought is rather to discover the universe than to explain it. Such a mode of statement has many advantages. One is that it would establish a more friendly relation between Science, Philosophy, and Religion. Instead of regarding these three as rival claimants for the explanation of the universe, we should then regard them as partners in its discovery. They would meet on the ground of common modesty. Each of the three, by frankly admitting that the fact before it was not the whole universe, but the merest fragment of it, would be in a mood to combine its efforts with the other two for enlarging that fragment into something more significant and more satisfactory. A change would then take place very similar to that which many of us are now desiring in the affairs of civilization. The field of knowledge, instead of being broken up into rival empires, each putting forth a preposterous claim to the hegemony of truth, would

become an organism of federated powers, a league of spiritual nations, engaged together in the coöperative task of discovering the facts.

Facts are too often spoken of as if they were poor naked things, which exist for the purpose of being exploited by our lordly intellects, while explanations are a kind of aristocracy whose function is to order the facts about and live by sweating them. Or again, facts are conceived as a voting democracy, or a vulgar multitude, which determines by a majority of votes the laws that are to 'govern' it. I suggest that all this is wrong. Facts are the true aristocrats of the spiritual world. We need to recover that reverence for fact which Carlyle extolled so highly, and deplored so bitterly, as the lost virtue of the modern world. Eagerness to find the facts must not be confused with reverence for them when found. Of such eagerness we have plenty; of such reverence we have not enough. Facts, as I said just now, are highly mysterious things—that perhaps is why they are so stubborn. It will tax the united resources of science, philosophy, and religion to explore the mystery which lies hidden in the humblest of them. Every fact contains a bit of reality, and since reality is alone divine, there is a good reason for reverencing it.

We are wrong also in regarding an explanation of the fact as something we superadd to the fact. Our explanations simply measure the extent to which the fact has deigned to honor us with its acquaintance. They mean that our intimacy with the fact has gone just so far. Get the fact complete, and you would have it completely explained. In one of the classical passages of philosophy Spinoza says the same thing. 'Reality,' he says, 'is that which explains itself and needs nothing else to explain it.' All

turns therefore on getting the fact, the reality. The smallest contributions to that end, whether made by a theologian or a man of science, will be gratefully received by mankind. No other contributions are worth anything. All others resolve themselves, as Carlyle would have said, into mere 'cant'—speech which has lost touch with reality, and is often most unreal when it takes the form of philosophical diction or of parliamentary eloquence.

Sir Oliver Lodge has recently declared that the nature of matter is to be in motion, and not at rest. Matter resembles a lively young child who never sits still unless made to do so. A tired mother once said to her little girl, 'Mary, why can't you sit still?' 'Because God won't let me,' said Mary. Well, matter is like that, according to Sir Oliver Lodge. If ever we encounter matter in a state of rest, the reason is that other matter moving in a contrary direction has brought it to a standstill. Even then it is not really at rest, but inwardly kicking against the check that has been imposed upon it, like the sitting child, and ready to start forward in one direction or another the instant the restraint is removed. So that what physics has to explain about matter is not why it moves, but why it seems to stop moving.

Professor Bergson has a similar remark about mind. In his treatise on memory he tells us that what psychology has to explain is not why we remember but why we forget.

II

I am not concerned at the moment to defend these statements. But either of them may be taken as an illustration of the true nature of science. Science, like matter and mind, like Mary also, is essentially that which moves. God

will not let it sit still. It moves in an infinite number of directions, and it moves endlessly in any direction in which it is started. Science is never static, never stagnant, never content with the boundary it has reached. It is always dynamic, always breaking bounds. If at any time it seems to be arrested by something it cannot explain, it is not really so, any more than matter is. The outer arrest serves only to throw it into an intenser state of inner activity, like Mary; so that we must think of it, not as passive in face of the obstacle, but as pressing against it with all its might and ready to break through at the first weakening of the resistance. Science, we may say, abhors a limitation, as fiercely as nature abhors a vacuum, and as fiercely as Mary abhors having to sit still.

Through forgetting this quality of science, the problem of its limitations has been misconceived. It has been made into a territorial problem. The mind of man in these days is much addicted to territorial problems, as we know to our bitter cost. The habit of thinking in political categories, which has done so much harm in other directions, has led many of us to blunder in dealing with the limitations of science. The attempt has been made to set up a kind of spiritual geography, in which the world of human interests is mapped out into kingdoms, this being assigned to philosophy, this to religion, this to science, and so on, each territory separated from the others by defended frontiers. To my mind the problem does not present itself in that form at all. To think of science as restricted to a kingdom is no less absurd than to think of it as imprisoned in a bottle, like the imp of Stevenson's story. All this talk about respective territories, about science having a mandate here and philosophy having a mandate

there, and religion having a mandate somewhere else, is a mere exercise in political metaphors that are utterly inapplicable to the matter in hand. The problem has no resemblance at all to the problem that was tackled in the Treaty of Versailles — and we ought to be thankful it has n't. Even if science could make such a treaty with philosophy and religion, we may be sure that it would not be kept for a day longer than either party found convenient.

Nothing could be plainer than the interpenetration, at every point, of the business in which the three are respectively engaged. The problem is not one of static relations like those between rival empires on a map, but of relative movements among different varieties of the same energy, which not only move incessantly, but move together if they move at all. It may be that one of the three moves faster than the other two, in which case the limitations of the two will consist in the fact that they do not move as fast as the first — a difference which may be greatly to their advantage. Napoleon said that, wherever a goat can go, a man can go. So too I am inclined to say that, wherever one of these three can go, the other two can follow. And the one that reaches the summit first will not stay there long unless the other two follow up with the oxygen and the supplies. But these also are metaphors. The point is that, from the moment we grasp the dynamic nature of science, we shall be on our guard against confining it in a limited territory of its own.

Science, philosophy, religion are not, then, rivals for the hegemony of the spiritual world, but coadjutors in a common enterprise, and the more there is of any one, the higher the part the others can play. You can be a *good* Samaritan when you have nothing but

oil and wine to pour into the wounds of your neighbor, and nothing but a tired ass to put him on. But you can be a still *better* Samaritan when science has taught you the art of antiseptic surgery and supplied you with a well-sprung motor ambulance to take the poor man to hospital. Religion would make us *good* Samaritans. With the help of science it can make us *better* ones.

We all revere the good Samaritan. But the only good Samaritan we can recognize in these days is the man who is using all the means that science furnishes to improve himself in the part. Otherwise we miss the point of the parable. Was it not the essential feature in the conduct of that good man that he went one better than the conventional moralists who passed by on the other side? We imitate him, therefore, by going one better than he did. That is the essence of what is meant by 'go, and do thou likewise.' If you should transplant the good Samaritan, just as he was, into the twentieth century, he would be inefficient. His methods of dealing with wounded persons were the best that were then and there available. They represented the limitations of science in the first century, and the infinitude of man's spirit in all ages. But they would be altogether inadequate on a modern battlefield or in a slum.

That may remind us of another thing. We are very fond in these days of asking what is the *Christian* remedy for our various social evils — for war, poverty, industrial strife, and all the rest. Ought we not rather to ask what is the *real* remedy for these things? May we not be perfectly confident that whatever the *real* remedy may be, that and no other will turn out in the long run to be the Christian one? An unreal remedy is not turned into a real one by clothing it in Christian phraseology.

Ought not those of us who claim to be Christians to begin our search for remedies from that end, making *reality* our centre-piece throughout? If we begin by asking first what is 'Christian,' we shall often find ourselves confusing eternal principles with antiquated methods of applying them. This mistake will be serious enough when we are dealing with a single man, who is bleeding to death by the wayside. It will be far more serious when we are dealing with wounded societies and with deeply stricken civilizations. In these great matters also we often go backward to the oil and the wine and the tired ass, when we ought to be going forward to antiseptic surgery and to scientific transport. We are specially fond of the tired ass, loading him with burdens he was never intended to carry.

For these reasons, we moralists ought to think twice before imposing limitations on science. Unless we are careful, we shall find that in limiting science we are also limiting ourselves. And yet it is a fact, and one of which we have little reason to be proud, that moralists have been busy for a long time in an unwise attempt to keep science in her proper place, to rail off certain enclosures within which she has no right to set her foot, the idea being that, unless our waters are preserved, we shall catch no fish.

These attempts at enclosure have come to nothing. Or rather they have served to provoke infractions at the very points where the barrier was set up.

In the country district where I spent my boyhood there were two woods. One was defended by the notice, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted.' The other was open to the public. The open wood I seldom visited; there was little in it to attract the adventurous spirit, all that was poachable having

been poached long before. But the prohibited wood was the scene of my most ardent investigations. The rarest birds built their nests in its trees. There were snakes also in that wood, and many a fearful joy. Even the distant barking of the keeper's dog did not deter me, for I had come to terms with the keeper.

Does not the history of science present a similar phenomenon? Have not many of her greatest victories been achieved on territory she was once forbidden to enter? By taking such elaborate precautions to guard our preserves from scientific poachers, have we not given a hint to these adventurous spirits that there was something inside worth poaching? Physics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, biology, anthropology, psychology — where are these sciences doing their best work at the present moment? They are doing it behind the limitations, behind the barriers, behind the trespass-boards set up against them by the philosophers and theologians of the past. I have often thought that men of science would be more willing to keep within their limits if the other side were less forward to tell them what their limits are. There is no surer way to provoke infraction.

III

There is a method of dealing with our subject which resolves itself into a severe logical exercise. It is a difficult operation. Technically it is the question of the validity of certain logical categories. Can the logic we make use of in the natural sciences be carried over without modification into the science of the spirit? To many of us it has become clear that in passing from the things of nature to the things of spirit we must adapt the form of our logic to the new business, if we are to think as reasonable beings. Formal

logic for formal things; live logic for living ones. This is what I should argue for if I were dealing with the matter technically. The reader might find it rather tiresome. It is the sort of discussion on which one should embark only when he has the audience under discipline, and is able to impose penalties for not attending to what he has to say.

But fortunately the question has another side — what one may call its human aspect. Until the human aspect of it has been apprehended, we are not well planted for dealing with the logical difficulties. To that side let us now turn. We shall immediately find ourselves in the presence of one of the limitations of science.

So far as I can see, there is no kind of truth which cannot be wrongly applied. We have machines that are said to be foolproof. But there are no foolproof truths. We have strong rooms and Milner's safes and automatic cashiers that are said to be knaveproof. But there are no knaveproof truths. Fools and knaves do their business, not so much by believing what is false, as by misusing what is true. If there is any truth in this universe which would convert a fool into a wise man *merely by being stated*, I do not know of it. But I know of many shining truths, which fools have made use of to their own undoing, and which the tyrants of mankind have made use of for turning this fair earth into a ruin and a desolation. Some of them are scientific truths — they have ended in poison gas. Some of them are philosophic truths — they have ended in quackery, which is the poison gas of the spiritual world. Some of them are religious truths — they have ended in persecution.

In my studies of philosophy it sometimes seems to me that the philosophers have been trying all along to get truth

into such a form that nobody could misuse it. It is like the search for the philosopher's stone. They never find it. There never was a truth so strongly proved or clearly stated but some villain could exploit it for his own ends or some fool make a mess of it. Truth is, at one and the same time, the most splendid and the most dangerous thing in the universe. Some people, who have seen this clearly in the realm of the positive sciences, have thought that it would be otherwise in the realm of philosophy or of theology. But there is no safety there either. The harm that is done by the misapplication of philosophic truths may be more subtle in its operation but is none the less ruinous in its effects.

Every new statement of truth introduces new hazards into the life of humanity. When was civilization so richly endowed with truths stated and proved as it is to-day? And when was civilization in so hazardous a condition?

Here we touch upon a point which has a very important bearing on that oft-debated question of the relation of religion and science. Let us grant, for the sake of argument, that religion possesses a realm of truth that is immune from scientific criticism. But what then? When you have safeguarded your truth from scientific invasion, when the theologian has effectively said to the scientific man, 'Thus far and not farther shalt thou come,' does it follow that you have also safeguarded your truth *from being made a wrong use of*? I cannot see that it does. I cannot see that religious truths are rendered immune from the danger of misapplication simply because the scientific man is not allowed to criticize them. Has the name of God never been taken in vain? Is there nothing at all in that terrible indictment of Lucretius: *tantum religio suadet me*

malorum? If natural science has yielded her poison gases, can we say that religious truth has never been made use of to poison life, to sow discord among brethren, to maintain abuses and to foster persecution? Can we claim that religious truth, any more than scientific truth, is either foolproof or knaveproof? Let us try to see this thing in its right proportion. What really matters for religious truth is, not to save it from criticism by outsiders, but to save it from betrayal by insiders. May we not say that a naturalist who makes a human use of natural science is nearer the Kingdom of God than a supernaturalist who makes an inhuman use of supernatural science?

There is an illustration of this in the civilization of ancient Greece. Greek civilization stands out preëminent in the admirable use it made of what it knew. Yet measured by our standards it knew very little. In the sphere of science their knowledge was elementary, but it led the Greeks straight into art, into the creation of things of beauty which are joys forever. Out of their elementary mathematics arose the incomparable proportions of the Parthenon. We, with a hundred sciences at our elbow, make our cities sordid and ugly; they, with the bare elements of two or three, made Athens beautiful and glorious. They had the secret of turning truth into beauty. They passed from truth to beauty with an ease of transition which the modern world has lost. What was truth to-day became beauty to-morrow.

May we not say that a little science turned into beauty is worth more to mankind than a lot of science turned into money?

Or think how Plato was educated. Plato was a great educationalist, but what kind of education did he receive himself? What would modern

standards say to it? No dead languages. Of course he knew Greek, having learned it at his mother's knee. He knew it far better than many of us know the English into which we translate him. But he himself could not translate the 'simplest sentence' of Greek, as set by a modern examiner, into English or into anything else. No Latin. No modern languages. No literature, save that of his native land. No Greek history after the year 347 B.C. He did not even know the difference between B.C. and A.D. No Roman history beyond the Samnite wars, if even that. No European history. Of all the lessons which history has been teaching mankind for the last twenty-three centuries, Plato knew not one. Nothing about the American Civil War, or about the World War.

And what about science? What about 'evolution'? Mathematics of the simplest, physics of the crudest, no algebra, no calculus, no laws of motion, or theory of gravitation. Nothing about the circulation of the blood, and the foggiest notions about the functions of the brain. Of astronomy a little, and yet a little that was surprisingly effective in expanding his imagination, in spite of the fact that it was upside down. But of chemistry, geology, biology, botany, physiology, as we understand them, virtually nothing. All these were as yet unopened chapters in the history of science. No printed books to tell him about them or about anything else. His whole library might have been carried in a wheelbarrow. No illustrated editions. No newspapers. No monthly reviews. No *Atlantic*. No South Kensington, with its stuffed gorillas and its models of the dinosaur. No British Museum, with its Library and its mummies. When Plato was born, King Tut-ankh-amen had already been sleeping his long sleep for seven hundred years, but no

Egyptologist had yet thought of putting him in a glass case.

Such was Plato's education. If we cannot say precisely what it was, we can at least say what it was not. It was neither classical nor scientific nor theological, in our sense of the words. What a limited outlook for a philosopher who claimed to be the spectator of all space and time! How queer the obvious is when you come to think of it! And yet, in spite of his limitations, — the limitations of his science, the limitations of his classics, the limitations of his history, the limitations of his theology, — Plato was not only a supremely educated man, but has left us in the *Laws* the profoundest treatise on educational theory that was ever written. How did he manage it? I leave that as a conundrum to the educationalists.

My own answer to it would be, that the test of sound education lies less in what we know and more in the use we are making of our knowledge. Plato made good use of his.

IV

An illustration of a different kind is furnished by the science of psychology, one of the most promising and ambitious of the sciences. I suppose that no psychologist will be offended by hearing it classed as a natural science. He would hardly wish it to be called supernatural, though some of its recent developments have an air of supernaturalism that makes them attractive to many. In the ancient world the millennium was promised when kings became philosophers. Nowadays we are more modest and think it enough, at least for a start, that our rulers should become psychologists. The medical profession is becoming deeply imbued with psychology; the clergy are dabbling in it and even members of

Parliament, who seldom study science, are beginning to take it up. Most important is the part which psychology is beginning to play in theories of education. It seems likely that in a few years we shall all be under psychological treatment of one kind or another — a rather fearful thought. For it is one thing to treat other people psychologically; it is another thing when everybody is applying psychology to you. I do not find it altogether a pleasant prospect. A time when every man looks upon his neighbor as an opportunity for practising arts of 'suggestion' is all very well so long as you think of yourself as the practitioner, and not as the neighbor. My own impulse in such a world would be to run away whenever I saw my brother man.

During the recent war the charge was frequently brought against the Germans that they were 'bad psychologists.' And so indeed they were. But they were bad psychologists not in the sense that they knew nothing about that science, — for they knew a great deal, — but in the sense that they made a bad use of what they knew. That seems to me a danger to which psychology stands exposed more than any other of the natural sciences. Instead of being a science which begins to work beneficent results the moment it is stated, it seems rather to multiply the danger points in the conduct of life. We make a mistake in assuming that psychology turns itself automatically into therapeutics. It can equally turn itself into the opposite — whatever the proper name for that may be. The tyrants and exploiters of mankind, the deceivers and the persecutors, become tenfold more dangerous when you arm them with psychology. Napoleon was an accomplished psychologist in his own department. Man is, at one and the same time, the wisest

and the most gullible of all animals; and the very qualities that make him the wisest are also the qualities that make him the most gullible. If you want to catch a rhinoceros, there are but two or three kinds of traps you can make use of. But a thousand traps lie ready for the deceivers of mankind. I do not doubt that psychology is a splendid tool in the service of beneficent motives. But in the service of sinister motives it leads to the invention of traps.

Among the current applications that are being made of psychology one of the most notable, though perhaps the least noted, is the so-called 'art of advertisement.' Has it ever occurred to the reader, as he contemplates the beauties of an advertisement hoarding, or the seductive young ladies on the backs of the magazines, that he is there and then being practised upon by astute psychologists — that he is, so to speak, under psychological treatment, and not exactly in the way of psychotherapeutics. There are colleges in America and elsewhere, extensively equipped foundations, where they study the art of advertisement, and psychology forms part of the curriculum. A careful study of their productions makes it clear that these experts know all about the group mind, the herd instinct, the psychology of the crowd, the subliminal self, the suppressed *libido*, autosuggestion, heterosuggestion, and all the rest of it. Many of them are masters in the art of hypnosis — hypnotism being the master principle of their craft.

McDougall and Stout, William James and Le Bon, Freud and Jung, have not prophesied in vain to these artists. Is it not a significant thing that the very same methods which my spiritual adviser makes use of to tranquillize my soul, and my medical adviser to restore my shattered nerves,

are also being made use of by these other practitioners to make me buy their whiskey or their pills? The hypnotic medium is a picture of the whiskey bottle, so presented as to fix your eye and be unescapable; or a smiling portrait of some cheerful Christian who has been brought back from the gates of the grave by taking the pills. By exhibiting these objects in due season, the will of the operator to sell the whiskey is transformed into the will of the patient to buy it — transformed, mark you, without the patient knowing that any such transformation has taken place. Which is hypnotism. What further proof is needed that the millennium is not to be brought in by the mere statement of psychological truths, by making psychology accessible to everybody?

V

Eugenics and criminology are other sciences, or would-be sciences, to which the same considerations need to be applied. Neither of these is either foolproof or knaveproof.

With regard to eugenics, there is, it must be confessed, something highly attractive in the dream of a world governed by an efficient birth-control, under which the breeding of desirable human types would be promoted or enforced, and the breeding of the undesirable restrained. But, in democratic countries at all events, such a system could not be effectively worked without a general agreement on the definition of a 'desirable' and of an 'undesirable' type. On that point it seems likely that great diversity of opinion will always exist even among enlightened persons. And even if we suppose that these diversities were reduced to the one difference between Liberal and Conservative, — the Liberal breeding for the largest variety of

types, the Conservative breeding for the few types already proved by experience to be valuable, — even so, it would be extremely awkward to be governed now on the one principle and now on the other, as well might happen in a voting democracy.

And the position would be still worse if it be true, as the pessimists assert, that the voting majority is already composed of undesirables. Carlyle, for example, was deliberately of the opinion that the people of Great Britain were 'mostly fools,' and the people of America 'mostly bores.' The statement is probably a gross libel on both nations, but we should have to be very sure of its falsehood before entrusting either nation with self-government on eugenic lines.

And worse things are not impossible. Were the British or American people, for example, ever to fall into the hands of a government like that of Russia at the present moment, it is certain that many of us who now regard ourselves as eugenically entitled to breed and multiply would be classed as 'undesirables,' and eliminated forthwith.

With regard to criminology the danger is still more obvious. A science which acquaints us with the conditions under which criminals are produced, and thereby enables us to prevent their production, is no doubt of the highest value, but on condition that the noncriminal classes, as crime is defined by respectable persons, have the application of it.

But in a world which has produced a thinker like Nietzsche, and a government like that of Russia, we cannot count on crime being always defined as the respectable middle classes are now defining it. If philosophers of the type of Nietzsche should ever become 'kings,' or governments like that of Russia extend into our own countries, the science of criminology would be

instantly turned against the very classes which have created it, and are now looking to its teachings to rid them of evildoers. In Russia several notable criminologists have already been shot. One was discovered by an English traveler, clothed in rags and selling newspapers on the street in Moscow.

And, short of these extremities, even a slight change in the definition of crime would suggest applications of criminology by no means in harmony with the interests of men and women now regarded as eminently virtuous. Of criminology, then, — as of eugenics, — we may confidently say that it is neither foolproof nor knaveproof.

And if this holds true of the sciences we have named it holds true of the rest. They all stop short at the point where the choice has to be made between their right and their wrong application: the one leading to the things that hurt, and the other to the things that heal. At that point, approaching the question from the human side, we encounter the final limitation of natural science, and, let me repeat, of supernatural science also, if there be such a thing.

VI

In the history of the human mind we observe a kind of race, a race between science and life, in which the science that explains our life never quite overtakes the life that is being explained. It is an exciting phenomenon. Science is the pursuer; life is the pursued; and we may observe that the more science quickens its pace in pursuit, the more rapidly does life speed on ahead of it, so that the one can never overtake the other. Every new acquisition of knowledge thrusts our life forward into new conditions and raises the rate at which we are living. By learning to understand our life up to date, we put

ourselves in a position to live differently henceforward.

When science declares the law of their action to human beings, she provokes them to make themselves exceptions to it. Tell me, for example, that all men are liars, and you at once suggest to me the desirability of beginning to speak the truth; so that, when science comes upon the scene to-morrow, she will have to modify her law and say 'all men are liars *except one*.'

Or give me a statistical uniformity; for instance, that men lie six times out of thirteen. At once you suggest to me the desirability of reducing the proportion, and new statistics must be compiled accordingly.

And so it goes on. I am always just ahead of your scientific generalizations about me. Nay, it is precisely your telling me what I am to-day that puts me on my mettle to be something else to-morrow. The life of the human mind thus presents itself as an endless movement, in which the march of science, whether natural or supernatural, never quite overtakes the final problem of its application. The point where responsibility rests upon us all lies just ahead of the last point reached by advancing science, and is continually being thrust forward by the forces behind it. The more the pursuers quicken their paces, the more the fugitive quickens his.

This inability of science to overtake responsibility is what I mean by its limitation.

The applied sciences are no exception; they are, rather, the chief ex-

amples — precisely those which are most easily misapplied by bad men. Applied science will tell you how to make a gun; but it will not tell you when to shoot or what to shoot at. Do you say that moral science will look after that? I answer, in the words of St. Paul, that 'I had not known sin but for the law.'

Moral science, in revealing the right use of my gun, inevitably reveals the wrong use also; and since the wrong use will often serve my selfish purpose better than the right, my neighbors run a new risk of being shot at and plundered. A bad man armed with moral science is another name for the Devil. If Mephistopheles had been examined in this subject by a modern university, he would have carried off all the prizes. At that point moral science and natural science are in the same boat.

How shall we name this fugitive something which science can never overtake? I have called it 'life.' Others, more correctly perhaps, would call it the spirit, the soul, the self, the mind, the will. I do not think it matters greatly what we name it, so long as we recognize, first, that it exists, and, second, that it carries the fortunes of humanity.

Let education look to that! This is the point where all the enterprises of education, and all the activities of religion, which is education raised to its highest power, come to a focus. If we educate at all other points, but fail to educate at the point of responsibility, we shall inevitably come to no good end.

DRIFTWOOD

A STUDY IN ODD JOBS

BY FLORENCE J. CLARK

THERE are good and bad burglars (speaking from the burglar's point of view), just as there are good and bad poets, and good and bad lawyers. There is the competent burglar, who loves his work, and there is the incompetent burglar, who is simply holding down a job.

Eugene A. Brown belonged to the second class. Although he had committed several burglaries, he was not a born burglar. He had simply drifted into them as he had drifted into all his experiences, and with the same lack of success. After spending a few months at Blackwell's Island as the result of the failure of one, he was more than ready to drift into something else. It was in this open frame of mind that we made his acquaintance.

He walked into the Settlement one day with a letter of introduction from an employer who had lately dispensed with his services — not because he had been a burglar (the employer was a broad-minded man), but because, apparently, he could be nothing else. The letter called attention to these two outstanding facts and suggested that we find suitable employment for him.

I read the letter and glanced at Eugene. He was twenty years old or thereabouts, tall and lank, with rather a small head topping his thin length, light hair, blue eyes, large hands, a bad complexion.

He sat down and began to talk in a drawl — a complacent drawl, without color, without feeling.

'I want a job. I've got to get to work.'

'What kind of work can you do?' I asked.

'I can do any kind of work. I've had experience in all kinds of work. I can do office-work, I can be a wagon helper, I can do laundry work —' He went on with a list of accomplishments so long and so varied that it was bewildering to listen to them.

'How many jobs have you had?'

'Sixty-five.'

'How old are you?'

'Twenty.'

'It is n't possible,' I said. 'You have n't lived long enough to have had sixty-five jobs.'

He stuck to his guns obstinately.

'Can you tell me all the places you've worked and the names of your employers?'

'Yes ma'am.'

'Go ahead.'

He started and I took the time and trouble to list them all; for even in my, as I thought, rather wide acquaintance among job-losers, he so far outdistanced all the others that he had me barking up the wrong tree.

It was no trouble to him to tell them. In fact I soon discovered that so long as the recital was about himself Eugene's talk never ceased voluntarily.

It made no difference whether the facts were to his credit or to his discredit. That whatever he had done could not have been done better was so strong a conviction with him that it kept him strictly truthful.

Lying implies a degree of self-criticism to which Eugene was a complete stranger.

He gave a careful and accurate list of sixty-five names and addresses, and a minute description of the exact nature of the work required in each. It was necessary to cut short much interesting matter. Suffice it to say that in the end he had thoroughly convinced me that he had indeed been the possessor of sixty-five jobs.

'You seem to be able to get jobs. Why don't you keep them?'

Followed another long recital. About half he had left, about half had left him. Without much effort they had come (undesirable jobs they had been, where vacancies are common and applicants scarce), and when effort had been required to hold them, they had as easily slipped away.

'Driftwood,' I thought as I looked at him. 'Can it be put to any use?'

His talk flowed on like a running brook.

'You know I've been on Blackwell's Island?'

'Yes. What was that for?'

'Unlawful entry.' He seemed to enjoy the phrase: it sounded dignified and important. He had been committing a burglary alone, he had got caught, he had been sent to Blackwell's Island.

And on this subject he spoke with the nearest approach to feeling that he ever exhibited. For nothing whatever on Blackwell's Island met with the approval of Eugene A. Brown. The crowning insult came when he had been made grave-digger. That had headed him toward reform.

We started him in with a mental test with which he was greatly pleased. To be asked innumerable questions and to have his answers recorded word for word approximated his idea of proper appreciation. To the disgrace of our mental measuring-rod be it said that he tested normal.

We saw Eugene fairly often for a while. In the end he proved too much for us. He had four charitable societies working for him, none to his satisfaction. One of us found him a job. It was not to his taste and he was soon out of work again.

'He's just a tramp,' was the verdict of his particular good angel. 'Let him find a job for himself.'

In view of the fact that he had already found sixty-five for himself, this did not seem unduly harsh. Indeed, as someone facetiously remarked, the job for which he seemed made was manager of an employment agency.

At last he solved his own problem, however.

We did not see him for a long time. But one day he dropped in unexpectedly, looking as cheerful as his principles allow. The world is always on trial with Eugene. He does not permit any momentary piece of good luck to put him off his guard.

'I've got a job now — had it for quite a while.' The same imperturbable drawl.

'What is it?'

'I'm a night watchman in Hell's Kitchen.'

It sounded staggering but, I remembered, Eugene had told me in the beginning that he could do anything.

'Is it a good job?'

'It pays pretty good. I get eighteen dollars a week. I would have got fifteen, but the last man that had the job got murdered, and they had hard work filling the place, so they raised the salary.'

This was evidently a matter for congratulation.

'What do you do?'

'I have to walk along Ninth Avenue from Thirty-ninth to Fifty-ninth Street, up and back once during the night, and watch the stores.'

'Is it dangerous?'

'Unless you understand the job, it is. You don't want to be attracting too much attention.'

'Have you had any trouble?'

'One night something happened. I was going along Ninth Avenue and I saw the door of a store open. It did n't look right to me, so I went in. I walked into a room with a curtain between it and another room. I did n't like to go behind that curtain alone, so I went out to get a policeman. I did n't see none around, so I went to one of them police boxes and rang it. I waited for about two hours and then a policeman came up in a taxicab. When I explained to him what was the matter, he said he'd have me arrested. He said it was n't no emergency and them boxes is for emergencies only. He was worked up because he'd got caught off his beat. When he got through talking, we went into the store and behind the curtain.

'There was a man in there sound asleep in bed. We woke him up and asked him what he was doing there. He said he was the proprietor and belonged there. But it did n't look right to me to go to sleep in Hell's Kitchen with the door open. So we made him get up and dress and go to the police court. He was terrible mad. The judge decided he was the proprietor and had n't ought to have been woke up. But it did n't look right to me.'

'If you should see burglars entering a store, what would you do?'

'I would n't do nothing. They pay me for watching their stores, not for losing my life.'

'Would n't you whistle for the police?'

He pitied my inexperience, but he was patient.

'They'd see me if I did that. I'd tell a policeman if I saw one. But there ain't much use looking for a policeman round there. They're very seldom seen.'

Here followed a little digression upon the habits of the policemen of Hell's Kitchen.

'They're mostly off their beat, and when they're on their beat, they're drunk. When they're drunk, they're liable to arrest anybody just for fun. They're up to all kinds of tricks. One took off my watchman's badge the other night. It was n't any use to argue with him, 'cause he was awful drunk. I had to follow him around for about four hours, in stores and out of stores and everywhere he went, before he'd give it back. In one store he threatened to shoot the proprietor because he would n't give him a drink. He asked my advice, and if I had n't advised him not to, I suppose he'd have done it. When he got tired of me following him, he gave me back my badge.'

He returned to the subject in hand.

'I'm the best watchman they've ever had; I know how to handle burglars. You must do it easy, don't go stirring them up. This ain't no job for a hero. He'd only lose his life and the firm 'd lose an employee and the place is hard to fill. I'd tell a policeman providing I saw one. That's the best anyone could do. If I don't see no policeman, whose fault is it if the place gets robbed?'

I felt that he had sized up the situation to a nicety. He was evidently the round peg in the round hole. It was odd to reflect, however, that of all his sixty-six jobs (counting burglary as the sixty-sixth), it was the one least to his

credit which had qualified him for the best position he had ever held.

He got up to go. 'I can't stay any longer. I came in this morning because I had to go to the hospital. I got a cold last week. A man in a drug store gave me some medicine free. I've took it all. I thought maybe at the hospital they'd give me some more.'

He went off to the hospital to keep himself fit for his job.

So Eugene had found a niche. Of course there should be no such niche. No man should pay Eugene to guard his valuables — and no man will for long.

No, Eugene, this job will not last much longer than the others. You have no place in the sphere of usefulness. Flotsam of life, caught a minute, now here, now there, drifting at last to the open sea.

PENDULUM

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Now the stealthy sunrise hoverer
Hangs like a long hawk-shadow over the sea;
And now the wings of doves whirl stealthily,
Shaking shadowy water as they whirl.
Let earthworms tunnel in their cool closets, stir
Tremendously in the dew; let the blunt bee
Nose buckets of damp gold. . . . What is that to me?
What is beauty without an interpreter?

Egypt — and no Rosetta Stone to read
The mockery of the sphinx; Dante in Dis
Stark blind without the eyes of Beatrice;
A spring dawn twittering, dripping bead after bead
Of fire: and I without your love as dumb
As any clock without its pendulum.

WHO IS RIGHT?

BY W. O. MENDENHALL

THERE is a distinction between truth and facts which seems valid. Perhaps a single illustration will make clear the distinction. It is a fact that one must look toward the east in the morning to see the sun; that during the day the sun seems to rise in the sky, crossing the meridian at noon; and that in the evening one must look westward. These are facts, but what is the truth? For centuries it was proclaimed as truth that the sun would move across the sky during the day, and that at night, by some device or other, he crossed to the other horizon. Those who challenged this statement of truth and proclaimed another were branded as heretics; but now their statement is accepted, namely, that the earth moves rather than the sun. Thus from the same facts different notions of the truth are obtained.

A small group of Americans found themselves on board a vessel bound for Europe in June. As they became acquainted, they discovered that they disagreed about many things. It was apparent that their interpretations of the facts which they might observe would be different. However, they were agreed about one thing. They had a common desire to learn the truth and to report facts accurately. Following is an attempt to report some of these facts. However, the writer is conscious that occasionally he will stray into the realm of trying to state what is the truth. In such cases he hopes to report the basis of the conclusions reached.

Poverty in England

It is a fact that, as I came out of the door each morning from the vicarage where I lived in the Whitechapel district in London, I frequently would see an old man wearing an overcoat, with a cap drawn down over his face. It appeared later that the reason he wore the overcoat was the lack of clothing under it. He would be seen putting his hand down into the garbage-pail of the family who lived near, to find a piece of chicken-bone, or some peelings, or a tomato-skin, that he might carry away in his pocket to eat or gnaw upon. He was hungry.

It is a fact that we could walk around a block or two and on another street see a woman standing just off the curb in the gutter, facing the sidewalk. At a casual glance one would think her to be about fifty years of age. If one looked a little more closely, one would decide that, in spite of the lines in her face, her years were less than thirty. She held in her arms a child who could hardly have been three months old. Through much of the day she would stand there, holding out shoe-strings for sale to the passers-by. There was no place for her to sit down and no place to put her child. She too was hungry.

It is a fact that there were at that time about 1,300,000 men idle who wanted to work. Coal was being sold below the price for which it could be produced in England — the coal from Germany which was being delivered

as Reparations. Manufactured goods were being sold wherever there was any buying-power in Europe below the cost of production in England — goods manufactured in Germany by the sweated labor which is a result of the rapidly depreciating mark. Ships were lying idle and rusting in the harbors because of the oversupply of shipping built during the war. With miners, shop-workers and shipbuilders idle, there was poverty among the laborers in England.

It is a fact that, while there has been a plan for extending the opportunity of public education to children from the fourteenth year to the eighteenth year, this plan has been postponed indefinitely by the Government because taxation is now so high that they cannot increase it for the additional schools. With income tax six shillings in the pound, or thirty per cent, the nation must abandon for the time being that which corresponds to our high schools. Thus the children suffer.

As we were going through the old Castle of Warwick, we noted the many pieces of armor and of arms whose dates must have gone back for centuries. We were told that every piece had been worn or used by members of the family whose name is so intertwined with the history of England. As we saw these and the paintings of the various members of the family as well as of former kings of England, and as we learned of the famous artists who had worked there, we gradually came to realize what an old home is; for there is no such thing in America. We had heard people say in America that they hated to leave the old home; but we could hardly realize what the words might mean to a family as ancient as this one. Then, when we inquired how it happened that repairs were being made so completely here, we were told that the estate is now rented to a

Chicago millionaire. Taxes are six shillings in the pound.

We heard lecturers twice a day for a month, and not one of them complained because America insists on payment of the war debt. We learned that the money borrowed from America was loaned to France; that England financed herself through all the years of the war — through those years when we were selling her munitions at high prices, as well as the later years when we were her ally. We learned that France up to date has paid nothing on principal or interest. Thus England is paying the debt of her allies to America, and her tax is six shillings in the pound.

To get the English point of view fully with this background, let us remember that the conditions of war which still exist in Europe are destroying the markets, and thus produce the idleness in England. Many English people feel not only that France is maintaining an army relatively larger than that of Prussia in 1914, but that she is assisting in the maintenance of the armies of Poland, Jugoslavia, and Rumania. Also they ask: Against whom can the new air-fleet of France be used? Hence the insistence of England that justice be done to Germany, so that she may begin to work again, that conditions may become normal in Europe. England remembers that, after the defeat of Napoleon, in the making of the treaty of 1815, she insisted that France should be given a chance to come back, so that normal conditions might again hold sway in Europe.

Fear in France

One morning we sat in a garden in the grounds of an automobile factory in Paris and listened to a man from the Foreign Office. The question was being raised persistently: Is France really getting Reparations in the Ruhr? This

man pointed to one of the managers of the plant, who was still in active business life, as he said: 'That man and all his age have seen this thing twice. They saw the German armies cross our border in 1870 and 1871. They knew of the treaty which Bismarck presented. They have trained up their children through a generation to prepare for the next catastrophe of that kind. They have seen it come, and now they all insist that it must not happen again. Their children must not live through their growing years under the same shadow, and be forced to prepare for the same conflict. We must have security.'

The members of our party carried with them these words, 'Reparations' and 'security,' as they sought the truth about the Ruhr. In a conversation with another prominent man these questions were asked again and the additional one: How can France get security by her activity in the Ruhr? The reply was: 'It would be well for all Europe, and we think it would be well for the Germans themselves, if we could undo the work of Bismarck.'

Members of our party were thoughtful. What was the work of Bismarck? We remembered reading of many kingdoms; Prussia, Hesse, Bavaria, Saxony, Westphalia, and others; then came Bismarck, and these quarreling States were united into the great nation whose armies had crossed that boundary twice. We compared the French phrase, 'undo the work of Bismarck,' with the English phrase, 'Balkanizing Germany.' We discovered that they were saying the same thing. The difference was in point of view. A little later we heard other phrases in Berlin and Essen — 'dismemberment,' 'tearing us to pieces.' We discovered that they were saying the same thing from still another point of view.

We took these words, 'Reparations'

and 'security,' up to Arras, to see some of the devastated areas. After crossing Vimy Ridge, we went on toward a partly built stone tower which appeared in the distance, at the top of a long, gently sloping hill. A little more than half a mile from the tower we climbed from our automobile and walked up the slope, moving all the time among white crosses. When we reached the tower, we discovered that we had not gone to the other side of the cemetery but only to the middle, and we could look down the hill beyond as much farther, over another area of white crosses. As we wandered among them, we found on each cross a name, and we began to realize that they were individuals, persons, who were buried there.

As we looked back along the path up which we had come, we saw a small family — an elderly man, an elderly woman, and a young woman. They wandered out among the crosses until they came to the one they were seeking, and there they left flowers. We realized that this time the name on the cross was the name of a son in the family. Quickly we looked in another direction and there was coming another small family — a woman of about thirty and two little children. They found the cross for which they sought and left their flowers. This time the name was the name of a father.

Some new meaning began to creep in to our understanding. All told, we counted seven such families with the fresh flowers. Then we looked about, and saw the flowers of yesterday and those of the day before, and then the days blended into one another as the more faded flowers were seen. One can hardly stand at the centre of Lorette Cemetery and view one hundred thousand white crosses, and fail to sympathize with the French when they say, 'security.'

Starvation in Germany

We found in Germany that many of the stories so well known in America of the violation of Belgium had never been heard — the stories that were true. We also found that many of the stories so fully believed in America had never been heard — the stories that were not true. Likewise, in the Ruhr we heard many stories, which perhaps were true, that we were sure were not heard in France. Also we heard many stories, which perhaps were not true, that one did not hear in France. But the little children heard them, as did the French children hear the stories from Belgium. Thirty thousand children were sent out from Essen for the summer, to be fed and housed in the homes of German families all over the Reich. We wondered: did they carry all these stories? A woman was chatting with a little boy of nine, a member of one of the families just being deported. They talked about the shops and the railways, and she asked him what he would do when he grew up, expecting him to say that he would be an engineer or a mechanic; but he answered, 'Fight the French.' There are seventy-five million Germans in Europe and forty million French. We were told that there are six German children being born this year to one French child, and we wondered: Will France get security this way?

We had been told of the advantages of the mark's depreciation — that there would be a nation without a debt, that all the farmers had paid off their mortgages. Two stories illustrate the German point of view. A German woman laughingly said one morning: 'I was getting some potatoes, and I suddenly realized that the price of those potatoes would pay the mortgage on my house, so I stopped and paid the mortgage, ten thousand marks.'

Another German woman to whom this was said remarked: 'But I know the man who held the mortgage on the house, and it was one fourth of his life savings.' In a soup line was an old man. We inquired about him. He had been a thrifty shopkeeper. He had worked hard and saved. He had retired a few years ago with 100,000 marks (about \$20,000 then). This would keep him and his wife in their old age. The day we saw him a pound of beef cost 800,000 marks, and he was in the line waiting for his dish of soup.

A little later we sat in one of the committee rooms of the Reichstag building in Berlin. This was the day that Stresemann was building his first Cabinet. There was some disagreement about one of the appointments, and the Government was not formed until the following day. On this account we had opportunity to interview some of the men concerned. In talking with one who is well known in America, we asked him also: 'Why is France in the Ruhr?'

He said: 'Certainly not to get Reparations, for one does n't destroy the earning power of those from whom he wishes to collect.'

We hinted that it might be security, because twice in this generation the German armies had invaded France.

He said: 'Yes, twice in this generation — the generation we know best. But in the generation of our grandfathers Napoleon crossed that boundary twice.'

These are some of the facts. One wonders what is the truth. Is it the truth that the Germans are all Huns? Is it the truth that the English are cold and selfish, always balancing Germany against France? Or is it the truth that the great masses in all these nations desire peace above everything else? Perhaps the English sincerely want only normal conditions and business as usual, so that they can work and

earn and prosper. Perhaps the French really want only security. Perhaps, if they could be assured of safety, they would be fair and even generous to Germany. Perhaps the Germans are also kind and law-abiding and lovers of children. Perhaps they would be glad to pay Reparations if only they could go to work and eat again.

In America — What?

America has a unique prestige with her vast wealth, and her surplus of foodstuffs. All recognize her as disinterested. All have seen the effects of her good-will. In England it is said: 'If America had not withdrawn, the Reparations commission would not be simply a French instrument.' In France it is said: 'If America had not withdrawn, we could have been guaranteed security and we should not have been obliged to enter the Ruhr.' In Ger-

many it is said: 'If America had not withdrawn, we should have had a square deal.' In America it is said: 'We must not become entangled in the miserable politics of Europe. The League of Nations is impotent. The hatreds are beyond our understanding.'

What is the truth? Is it true that all Americans simply wish to cry, 'Fire! Fire!' That they rejoice because the present means of fighting the conflagration is unsuccessful? Is it true that they do not wish to take any part that will be helpful to the European peoples? Is it true that 'An American and a publican went up to the temple to pray'? Perhaps even in America the mass of people is composed of those who care, who sympathize, and who desire leadership to show them how their country can be of service in the world.

May they soon have such leadership!

CENTRAL EUROPE TO-DAY

BY JOHN CRANE

I

THE break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1918 threw Central and Southeastern Europe into chaos, from both the political and the economic point of view. Although only two states, Czechoslovakia and Poland, were formed following this quick dissolution, at the close of the World War other existing states greatly enlarged their territory and population at the expense of the former Hapsburg empire.

One of these new states, Czechoslovakia, received its entire territorial

allotment from Austria-Hungary, while Poland, on the other hand, acquired its territory from the three former Central Powers, Austria, Hungary, and Germany. For this reason the practical problem of unifying Poland is more difficult of accomplishment than that of bringing harmoniously together the various elements within the Czechoslovakian republic. Furthermore, though Poland is quite rich from the agricultural standpoint, she falls far behind Czechoslovakia in industrial

and commercial organization. Therefore, while her population is more than twice that of the Czechoslovaks, the latter are in a position to support a stronger, more expensive government.

Lastly, one must in all fairness realize that Poland's retarded progress in the last few years has been not a little due to the havoc and destruction inflicted upon that territory during the war.

The creation of the new states called for new politicians, new bureaucracies, new governmental organizations. In Czechoslovakia itself advantage was taken of the former Austrian bureaucracy, which before the war contained great numbers of Czechs (Bohemians). On the other hand, the civil service of the old Magyar kingdom had relatively few Slovaks.

This fact, coupled with that of the lack of general education among the Slovak people, inevitably meant that the bureaucracy of this new republic was composed largely of Czechs. This situation brought forth a most delicate problem, as the Slovaks rightly consider themselves the equals of the Czechs, and therefore reason that more of their own people should be represented in the civil service of the republic. Like so many other questions in Europe to-day, the solution of this difficulty is a mere matter of time.

The new states fully appreciate the fact that the peace treaties of 1919-20 are the legal basis of their national existence. They also realize that these treaties, which have caused so much trouble and misunderstanding in post-war Europe, are far from perfect instruments of peace. Their statesmen recognize the imperfection of these documents, but contend that this unfortunate situation is not entirely their fault, for they can prove that they had little power of a decisive nature in the Paris negotiations. However, in every

diplomatic controversy which is the concern of their country these men are, by the very nature of things, forced to base their arguments on this fundamental fact about the inviolability of the treaties.

Everyone looks eagerly forward to a far-reaching revision of the peace treaties, but the Allied leaders know that the time has not yet come to carry on negotiations along this disturbing line. The outraged, incensed feelings caused by the frightful hysteria of recent war experiences must first disappear, in order to bring fair, constructive, coöperative work within the range of possibility.

II

Above I have spoken briefly of the new Poland and of the new Czechoslovakia. What of the two once powerful states which, when working in harmony under the Dual Monarchy, dominated all Middle Europe? First of all, as to Hungary: Hungarians, unlike the easy-going Viennese, have never at heart accepted the Paris peace settlements. While Austria languidly crumbled, Hungary gambled desperately on the excited hopes and the national fears at the close of the war. Hungary's general policy has been profoundly influenced by the filibustering tactics of Germany; yet it is noteworthy that she has been in a position to be more aggressive. Hungarians look upon Czechoslovakia as their archenemy, — for the latter is the most stalwart member of the Little Entente, — much in the same manner as the Germans look upon France. Twice since the Armistice Hungary has launched desperate attacks upon her northern neighbor. In May 1919 Bela Kun's Red Army struggled to throw Europe into the grip of the Communists by attacking the key to the peace

situation—Czechoslovakia. And about two years later Hungary, under a White Government, struck Czechoslovakia again with the same unrestrained zeal and determination.

Magyar politicians, like those in Germany, have been willing to lay waste their own country in order to escape Reparations payments. Nevertheless, there are good indications that public sentiment in Hungary has cooled down considerably and that her leaders are no longer able to rely upon the aggressive spirit of patriotism which prevailed throughout the country only two years ago. This change of opinion was aptly revealed by Hungary's entrance into the League of Nations last September.

The Allied Powers, particularly France, went far out of their path to secure from Hungary extraordinary guaranties, upon admitting her to League membership. Hungary's plenipotentiaries at Geneva accepted these humiliating conditions in a splendid spirit, thus accomplishing her first act of constructive statesmanship for some considerable time.

At the moment, few people, either here or abroad, caught the fundamental significance of the fact that Hungary of her own free will had joined the League of Nations. Yet it is certain that this unobserved act on Hungary's part was one of the determining factors which threw the European balance of forces to the side of peace when France stepped into the Ruhr last January. To illustrate the point: Germany at that time was of course quite helpless to resist France by force. It is further understood that, had Poland moved her restless army in any aggressive way, Red Russia would have again attacked her western neighbor, thereby precipitating a general European war on top of the critical situation in the Near East. As it was, Russia did not feel

warranted in taking this risk until Poland had made an aggressive move. To return to the balance of power in Central Europe during the last days of January: Hungary had already attacked Czechoslovakia twice during the four years since the Armistice, and would have attacked again had her own people not been impoverished, famished, and dispirited. Her supreme opportunity to wreck the whole post-war organization of Central and Eastern Europe came when France went into the Ruhr. But, alas, the conventions she accepted upon becoming a League member effectively stopped her from again disturbing the peace of the world. Had the peace been broken by Hungary, at this critical juncture, there is no question at all that Russia would have been sufficiently encouraged to throw her armies once more against Poland.

In a conversation which Mr. Charles R. Crane had with Count Apponyi last November, this distinguished Hungarian statesman pointed out that his country could never recognize the validity of the loss of Slovakia and Transylvania, but that it was now ready to accept the transfer of Croatia to Yugoslavia. Therefore, Hungary has now a serious quarrel with but two of her four neighbors. It seems fair to say, then, that Magyar politicians have at least abandoned the means of war to regain those parts of Czechoslovakia and Rumania which she rightfully considers hers, and now propose to obtain them by the peaceful method of diplomatic negotiation.

It is a curious turn of events that some of the Hungarian politicians, if not the people themselves, have taken up the Hapsburg game. Of course Budapest office-seekers realize that the Hapsburgs, more than any other political force in Central Europe, do not accept the dissolution of the Austro-

Hungarian Empire as final. Up to that point the politicians seem ready to make whatever use they can of the bankrupt Hapsburgs; yet, as matter of honest fact, the once glorious, now corrupt, ruling house of Austria and Hungary has no proper place in the new Hungary. This point is amply substantiated by the outburst during the war of bitter anti-Hapsburg feeling all over the ancient empire.

This violent opposition to the Hapsburgs in Hungary outlasted the war in the form of active suspicion of even Austria herself. The two former Central Powers whose crowns had been united under one head for four centuries went to the brink of war against each other in 1919 over the Burgenland incident.

Immediately after the Armistice Hungary sent an armed force in to occupy and latterly annex this slice of rich territory. Dr. Beneš, the Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister, offered to arbitrate the dispute, though his compromise plan was not formally accepted until about six months ago. Consequently, the relations of the two countries are now once again established on a secure, peaceful footing.

At the end of the war Austria collapsed and proceeded well along the road toward complete disintegration. People all over the world were fooled into believing that Austria, with a population of six and a half millions, could never support Vienna, where more than two million Austrians were to be found. It is true, Austria could not regain her political and economic equilibrium without outside help; but no strong nation was willing to let another come to Austria's rescue single-handed, and thus Austria continued to sink until the joint action taken last September at Geneva opened up to her the road of recovery. Needless to say, the material recovery of Austria, followed and helped

by new constructive forces on the spiritual side of the people, has greatly aided the whole progress of Central Europe this year along the path of reconstruction and reconciliation.

Keen observers recognize that some day, perhaps not far in the future, Austria may be joined to Germany, if anything united is left of that unhappy country. To have linked Austria with Germany at the end of the war would have been foolhardy unless perhaps it could have been accomplished immediately before peace negotiations were even commenced. The present situation, however, requires that first Austria, as well as Germany, must learn to stand on her own feet. If the dream of a complete union of the German-speaking peoples is to come true, Austria and Germany must be assets to each other — not liabilities. Moreover, this problem goes well beyond the realm of such considerations and raises questions of a fundamental nature. First, Germany will think twice before admitting more than six million more Roman Catholics to her fold. Again, the new political balance of power in Germany — the old struggle of Austria against Prussia — should be carefully looked into. And lastly, it must be realized by interested parties that through the annexation of Austria, German trade and commerce would quickly acquire a powerful Danubian character.

III

If the Paris peace treaties constitute — from the external standpoint — the legal basis for the new Central Europe the Little Entente is the greatest single force in upholding the new order of things from within. The victorious allies of Central Europe, the Czechoslovak legions, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, saw at the outset that a close regional understanding was necessary

to realize their programme. This programme was formally accepted as the basis of the war aims of the greater allies.

The keynote of the Little Entente is to be found in a series of bilateral treaties that have a distinctly non-aggressive character. Perhaps Dr. Beneš, backed by his collaborator, President Masaryk, has been more responsible than any other one person for making use of the forces of coöperation which have always been potentially present in that part of the world. If the most interested and most active party of the Little Entente is Czechoslovakia, her closest ally in the new arrangement is her sister-Slav state, Yugoslavia, to the south. Czechoslovakia needs the help of this enlarged state in balancing the power of Hungary, while Yugoslavia herself is in need of Czechoslovakia's influence to keep Italy within her proper limits on the Adriatic and its hinterland.

Rumania, a non-Slavic state, is the third member of the defensive loose federation known as the Little Entente. Like Yugoslavia, Rumania's position is extremely weak on many sides. Without noting, except in passing, her difficulties in the south with her Bulgarian subjects, there is also the critical case of Bessarabia in the east. It is only necessary, so far as Central Europe is concerned, to say that the real insecurity of her position lies in Transylvania. Rumania is much in need of a balance in power to keep Hungary from snatching this ancient province, which she has always considered an integral part of greater Hungary.

From the above outline, one can easily see that the Little Entente has a great plenty to do in keeping the status quo without any of the member states branching out into the field of new aggressions.

In the spring of 1922, Skirmunt, the

Polish Foreign Minister, came to a practical realization of the fact that his country had distinct interests in Central Europe, and consequently arranged for Poland to become formally an associate member of the Little Entente.

Skirmunt came to this important decision in spite of the fact that Poland's most crucial problems are to be found in her relations with Germany on the west, Russia on the east, Lithuania on the Baltic. Behind this decision undoubtedly the Polish Foreign Minister was well aware of the fact, pointed out by President Masaryk in *The New Europe* (1918), that Czechoslovakia and Poland could not exist singly and alone as independent states. Already many times in history, Masaryk observed, the fall of one of these states had been quickly followed by the dissolution of the other.

With the exception of the League of Nations, it is no exaggeration to say that the Little Entente is the greatest force for the preservation of peace — such as it is — in Europe to-day. The Little Entente has dealt more successfully with the difficulties of the Central European situation than any one or anything has been able to do with those in Western Europe. Its prestige is already immense, as shown by the fact that many Governments well outside of Central Europe, including those of Italy and Greece, have wanted to become member-states. The requests of these states to join the federation have been rejected — not at all because of the desire to check the unifying and coöperative forces at work in the world to-day, but in the realization of the basic fact that the Little Entente is a purely Central European affair, and by becoming unnecessarily involved in questions outside of Central Europe, would lose its usefulness and effectiveness.

IV

We noted above that the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian empire led to economic and industrial chaos in Central Europe. This disarrangement of well-established economic forces was sufficient to bring about considerable chaos; but one must also bear in mind that four years under strenuous war conditions would in themselves have caused endless trouble and unrest. Many people knew that, regardless of the outcome, four years of war spelled the doom of the empire of fifty-one millions of people, more than half of whom were held in alien subjugation.

In Central Europe to-day there are certain natural trade routes. Besides these natural factors, one must take into consideration the artificial paths of commerce and railways, established by the Hapsburg empire for strategic and military purposes. In Austria before the war all roads were constructed to lead to Vienna, and, with its natural advantages, Vienna became one of the great trade-centres of the world. Similarly, in Hungary, all roads led to Budapest. This dual plan worked admirably; but in its operation it was deliberately unfair to the peoples who later, as a result of the war, were freed from the commercial as well as the political yokes of Vienna and Budapest.

The new states and the enlarged states realized it as their first task in economic reorganization to supplement these artificially stimulated highways of trade, which favored Vienna and Budapest at the expense of smaller centres of population. New railways, which correct the balance of the economic system there, are opening rich new fields for commercial activity and exploitations.

One great hindrance in the new economic development of Central Europe is the high-tariff barriers. But

normal conditions of commerce tend to break down restrictions of this kind, while the forces of coöperation have already succeeded in lowering these walls, as a result of the great number of most-favored-nations treaties concluded in the last two or three years. Meanwhile, because of the disappearance of the old established order of negation and oppression in Central Europe, railway traffic and river traffic are now being worked out and expanded along coöperative lines, so that in a few years' time the natural economic forces of Central Europe will be given free play to develop themselves to the fullest possible extent.

As a result of the great growth of nationalistic feeling which culminated in Europe during and after the Great War, it was necessary for the statesmen and politicians in Paris to make drastic provisions for the protection of the minority populations in the new national states. Whereas in the Europe of four or five centuries ago the frontiers of states were determined by religious groups of peoples, the basis of nearly every European state nowadays is in the new nationalism.

Nationalism as a movement began to gain force in the early decades of the nineteenth century, as a result of the French Revolution followed by the Napoleonic wars. Periodically throughout the century the fires of nationalism would break out in Europe and, after several bloody revolutions, they met with marked success. Beginning with success in Greece and Belgium in the early thirties, severe nationalist outbreaks followed from the forties to the seventies, resulting in the liberation of Italy and Germany. It was not until the end of the Great War that Poland and Czechoslovakia realized their liberation and that all the Yugoslavs and Rumanians were freed from their alien masters.

Like all other political and economic movements, nationalism attained such great momentum that it overstepped its proper limits. In the countries of Central and Southeastern Europe national groups are found so intermingled that the pure national state is a recognized impossibility, and the proposition of self-determination must, therefore, be carried out in a modest way.

The basic idea of some of the treaty clauses is the protection of minorities. It is simply grounded on the proposition of an honest equality of both treatment and rights. These provisions, in a word, guarantee freedom of conscience and of education, equal civil privileges and equality before the law. It is aimed to allow minorities to live their own lives in a way which is consistent with their cultural, religious, and economic heritage.

It must be recognized, in dealing with the complex problem of minorities, that only in certain circumstances can a given group be detached from one country and brought together with the major part of that race in another. In Bohemia, for example, the Czech and German populations are so intermixed that it would have been quite impossible to segregate the Germans in order to join them either with Austria in the south or Germany in the north and west. Likewise the Czech population, amounting to some two hundred thousand, in Vienna, cannot be separated from Austria and joined to Czechoslovakia, however desirable that would seem.

In eastern Czechoslovakia there are more than six hundred thousand Hungarians. For the strategic reason of railroads it was necessary to include in the new Slovakia three junction-points in purely Hungarian territory. Some day, when the Prague Government carries out its railroad programme, these three strategic railroad

centres, deliberately created by the old Hungary, will lose their vital importance, and it is hoped that at that time a readjustment of populations along the Hungarian-Czechoslovakian border will be in order. Such a rearrangement cannot possibly be carried into effect, however, until public sentiment in that part of the world has steadied down considerably.

Czechoslovakia has been trying very hard to deal with its various minority elements in a fair and just manner. Psychologically the problem has been exceedingly difficult, especially when we consider that the Germans within her borders were quite confident that the war would come out in their favor, and had in fact drafted a programme in 1916 — with the coöperation of Berlin and Vienna — which envisaged the political and cultural annihilation of the Bohemians, who under the Austrian monarchy still had successfully defended a fair number of their ancient rights.

The Germans, not expecting an adverse outcome of the war, were in a quite impossible frame of mind in late 1918, when the Czechoslovakian republic was created and organized, and, naturally, have not yet been able to adjust themselves to the new conditions. They obviously were not seeking a basis of equality with their Czech countrymen, but simply a domination, as sinister in its conception as any part of the German war programme.

When within one country there are two powerful racial groups, one working for domination, it is very difficult for the other, no matter how enlightened her politicians may be, not to be driven into a similar frame of mind. It was quite natural that at the close of the war the Czechoslovaks would not stand by and wait for the Germans to change their old point of view before going ahead to draft a constitution

and to set their government into working order. It will be some time yet before the Bohemian Germans are willing to coöperate politically with the Czechs. Nevertheless, it is a happy thing to note, in fields of agriculture, industry, finance, and education, where politicians have little opportunity to exploit the feelings of the people, that the forces of coöperation are already well at work.

The question of the Hungarian minority in Czechoslovakia is far more difficult than that of the German, for the reason that Slovakia was before the war an integral part of Hungary while the Bohemian countries — Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia — were recognized to be autonomous units under the Austrian monarchy. A great percentage of the Hungarian people still consider Slovakia an integral and necessary part of Hungary, from all points of view, and have perhaps not yet seen how impossible the situation was for all those concerned, up to the close of the war. Nevertheless, Hungarian feeling has quieted down considerably in the last year, as evidenced by Hungary's entrance into the League of Nations. In fact, Czechoslovakia and Hungary were at the point of reaching a working agreement, when the unfortunate murder of a Czech official on the Hungarian border occurred. This untimely incident will now delay serious negotiations for at least another six months.

V

Looking at the European situation from the widest point of view, we may say that the last year has seen the danger spot in Europe shifted from Central Europe westward. The occupation of the Ruhr was the outward evidence that Franco-German relations are the key to European reconstruction

and reconciliation. With the Near East crisis somewhat allayed and Central Europe making progress in the work of reconstruction and readjustment, the world now looks anxiously toward Western Europe, with the hope that the crisis caused by the Ruhr occupation and other untoward events will soon pass away before the legions of peace and understanding.

As for Central Europe, it was the Ruhr occupation which blocked the forces of peace and coöperation in the most effective way during the last few months. Had it not been for the sound common-sense of the Austrian programme put into force last fall, and the firm stand of Czechoslovakia which kept the balance of the scales in favor of peace, as well as the unwillingness or inability of the Budapest politicians to throw Hungary into another war, Central Europe would now be in process of complete chaos and disintegration.

Perhaps it would be interesting to note the reasons why Czechoslovakia, so far as Franco-German relations are concerned, must tend toward a neutral policy rather than toward one favoring her French ally. To begin with, it was evidence of her strength that she has been able, unlike Poland, to turn down completely the pleas of France for military alliance. Even Marshal Foch, during the spring tour of the two countries, seemed quite incapable of convincing President Masaryk and Dr. Beneš of the necessity of this alliance.

The factors which forced Czechoslovakia to reject this French alliance were probably the following: —

(1) Czechoslovakia has a German population of more than 3,000,000 souls which she must convince that the important thing is the common welfare of Czechs and Germans in particular and the peace of Central Europe in general.

(2) Czechoslovakia's main difficulty

in the path of reconciliation is the Hungarian question. Inasmuch as the Hungarians played the German game with perhaps more violence than the Germans themselves, they must be dealt with in the most far-seeing way possible.

(3) Czechoslovakia is surrounded on three sides — the north, the west, and the south — by German peoples, and to take any aggressive measures against the Germans, either externally or internally, would spell the end of her independent existence. Her only hope is along the path of reconciliation and readjustment.

(4) Czechoslovakia built up the Little Entente for the purpose of keeping peace in Central Europe, and she is no way ready to have the Great Entente, which has already caused so much trouble since the Armistice, play a dictatorial rôle outside her recognized sphere of activity. She is convinced that Central Europe can be run far better by the Central European peoples than she can by any other group in the world. This is the very basis of the Little Entente idea.

VI

The events of the last six months of this momentous year — 1923 — have had, in the broadest sense of the word, a very important bearing on the processes of reconstruction and reconciliation now at work in Central Europe. For the sake of clarity, it will perhaps be best to summarize these developments under three headings, as follows: the Corfu incident and Central Europe; the question of a final solution of the Reparations problem; and the negotiations for the reconstruction loan to Hungary. A brief analysis of these problems should throw an illuminating light on Central Europe to-day and what it will in all probability

stand for in the realm of international affairs in 1924.

First of all, why was Central Europe — that is, why were the individual states of Central Europe — concerned with the humiliating treatment which Italy accorded Greece not long ago, followed by her suspected attempt to make the Adriatic an Italian lake? It is of the sheerest unimportance to discuss whether the domination of the Adriatic was Mussolini's real motive in occupying the Greek island of Corfu after the murder incident at Janina, because in every international crisis parties whose national or commercial interests seem menaced always speak and act just as if this were in reality the case.

At any rate, Yugoslavia considered her security threatened when Italian forces landed at Corfu in the first days of September, for negotiations between these two countries had once again come to a critical impasse over a definitive settlement of the Fiume question. With Italy standing guard at the mouth of the Adriatic, of what use to Yugoslavia would be any commercial rights at Fiume, the only outlet to the northern part of her state, in the event of further haggling between these two Governments? The whole Corfu incident inflamed public opinion in Yugoslavia as a gross violation of the rights of small nations, and, backed by England and the Little Entente, she sought a solution of the Italian-Greek affair which would make Italy withdraw her forces from the eastern side of the Adriatic.

It was my good fortune to be in Geneva when some of these matters were under deliberation. There the problem was to find a solution of the quarrel which would not further disturb the very delicate international situation. It is not for me here to pass on the merits of the League's action

in referring the dispute to the Council of Ambassadors in Paris; suffice it to say that the League Council considered this method the wisest way to make the general situation no worse than it already was. The Council of Ambassadors regulated the difficulty simply by accepting the recommendations for the solution which the Council in Geneva had worked out.

So much for the bare political side of the Corfu incident, so far as Central Europe was affected, and its happy ending. A glance at the map of Europe between the Baltic and the Mediterranean will at once reveal why both Czechoslovakia and Austria, in particular, are vitally concerned that the régime of free trade shall continue on the Adriatic. Both these countries do considerable exporting through the port of Trieste; in fact, more Czechoslovakian trade goes through this seaport than through any other, excepting only Hamburg.

Secondly, it is not a matter of surprise to note that all Central Europe anxiously awaits the final settlement of the Reparations problem. Until Germany is given a fair chance to stand firmly on her own feet and to assume her just and recognized obligations, the smaller European states, naturally more dependent on one another than the larger ones, find it exceedingly difficult to put their own affairs in good order. Furthermore, these countries bordering on Germany are far from indifferent when it comes to standing by to watch the processes of disintegration hard at work in that state.

The break-up of the German Reich may not come as quickly and easily as most observers would have us believe; nevertheless, every step along the path of dissolution brings on further political and economic disturbances which profoundly threaten the

stability of the entire world. As for Central Europe's concern in these untoward economic developments, one must bear in mind that Germany is the best buyer of goods from Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Switzerland, and — before the war — from England as well.

However, the essential interest of Central Europe in the immediate solution of this perplexing problem was not made sufficiently clear until President Masaryk and Dr. Beneš, the astute Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister, made their official trip to the Allied capitals of Western Europe in late October. The negative significance of this eventful visit was simply that the Poincaré Government failed to persuade Czechoslovakia of the wisdom of a military alliance with France under present conditions; but this result was a foregone conclusion from the outset. Positively, one may say that the outcome centred around the world-wide movement for a conclusive regulation of the Reparations tangle. Happily, President Masaryk and Dr. Beneš came to London when very important negotiations were taking place between the principal Powers with a view to finding a basis for calling a general conference to consider Reparations and Germany's capacity to pay. Although it would be idle to speculate on what practical results will come out of these conversations, which were certainly given an added *raison d'être* by the timely presence of these two well-known statesmen, it is safe to say that the British Government was exceedingly happy to learn precisely how Czechoslovakia in particular and Central Europe in general stood in this all-important matter.

Thirdly, while the problem of Reparations affects Central European conditions very considerably from the outside, the plan for Austrian and

Hungarian reconstruction is a question which touches the very heart of its political and economic organization. Above, reference has been made to the encouraging results of coöperative work in reviving Austria during the past twelve months. As for Hungary, the proposition of her financial restoration is psychologically and politically so utterly different from that of Austria that it could not possibly have been dealt with at the same time or in the same way.

The gradual abandonment of aggressive policies on Hungary's part during the last two years has from the very beginning foreshadowed some kind of outside aid for her in order to facilitate the processes of internal readjustment necessary in this newly constituted state. When the Turks so masterfully upset the impossible conditions imposed on them by the Treaty of Sèvres and by subsequent secret agreements, the Magyars took heart and increased their lively propaganda for the revision of treaties in their favor.

Last spring the Prime Minister, Count Bethlen, went to Paris and London to make his brilliant plea for an international loan to save his country from imminent ruin. For well-known reasons, Count Bethlen returned to Budapest without the loan, but he had successfully stimulated wide-spread interest in Hungarian affairs. Meanwhile, in the early summer, conversations between Czechoslovakia and Hungary were resumed, while Dr. Beneš was persuading other members of the Little Entente that Hungary's appeal before the Reparations Commission and the League of Nations should be met with all due consideration. On September 29, the Council of the League addressed an official communiqué to the Reparations

Commission, where the plan must first be worked out, that the League would approve of any measure aiming at the financial restoration of Hungary which the Commission might agree upon and submit to the League.

As the programme has already been elaborated in detail by the Reparations Commission and was announced publicly on October 16, it may be assumed that something will be done in the near future for Hungary to aid her to put her financial and economic house in order.

VII

In conclusion, it is particularly fitting to note that at the present moment relations between Hungary and Czechoslovakia are the key to the peaceful consolidation and development of Central Europe.

Central Europe is a region of small, interdependent, national states. Under the active leadership of Czechoslovakia, the full force and meaning of this fundamental fact are just beginning to be realized. Economic laws must be taken into serious consideration, not violated and defied; the moral laws of human relationship must be wholeheartedly accepted and applied by states when dealing with one another and with their minorities. Further racial struggles resulting in bloodshed and desolation are utterly stupid and out of the question; through coöperation and understanding must come the solution of the perplexing social and industrial questions of the day.

In a word, this is perhaps the way Central Europe looks at the New World. Will it not soon mean that the phrase, 'the Balkanization of Central Europe,' will be utterly discredited and relegated to the past, as the genesis of the United States of Central Europe comes radiantly to life?

AN ERA OF CONSOLIDATIONS

BY FRANKLIN SNOW

THE so-called 'best thought' in the country to-day favors a consolidation of our approximately 1900 railways into some eighteen or twenty large systems. While at first thought this may appear to be an almost superhuman task, it should be borne in mind that there are but 200 'Class I' railroads, meaning those with annual revenues in excess of \$1,000,000, the other roads, for the most part, being short lines with light traffic and scanty earnings. Inasmuch as the majority of these roads serve as feeders for the larger systems with which they connect, and in many cases have but this one outlet for the traffic which they originate, the logical consolidation for such lines is obvious from the outset. In making an analysis of the situation, it becomes apparent that there are fewer than one hundred important railroads to be merged into the proposed score of enlarged systems, and of these, there is little argument as to the proper amalgamations for many. Yet the proper, logical, feasible, and desirable affiliation of these comparatively few important roads is the bugbear of the proponents of the entire subject, and about this controversy revolves the principle of consolidation itself — either voluntary or otherwise.

'Merging' railroads is by no means a new practice. Every important system in the United States to-day is merely a consolidation of a number of small railroads, which originally were constructed to meet local needs, but which eventually found it to their ad-

vantage to affiliate with their neighbors in order to facilitate the handling of through freight and passenger traffic, to make common use of rolling stock and other facilities, and to reduce overhead costs of organization and management. Thus, in less than a century, our railroads have grown to a point where we have a number of systems, each of more than 10,000 miles of road, notably the New York Central Lines, the Pennsylvania System, the Southern Pacific Company, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway, the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, and the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. Possibly other companies would be included in this category if we were to add to their own mileage the mileage of roads controlled by them but operated as independent units.

It is a well-known and generally lamented fact that not all these mergers have been consummated without financial loss to investors; for the manipulations of the latter part of the nineteenth century and the early years of the present one wrecked many fine roads in which small investors had purchased securities. Yet, regardless of the purposes of certain manipulators and their *modus operandi*, the fact remains that the results of their work, on the whole, have been beneficial to the country in thus bringing together numerous small, independent roads into larger and more compact units of transportation.

In other words, the results may have justified the means employed.

To-day we are confronted with a different situation. We must view with deep concern the fact that thousands of miles of road not only are not even earning operating expenses, but are incurring such alarming deficits that the Interstate Commerce Commission constantly is being requested by the owners of these lines to permit them to abandon the operation of the properties and to sell the roads for junk. Yet the construction of these now defunct railroads originally was the means of inducing settlers to locate along their rights-of-way, and the villages and towns which have grown up from such beginnings will be deprived of all rail-transportation in many instances by the abandonment of their railroad.

Partly as an experiment, the Commission recently allowed the Kansas City, Mexico, and Orient Railway — a bankrupt line operating through the Southwest, which was ready to give up the ghost — to cut its rates to a point below the scale of its competitors, in the thought that this would attract sufficient traffic to warrant continued operation of the road, and thus protect the panic-stricken towns and individuals that relied upon the carrier to bring them their supplies and to carry their produce to market. However, this is an isolated case. Our present rate-structure is already hectic, and to upset it further by establishing differentials in favor of poor railroads is a policy open to serious comment.

As a panacea for the difficulties of all the railroads, — not only the unremunerative short line, but the almost bankrupt larger system as well, — consolidation of the railroads was proposed. The impetus was given by the Transportation Act, 1920, which was passed when the railroads were returned to their owners at the termination of Federal control. By the terms of this Act, — the authors of which were Con-

gressman Esch (now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission) and Senator A. B. Cummins, aided by the counsel of eminent economists, railroad executives, and other authorities, notably Walker D. Hines, then Director-General of Railroads, — the Interstate Commerce Commission was ordered to investigate possible combinations of railroads which might produce greater economies in operation than are possible under independent management. Permission was granted the carriers to make such consolidations as should be deemed to be for the public welfare. Thus, a complete about-face was effected from the provisions of the Sherman Act, which, it is understood, was enacted primarily to guard against railroad manipulations. Consolidation, by the terms of the later Act, became not only legal but desirable for the good of the country. Yet the Commission has no mandatory powers to enforce its recommendations as to consolidations. It can only *approve*; it cannot *order* desirable mergers.

There is much to be said for and against the principle of consolidations. In its favor, it is contended that expensive terminals, both freight and passenger, now often operated solely for competitive purposes, may be unified; that many competitive trains, handled often at a loss but yet considered by the railroads to be effective advertising-mediums, may be withdrawn; that the expenses of soliciting traffic with many 'off-line' agencies may largely be eliminated; that various departments, by consolidation, will find it possible to curtail their expenses to an amount considerably less than the aggregate of such expenditures by the present individual lines, those cited particularly being accounting, purchasing, traffic, and legal, while the abolition of many official positions, it is asserted, will result in

huge pay-roll economies. On the operating side, it is maintained that many long hauls necessitated by competitive practice to meet the short-haul rate will be eliminated, and that equipment will be put to more efficient use by reason of bringing together under one administrative officer the cars and engines belonging to the several units of each consolidated system.

It is as easy to refute these alleged advantages as it is to propound them. Taking these in order, it may first be noted that the terminals now in use were built for the public's convenience solely. While a unified use of certain passenger stations by all railroads in various cities would be a distinct advantage, the same does not apply in all instances to freight terminals, for this reason: an allocation of the several freight stations in a particular city between a limited number of merged systems might result in such reassignment of stations as would take away from certain lines their choice location and transfer them to other systems with which they have a more direct physical connection. Shippers who have built plants adjacent to the freight stations, or to various spurs of railroads over whose lines it is advantageous for them to ship, might find that their factories were on roads which would not carry their goods direct to the territories in which they marketed their products. A time-consuming switch movement then would be involved.

Regarding the 'competitive' train which may be operated at a loss, the traveling public has been educated to a point where it considers it not only its privilege, but its actual right, to discriminate between several roads (and numerous trains on each of these roads) when making out an itinerary. If consolidation means the curtailment of such opportunities, the traveler will not be likely to favor the principle. Again,

while many trains may be 'competitive' as between the original and final termini, the balance of their route may lie through territory which enjoys no other service, and a curtailment in the number or speed of trains would seriously affect numerous communities. An example of this was furnished by the Railroad Administration's efforts to control the competition between Chicago and St. Louis, where the Illinois Central, Chicago and Alton, Wabash and Chicago, and Eastern Illinois operated trains on practically the same schedules. 'Staggering' these schedules undoubtedly was an economy to the Administration; but ask the man in central Illinois what *his* opinion is of a service which prevents him from running down to St. Louis and back in a few hours. Under the schedules at that time, some communities found themselves with but two trains each way a day; and in many instances, these ran through many towns at inconvenient hours of the night. The American public will stand for no diminution in train-service, hence those urging consolidation cannot look to this as a means of introducing vast economies.

Combining the detail departments of individual roads — such as accounting — into one organization presumably will result in a considerable saving; for the inter-line accounting, at present necessary, requires much clerical labor, and being work of a highly technical nature, the salaries paid are relatively high. Smaller staffs also would be required in the purchasing, legal, and traffic departments, yet all of these branches are among the smallest in the railroad service and the savings would not reach an appreciable figure. Furthermore, it would take years to establish new systems and routine, and the jealousies resulting from the demotion of many officers and employees would militate against a smooth-working machine.

In fact, it is this very question of what to do with the officers, from presidents down, whose duties would be restricted by a consolidation of the companies with which they are connected, that is causing real concern. Manifestly, it is unfair to discharge officials who have given their entire life's service to a company; while to subordinate them to officers of other roads (who may be younger and less experienced men) is certain to cause friction. One solution, of course, would be the maintenance of an independent organization on each line of a consolidated system; yet if this were done, even the small economies possible by merging the various units, or departments, would be lost. For many years it was asserted that railroad officials were paid enormous salaries. Recently these salaries have been made public, and it has been found that few executives earn over \$75,000 per annum. In fact, with the exception of the presidents of a few of the largest railroads, the great majority receive less than \$50,000, while in all instances, the emolument of the vice-president is approximately half of that of his chief. Salaries of lower officials scale down proportionately, so that the general freight and general passenger agents, with whom the public comes in closest contact, receive, in most instances, \$6000, or less.

These salaries are mentioned in refutation of the claim that railroad officers are overpaid; and as it is obvious that the amounts are not larger than are paid to executives of other important industries and in commercial business, it can readily be seen that few visible economies can be effected through this source. And even assuming that, in a merger of several railroads, a complete amalgamation of the several independent departments, such as traffic, accounting, purchasing,

and legal, shall be accomplished, the experiment may prove a costly one; for it is by no means certain that officers who have managed such departments on roads of perhaps 5000 miles will be able to expand to the responsibilities of roads of thrice that size and revenue.

The same applies to the chief executives. Competent and hard-working as most of them are, we have no precedent to prove that a president of a railroad of 5000 or 10,000 miles of line is big enough, or energetic enough, to manage a system of 20,000 to 25,000 miles. During Federal control it is true that seven Regional Directors managed all the railroads, some of them having some 50,000 miles of line under their supervision; yet in this case the situation was different, for each of the various roads under each Director still maintained its own organization and identity and was run by a Federal manager (in most cases its pre-war president, or general manager). Pursuing this line of thought, that is, the availability of men competent to handle railroads of 20,000 miles, it is of note that the Pennsylvania System and the Erie Railroad both have decentralized their roads into four 'regions,' each with a responsible executive directly on the ground, each region being operated as an independent railroad, to all purposes and intents. Thus, experience would seem to warrant a decentralization of authority, rather than the reverse, as would be the case under consolidation.

The reduction in transportation costs incurred in handling freight by circuitous routes to meet the short-line rate may not be so great as anticipated, inasmuch as it is planned to maintain a certain amount of competition between the enlarged systems. However, this is a matter which hardly can be resolved into dollars and cents, for routing freight is largely in the control of ship-

pers, and it is certain that they will voice strenuous objections to any plan which will restrict this privilege.

It can be seen that both the antagonists and the protagonists of the consolidation theory have much in their favor — each is fortified with apparently sound and logical arguments, yet the other group contends that its counterassertions refute such objections. And while many are engaged in an academic discussion as to the *theories* of consolidation, — for instance, whether or not a concentration of routine work into the larger departments of a consolidated system is desirable and likely to promote efficiency and harmony, or whether it will throw the work into a chaotic state by the added burdens and responsibilities assumed by officers and men; and whether or not it is constitutionally sound to *force* a strong railroad to absorb a weaker one and inflict on the stockholders of the prosperous one the debts and deficits of the poorer one; and finally, whether the consolidation of all the railroads into some eighteen or twenty large systems will not make nearer and easier the ultimate step of merging these systems into but one railroad, Government-operated, or -owned, or both, — while these discussions are rife in many quarters, others are looking at the practical side of the matter and are endeavoring to merge (on paper) those railroads in which it will be for the best interests of all concerned.

In the event that railroad mergers are made mandatory, there are, as stated, a number of logical and desirable amalgamations upon which all authorities agree. But there are many others upon which there is no harmonizing of views. Furthermore, there is, in various sections of the country, an amount of local pride and sentiment which the advocates of consolidation must overcome before they can con-

summater their plans. The case of the New England roads is an appropriate illustration of this. These railroads, notably the Boston and Maine, and the New Haven, have suffered and still are suffering, from the attentions bestowed upon them several years ago by the financiers backing Mr. Mellen, then president of the latter road, in his plans to merge the Boston and Maine, and through it the Maine Central, with the New Haven. Possibly, had the amalgamation gone through, it eventually would have proved beneficial to New England; for whatever else one may say of Mellen, the fact remains that he was a sagacious railroad-man. However, the attempt was frustrated, and the New England roads have been in an impoverished condition ever since.

While there is no consensus of opinion, it is felt by the majority of students of the subject that these lines should be merged with connecting trunk-lines. An exhaustive report compiled last summer by the Associated Industries of Massachusetts favored this solution of the problem. But complications have arisen. A committee representing the governors of the New England States and headed by Mr. James J. Storrow, of Boston, recently made public its findings and urged the formation of a local New England railroad. New Englanders are sensitive about their railroads. They do not welcome the suggestion of 'absentee management,' and fail to perceive where New York or Philadelphia would better serve their interests as the executive headquarters of their railroads than Boston can.

Local financiers assert that there is sufficient capital, and railroad officers contend that there is available talent, to finance and manage the New England railroads as a distinct entity. Local pride must be reckoned with, for it has a very definite voting-strength;

and, after all, if consolidations are to be made mandatory, Congressional action will be necessary.

In the Southeast, communities along the lines of the Seaboard Air Line fail to see wherein they will benefit by an amalgamation of that road with the Illinois Central, the headquarters of which are in Chicago, and which in turn is controlled by the Union Pacific, still farther to the west. Nor is it entirely clear what is to be done with the Florida East Coast, a privately owned railroad of some 760 miles, famous principally as the road serving Palm Beach, Miami, and Key West, although it also originates a growing volume of fruit and lumber traffic. Professor William Z. Ripley, who prepared a tentative plan of consolidations for the Interstate Commerce Commission, suggested that the road be left as an independent line, and urged the same treatment of the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac, which is primarily a bridge line of 115 miles between Washington and Richmond, used jointly by the Seaboard and Coast Line freight and passenger trains.

The Southwest is not likely to favor the merging of three of its four competitive systems — the St. Louis-San Francisco, the Missouri-Kansas-Texas, and the St. Louis Southwestern — into one system, leaving the Missouri Pacific (Iron Mountain) as the only other line from St. Louis to Texas; nor is it satisfactorily explained wherein either the Great Northern, or the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul will be benefited by consolidation into one road, inasmuch as the Great Northern's financial interests are primarily with the Burlington. Financial interests, such as inter-company holdings of securities, must be studied with almost as much care as is given to the actual operating and traffic features. The Northwest voices its objections to a merger of the

Spokane, Portland, and Seattle with either the projected Burlington-Northern Pacific or the Great Northern-St. Paul, preferring that the road remain independent for the joint use of all.

These are isolated cases, yet typical of the sentiment in various parts of the country.

Call it local pride, or what you will, it is a factor which must be considered, for it is apparent that no section will favor mergers which will not positively promise benefits to the territory affected.

And behind it all are the cold-blooded statisticians, waiting, pencil in hand, so to speak, for an opportunity to compute the savings to be derived from this revolutionary step. Alas, this is where the rub occurs: No man can definitely prophesy any appreciable sum that may be saved. It is not enough to state casually that Great Britain has undertaken the step which we now contemplate, for the situation is not analogous to that in this country. Our traffic is by no means concentrated in a limited territory, nor are distances comparable.

The problem in the United States is unique, and we must study it on its merits as applied to our own peculiar conditions.

Fundamentally, the purpose of consolidation is twofold — to promote economy in operation, and, through that means, to reduce charges to the public. The burden of proof rests on those advocating the change, and *definite proof*, rather than hypotheses, it should be. As the writer has pointed out elsewhere, a reduction in freight charges of less than ten per cent is negligible. The total freight-revenue of the American railroads approximates \$4,000,000,000 annually. To reduce rates even by ten per cent, it thus would be necessary to introduce econ-

omies, through the consolidations, amounting to \$400,000,000 a year. Perhaps it can be done, but only the most sanguine economists dare assure us that such will be the case.

Consolidating railroads into some eighteen or twenty systems is a vast and intricate undertaking. Not only must we be prepared to see our favorite railroads, in many instances, lose their names and identities, but we must be ready also to turn a deaf ear to the lamentations of faithful officers and employees of many lines; for unquestionably many of these will face demotion, if not honorable dismissal. In

either case, it would be well to consider in advance whether or not esprit de corps will be fostered by this step; and if not, whether the resulting discontent is not likely to reduce proportionately the savings which are being estimated by many theorists.

Few railroad officers thus far have directly opposed the consolidation plan. Few legislators have taken a definite stand either one way or the other. Many newspapers have leaped to a hasty conclusion that it is a panacea for all railroad difficulties. It were well for the Nation to be sure before it leaps.

IS CIVILIZATION MENACED?

THE PLIGHT OF EUROPEAN EDUCATION

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

WHAT for me is the saddest feature of the European upheaval is the menace to education. This review of the conditions in the Old Continent will not be uniformly gloomy: I shall endeavor to draw a cheerful conclusion, for it has become more than ever a duty to preserve one's faith in the ultimate sanity of mankind. But I must begin by painting a somewhat dark picture.

Apart from a few thinkers who have incidentally, here and there, referred to the danger of Europe losing its homes of culture and becoming the victim of a cultureless mechanism, there has been extraordinarily little attention paid to this aspect of the tragedy that threatens a considerable part of the world. I was, however, glad to see that

Mr. Bertrand Russell recently described in his splendidly sincere style the gravest consequences of the World War. He showed that it is no idle and conventional phrase of rhetoric to assert that 'almost everything of value to art and literature and science has been produced in the neighborhood of the Mediterranean.' Are we now to revert to barbarism? Such was the question which he asked, and, startling as it may appear, it is a question that presents itself inevitably to those who are witnessing the degradation of our taste, as expressed in the wild manifestations of modern art that are without any solid foundation, in the mad whirl of social life, in the vulgarity that assails one at every corner. There has

been an undoubted perversion, not only of the masses but of the classes, in Europe, — and I am not sure that the perversion has not reached America, — since we engaged in the dreadful business of killing each other, followed by the more dreadful business of completing the economic ruin of each other.

Such a book as *La Garçonne*, by Victor Margueritte, however exaggerated it may have been, however disgusting was the revelation of the decadence that has afflicted certain sections of society, is perhaps an eye-opener; but although it created its little sensation, it was itself symptomatic rather than curative. It depicted the frivolity, the heedlessness, the vice of those who are so devoid of hope that the future and the things of the spirit are to them of no account. But it is not the moral side of post-war society that troubles me. These phenomena might pass. That our own generation has been spoiled by the hideous events of the last decade is of comparatively little importance. If we were only sure that the curse would be lifted for the next generation, we could repose in peace. It would be, however, an entirely different matter if we saw that the generations that are to come after us were becoming rotten at the root. Only the invincible health that is in humanity can save us. There come into my mind the magnificent lines of Swinburne when he wrote of the year's burden of 1870: —

Fire and wild light of hope and doubt and fear,
Wind of swift change and clouds and hours that
veer,

As the storm shifts of the tempestuous year;
Cry wellaway but well befall the right!

Hope sits yet hiding her war-weary eyes,
Doubt sets her forehead earthward and denies,
But fear, brought hand to hand with danger, dies,
Dies and is burnt up in the fire of fight.

We could be indifferent to everything, — the economic perturbation,

the mania for pernicious pleasure, the malice and uncharitableness and hatreds that are rampant and that are heading us for a new war, — if only we could be sure that, while national currencies collapse, while moral currencies collapse, while intellectual currencies collapse, the education of the young was not collapsing. • It is precisely because, as it seems to me, education is in danger, that Western Civilization is in danger.

I

There have been any number of mournful prophets, since the cessation of hostilities, even more than the hostilities themselves, left us dazed and blind and groping for the old landmarks and finding them not. While the war was proceeding, there was a certain exaltation which made us turn deaf ears to those who insisted on the fact, all too dramatically and pathetically obvious, that the nations of Europe were committing suicide. Shrewd Oriental philosophers, with their deceptively mask-like countenances, quietly announced that not many years would pass before the yellow races would dominate the desolate cities and plains of those regions of the earth that the white races could neither govern nor develop in peace. There were several books written by Occidental thinkers to demonstrate this rather far-fetched thesis. Our very industrialism and science, we were told, — as indeed we are still being told, — would be the cause of our perishing, since we prefer to apply them, not to the increase of our possessions and happiness, but to our destruction and mutual murder. More materialistic English and American prophets indulged in foretelling the economic perdition of Europe, and the reduction of the entire Continent to desperate peoples concerned only with the means of procuring daily bread.

These dismal prophecies, however, did not end with the cessation of actual fighting. There was a brief period of almost universal optimism after the signing of the Armistice. We seemed to believe that mankind had turned down a dark page of history, and that on the following page there were written only comfortable things. A new heaven and a new earth were dawning. Alas! this mood did not last long. The era of permanent peace and of good-will between nations vanished as the statesmen in the Galerie des Glaces at Versailles put their signatures to a document which consecrated the struggle and the opposition of the peoples.

The main fact about this black treaty, written in the blackening blood of millions of men who had died in the hope of a new charter of liberty and of love, was its insistence on Reparations. More money has quite literally been thrown away in the attempt to extract Reparations than could have been obtained almost immediately from the vanquished countries had a reasonable arrangement been then and there proposed and accepted.

Henceforth Europe was condemned to the futile pursuit of obtaining, or evading, impossible payments. And this meant that there could be no real peace, no stability, but only a revival and exacerbation of national sentiments. This is why Europe has gone giddily to the verge of bankruptcy. This is why bitter feelings have been bred. This is why what the French would call *Je-m'-en-foutisme* has become prevalent. A well-known English statesman is said to have declared: 'If this policy continues, your grandchildren and mine will see naked savages walking down the Champs Élysées.' There is a sense in which this is already true — as may be ascertained by anyone who watches the nocturnal closing of certain dancing establishments; but,

taken seriously, the assertion is of course hyperbolic.

Naturally every partisan of a creed or of a special political doctrine has his own explanation of the present conditions. The Communist blames the greed of the Capitalist and the docility of the Middle Class. The Peasant attributes the evil to the wickedness of the big cities. The Liberal ascribes it all to economic fallacies. The Internationalist thinks that we owe our woes to the neglect of the League of Nations. The Nationalist fancies that, if only we had crushed the enemy a little more thoroughly, all would have been well. The Anti-Clericalist in some countries attributes the responsibility to the influence of Rome. The Conservative finds the sufficient cause of all ills in the agitations of Moscow. The sincerely religious man is inclined to find the seat of the trouble in the decay of spiritual forces. Everybody has his diagnosis and everybody has his remedy, though some of the remedies would probably be worse, if that be possible, than the disease.

Some of us who have been living in Europe during these troublous times consider that the real menace lies in the breakdown of education — or, to remain a little more optimistic, its threatened breakdown. It is not particularly in Germany that the peril lies, though perhaps Germany, which, with France and with Austria, was the real centre of education before the war, suffers most intensely. I have just been reading an appeal which comes from a group of well-known Englishmen and Englishwomen who are in touch with various relief organizations operating in Germany. It is truly distressing to peruse their declaration, which I do not for a moment doubt, since it is confirmed on many hands. They have chiefly in mind the misery that exists among the professional classes from

which the intellectuals of to-morrow must be recruited. Their so-called fixed incomes have shrunk to almost nothing. The whole year's income may be spent upon a few loaves of bread. For lack of underclothing men and women who were formerly content to live modestly but comfortably, conscious that they were striving to add to the sum of knowledge or carry on the intellectual mechanism of the world, are obliged to wear newspapers. Milk and meat cannot be procured. In Heidelberg and in Giessen and in Leipzig, as well as in Berlin, these conditions are prevalent. One need waste no sympathy on the mere money-makers, who will always find the wherewithal to live in luxury. One must condemn unreservedly the industrial magnates, who have, by their selfishness, their speculation in the distress of others, brought about such a state of affairs. But one can surely spare some sympathy for their innocent victims. The effect on education is certain and deserves careful analysis.

II

If there is one fact that impresses itself above all others in our daily life in Europe, — though less, if strikingly enough, in France than in Russia, Austria, Germany, and the Central European countries generally, — that fact is that the generation now growing up and in the schools has not the same facilities for education that were possessed by its seniors. Not merely are laboratories working with totally inadequate equipment; not merely is the cost of new books and foreign magazines practically prohibitive for the majority of European students to-day; not merely are professors and teachers so underpaid and so harassed with personal problems that they can do neither themselves nor their pupils

justice; but in far too many cases the eager young searcher after knowledge and technical training is undernourished, poorly and shabbily clothed, uncomfortably housed, and forced by financial lack of resources to do work outside his study hours that taxes his health. Getting an education under circumstances such as these becomes a feat to be accomplished only by the strongest; getting an education on terms comparable with those bequeathed to the student generations before 1914 becomes utterly impossible.

For what the war did, 'beyond a peradventure,' was to create the New Poor. In nine short years we have seen the virtual disappearance all over Europe of the comfortable middle class, from which the intellectual professions were formerly chiefly recruited. In countries outside France the financial upheaval has reduced those who had saved a little money, and who received a modest income from rents and investments, to poverty; but in France, too, the salaries and incomes of the intellectual class have not kept pace with the increase in the cost of living. For example, it might have been possible before the war to live in the Quartier Latin on 200 francs a month. It now requires practically 1000 francs a month to keep a young man at school in the capital, while the entire expense of a full course of study for a degree — quite apart from board, lodging, clothing and other living expenses — is estimated to-day at 50,000 francs. This last sum alone is a fortune for just those classes who desire most to have their sons properly trained. What is true of France applies with even greater force to other European countries.

Then there is another consideration that is too often overlooked. Before the war the professional class in Europe could anticipate, if not a life of material luxury, at least one free from carking

care; and in addition it enjoyed respect and even veneration. This was for the 'intellectuals' not an indifferent motive in building a life-career. To-day, all this is changed. So miserable is the lot of the majority of the intellectual class that it is looked upon more as an object of charity than of admiration. Think of the pitiful and scandalous standard of values implied in the suggestion, advanced in all seriousness, that professional boxing matches should be promoted in order to provide funds for the colleges. The proletariat — the factory worker and the peasant — has somehow managed to keep up its standard of living by constant increases in wages or in prices for its product. The profiteer and the industrialist have been amply able to look after themselves. It is the middle classes that have had to endure the worst consequences of Europe's post-war disorganization. Is it any wonder if the younger generation of that class no longer wishes to follow its elders to the same life of privation without honor? Is it anything to be astonished at, if the young men of to-day in Europe are hardly thinking of the professions or the learned pursuits? If, rather, they look forward to a life that holds out a promise of big financial returns in a world where only money talks?

The utmost significance is to be attached to such newspaper reports as one I have before me, which comes from Geneva, and which I reproduce without alteration: 'The International Commission for Intellectual Coöperation, instituted by the Assembly of the League of Nations, has just met under the presidency of M. Henri Bergson. The Commission received several communications upon the intellectual situation in the world. The reports showed that intellectual culture is more or less abandoned. M. Luchaire, who was charged with the direction of the

inquiry in the Latin countries of Europe, reported upon the crisis in pure science, and he signaled a disquieting diminution of the love of disinterested work.'

Thus, though we may speak about 'demoralization' after the war, and comment sadly on the laxity of moral standards, the assertiveness of newly acquired luxury, the glitter, and the false gayety, it is not so much the older generation that is taking part in this dance of disillusion which distresses us: we reserve our fears for the younger generation, to whom hectic pleasure-seeking and frank selfishness have become the criteria by which life's values are judged. The things that were honored in 1913 are no longer honored to-day — and no one has been quicker to appreciate this fact than the contemporary young man, who judges more by example than precept. Rewards go to the ruthless and the daring, not to those who embody the ancient virtues. Least of all do they go to the intellectual class. And far too often even the pretense is not maintained that the old integrity and ideals have any more validity.

Besides the actual hardships and difficulties of his own student career, if he chooses to enter the professional or intellectual life, the European young man of the middle class in this day of 1923 — for it is largely from this class and no other that the mentally trained of the Continent have immemorially sprung — has to combat the unpleasant suspicion that, even if he succeeds, the end he is seeking in the post-war world of reality is absurd. The game, he is coming more and more to feel, can hardly be worth the candle. So, more and more, he is tending to give it up.

It is this condition of affairs that I have in mind when I say that the possibility of a breakdown of the

educational system in Europe is very urgent — and that this possibility constitutes the real danger to civilization.

III

But why should this threatened breakdown of education constitute the real danger? I know many observers, well aware of the above facts, who decline to be perturbed. There are even those who ask whether it really matters that learning should be discouraged — especially when considering the ruin to which traditional learning has brought Europe to-day. Perhaps the world will be better off if there is a break in the educational system; a new and sounder point of view may be developed.

Well, I cannot share this view. I am not this type of skeptical obscurantist. While I hope that I possess none of the popular illusions about education as a panacea for every ill we encounter in the world, or as a method for somehow extracting brilliant ideas and leadership from people who have the natural capacity for neither, still I believe that nearly everything we have come to treasure in civilization is the result of generations of trained and disciplined minds carrying on, each in its own way, and with the innovations and changes necessary for its own age, the great traditions of the intellectual life.

For, after all, the peasantry in all countries to-day, as always, resemble each other in essentials. What gives distinction to a nation, what differentiates it from its neighbors, is its minority, its élite. The homely virtues of mere industry are admirable, but they are hardly sufficient even to permit a nation to survive. In the old days, a tribe or group had to develop the military arts, or it ran the danger of sudden extermination. Since the industrial revolution, a nation has needed technical leaders in science and engi-

neering, to solve the economic and trade problems of the modern world, or it ran the risk of being left behind in the great race for supremacy. Can it not truthfully be said that, just because the intellectual élite of Rome was allowed to decay, Rome itself declined? If the traditions of Aristotle and Plato had been kept up in Greece as living things rather than as glorious historic memories, would Athens have become a feeble and impoverished city?

In any event, whatever the survival value to a nation of its intellectual élite, — and I believe this value to be very high, — there can be no question that its cultural value can be measured almost completely in terms of the vigor and insight of this special class. Music, art, literature, painting, the theatre, without which the life of a nation would be of little importance whatever its accomplishments in other directions, are, after all, the contribution of a particular minority. If we who believe these things to be genuinely significant wish to see them continue, it is of immense importance that the torch of truth be taken up by each relay of humanity, and that the search for knowledge and the cult of beauty continue.

As we know, however, the continuance of this search and cult is something that cannot be broken even for a single generation without irreparable damage. The tradition of learning is one which requires many years to bring to perfection; it is our social heritage; and if it were ever completely lost, mankind would descend with dizzy speed to what may be called a sophisticated barbarism. Even the hiatus of a single generation is of extreme danger for all of us. Already I am wondering where the leadership and the technical skill necessary to pilot the ship of the Continent through the next few difficult years are coming

from — to say nothing of the leisure and intellectual energy that are prerequisite for a great art or a great literature. Initiative and ambition seem to be disappearing. Socialism in its worst sense of envy and jealousy is spreading with amazing rapidity. Life in Europe to-day has too widely become a mere material struggle for necessities. There may soon be none left to carry on the heritage of the years, to keep alive those things that have given the civilization of Europe hitherto its essential human value.

Thus I come again to the contention with which I began. It may be true that the civilization of Europe as we have known it is not worth saving. I do not raise that question, nor should I attempt to answer it. I say only that, granted that it is, the real menace to it lies primarily in the present threatened breakdown of education.

IV

I have already spoken of the difficulties of the student of to-day in Paris, pointing out that it is inevitable in the present financial situation of the middle class in France that a big proportion of the boys in the colleges should have been compelled to take up menial or unsuitable occupations. Some of the pupils at the Sorbonne play different instruments in the Paris moving-picture houses or in the night-restaurant orchestras. Investigation has shown that seventy per cent of the law students are clerks, advertising agents, commercial travelers, even night porters at *Les Halles*. It is rapidly becoming the rule and not the exception to have to earn a living during the period of studies. One can hardly pretend that the ordinary student of to-day can devote sufficient attention to his cultural formation.

In Paris, too, — Paris, the centre of

civilization since Abélard taught, — the equipment of the schools is becoming obsolete. At the Muséum some of the microscopes are *thirty years old*, and there are not sufficient funds at the disposal of the educational authorities to permit them to buy new ones. Americans, American women above all, must be aware of what their generosity meant to Madame Curie, and how without that splendidly spontaneous help she never would have been able to continue her higher researches into the therapeutic values of radium. Every day the newspapers of Paris contain suggestions of new methods of raising funds for the 'laboratories of France,' sometimes by 'tag days' (an innovation in France, but a long-familiar method in the United States, though I doubt if it has ever been used there to raise money for colleges), sometimes by *fêtes de nuit*, sometimes by special vaudeville and circus performances. The salary on which a French instructor supports himself and his family every month would not equal the pay of a New York bricklayer for five days.

Discouraging as all this is, nevertheless the status of education is excellent in France — as compared with other European countries hit by the war. The plight of the intellectual classes in Russia, of course, is now familiar to all the world. But it is almost as bad in other countries. Some time ago a friend of mine from Oxford visited Vienna. On his return he told me that he had met young students who for months had lived on nothing better than beetroot and similar comestibles. Recently a circular was issued by English bishops, in which it was stated that some of the students and their teachers in Central Europe were quite literally starving. I hardly believe that the physical misery, with its attendant psychological despair, of the student

and professorial classes in Europe needs to be reiterated. The great amount that America has done to alleviate this misery, though it has not compensated for the basic economic dilemma of the intellectual class of the Continent, has shown that the facts are appreciated in the United States.

One other fact should not be forgotten: it is rapidly becoming impossible for ideas to circulate freely among nations. Because of the fall of the currencies of different countries and the wild vagaries of the daily exchange, students in Europe consider themselves lucky if they have enough to buy books and magazines in their own language. Even libraries and universities cannot afford to keep up their subscriptions to foreign technical magazines; and the purchase of general magazines — like the *Atlantic* itself, for instance — is now a luxury indulged in only by the very few. In France, where the currency is relatively very strong, a book published in America at five dollars (and the conscientious student would like to buy three or four such volumes a year) costs ninety francs to-day, as compared with similar books written in French costing seven or eight francs. Students in Central Europe are dependent almost entirely on the goodwill and thoughtfulness of their confrères in England and the United States, to send them used copies of books and magazines, if they are to have any notion of the intellectual winds of doctrine in English-speaking countries. German and Austrian students cannot spare the money to buy even the much cheaper French books.

This locking-up, so to speak, of the younger generation in Europe within the confines of its own language, this inevitable intensification of the nationalistic spirit, at the very time when the Continent is torn by far too many nationalistic passions and jealousies,

is particularly unfortunate. The things of the spirit and of the mind know — or should know — no frontier; and it is precisely during the generous years of youth, during the normal period of a young man's school and college work, that he is most susceptible to the influences which make for understanding of, and sympathy toward, foreign countries. It goes without saying that Europe needs this international attitude more to-day than almost ever before. It needs more idealistic and tolerant young men with visions that look beyond the confines of their own particular country; there are a sufficient number of organizations like the *camelots du roi* in France, or the superpatriotic Fascist cliques in Germany, with their ill-disguised invitations to the youngsters to become applauded hoodlums.

Yet, at just this time in European history, when as never before improved communication facilities have brought peoples nearer together in a physical sense, when the invisible wireless-telephone waves can travel from Copenhagen to Milan, and when, above all, the countries of the Continent need some spiritual nexus to bind them together in a communality of interests — at just this time the economic structure is so smashed that those who would be the most valuable helpers in this vital task, the students and the intellectuals, are more isolated from each other than at almost any time during the last three or four decades. Europe demands internationalism to-day, if it is to be saved. Education has always been the greatest force making for it, and young students have always been its warmest protagonists. But education is breaking down, students cannot communicate with each other. Intolerant and rasping nationalism — with little opportunity to break the spell of its social

pressure — is what the young man is, unless strenuous efforts are made, likely to encounter in his environment to-day.

V

If I left my analysis of the education situation in Europe at this point, I might well join the prophets of despair of whom I spoke at the beginning of my article. But there seems to be in human nature some deep, self-preservative instinct which, when all the indications that a superficial observer can note combine to a pessimistic conclusion, somehow asserts itself with a vigor and directness that refute every prediction of calamity. So it is in Europe to-day. I shall not lay stress on the obvious fact that adversity is a gymnasium of bracing virtues, and that the young men who are persisting in their work and resisting contemporary temptations are being moulded into fine characters. I prefer to point to more positive and hopeful signs.

To begin with material things first — there is always, to put it quite frankly, America, which has never yet, so far as I know, failed to respond to an appeal that touched its moral conscience. The amount of private and semi-private benefactions that have come to the Continent from the United States, solely for the purpose of helping European students and professors through their daily living problems, is already astonishingly high. But other nations — and particularly the students in those nations — have heard the call of their unfortunate contemporaries over here. The students in happier circumstances last year united to send support to the students of Europe, and solely among themselves raised the considerable sum of almost three quarters of a million dollars, all of which went in a practical way toward helping some 70,000 European students

of eleven different nationalities. This year a similar campaign is under way, and the universities of North America are assisting in it. Your European Student-Relief Fund is, I believe, working efficiently.

Furthermore, the students of Europe themselves are not content to be the mere passive object of charity from America and foreign nations. They are trying to help themselves. They have organized coöperative student purchasing bureaus, where clothes and supplies can be bought at the lowest possible price. They run student restaurants, student shoeshops and tailor-shops, student printing presses and student laundries. Most important of all, perhaps, they now direct big employment agencies for their own members, where the most useful and profitable work, that at the same time conflicts least with their intellectual duties, is found for hundreds of young men. In a word, they are developing qualities of self-reliance and leadership under the pressure of necessity. Not always do they succeed in coping with the difficulties, chiefly not of their own raising; but they are making an intelligent effort, and with sufficient encouragement may yet actually come through. At all events, they are not supinely giving way to despair.

Even Governments, preoccupied as they are with their political and economic problems, are beginning to give heed to the educational needs of the rising generations. In the new Baltic states, for example, observers agree upon the remarkable keenness shown by all classes of the population on the subject of education. Czechoslovakia allocates a considerable part of her income to the same purpose. In almost all countries in Europe to-day is growing the conviction, gained from sad experience, that the problems of reconstruction will be solved less by

armies and diplomatists than by trained technical and scientific experts.

In France itself, one of the most hopeful signs of the Government's growing awareness of the urgency of the situation is the institution of the new 'loans of honor,' which the experience of other countries — that of the United States above all — has shown to be practicable and not a waste of resources. Scholarships for the *lycées* and *collèges* are given fairly freely in France; but after the age of eighteen the student has hitherto been left pretty much to his own resources. But after a hard political struggle in the Chamber of Deputies the *prêt d'honneur* has at last been voted, the money advanced to be paid back, without interest, within ten years after the beneficiary receives his diploma. The loans are to individuals and not for the purpose of subsidizing any particular institution, and it is emphasized that the relations of the State and the Church are in no way changed, and that the fundamental secular laws of the country remain untouched. Morally, the loan has a good effect on the student himself, since it teaches him that a service must never be lost, and that what society has given must be returned. Financially, the capital advanced does not disappear for good, but is retrievable. In both respects this is better than the scholarship system, for there the money is given outright: it is gone for good, and the student is under no obligation whatsoever. The State has begun with the comparatively small sum of 2,000,000 francs; but there is little doubt that this will be added to in the future by private contributions to the fund.

VI

To turn from these more practical considerations to the spiritual forces

at work in Europe that give ground for hope, is to come at once upon manifestations of fine and high ideals. France, her detractors repeat too stridently to-day, is hopelessly and inordinately Chauvinistic. But there is already under way a project for the building of a great *Cité Universitaire* on the outskirts of Paris, where students of all nationalities can come and pursue their intellectual labor on terms of equality with other students. Certainly this is an extremely strange way of encouraging the Chauvinistic spirit. And the erection of a Moslem Mosque — the only one in Western Europe — within the city hardly indicates that France is the prey of narrow religious intolerance.

Yet it is the attitude of the students themselves that gives the strongest ground for encouragement. At a recent conference in the town of Turoff, in Czechoslovakia, eighty-three students, representing thirty different nationalities, met together to consider how they might help each other and promote the cause of European peace. The significance of this passage in one of the students' reports on future relief work should thrill anyone truly interested in the cause of international amity: 'Instead of giving and receiving countries there should be, in future, a coöperative work of all student bodies, grounded in the thought of the solidarity of students in all countries, as an omen of the road which the peoples of the world should tread.'

This passage was signed and approved by members of a conference which included a dynamite mixture of racial, religious, and political hatreds that would have destroyed in one hour any meeting dominated by lesser ideals.

For me, then, the most satisfactory thing is the growing recognition of the fact that education is international. In the *Christian Science Monitor* of a

recent date I observe that the foremost educators of sixty nations met at what is called the first World Conference on Education, in San Francisco, and formed a World Federation of Educational Associations, with the preamble to its constitution beginning: 'Whereas educational aims are universal —' and having for its object 'to secure international coöperation in educational enterprises and to cultivate international good-will.' During the Conference Dr. William B. Owens, President of the United States National Education Association, declared: 'Education is international. Geography, mathematics, the sciences, and other subjects, recognize no boundaries of peoples and nations.' It was resolved to set aside May 18 of every year as International Good-Will Day. I do not know how far such a day will be observed, but it would be excellent and full of promise if, indeed, on one day out of every 365 we could induce all men and women in all lands to think of the various members of the great human family with a kindly desire for coöperation and with a determination to work for the advancement of the world.

It is through the channels of education that there may be set coursing around the globe the beneficent idea of world-citizenship. Neither history nor economics is national. Arithmetic is not the prerogative of any country. Political science, like chemistry, is universal in its application. The mysteries of natural laws must be elucidated for everybody. If knowledge can make

life in the material sense less onerous in one place, it must make life less onerous in another place. We must learn to think of ourselves as all pupils in the same great school. Dr. P. W. Kuo, the head of the Chinese delegation well said: 'One of the functions of the university is to search for truth, and the truth is everywhere and at all times, and is not limited by racial and national boundaries. The very word university suggests universality of ideas, of interests, and of sympathies.' So that there must be no writing in a despairing way. Back I go to the poem of Swinburne and I repeat:—

From days laid waste across disastrous years,
From hopes cut down across a world of fears,
We gaze with eyes too passionate for tears,
Where faith abides, though hope be put to flight.

Though France were given for prey to bird and beast,
Though Rome were rent in twain of king and priest,
The soul of man, the soul is safe, at least,
That gives death life and dead men hands to smite.

And I think too of the old Breton legend of the isle of Ys, which is submerged by the sea. On clear and calm days — so the legend as recalled by Renan runs — one can look down and see through the waters the towers still standing and hear the bells chiming the hymn of day. We too, in Europe, looking down through these difficulties, can see the splendid steeples, and can hear the ascending hymn of courage and of hope.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CHESS AND FOLKS

I ACKNOWLEDGE a personal debt of gratitude to the old Quaker lady who remarked that 'folks is folks.' She meant, I take it, not only that human nature as a whole is much the same the world over, but that our several human natures are capable of classification among a number of broad, and more or less well-defined, subdivisions. If I get her meaning rightly, then my own scanty experience and limited observation — which do not for a moment compare with her superb cosmopolitanism — repeatedly corroborate the profound wisdom of her remark. Folks *is* folks. And folks fall into classes as inevitably as coal falls into its various pockets. This I say, despite the fact that I am a thick-and-thin, bitter-end, stand-pat individualist, with a magnificent scorn for all the precisianism and mechanism of modern psychology.

Speaking of psychology, in its earlier and safer days psychology took note of at least three great classes or subdivisions of human nature. They were called, I believe, temperaments, and they were the sanguine, the bilious, and the phlegmatic. It was an unfortunate terminology. It suggested bloodthirstiness, jaundice, and a bad cold. Perhaps the terminology was unable to live down these unfortunate suggestions, and therefore quietly died. At all events, it has vanished — which is just as well, for it was quite inadequate.

There are a great many more than three subdivisions of human nature: nearer three score. Chemistry has its seventy-odd elements, all equipped with their affinities or antipathies for

each other, and from a careful manipulation of these we get our various chemical compounds. Why should we not say that humanity has its seventy-odd elements, or prismatic colors if you prefer, from a blending of which we get that wonderfully intricate and fascinating thing called 'folks'?

That these subdivisions are world-wide and persistent is amply proved, to my mind, by the royal game of chess. My encyclopædia tells me that chess is an exceedingly ancient game, whose origins are uncertain, and that it may have been devised or invented by the Persians. Wherever and whenever it was originated, I insist upon believing that it was the work of some primitive psychologist, some shrewd, whimsical observer of mankind, who thought to beguile a leisure day by caricaturing a few of the typical human characteristics in a set of ivory images, and then out of their relations and interactions fabricating a game that should be indeed a royal game, fit for the diversion of caliphs and grand viziers.

For example, take the first piece that comes to hand, a pawn. I think I love him best, too. What does the pawn typify in human nature? What, but the great class of ordinary human duffers! He cannot do anything very well. His powers are exceedingly limited. He is exposed to danger from every side. Nobody cares when he is down and out. But he has his good points. He begins well, even if he does have to slow down. He plods straight ahead, one step at a time. He usually starts the ball rolling, and never goes backward, and never knows when he is beaten. Have a little care how you ap-

proach him, for with a sudden side thrust he will get you if you are within reach, be you proud prelate or haughty knight. And then, 'once in a while, he can finish in style,' when through the contemptuous carelessness of his superiors he quietly slips into the king row and assumes regal powers.

Here is the king. I am in doubt whether he typifies the moneyed proletarian or the timid politician. At all events, his function is to be protected, to profit by the labor of others. He is your true conservative. What he likes best is to get things in just the right position, and then keep them so. He hates to move, and when he does, it is only a step at a time, in any direction that is open, and only to avoid danger. He is timid and feeble and apprehensive. Yes indeed, I know a lot of kings.

Next to a pawn, I love a castle. He stands for the honest and forthright class. He is direct and powerful. He works straight up and down, straight right and left. His paths do not deviate. His angles are all square. He has a long arm, and is a power in the land.

But it is hard to love a bishop (I mean a *chess* bishop). He is just the antithesis of the castle: indirect, oblique, diagonal. He never comes at you squarely, but always on the slant. Just when you are about to perfect your position and win the game—Look out! there is a crafty, watchful figure lurking in the corner, ready to pounce sideways upon you, and bring you to ruin. I wonder why they called him a bishop.

We all know the class of people typified by the knight. They make an imposing appearance, and give promise of great ability. Show them the objective, and they will dash boldly at it, with a warning 'Have at you!' But at the last moment they sidestep. You cannot say whether they will dodge to the right or to the left, but you are perfectly

certain that so long as you stay directly in their path you are safe. Perhaps they are infirm of purpose. Perhaps second thought reminds them in the nick of time that discretion is the better part of valor. But they never carry a line of action straight out. Like the poor marksman, the one thing they never hit is the thing they aim at. It is easy to lose your temper over them, but at least they enliven the monotony of life. They introduce into every occasion the element of surprise.

'Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen!' Resourceful, powerful, without scruple or limit, regardless of all save her own regal will, headstrong, ruthless, proud, and domineering, committed by the exigencies of the game to the service and protection of her lord, and yet filled with patent contempt for the very thing she serves and protects, resenting the fate that obliges her to serve another when, by reason of her supreme ability, she feels herself qualified to command all—such is this queen. Without her, the game becomes a dull and perfunctory endeavor to postpone defeat. But so long as she is present hope never dies, and the game never loses its note of haughty defiance and aggressiveness. Yet, thank goodness, the class of people whom she represents is small. Without that class life would be stale and insipid; but with too many of them it would be unendurable.

I never see a chessboard with its pieces arranged, without seeing back of it, in dim fanciful outline, the various classes of people which its ivory pieces represent, with their various characteristics and self-consistencies. And I never watch the game played without telling myself that here in miniature is an epitome of the great game of human interactions and relationships.

It becomes inevitable to push the analogy one step farther. If only one could play the game of human life with

something of the same knowledge as to the nature of the pieces employed, and with something of the same prevision as to their powers and limitations and the way they are bound to move, what an inordinate amount of disappointment and bad temper it would save. Most of the passionate reproach we feel toward our fellow men for their failure to do what we expect would much more justly be turned against ourselves. We are usually at fault in expecting them to do things they are not designed to do, in asking them to move in ways foreign to their nature. This might be avoided if we would take the trouble to get acquainted with human nature in its various types and groups, and to master the law of their characteristic moves. The player does not call his knight a fool because it cannot move like a bishop. He calls himself a fool for expecting such a thing. Similarly we have no ground for complaint if a man in the pawn class fails to act like a man in the queen class. How can he? He does not move that way. Our criticism might much better be reserved for ourselves. We have not studied the pieces. We have not learned their moves.

Of course the game of life employs a far greater number of pieces than can be accommodated upon a chessboard. We shall have to make room for many more participants. Here John Bunyan can help us tremendously. We can borrow at once his Mr. Talkative, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, Judge Legality, Neighbors Obstinate and Pliable, old Mr. Despondency, and his daughter Mistress Much-afraid. And, drawing upon our own experience, we may add many others — a piece in the form of an ostrich, who knows it all; another fashioned after the similitude of a goat, who is forever butting in; another armed with a hammer, the inveterate critic; still another running and breath-

less, always late. There are many more — some lovable, some not, but all interesting.

The great game loses none of its charm from these additions. It becomes more fascinating because more intricate. But no matter how numerous the pieces, the rules of the game remain unchanged. Study your pieces; learn their moves; then adjust yourself to them in such situations that the moves you expect them to make will be the moves which pieces of that nature are doomed to make — and there you are.

The Irishman who got his pigs to Dublin by heading them toward Cork had in him the makings of a chess-player. If he possessed a knowledge of human nature comparable to his knowledge of pig nature, I venture to assert that he lived a quiet, contented, dispassionate, and profitable life. For if it is true that pigs is pigs, it is equally true that folks is folks.

LEFTOVERS IN LIVING

PROBABLY the only man who never made a practice of keeping things year after year, which might or might not come in handy some time, was Robinson Crusoe. And he does n't deserve the credit for this seeming hardihood of character: fate really was the factor which decided for Robinson that he should give up every bauble and trinket. Noah had two of everything, — really piggish of him, in a sense, — and between these two poles are to be found all of us.

How many times have we stood before some bit of furniture, picture, or what not, and had to decide whether we should keep it or not. Perhaps we were moving into a smaller dwelling, and found that a dear davenport would make living in the future one tortuous twisting. So we stand looking at it —

wondering. Then memory begins to play us strange tricks. How many fine old friends have sat upon it, how many pleasant chats were held within its hearing. We get sentimental about it, swear that never, never shall we part with it — and send it away to a storage warehouse.

Letters are terrible things to cast one into interminable quandaries. There are those charming long ones we get from Aunt Mary, who lives in the country and who knows how to tell of all the little happenings so vividly and interestingly. Every time we get one we read it over once, chuckle at half a dozen good things, and promptly save it. After carrying it around in a coat pocket, we put it in a corner of the desk, with others of its kind which some day will be taken out and read again.

Of course, the day never comes; we are so infernally busy, and the old letters wait in their pigeonhole — aging and growing yellow. But another day does come when we have to decide whether to keep the million or so letters we have on hand, or move into a more commodious place. Then there is nothing to do but burn them and stay where we are, or keep them and change our address.

I once knew a man who had saved every letter he had ever received. His correspondence, eliminating the advertisement end of it, might not have impressed one as voluminous. His relatives wrote him every Christmas and on his birthdays, and on other gala occasions. Yet even these birthday and Christmas letters, when collected and saved year after year — well, the accumulation was absolutely staggering. But he was no mean saver, this man. He kept the advertisements as well. If you ask him why he keeps them, he just nods his head wisely, as if he had some secret information along the line of amassed correspondence, and says,

‘Well, I might need them some day.’

Medicines are almost as bad as letters. Nobody can bear to throw away any medicine; at least, I have never heard of anybody who has done it. Even special prescriptions for special ailments, which will never come again, are kept. Pills might come from the South African diamond mines for all the care people bestow on them, hoarding them year after year. On all these little round boxes is a message. ‘Take one before meals,’ it says. That is all. We have n’t the least idea what it is for, unless we have thought to write more descriptively on it somewhere ourselves. All we know is that, if the enclosed pills are taken, one before meals, something may be cured. So we keep the little boxes in the medicine cabinet as time rolls on.

We even have arguments about them regarding their true nature. We come down with a slight cold and decide we ought to take something. Into the medicine cabinet we plunge and pore over all the bottles and pill-boxes. As we remember, the special box we are looking for, which we had during our last cold the preceding February, was a black one, and the pills were a sickly white in color and must be taken one every three hours. But no, somebody in the house says those are not for colds, but were for the dog when he had the colic. They get us another box, which looks just like it on the outside but which contains some surprising-looking pills of a violent red shade. We are about to take one when another member of the family comes up and asks us, — rather hurt he is, too, — why we are taking his pills for rheumatism.

After this there is only one thing to do. Get another box from the druggist for your cold — a box which you will file away with its companions in the medicine chest. We mark it with a cross, so that we shall know later on

that it is for colds — but by the time we get another cold we shall have forgotten what the mark meant and have to begin all over again.

Many people simply cannot bear to throw away clothes. So far as we know the cycles in clothing never whirl around again and hit us in precisely the same way. Why a man should want to hoard all the old trousers and hats he has ever worn is a mystery. A more unsentimental thing than either a pair of trousers, even of passionate hue, or a derby hat, would be hard to discover. Yet many men have scores of such articles.

Women especially have an uncontrollable mania for keeping things hoarded in trunks and dark cardboard boxes. We stand back in silent reverence for anybody who has a real sentiment over an old wedding-dress, or something of that nature. That can be understood, appreciated. But any woman who could have a true and tender sentiment about *all* the things she had in her attic would be — well, much too sentimental.

And we know it is n't sentiment because we 've listened. They delve into one of their unfathomable cardboard boxes and fish out an emerald green ostrich feather of tremendous size. They hold it up to the light, run it through their fingers, then apparently go into a sort of trance. 'Now *what* could I use that for? Of course it could n't be dyed anything but black, and black is n't being worn. I wonder if — But no, it is entirely too garish as it is. Still, one does see them — Now, perhaps with white satin and a little ornament — Hum — ' That is n't sentiment.

It would seem as if the attics and cellars must have reached the bulging point of saturation by this time, could hold no more; but the automobile has made its demands on the dark niches as

it has made other demands. We started in years ago with a small car when quaintness ruled the fashion in cars. We eventually wore it out — or it wore us out — and we had to part with it.

There were many precious things on that car, special contrivances which we had bought or, perhaps, had had made, and there seemed no good reason why these should be thrown in with the departing machine. We would keep them and perhaps use them on a future car. So we gathered all the extra spark-plugs, inner tubes, shoes, special wrenches, and miscellany, which were not actually a necessary part of that car. Purists in conscience would call it stripping a car, but that is really splitting a hair. They had not come with the car when we purchased it so why should they go away with it? These things were carefully cleaned and filed away in some safe place. Then we bought another car.

This one was of a totally different kind in size and character. The spark-plug thread was metric gauge instead of the other possible one — sure to be. The tires were much larger in circumference and diameter, and therefore our salvaged treasures of rubber were of no value. The special wrenches could be used nowhere on this new car unless as hammers; and we had two hammers, so these were not needed. In fact, not a blessed item of the first car would fit anything on the second one.

It was disappointing, and we felt quite cast down about it for a time. But then a bright thought struck us: this was by no means the end of cars; in another year we might have still a different car, and *some* of these things would *have* to fit; it would be beyond the limits of reason to believe that two cars would be foreign in every part to our savings. So we kept right on saving them. Not only that, but the second car accumulated some leftovers,

and when that was sold we had two separate sets of accessories. We could now reasonably aspire to cope with anything in the automotive line and put our spare parts to good use.

This third car was what is called a special one. That is, the factories build them according to their own designs and, with evil cunning, put in threads and dimensions that nothing can fit save their own brand. Bolts were purposely inserted everywhere of a thread not recognized by the people who make bolts. Consequently, when we needed a new bolt we had to send to the special factory and get its special bolt — and pay a special price for it.

We had two sets of spare accessories now — and a third car. Nothing salvaged from the first two cars would fit anything on the special third car. It had been a waste of time and energy to save them apparently. But we held on grimly; sometime we would get a car that would take some of these things and be glad to get them. It even occurred to us that it would be a splendid idea to buy a fourth car some day — with all our present store of parts in mind.

But somehow or other we never do get a car that will utilize these leftovers. One year, tires of enormous circumference and slender diameter are the thing. Then the next season the tire-makers go quite mad over things that look like big rubber doughnuts, hardly any hole and mostly tire. When they don't do something of this sort, they start fooling with the rims and put a brand-new bead on, to confuse everybody.

Other things go out of style. We saved some beautiful leather straps with polished brass buckles from our first car. These held the wind-shield taut; at least that is what they were made for. Black leather and shining brass! We folded these in flannel and

waited for a chance to use them. No car since then has had a place for them. They simply are n't used — that 's all.

One thing I have kept to the last; perhaps I should have mentioned it first, because it is a mystery, and mystery makes for suspense, and suspense will make any paper simply irresistible. This last thing is the collection of articles, or parts of articles, which gave the word 'miscellaneous' its name. You will find this collection in a drawer somewhere in the house. It has been years in the collecting. No human being has ever found a use for more than half of one per cent of the things in it. He never will. They are things too valuable to throw away — and of no use whatever to retain.

Bits of old wire, a flat-iron handle with a piece gone from one corner; a part of an imposing gas-light fixture; a once gorgeous pipe-case which held a quaintly designed carved pipe, now broken; one end of a curtain rod; two padlocks, the keys of which are missing; a bit of what is supposed to be part of the good ship Cristobal Colon which came to an untimely end in the Spanish-American War; a souvenir showing how much art a penman could put on a bit of birch bark and dating back to the World's Fair at Chicago; a china mug, on which in Old English is the sentimental phrase 'To A Friend'; an eraser got up to resemble a bullet. To go on enumerating the articles in this collection would be a cataloguer's job. It is a staggering lot. Why such things are saved, nobody knows.

Once in perhaps a lifetime, a collector of this sort of thing finds a use for one of the items. A worst twist of fate could hardly happen. It is just that little coincidence that makes people go on hoarding up unintrinsic treasures. They remember it.

We speak of a saving grace, but there is also a saving nuisance.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD FORGETTERY

'How does it happen, doctor, that I can't remember as well as I used to? I carefully put things away, and then I have absolutely no idea where to look for them. As for names, I am hopeless. My memory goes back on me in so many ways, it worries me all the time. Ought I take a memory course or a vacation, or do you think there may be something *really* the matter? I have been looking up my ancestors and find one or two cases of insanity not so very many generations back. You might just as well tell me the worst.'

Thus many a conscientious patient, past middle age but still vigorous and hard-working, will consult a brain specialist, and for no weightier symptom than increasing forgetfulness. And the fatherly physician — for they all are fatherly when encountered in their native lair, the office — will gradually evolve from his worried patient how much work he is swinging, how many houses he is running, how many family cares are always on his mind.

'Now let's look the situation over critically,' the doctor continues. 'You are over fifty years old. Can you climb mountains with your old-time agility? Do you still, when playing tennis, prefer singles, or are you satisfied with doubles? Do you eat as much as you used to thirty years ago? The answer is no. Then while you have eased up on your legs and heart and stomach, you are putting more and more on your mind. And because your mind baulks, you make matters worse by introducing the confusing element of worry. You admit you still have the power of reason and the power of concentration, both qualities requiring high intelligence for which memory serves as a tool. And you admit that

your memory holds the important facts in readiness for you; so your only complaint seems to be that your mind can't remember all you would ask of it. Why try to remember so much? Try not to. My prescription for aging patients suffering from your malady is this notebook,' concludes the doctor with more than a suspicion of a twinkle in his eye. 'Here is a drawer full of notebooks and extra leaves, all at your disposal. My one request is that you come to me for refills and the sooner the better.'

The patient departs. A great weight is lifted from his shoulders, while he looks forward to the carrying-out of the doctor's advice as simplicity itself. But he has no conception of the difficulties in changing the habits of a lifetime. His conscientious, overworked, scolded mind was so accustomed to hanging on to every item that came within its grasp that it had no conscious outlet, no method of scrapping the daily riffraff of facts that percolated in through the eyes and ears. Even bridge, which he dearly loved and often applied as an antidote for the cares of the day, pursued him in the small hours of the morning. Every card of that important hand where he might have made a grand slam would mockingly pass before his eyes. Not a memory course but a forgetting system was what he needed. A dinner appointment popped in and out of his mind every half hour; and as for a lecture engagement, he might as well not attempt any serious work the day that nightmare was hanging over him.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens, a mere sculptor, who made no pretense to the slightest business ability, knew enough to make the postman take the part of a daily reminder. Saint-Gaudens would write his appointments on postcards and arrange with his wife to mail them to his studio at appropriate

dates. This may have been a little hard on the wife, but it shows that he realized that it was absolutely impossible to put his best energy into his work and keep track of outside details at the same time.

It was not only engagements which constantly unsettled our friend's mind, and the general press of business, but also making a final decision. If a purchase were to be made, — a new stove perhaps, — he would find himself mulling over the comparative advantages of coal, electricity, and gas long after the new stove had been set up. To expect to obtain the best results of concentrated effort where self-criticism was constantly interrupting the train of thought, was like expecting a school-boy to solve a problem in geometry while he was wondering whether or not he would have a chance to play in the football match that afternoon.

Observing himself from the new point of view of trying to forget, our friend was dismayed at the uselessness of the items which stuck in his mind. How often he had laughed at his hopelessly inaccurate wife, who never remembered any figures! But this superior attitude gradually passed through a period of questioning tolerance and ended in admiration. If *he* could only forget as easily! The household cares never seemed a burden to her, though without any visible worrying she forced the expenses within the allotted budget even in the lean

months. A good sense of proportion more than balanced her vagueness.

Of course, there were always some facts which our friend needed to hold in his mind. As an aid to his memory he found the well-known method of forming an association or mental picture a great help, as was also the old-time custom of repetition. Conversely, facts necessary for reference but not to be memorized were jotted down in a 'memory jogger' with the greatest speed, 'lest he remember.' With but little practice he was soon able to whip out his notebook and pencil with such agility that these reference items were successfully prevented from forcing an entrance into his memory department. This closing of the memory department by conscious effort was the first decided step toward recovery. Soon the problem resolved itself into consulting the notebook often and filing away the items of permanent value where they could be brought to light when needed.

The improvement of the patient was astonishing. The dull aching in the back of the head occurred less and less often and the suspicious attitude toward his perfectly good mind was a thing of the past. When with a smiling countenance he called at the doctor's office to ask for a notebook refill, no embarrassing questions were asked. The doctor merely congratulated the patient on his new acquisition of a first-class forgettery.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Brigadier-General P. R. C. Groves was Director of Flying Operations at the Air Ministry of Great Britain in 1918, after two years' service as Chief-of-Staff to the Royal Flying Corps, Middle East, an organization which embraced four theatres of war. In January 1919 he was appointed British Air Representative at the Peace Conference, was later British Air Adviser to the Supreme Council and the Council of Ambassadors, and at the same time to the Council of the League of Nations. Until his recent retirement he was for three years the British Air Representative on the Interallied Military Committee of Versailles, which, under the presidency of Marshal Foch, has been primarily responsible for ensuring the execution of the disarmament clauses of the Peace treaties.

* * *

Langdon Mitchell, son of S. Weir Mitchell, physician, poet, and novelist, inherits his father's genius for diagnosis. A member of the New York bar, he has for many years been an author and playwright. Theatre-goers will recall especially 'Becky Sharp' and 'The New York Idea.' **George Madden Martin** is known to every American school-girl as the author of *Emmy Lou*. Her more recent volumes are *A Warwickshire Lad*, *Children of the Mist*, and *March On*.

* * *

James H. Ryan is a professor of philosophy at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. **Parkhurst Whitney**, who writes for us a story of the workings of a small boy's mind, is a new *Atlantic* contributor. **Elizabeth C. Adams** in her sensible postscript to our discussion of marriage and divorce makes her first contribution to the *Atlantic*. **H. R. Dilling**, who translates for this issue the diary of the Arctic explorer Thorleif Mogleby, frozen to death near Kobbé Bay, in the winter of 1922, is a Norwegian journalist who, for the past seven years, has made his home in

America. **George Villiers**, a new English poet, will be remembered by *Atlantic* readers for his 'Coming Down to Dinner,' (March), and 'Blessed Are the Moments,' 'Values,' and 'Prayers' (April).

* * *

Such a freshet of autobiographical writing has risen from the presses in late years that it is time someone discussed the whole matter of intimate writing and especially the peculiar happiness which comes both to its writers and readers. **Agnes Repplier** makes this the theme of one of her wisest and pleasantest papers. All that we are permitted to say of **M. E. B.** appears in the editor's note at the head of the article. His dream experience is genuine. **George Soule**, for many years a student of social and economic problems, is a director of the National Bureau of Economic Research, and since its foundation in 1920 a director of the Labor Bureau, Inc., which renders professional services to unions in economics, accounting, and engineering. He defends unionism in the important discussion inaugurated by **F. Lauriston Bullard**.

* * *

One of the many reasons why readers like **Margaret Prescott Montague** is that old friends are to be met with in most of her stories. **Tony Beaver** appears in 'Up Eel River' (May *Atlantic*) and also in 'The To-day To-morrow' (August). Readers of **Robert Frost's** last volume of poems will be interested in another version of **Miss Montague's** theme. **Miss Montague's** new novel, *Deep Channel*, was published last fall by the *Atlantic Monthly Press*. **Dr. Jacks** is editor of the *Hibbert Journal* and Principal of *Manchester College, Oxford*. **Florence J. Clark** has been a worker at the *Henry Street Settlement, New York City*, for twelve years. **Joseph Auslander** is a teacher of English at *Harvard University*. A book of his poems will be published in the spring by *Harpers*.

With England expecting to starve unless Germany be allowed to recover and furnish her a market, with France pointing to 1870 and 1914 as her justification for the Ruhr, with Germany slipping toward chaos and intimating that unless she be granted life she will drag all Europe with her, a sense of bewilderment comes over the American mind. Some of us are partisan, but most of us, like W. O. Mendenhall, are simply asking, 'Who Is Right?' Formerly a professor of mathematics, Dr. Mendenhall is President of Friends University, Wichita, Kansas. John Crane, son of the Honorable Charles R. Crane, former Minister to China, is secretary to President Masaryk of the Czechoslovak Republic and so writes from a particular coign of vantage. Franklin Snow is a student of railroad problems, and a writer on railroad economics. He is editor of the railroad column of the *Christian Science Monitor*. Few newspaper writers in Europe are better able to discuss the terrible question, 'Is Civilization Menaced?' than Sisley Huddleston. During the Peace Conference his dispatches for the *Westminster Gazette* won him wide recognition, and he is now Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, a position which many regard as first in the newspaper world.

* * *

Among the novelists whom Joseph Warren Beach scores for 'sawing the air' and using 'proud words' to excess, are Hugh Walpole, Sinclair Lewis, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Frank Swinnerton. Mr. Walpole in the most courteous of briefs opens the case for the defense: —

THE HAGUE, THE NETHERLANDS

November 24, 1923

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read with much pleasure the two articles by Professor Beach of Minnesota that have appeared in your numbers of October and November. Will you permit me a few words in reply? Not indeed in my own defense. I bow my head and can only say as did the small boy to his schoolmaster in Ribiera's famous story: 'Sir, mother thinks you take a prejudiced view.'

It may further interest Professor Beach to learn that I have arranged in my house a system whereby, whenever I write the word 'suddenly,' a bell rings, the household is roused and hurries to my reproach; so much good his articles have already wrought.

But I write rather in search, like Rosa Dartle, of information. Professor Beach must intend one of two things in his articles. He is either pillorying certain writers for the iniquities of their styles — but implying at the same time that they are writers of merit — or, as I sadly fear to be the case, he is insisting that these are writers of no merit at all, men who have endeavored to cover up their nakedness with extravagance and empty volubility. If he is doing the first of these there is little point in his articles. If he is speaking of writers of merit he can find tricks of style, redundances, exaggerations in the very highest examples. The monotonous 'wailing' of the characters of Henry James, the wooden stiffness of Hardy's middle-class dialogues (his peasants talk marvelously), the redundances and sentimentalities of Dickens, the false affections of Thackeray, the verbal ugliness of Walter Scott, the clumsiness of Balzac — there is no end to the criticisms that may be made.

These are great names and Professor Beach's retort would, I am sure, at once be: 'It is exactly because I hear on occasions the names of miserable popular novelists mingled with the names of these great ones that I am out to expose such wretched pretensions.'

He hints again and again, if he does not openly declare, that none of the writers named in his articles are honest writers, that they are humbogs and are themselves claiming high station because they have been financially successful.

It is this insinuation on the part of Professor Beach that I am writing to contradict. To take only three of his names, — those of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Hergesheimer, and Mr. Frank Swinnerton, — it is unfair criticism to select certain extravagant passages from their works and to imply from these quotations that their authors are impostors. The creator of *Babbitt*, the author of *Wild Oranges* and *Java Head*, the author of *Nocturne* and *Young Felix*, are not so to be described.

These men are yet young but they have already achievements to their name impossible of denial. Professor Beach would better look at his *Christmas Garland* again and ask himself whether already the names of Swinnerton and Lewis are not as worthy of inclusion as several there present. I venture to think that the pictures of middle-class London life, drawn for us by Mr. Swinnerton, will live longer in English letters than the historical romances of Mr. Hewlett, the *Babbitt* of Mr. Lewis as long as the *Forsyte* of Mr. Galsworthy.

But these comparisons are empty. I would only suggest that the selection of fragmentary quotations from authors, great or small, is too easy a game for the serious critic.

HUGH WALPOLE.

Two points in Philip Cabot's 'Adventures in Christianity' (December *Atlantic*) have brought us an interesting letter from the Reverend S. Leslie Reid: Mr. Cabot's remarks upon our neglect of Hell, and of fasting!

Mr. Cabot argues that the effect of our neglect of Hell has been to empty our churches. Again he argues that were the doctrine revived and preached upon during the coming year, the churches would have to hang up the sign, 'Standing Room only.' Is there a contradiction here? Only a slight familiarity with the history of modern thought should indicate that the passing of the doctrine of Hell has something back of it far deeper than either empty pews or full pews. In philosophy to-day monism is upon the throne; dualism is under the ban. We have one God, not two. There may be a Purgatory where men resist the light for a time; but a Hell, where an Evil God reigns and where there are men who throughout all eternity will resist the good is a conception quite out of line with what a great many now consider the best philosophy of the ages.

The question of fasting is interesting but impracticable. The old type of fasting (no longer advised) is about the only sort open to our average church-member to-day; they must go right along with their work. The type Mr. Cabot advocates would require wealth, leisure, servants in the home, and a much better state of social well-being than is afforded to our average working men and women. We need to-day, not only a personal experience of salvation, an escaped Hell, and an assured Heaven; we need, even more than that, religious folk who will harness up their emotions and their ability and their money to the work of bringing in the Kingdom of God upon this earth. The great weakness here seems to be the lack of a 'social gospel' and a theology for the same.

* * *

Here is an Anglican Catholic comment upon Mr. Cabot.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A great number of your readers, Anglican Catholics and Roman Catholics, will sympathize deeply with Mr. Cabot's interesting record, in your December number, of his religious experience in fasting and confession. They will be, however, at a loss to understand his treatment of these practices as adventures or discoveries, when they are the commonplace of Catholic life and have been for two thousand years.

All over the country there are Episcopal churches, quite apart from the Roman churches, whose congregations habitually practise auricular confession with absolution, and where fasting is practised in connection with religious devotions and on many other occasions and at many seasons.

So in regard to 'retreats': there are now, in the Episcopal Church, permanently established 'places of retreat'; and many churches, several times in the year, are converted into retreats 'where we can go,' as Mr. Cabot says, 'to fast and pray.'

The highest testimony to Mr. Cabot's appraisal of the value of fasting is the fact that in the main services in these Episcopal churches, as in all the Roman Catholic churches, fasting in connection with and preparation therefor is required not only of the priest but of all the laity actively participating therein.

Reactionary Protestantism, as it from time to time revives the discarded beliefs, devotions, and discipline of the pre-Reformation Church, demonstrates that these were indeed rooted in the Christian religion and integral parts of Christian life. There are few more valuable contributions to this conclusion than the notable record made by Mr. Cabot in the *Atlantic*.

CHARLES C. MARSHALL.

* * *

The *Atlantic* invades the East!

SINGAPORE,
October 23, 1923.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

There are not many places further from No. 8 Arlington St. than Singapore, and when the September number of the *Atlantic* arrives, on October 22, there is cause for rejoicing. Letters from home, coming by the same mail, are read in the office, but the *Atlantic*, with its wrapper intact, is put away in the drawer of my desk until the day's work is done. At long last the clock strikes four, and with the *Atlantic* in hand I step out into the sun-baked square to wake up my Malay syce. He knows the meaning of the thin brown package, and heads the old Ford straight for home. It is a bungalow seven and a half miles from town, on a hilltop overlooking the Straits of Malacca. At the back, the green jungle stretches away to a purple distance, and the road winding up through the rubber trees ends at the bungalow door.

Tea is ready on the verandah, but it must wait until I have taken off my clothes, wet with perspiration since I put them on in the morning. A few dipperfuls of cool water scooped from a Shanghai jar in the corner of the bathroom

serve as a shower bath, and for a brief moment banish all thought of heat. Then, with a sarong around my middle, I am ready for tea.

Ah Fong has been with me for only a month, but he has remembered everything: sliced fresh limes instead of condensed milk, hot buttered toast, and fat chunks of an enormous Borneo pineapple. Through the verandah rails I can see the ocean glistening in the distance. A rickety-looking pilgrim ship bound for Mecca is threading its way among the islands, and two Malay fishing-boats are beating up into a pool of ripples nearer shore. The sun is still high, so there will be light enough to read by for at least another hour. Shall I begin at the end with the advertisements of 'round the world tours,' or start in the middle with the article by Bishop Lawrence? Before I begin with either I'll move over into that long chair, placed where it will catch any possible breeze, and call for a whisky soda. After all, the *Atlantic* does n't arrive every day, and this hour won't come again for another month.

Am I the same person who, not so many years ago, thought that his mother should give up the *Atlantic* and subscribe to some magazine with pictures, or is my literary appreciation the result of two years in the sinister East?

Looking at you from another angle, I am,

Yours,
J. H. L.

* * *

Of the many curiosities which 'A Week-End with Chinese Bandits,' by Lucy Truman Aldrich, aroused, the most burning question is clearly, 'What became of those rings?'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Please tell anyone who is still interested in the subject that my rings were found. When I reached Peking, a week after the Shantung affair, Mr. Naill wrote asking me to redraw my map, more in detail. Both he and Mr. Babcock were too busy to take the long trip into the country to search for them, but Mr. Babcock sent his Chinese boy with my bandit as a guide. They found the little town and the hill above it quite easily. Then, the boy says, he searched the hill for hours, sinking at last to the ground exhausted. Idly putting his hand into the crack of a rock by which he sat, he found one ring — and then the other. Holding them up in front of him, they caught the light just as my bandit and a small boy from the village came over the top of the hill. So he had to tell them they were found.

In that way the village learned the news. As soon as it was night and everyone asleep, the

boy says he got up and stole away — in deadly fear that he would be murdered and the rings stolen. This is the boy's story and I am afraid he made it as dramatic as possible to gain face and incidentally a larger reward. Mr. Babcock sent my rings up to Peking wrapped in the little crumpled map which I wish now I had kept. The emerald is badly scratched and cracked, which makes it more interesting as a souvenir, but I am New England-y enough to regret the loss of value. No one in China had the slightest idea they could be found — which added to my joy in getting them back.

LUCY T. ALDRICH.

* * *

Ramsay Traquair has read the retort courteous by Griffis Marsden to his 'Women and Civilization' — and here is what he says: —

I find myself in agreement with almost everything in it. Any criticism I could make would be on mere matters of detail and the use of terms. One idea I should like to contradict, not of this article but of many letters which I have received. I am not a 'woman-hater.' I hope that the women will continue to exert themselves even more actively than before in all departments of life. My serious quarrel is with the men on this continent who are leaving all the things which as a man I must think important, the art, the abstract science, the literature, the higher thought, to the women (who are not nearly so good at them as they are). The women are all quite awake here, as I know, but the men are asleep in their offices and on their golf links (except a few).

* * *

Two Franco-Americans write us on the 'Ruhr' question in complete disagreement, as follows: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have read Mr. Cassel's article, and wonder if you would care to know how the matter strikes an impartial reader, all whose sentiments, indeed, were against Germany in the recent war. I was in France a year as a director of the *Foyer du soldat* with the French army from the time of the battle of Château-Thierry.

It is clear enough to us all that France's real aim is to destroy Germany and render her forever incapable of further mischief. What confuses us and prevents us from seeing our clear duty is our consciousness of the fact that, if Germany had won the war, she would have acted precisely the same toward France. But what should we have done in that case? Should we have looked idly on?

Our action during the war shows that we should not have tolerated any such treatment of France by Germany. Why then should we tolerate such a treatment of Germany by France, whose ability so to treat her is due solely to our action? For it is common knowledge that France unaided could never have conquered Germany, and could never have been in a position to do what she is now doing — holding Germany down by the throat and making impossible demands upon her, while refusing to take the suggestion of her allies and submit the matter of Reparations to an impartial tribunal.

But, someone says, what about the future, if we interfere thus? Should we not have to guarantee France against future aggression by Germany? To that the simple answer is that our action during the war is a sufficient guaranty to France that we would never stand idly by and see her dismembered and enslaved by Germany. Unless, indeed, we now continue to stand idly by and allow France to dismember and enslave Germany!

What should we do then? Plainly, instead of weakly suggesting to France the submission of the Reparations question to a judicial tribunal, firmly give France to understand that that is our will.

Having a French name and none but French ancestors on my father's side, and having done what I could to help France during the war, I shall hardly be accused of pro-German sympathies. My sympathies have never been and are not now for either France or Germany primarily, but for justice.

Professor of Romance Languages C. GUILLET
COLORADO COLLEGE.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I take advantage of the hospitality reserved in your columns to your readers, to express to you and your subscribers the astonishment which Mr. G. Cassel's article has caused me.

It is regrettable that its author did not inform himself a little, before writing. I am convinced for instance that he would not have spoken of the enormous military expenditures of France if he had known that compared to the pre-war period the French army has been reduced 25 per cent, and the length of military training cut down 50 per cent; or had he known that at the present there are in the Ruhr only the normal recruits doing their military service, like all Frenchmen of twenty-one, and that it costs hardly more to

keep them there than in French barracks. I am convinced also that he would have avoided speaking of 'the highest legal authorities in England' finding the occupation illegal, had he remembered that a few months ago the British Cabinet and those same authorities, not knowing as yet that British Commerce would be affected, declared the occupation perfectly legal.

I would suggest his reading the Versailles Treaty, of which he does not seem to have heard, and the French Answer to the English Note of August 1923. These are interesting documents! I also urge upon him, and this will perhaps be more to his taste, the reading of a German document, Max Harden's latest book, (*Germany, France, England, 1923*). He would find the following sentences, which would no doubt surprise him: 'We are lied to to-day as in war-time. To hide the shortcomings of administrations, abuse is heaped upon France, upon Poincaré.' 'After all,' Mr. Harden points out, 'what France is doing to-day does not differ materially from what Germany did after the war of 1870. (Does Mr. Cassel know that such a war has ever existed?) Germany then occupied French soil until the last centime of the indemnity of five billions of francs had been paid, and five billions were more than three times as much as Germany's entire war-costs. But what a difference between the policy of fulfillment of the French and the policy of subterfuges adopted by Germany to-day.' These are Maximilian Harden's words!

This dispenses me from any further arguments. One cannot expect sentiment from an economist: honor, country, five invasions in less than 125 years, a million and a half dead, 600,000 mutilated, all this does not exist for an economist who only thinks of the market, and has never heard of the Lusitania. One cannot ask him to be a psychologist, but one can insist on his at least knowing his figures. How does Germany pay for her enormous purchases of copper, cotton, and machinery from the United States?

One last fact ignored by Mr. G. Cassel: There has been a war between France and Germany; there has been a treaty which registers the obligations of the vanquished. On the other hand America fought by the side of France as an ally. This creates a slight difference — that Mr. Cassel does not seem to understand — which makes that France can speak to Germany, who attacked her traitorously, in a different tone than that which is employed between allies.

P. LECOMTE DU NOÛY, D.Sc.



Four out of Five are Victims

*Will Pyorrhea claim you, too?
Make Forhan's your aid*

Pyorrhea plays no favorites. Silk stocking crowds or cotton—they all look alike to this sinister disease. Records prove that it has marked for its own four out of every five over forty years of age, and thousands younger.

Heed Nature's warning—tender, bleeding gums—before it's too late. Better still, check Pyorrhea before it starts by going to your dentist regularly—and brushing your teeth twice a day with Forhan's For the Gums.

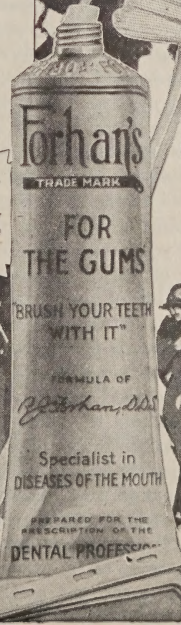
If used in time and used consistently, this refreshing dentifrice will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress—safeguard your health, preserve your teeth and keep your mouth clean, fresh and wholesome. Used and recommended by leading dentists everywhere. At all druggists—35c and 60c, in tubes.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of
R.J. Forhan DDS
Forhan Company
New York



THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

The Rover, by Joseph Conrad. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1923. 12mo. viii+371 pp. \$2.00.

It is a misfortune in some ways that it conflicts with our modern conventions to identify a writer of prose romances as a poet. But if there be anything at all in poetry, beyond metrical and musical skill, then the works of some of the major novelists should be included in the classification. And if a poem is a work of the imagination evoked by the conflict of the human heart with fate, then surely a great deal of the trash now published under the name of poetry drops out of sight automatically, and we are left with leisure to contemplate some of the things that remain. In a general survey it is clear that the poem so-called, the story in metrical and rhyme form, is not suited to the genius of the modern English tongue. Most of our poems are written in what is acceptably styled 'prose,' but they are inevitably marked by a singular subordination of the subject-matter to a conception of the world arising from the emotions and experiences of the artist. It may be a poor subject and a contemptible or threadbare philosophy. Such works are to be found in every bookstore. On the other hand it is our good fortune to have at times the grand conjunction of subject, philosophy, and artist at the right moment, and the result is a work of enduring art.

The works of some writers are cumulative. They form a chain of increasing valency like the elements in periodic tables, so that the later members of the group owe their existence and easy perfection to their forerunners. Such a book is *The Rover*. It is by no means so great an imaginative achievement as *Nostromo*, nor has it the glamour and novelty of *Heart of Darkness*. But one imagines it to be a book the author has long desired to write and over which he has pondered for years with a brooding affection. The character of Jean Peyrol, the tough old buccaneer, a Brother of the Coast, is homogeneous and complete. It is his story; and nothing, not even Lord Nelson, is permitted to interfere with the consummation of his magnificently conceived plan to defeat the English, whom he respected, and bring happiness to Arlette, for whom he felt one of those charming and beautiful affections which invade the hearts of the elderly and illiterate as well as those of youthful poets.

Arlette herself is not so successfully projected. Conrad's women never are. Even the horrible accidents of the Revolution, when the streets of Toulon ran red, or the unpleasant proximity of Scevola, the lunatic communist, are insufficient to

explain the vagueness of Arlette's character in the book. She shares with Doña Rita in *The Arrow of Gold* that elusiveness and lack of substance which occasionally invalidate that alluring lady, reality. One wishes Arlette had less blood in her body and more in her veins, so to speak.

But Peyrol is a great character, greatly conceived. He is greatest of all, at the last, afloat once more, wounded, the enemy in chase.

'He beheld in a flash the days of his manhood of strength and adventure. Suddenly an enormous voice like the roar of an angry sea-lion seemed to fill the whole of the empty sky in a mighty and commanding shout: "Steady!" . . . And with the sound of that familiar English word ringing in his ears Peyrol smiled to his visions and died.'

WILLIAM MCFEE.

Land and Sea Tales for Boys and Girls, by Rudyard Kipling. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1923. 8vo. ix+322 pp. \$1.75.

A HODGEPODGE of short stories, poems, and essays is Rudyard Kipling's new book, with at least one of each variety standing out like a crystal in pudding stone. In assembling the material, the distinguished author has reached deeply into his manuscript drawer, for side by side with work done since the close of the war stand stories written as long ago as 1893, when Kipling's name was new in English literature and the critics were still striving to invent new phrases in praise of *Plain Tales from the Hills*, *Soldiers Three*, *The Phantom Rickshaw*, and *Departmental Ditties*. It is not unlikely that two of the stories appearing in the new book — 'An Unqualified Pilot' and 'The Bold 'Prentice' — were brought back from Bombay in 1890, when their author returned to England by way of China, Japan, and America.

Some readers may be disappointed in the book as a whole, but they can scarcely be disappointed in 'The Son of His Father,' the longest of the stories. Little Adam Strickland, son of an English superintendent of police in India, by the natives called *Huzrut*, — meaning Father, — is reminiscent of the immortal Kim. Like Kim he is possessed of wisdom beyond his years, and like Kim he contrives to make things come out as he would have them.

Another story with a special interest is 'Stalky,' which, although it happens to be the first of the tales that Kipling wrote about those famous schoolboys, Stalky, McTurk, and Beetle, was not included in *Stalky and Co.*

Among the essays the crystal is 'An English School,' which describes the life at the United

Charles Scribner's Sons



Fifth Avenue, New York

THE WORLD CRISIS 1915

By the Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

"Mr. Churchill's second volume is as good as his first, which is saying a great deal. It is cast in more sombre vein, for it deals with a year of comparative failure, instead of with one of comparative success. But it is not less vivid, not less profound in its grasp of realities, and not less brilliantly written."—*Christian Science Monitor*. With maps and diagrams. \$6.50

FROM IMMIGRANT TO INVENTOR

By MICHAEL PUPIN

"A good autobiography, when it is good, is about the best thing in all literature. This is a good autobiography. More than that, it is a great book, worthy to rank, in style and spirit, among the best that the twentieth century has so far produced."—EDWIN E. SLOSSON in the *New York Evening Post*. Second printing. Illustrated. \$4.00

MANKIND AT THE CROSSROADS

By PROF. E. M. EAST

"This is a brilliant book. It deserves to be, and will be, widely read. It would not seem possible that any intelligent person could differ from its main conclusions. . . . It is not simply a reargumentation of old data. It brings new facts to the discussion. . . . An outstanding book, one that all thoughtful people must read."—*The Literary Review of the New York Evening Post*. With maps. \$3.50

HISTORY OF ASSYRIA

By PROF. A. T. OLMSTEAD

"A noteworthy work, encyclopædic in scope, scholarly in authority, opulent in illustrations; worthy to rank among the best recent contributions to ancient history."—*The North American Review*.

This is a companion volume to Prof. J. H. Breasted's "A History of Egypt."

Profusely illustrated. \$7.50

MY MUSICAL LIFE

By WALTER DAMROSCH

"Mr. Walter Damrosch has written a remarkable book. . . . Remarkable because of its full, frank, and engrossing revelation of an extraordinary career and because of the wide range of subjects and personalities that it traverses."—LAWRENCE GILMAN in the *New York Tribune*.

Illustrated. \$4.00

AS I LIKE IT

By WM. LYON PHELPS

"Literature, especially poetry, the drama, music, golf, horticulture, politics, biography, the art of joyous living, are only a few of the topics treated, sometimes casually, sometimes more subtly. . . . It's a book that can be dipped into for a moment or read for hours."—*Philadelphia Ledger*. \$2.00

A SON AT THE FRONT

By EDITH WHARTON

"All the characteristic qualities of Mrs. Wharton's style, her pliancy and penetration, her leisured, serious beauty are here. Accomplishment and certainty have gone to the making of her story. . . . This book will be seen to have its permanent value."—*London Times*. \$2.00

CAPTURES

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

"A collection of really excellent short stories that are devoid of any platitudinous philosophy that might make them even slightly commonplace. . . . They are a subtle proof that this prolific writer of our age is one of the few whom future generations will honor by reading."—*New York Tribune*. Fifth printing. \$2.00

Services College at Westward Ho, where Kipling spent his school days.

Of the eight poems, the one that seems destined to the longest life is printed last — 'A Counting-Out Song,' which uses an old familiar children's rhyme for a new thought. The second verse indicates the theme: —

Eenee, Meenee, Mainee, and Mo
Were the First Big Four of the Long Ago,
When the Pole of the Earth sloped thirty degrees,
And Central Europe began to freeze,
And they needed Ambassadors staunch and stark

To steady the Tribes in the gathering dark;
But the frost was fierce and flesh was frail,
So they launched a Magic that could not fail.
(Singing) 'Eenee, Meenee, Mainee, Mo!
Hear the wolves across the snow!
Someone has to kill 'em — so
Eenee, Meenee, Mainee, Mo
Make — you — It!'

Report comes from England that Kipling's decision to publish the collection before Christmas led to some interesting achievements in book-production. On October 23 the printers received the copy. In four days they had set the type and had started printing. Three days later five thousand copies were ready to be bound. America is not the only habitat of speed!

Much of the material in the book was probably not aimed first of all at a juvenile audience; but the author's brief foreword, pointing the moral of his tales, bends them in that direction. With a changed title and the omission of the 'morals,' the book would do about as well for fathers and mothers as for boys and girls.

CLAYTON H. ERNST.

Jefferson Davis, President of the South, by H. J. Eckenrode. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1923. 12mo. xii+371 pp. \$2.50.

ALTOGETHER an unconventional presentation of Jefferson Davis and the War of Secession, written in terms of race. For Mr. Eckenrode looks upon the South as Nordic with the desire to become tropical and upon the North as Nordic about to be submerged by the flood of foreign immigration. He seeks to interpret Jefferson Davis in action and character, and records his conclusions with the detachment of a judge.

Davis's West Point education gave a twist to his judgment of men that influenced him greatly in the war, for later he had a strong appreciation of West Point men. Resigning from the army, he became a planter, but, though he showed capacity, his ambitions turned to politics. On the plantation his habits were fixed for life and, not having experienced that wholesome contact with men to correct faults, his seclusion and close attention to books developed the idealist and also the egoist. Opportunity and popular favor in the war with Mexico gave an exaggerated idea of his military

capacity and led to his election to the United States Senate. In that body he was counted as favoring extreme slavery and States' rights policies. He resigned, to combat the Compromise of 1850, was defeated, and became Secretary of War in Pierce's cabinet. He there exercised the love of detail which reduced his efficiency as President.

Secession was caused, the author holds, by the 'antagonism of the tropic Nordicism of the lower South for the meddling, non-Nordic industrial civilization of the North.' A difference in social or economic systems, leading to different political aims, and the desire of a minority to govern itself, resulted in trial of a monarchical form of republic, with Davis as its President, chosen to that office for his military reputation.

The war followed, and Mr. Eckenrode shows how the character of this neurotic and scholarly executive developed and failed, because of his want of foresight and knowledge of human nature and his inability as a political leader. He always stood much alone, was never popular or the head of a party, and the favorable impressions made immediately upon his election were off as the contest displayed his failings.

In discussing the war, Mr. Eckenrode raises many debatable questions and gives evidence of a close study of material. Davis committed many errors and sacrificed policies to his private grudges. He adopted drifting in 1861, and Bull Run was not properly followed up; he lost the chances of constituting a credit in Europe through the sale of cotton and by it of gaining European aid; he alienated the politicians and the State Governments; after Missionary Ridge he lost the confidence of the people of the South; the Confederate Congress turned upon him. It would be easy to extend the list and Mr. Eckenrode does not spare him. As President, Davis bore the responsibility for all the failures and final downfall of the Confederacy. On the other hand, the credit for successes went to others. In spite of his defects, he showed qualities that commend him. He fought a losing cause, for no success could be other than temporary. A republic based upon slavery was an affront to civilization and would never have been accepted.

The book is worthy of study and offers novel views on men and measures.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

From Immigrant to Inventor, by Michael Pupin.

New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1923. 8vo. Illustrated. xii+396 pp. \$4.00.

THIS is an autobiographical account of the transformation of a Serbian peasant into an American professor of electro-mechanics. It falls into three main divisions. The first comprises the author's childhood, his early struggles, his emigration to America, and his experiences as a greenhorn. The second covers the period of his studies at Columbia, Cambridge, and Berlin. The third describes his later academic and scientific career.



ALFRED A. KNOPF
220 WEST 42D STREET - NEW YORK



Borzo Books to be published February 10th



CHILDREN OF THE AGE

by Knut Hamsun

Author of GROWTH OF THE SOIL

Worthy of the author of *Growth of the Soil*, and easily the finest book by Hamsun published in America since the appearance of that masterpiece. With directness, honesty and humor, he has chronicled the country life of modern Norway: the decline of the cultured landowners; the slow usurpation of the merchant classes; and the corruption of peasant life at the hands of pettily successful shopkeepers and pedants. Lieutenant Holmsen, proud and perverse descendant of a long line of aristocrats, struggling vainly against poverty and the new age, tragic in his aloneness and his weakness, is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable characterizations in modern literature. \$2.50 net

DOG AND DUCK

by Arthur Machen

Author of THE HILL OF DREAMS

"A charming book of essays in the Dickens manner, treating of old English holidays, book-collecting, food, drink, and divers oddments. Represents Mr. Machen in his happiest and most casual mood."—*Carl Van Vechten*. \$2.50 net

GOETHE

by Benedetto Croce

A brilliant study of the greatest German writer by one of the finest living philosophers. \$2.75 net

IN THE GRIP OF LIFE

by Knut Hamsun

Author of GROWTH OF THE SOIL

His first play to appear in English. As profoundly human and moving as his stories, this drama presents the struggle of the lower classes caught in a web of circumstance. It has recently been produced by the Moscow Art Theatre in New York. \$2.50 net

HENRY BROCKEN

by Walter de la Mare

Author of MEMOIRS OF A MIDGET

Henry Brocken, dreamer and poet, fares forth on Rosinante into a land where old friends step forth from the pages of literature into a fairy realm of romance. Lady Macbeth, Jane Eyre, Sleeping Beauty, Gulliver, Nick Bottom, and many others greet him and guide him on his way. A characteristic work by one of the greatest English prose writers of our day. \$2.00 net



POEMS

by Katherine Mansfield

Author of THE DOVES' NEST

The first collected verse of the famous English writer whose stories are universally recognized today, a year after her death, as the work of genius. Only a few of her poems have ever appeared in magazines; but all readers of her short-stories, which "are constantly trembling on the verge of poetry," will find here the same exquisite vitality and felicity of expression. \$2.50 net

THE WORLD STRUGGLE FOR OIL

by Pierre L'Espagnol
de la Tramerie

This absorbing and authoritative book tells how oil has ousted coal as a fuel and a source of power, and surveys the political, social and strategic consequences that have ensued. The accounts of the early rounds in the fight between the Standard and the Royal Dutch companies reads like a novel. \$2.75 net

The first part is unquestionably better than the other two — so much so that we cannot but wish that it might have stood by itself. The reason for this difference may be difficult to explain, but it is easy to illustrate. The first part, for example, describes a peasant boy of Banat setting out for Prague in quest of learning, clad in 'a long yellow overcoat of sheepskin trimmed with black wool,' and carrying a roast goose in a multicolored woolen bag. The second part depicts a graduate student of physics, 'clad in a rowing-shirt with blue-and-white Columbia stripes and thin tennis-trousers,' rowing on Lake Lucerne, contemplating the Alps and meditating upon William Tell. In the third part we meet a famous inventor at the Wissahickon Horse-Show, dressed — presumably — in a more conventional costume. He wins a blue ribbon against the stable of 'millionaire Widener,' and chats familiarly with 'Reginald Rives, one of the social leaders of New York.'

These are all pictures of Michael Pupin, in the several stages of his metamorphosis; but the imagination of the reader dwells more fondly on the first than on the second and third. Perhaps it is because our sympathies are more easily aroused by hardship and struggle than by success. Perhaps it is because we require that either the scene or the seeing eye shall reveal something of novelty. Banat interests us because it is strange, and America interests us as seen through the eyes of a stranger; but when the scene is familiar and the eyes have become very much like our own, then art seems to add nothing to reality.

Or is it that, whether because he is respectable and successful, or because he is American, there is something unalluring about a thoroughly respectable and unquestionably successful American?

In any case, after reading the latter part of the book, and despite its lively account of the development of scientific research in America, we turn back gratefully to its earlier chapters. The boy in the sheepskin overcoat, having been robbed of his roast goose by a band of theological students on their way to Karlovici, was warned by an observant but neutral bystander that 'in a world of strangers you must always keep one eye on what you have and with the other eye look out for things that you do not have.' That which this boy coveted was education and liberty, symbolized by the St. Sava of his native country, and by the Franklin and Lincoln of far-off America. To this Promised Land he found his way at the age of sixteen, and with five cents in his pocket. How he struggled to seize the proverbial but elusive 'opportunity,' how he fraternized with Bilharz, a classical scholar employed by the New England Cracker factory in Cortland Street, how, with the aid of the Cooper Union and casual friends, he converted opportunity into attainment and realized his boyhood dreams, is a story well worth the reading, and a substantial contribution to the meaning of America.

RALPH BARTON PERRY.

My Rhineland Journal, by General Henry T. Allen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1923. Illustrated. Svo. xx+593 pp. \$6.00.

THERE are three ways of keeping a journal or diary. It can be made a mere chronicle of facts and events. Or it can be utilized as a repository of personal opinions, enabling the diarist to get things off his mind without fear of immediate contradiction. Or, best of all, a journal can be made a record of both events and opinions, in which case it becomes worth reading. General Allen's *Rhineland Journal* is in this third category. It deals with things both great and small — some of them very small. But even the trivial happenings are brought into focus with some general situation.

General Allen possessed very unusual qualifications both for commanding an Army of Occupation and for writing the story of his experiences. He has long enjoyed the reputation of being a rigid disciplinarian — but an exceedingly tactful one. He went into the Rhineland with no *à victis* ideas in his head. He managed to work in harmony with his French associates, although he had to talk to them in Rooseveltian fashion at times. He had to serve two masters across the seas, the War Department and the State Department; for in addition to his army command he was the 'high observer' on the Rhineland High Commission. And he succeeded in making the occupation of the Coblenz area no more restrictive to the German population than it had to be. Not many military administrators have ever had a harder job, and none have done it better.

General Allen tells his story in a modest way, but this does not mean that his journal is written in an impersonal or self-effacing strain. On the contrary he is himself the central figure on every page of it. But he writes so deftly, with so much enthusiasm for a great variety of things, and with such unflinching appreciation of the humor involved in each situation that the reader keeps his mind on the play rather than on the principal actor. The journal flits from one topic to another with astonishing smoothness and shows how versatile a Kentuckian can be. For those who want a pen-portraiture of life in the Rhineland during post-war days there is no better source than this book.

It is clear that General Allen's personal sympathies were strongly with the French, but he did not always find it easy to get along with them. The French high command repeatedly asked for privileges in the American zone which he could not and would not grant. He distrusted their Ruhr policy, and his journal contains much circumstantial evidence which does not square with the public professions of the French Government. There are some Gallophiles, indeed, who may discern in this journal certain passages with a pro-German ring; but General Allen has done no more than tell his countrymen what they want to know, which is the truth as he saw it. Certain

D
MDODD, MEAD & COMPANY 443-449 Fourth Avenue
New York CityD
M

The Woman of Knockaloe

By Hall Caine*Author of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," "The Christian," etc.*An epic of a love which blossomed when all around was bitter hate. **\$1.75**

The Sayings of Queen Elizabeth

By Frederick Chamberlin*Author of "The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth"*The pungent, epigrammatic comments of Elizabeth on affairs of her reign. **\$4.00**

Diet for Children

By Lulu Hunt Peters, M.D.*Author of "Diet and Health with Key to the Calories," etc.*The most popular scientific medical writer of today explains in detail and in a common-sense way the feeding of children for health. (February 9.) *Illustrated.* **\$2.00**

Foster on Mah-Jong

By R. F. FOSTER*Author of "Foster on Auction," etc.*

A code of rules for scoring and play that will become the standard of the game.

(February 23.) *Illustrated.* **\$2.00. Limp leather. \$3.00**

Brontë Moors and Villages

By ELIZABETH SOUTHWART

Descriptions of the Brontë country with illustrations in color and in black and white by T. Mackenzie.

(February 9.) **\$5.00**

The Snob

By HELEN R. MARTIN*Author of "The Church on the Avenue," etc.*Life in a small Pennsylvania village where a girl finds recompense for the disillusion of her marriage. **\$2.00**

The Storm Center

By BURTON E. STEVENSON*Author of "The Marathon Mystery," etc.*In Mr. Stevenson's latest romance, mystery and love find their climax at a wonderful desert palace. **\$2.00**

The Water Bearer

By J. ALLAN DUNNLife and love in California woven into a romantic story of engineering genius. (February 9.) **\$2.00**

The Devil's Garden

By W. B. MAXWELL*Author of "Spinster of This Parish," etc.*The best of W. B. Maxwell's earlier works in a new edition uniform with his later novels. **\$2.00**

Brangwyn's Windmills

By HAYTER PRESTON

Descriptive discussion of some of Brangwyn's finest work with 16 illustrations in color and many more in black and white.

(February 9.) **\$6.50**

A Tenderfoot in New Mexico

By R. B. TOWNSHEND*Author of "A Tenderfoot in Colorado," etc.*Exciting adventures in New Mexico in the thrilling days of pioneering and lynching. (February 9.) **\$3.50**

Are Parents People?

By ALICE DUER MILLER*Author of "Manlaughter," etc.*

Witty, clever, ultra-modern people with their human romances make this a book of rare entertainment.

(February 9.) **\$2.00**

The Blue Scarab

By R. AUSTIN FREEMAN*Author of "The Singing Bone," etc.*Another ingenious detective story in which the reader is on the inside watching the criminal at work. **\$2.00**

Temper

By LAWRENCE H. CONRADThere is vivid realism in this romance set in the heart of our great industrial system. (February 9.) **\$2.00**

Stairway of the Sun

By ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE*Author of "Dust of the Desert," etc.*How regeneration and love came to a man in the midst of sinister dangers in Hawaii. (February 9.) **\$2.00**D
MAt All
Booksellers

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

Publishers
Since 1839D
M

it is, at any rate, that the French authorities had at times a very poor conception of how their proposals would strike an American mind. Otherwise they would never have urged the evacuation and demolition of Ehrenbreitstein. Nor would there have been 'a movement in Paris' (General Allen does not say by whom it was fathered) to have Marshal Foch appointed 'a general with emoluments in the American army.'

The readers of this journal will find much that is informing, and much that is amusing thrown in for good measure.

WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO.

Our American Theatre, by Oliver M. Saylor.

New York: Brentano's. 1923. 12mo. Illustrated. xiv+399 pp. \$4.00.

A History of the American Drama from the Beginning to the Civil War, by Arthur Hobson Quinn.

New York: Harper & Brothers, 1923. 8vo. xvii+486 pp. \$4.00.

HERE are two books about the American stage, totally different in subject and intention yet curiously interrelated. Mr. Saylor, who not long ago journeyed to Russia and wrote the first coherent account of the modern Russian theatre, has not yet recovered from the shock of his enthusiasm, and that enthusiasm, added to his normal modernistic tendencies, colors his whole account of our current stage with discontent. Prior to 1908, it seems, we had no real theatre in America, no native drama, no appreciation of foreign artists. All that began to come when Belasco produced *The Easiest Way*, and flowered when we welcomed the Moscow Art Players. It is not unfair to Mr. Saylor's book to say that he advocates, for our dramatic salvation, art theatres in America modeled on Mr. Stanislavsky's Moscow playhouse, and a drama modeled on all the European experiments in dramatic and theatrical technique. If you complain that this programme is a bit vague you have, of course, hit upon one weakness of the book — and, for that matter, of the 'modern' movement in the American theatre.

Professor Quinn, on the other hand, has with infinite patient research gone through all the existent American dramas written prior to the Civil War, and produced what is certainly the first, and likely to be the last, work on the subject. No one but students of the stage will read this book entire, just as no one but students of the stage have even guessed that many of the plays catalogued and described by Professor Quinn existed. It is the abiding value of Professor Quinn's work, not that he has done a neglected research-job, but that by covering the entire field of our native drama up to the Civil War (a second volume will doubtless follow

later), he has definitely contributed to a present understanding of our theatrical problems.

There were two main tendencies in the earlier American drama, plainly indicated by the examples Professor Quinn has assembled. One tendency was, from the start, to imitate the European fashions in play-writing: a tendency the more readily fostered because — in spite of Mr. Saylor — our theatre was visited constantly by foreign artists. The other tendency was, however, no less clearly marked. It was a tendency toward an ever increasingly realistic drama, most often comic or satiric in tone, of our native life. The first American comedy was Royall Tyler's *The Contrast*, in 1793, and in it appeared the first stage Yankee, ancestor of a long line. Plays about the Revolution, the War of 1812, Indians, frontiersmen, New York's fashionable society in Manhattan or at Saratoga, Rip Van Winkle, and so on, were written in spite of the discouraging conditions which surrounded authorship, in spite of the ease with which foreign plays, already proved on the stage, could be pirated, in spite of the general preference for the big-bowwow rôles of classic or romantic drama.

These two tendencies ran side by side, and Professor Quinn might well have indicated more clearly which was the more important in our theatre. Professor Quinn's next book will doubtless show how after the Civil War, in the 80's and more especially the 90's, it was this second tendency which actually made twentieth-century Broadway possible and gave Mr. Saylor an audience. In other words, the American 'art theatre,' if it is to come at all, will come — according to all indications of our history — through the further development of our native type of drama, concerned with our own life, told in our own way. It will come through Cohan and Craven, not Shaw and Wedekind.

Mr. Saylor, to be sure, stresses the superior qualities of Eugene O'Neill over all other contemporary American dramatists, with the utmost enthusiasm for this native playwright. But he fails to indicate — as a reading of Professor Quinn's book might have helped him to do — that *The Emperor Jones* is, after all, a direct development of our century-old dramatic interest in the American negro; that *Beyond the Horizon* is the tragic reverse of *Shores Across*; that even *The Hairy Ape* is Mose, the fireman, made socially conscious and treated by a tragic poet.

As a matter of fact, there is too much of Europe on Broadway to-day, and altogether too much critical forgetfulness of the fact that no art, no literature, really touches the lives of the people unless it is in their idiom, and concerns itself with their problems. American art theatres would be very nice things to have — but only if they are really American.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

These reviews will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston. For ten or more copies there is a charge of one cent per copy.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH, 1924

AT NINETY¹

BY LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT was thirty-five years old when, in 1869, he left a professorship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to become President of Harvard College. Approval of his election was by no means unanimous. He was a chemist; and to make a chemist President was a perilous innovation. He was not widely known, though certain articles of his in the *Atlantic Monthly* had attracted attention by their new treatment of educational problems. He was not popular, nor capable of bidding for popularity. To many he was personally formidable, a Bostonian aristocrat, now puritanical, now dangerously radical, and always tactlessly outspoken. To-day he is the greatest figure in the history of American education, the foremost citizen of the United States — not honored only, but beloved.

The transformation of public feeling toward him is caused in part by the steadily increasing greatness of his own character and life, but chiefly by the discovery of that character and of the use to which that life is put. Power he exhibited early. Power over men and affairs he acquired, day by day, with a speed which bred bewilderment, distrust, and alarm. People talked of him as a tsar. Slowly and surely they have learned that every power with which nature and unremitting labor have equipped him he directs to one supreme end. His noble speech, perfect in voice and enunciation, unmistakable in purpose, dignified, controlled, with tremendous strength in reserve, his amazing capacity for work and his delight therein, his scorn of fear and favor and defeat, his every gift of body or of mind, he has used with complete unselfishness for a purpose beyond the horizon of most men in private life or in public.

President of Harvard College for forty years, possessed by the determination to make of Harvard College a great university, he knew not how to work for Harvard only. Beyond the university was his country; beyond his country was the world. Every selfish motive, every academic motive, every provincial motive was below him. As he himself acquired power, so should his university, so should his country, acquire it — always for freedom and for man. Hence, among those who have come to understand him, no disagreement with his opinions can affect by

¹ Any interested newspaper is permitted to reprint this article or any part of it with credit.

one jot admiration of his character. They may denounce his doctrines and believe, forever, in him. All who know him he enlarges. Even in his Faculty, men whose whole academic career might hang on his good-will would openly oppose his dearest schemes, feeling that failure to speak out was personal disloyalty to him. Nor did any teacher's opposition warp his estimate of that teacher's value to the university or retard that teacher's promotion. Nor did he listen less eagerly to opponents than to friends.

The inscription on a cup which the Harvard Faculty of Arts and Sciences gave him twenty years ago tells of 'his passion for justice, for progress, and for truth.' This passion is the unquenchable fire of his life. Even his prejudices — the strong prejudices of a strong man — turn to ashes in his consuming zeal for justice. Nor is he, as many leaders are, blind to small things in the close pursuit of great ones; his mastery of details is a constant revelation. Nor does the intensity of his public work diminish the intensity of his devotion to his home.

At ninety, he still strikes with uncompromising truthfulness and courage, for every great cause in America or out of it; and his voice, whether recognized as his or not, is heard throughout the world.

'Strive for the truth unto death, and the Lord shall fight for thee.'

THE NEW STING OF DEATH

ON LIMITING INHERITANCE

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

LITTLE pamphlets on where and how to incorporate are sent annually to lawyers likely to be interested in such matters. They tell the special advantages of the corporation statutes of Arizona or Delaware or New Jersey, as the case may be, and the special and inexpensive facilities which the pamphleteers are able to afford to their patrons desiring corporate charters.

The time is coming, and perhaps soon, when pamphlets of a similar character, but in a new field, will be

issued on where and how to die. The preparation for death has ceased to be a field in which the spiritual adviser alone needs to be consulted. Inheritance taxation, while as old as the hills and used to finance the Roman legions, is with us, in its practical aspects, a very recent affair. A fat law textbook before me on this subject tells me that forty-nine of our sovereign States and the Federal Government itself now levy taxes on the shroud, and that their exactions in the past decade have in-

creased from about twenty-seven million to two hundred million dollars.

Mitigating this new sting of death is, therefore, a relatively new and interesting, though perhaps not especially elevating, function of a profession whose tax-law problems have increased a thousandfold in a decade.

The pamphlet on where and how to die, the salubrious climate, the mild and inoffensive inheritance-tax laws, the trust company and deposit-box facilities, the expert advice on the good securities which old men ought not to own, is perhaps inevitable.

This paper is not intended to trespass upon the field of the pamphlet yet to come. I do not intend to discuss here the growing intricacies of inheritance taxation, its very frequent inequalities, and the injustices and duplications of tax impositions. I wish rather to consider the principle of inheritance itself, and particularly in relation to human incentives as affected by the trend of recent taxation.

One of the great primary incentives to labor and to thrift is the prospect of being able to leave the savings of a lifetime to the family when the breadwinner passes on; and to continue support and protection after death.

In its normal expression, this incentive is wholly salutary and socially useful. It will therefore be a shock to the layman, perhaps, to know that what he has always considered as a right — the power to make a will or to have his property pass to his next of kin if he leaves no will — has no constitutional protection whatever. The lawmakers not only may tax his estate, but may go much further. 'The right to take property by devise or descent is a creature of the law and not a natural right — a privilege; and, therefore, the authority which confers it may impose conditions upon it,' says the United States Supreme Court. As far as the

heir is concerned it is always an open season with no game laws to protect him, and any modifications deemed desirable in the principle of inheritance are matters peculiarly free from constitutional obstacles. Inheritance is the Achilles' heel of Capitalism.

II

Two considerations seem to me to make a broad reconsideration of the principle of inheritance desirable. The first of these reasons is the relatively increased speed with which, under modern conditions, large fortunes can be assembled, and the increase in number and amount of such fortunes. In previous generations, the amassing of a fortune was a slow and difficult task. It was more likely to be the work of two or three generations of a family, instead of the creation of a single member of it in his own lifetime. Our now familiar instrumentalities for quickening the processes of accumulation did not then exist. Even the humble typewriter celebrated this past year only its fiftieth anniversary. A business man, even of exceptional energy, in active life, prior to the Civil War, could scarcely do in a week what can be done now easily in a day. The possibilities of accumulation by a man of first-rate acquisitive capacities are, therefore, greater to-day than ever before, and it is natural that large fortunes should increase both in number and in size.

This is no place for the elaboration of statistical data, but a very short examination of the extent of deposits and investments of trust estates would show this rapid increase in the sums now held under what might be called mortmain control — a control more-over facilitated by highly organized, efficient, intelligent management — by trust companies, which are themselves of comparatively recent growth.

Another reason why inheritance needs consideration lies in the greatly increased number of trusts and trust estates, created as a means of evading, not inheritance-tax laws, but the laws governing income taxes. Due to these processes of evasion, there has been an artificial increase in estates which ultimately will become subjects of inheritance.

The process is this: our income-tax laws place upon persons of large earning capacities taxes which are, to a greater or less degree, out of proportion to taxes levied upon incomes generally and at higher rates. We are thoroughly infected with the idea that the main burden of taxes should be placed upon the rich — meaning thereby the recipients of large incomes. We are, for example, the only important country in which the burden of taxes falls more heavily upon earned income than upon income derived from investments. We base these super-taxes wholly upon the size of these large incomes, quite irrespective of whether the recipients of these incomes, as an incident to their accumulation, are making social contributions which are of public benefit and which deserve to be encouraged rather than penalized.

This is not the place to discuss the methods of evasion which these laws tend to generate. Most of us every week see one or more cartoons showing the rich man evading his taxes by buying tax-free bonds, the cartoon generally picturing him as a particularly wicked and conscienceless person, cunningly evading his public duty of helping support the rest of us. This is, however, only part of the story.

Last winter, a friend who had just returned from Florida analyzed for my benefit a new and interesting class of our fellow citizens whom he described as 'income-tax golfers.'

'I saw down at Miami,' he said by

way of example, 'our old friend Stone, cheerlessly cutting large divots and playing a game incredibly bad. He never will learn how to play golf or any other game; but when an expert accountant told him that he had to earn forty dollars for Uncle Sam before he could have ten dollars for himself, he concluded to take up golf. He has cashed in at fifty-four, made three trust funds — one for his wife and one for each of his children — and lets the trust company look after them. He spends about a month a year on business and says he nets almost as much as he did when he was working nine hours a day and was the acknowledged leader of his industry.'

Trust funds of this kind are increasing enormously. They represent what might be called artificial extensions of inheritance in advance of death. They are created largely for the golfer's reasons. Most of these trusts, to be sure, probably have a power of revocation in them in case the party creating them should conclude to terminate them. To what extent they mitigate income taxes, or evade inheritance taxes, is not the question. The fact that they exist and the reasons for their existence, are, I think, important.

III

We are confronted to-day with a series of problems, surrounding and including this problem of inheritance, on which the new psychologists might be of considerable help to us if our lawmakers would permit anything so remote to influence their lucubrations on tax problems. Presented to the psychologists, the matters which perplex us could be stated about as follows: —

'We do not like the tendency toward great fortunes and the concentration of wealth. While some of our advisers assure us that the "con-

centration of credits" is of negligible importance, we do not think so and never will think so and there is no use talking about it.

'We particularly dislike the pampered children of the rich. We do not care to contemplate a state of society in which, while our children are earning their own living in the best way they can, — by their own efforts, — the offspring of the golden spoon will be buying and spending and living to establish in America the luxury standards of Nineveh and Babylon, coupled with the moral standards of Gomorrah, pictured and advertised in our popular fashion and society magazines.

'We have been told that this too is a matter of negligible importance. We again assert that to us it is important. Gross inequalities of wealth by mere accident of birth are peculiarly displeasing to us.

'On the other hand, we want the productive brains and ability of our best men and women continuously and productively employed. While we do not make the confession with much enthusiasm, we are forced to admit that we must rely on brains as the main source of tax money and material progress. We admit that we seem to be approaching a time when we may conclude that it is bad business for us as a people to continue a process by which we relax the energies and initiative or — still worse — make an artificial leisure class out of the men who ought to be captains of industry. We have lectured them upon their selfishness in taking their money out of common stocks and risks and industry and putting it into the millions of tax-free bonds of States, cities, and jerkwater hamlets. They have taken our lectures much as Sindbad would have received such views from the Old Man who sat on his shoulders.'

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon

has recently told us that we are losing money in taxes by this heretofore popular process of super-taxes on large incomes and the evasion through tax-exempt bond purchases which this system has stimulated. If it be true, as we are told, that our income-tax revenue for the past five years has been on the average some four hundred million dollars less, owing to legal evasion of this kind, we nevertheless realize that this is the minor part of the loss. The major loss is diversion of energy, ability, foresight, and enterprise from American production business into 3-per-cent, tax-free stagnation, and the transformation of driving-power into golf.

The success of any form of organized society must depend very largely on having its system of law, and particularly its system of taxation, consistent with the normal motives and incentives which govern the individual. Its stability and its progress must depend directly and entirely, in their material aspect, upon the vitalization and extension in the individual citizen of the motives which express themselves in a willingness to work. When these motives have been undermined or destroyed, collapse inevitably follows. Russia collapsed. We shall not collapse, but we have an uneasy consciousness that we are distinctly slowing down what the economist calls 'ability.'

To return to the psychologist to whom we have presented, in a very rambling fashion, these problems: if he should eschew his technical terminology and speak the common language, would he not say something like this as a diagnosis of our troubles: —

'Given a reasonable amount of sadly wanted legislation to prevent rascals from getting rich by rascality, the undue limitation of incentive put upon men competent to create and

organize wealth is a mistake. The danger feared of the undue accumulation of fortunes in hands which do not earn them can be avoided without these undesirable limitations upon initiative and enterprise.

'The mistake in our policy in the past on both of these matters has been largely due to a misconception concerning incentives. This mistake has arisen from an erroneous estimate of what constitutes the basis of the desire for accumulating wealth.

'Most of us who work and whose money-making capacities are limited must admit, if we do not idealize ourselves too much, that we are actuated, in the main, by two controlling motives: the desire for things in themselves; and the desire for security for ourselves and our families.

'Most of us never get beyond the direct range of these motives. In other words, we never acquire enough money to satisfy our rather moderate demands, as we see them, for either comfort or security. We fail, therefore, wholly to visualize a point in the process of accumulation — because we do not reach it ourselves: a point at which both these motives may become exhausted; where what the engineers call 'the saturation point' has been reached, and beyond which point a rich man, if he continue an acquisitive career, does so without thinking and simply as a matter of habit — or for wholly different motives than the search for either security or well-being.'

IV

I shall not attempt here to outline a complete thesis on why rich men work, however interesting such a study might be for the Sunday Supplement. I am convinced, however, of this: that the desire to leave wife and children in financial security has been

fully satisfied and has ceased to be a motive for further labor, in the case of the average man of great business or financial ability, long before the amount accumulated has reached proportions where its passing into inheritance would be in any sense a public danger.

In other words, a distinct limitation upon the amount which any man should be allowed to leave to his wife or family, by will or by intestacy, could be made without losing to industry the capacities of a single captain worth while. Whatever other reasons there might be for not doing it, a fear of desertion by industrial leaders would not be one.

It is not true that any large part of the popular support of the demagogue in his demand for super-taxes on the incomes of the great money-makers is due to hostility to the captain of industry, or to any antagonism to his having millions under his control in industrial use.

We instinctively rebel against his having the disposition of these enormous funds when he ceases to be a captain and becomes a clod of the same substance as the tramp in the potter's field. Henry Ford, our richest industrialist, enjoys a most extraordinary popularity. Our sentiment toward his son Edsel, however, may quite conceivably be a wholly different matter.

The lot of the true captain of industry might be made a great deal happier if this inheritance matter were settled to everybody's satisfaction, so that we felt we could let him alone a little more while he is alive.

The spirit back of the taxation of which the great industrial and financial leaders complain, is an entirely sound one. The trouble comes in its application. It was long ago regarded as one of the distinguishing features of the policy of our country to prevent the

accumulation of large estates in particular families and the development of either a landed or a moneyed aristocracy of the European type through inheritance. It may be interesting to quote what De Tocqueville said about this matter a hundred years ago: —

I am surprised [he said] that ancient and modern jurists have not attributed to their laws [governing inheritance] a greater influence on human affairs, for they exercise an incredible influence upon the social state of the people, a steady and uniform operation affecting, as it were, generations yet unborn. Through their means man acquires a kind of preternatural power over the future lot of his fellow creatures. When the legislator has once regulated the law of inheritance, he may rest from his labor. The machine once put in motion will go on for ages and advance, as if self-regulated, toward a point indicated beforehand. When framed in a particular manner, this law unites, draws together and vests property and power in a few hands — it causes aristocracy, so to speak, to spring out of the ground. If formed on opposite principles, as in the United States, its action is still more rapid, it divides, distributes and disperses both property and power. Whichever be the tendency, it goes on of its own force, grinding to powder every obstacle in its way.

What De Tocqueville would say on this subject, if he were to return to America now, would doubtless be interesting. Some of his comments would perhaps be these: —

That the tendency to disperse and distribute in America, which he had noted with approval, has not continued as he anticipated, and that legislation to effectuate such distribution has not come as one might have expected.

That our failure to legislate has been due mainly to the extraordinary expression in the United States of a voluntary trusteeship, manifested in the testamentary dispositions of so many men of great wealth.

This has become the accepted American tradition. It exists in no other country as in ours. It is probably true that these conspicuous gifts to public use by a considerable number of exceedingly rich testators have effected a delay in the consideration of inheritance as a whole. Inheritance taxation, as at present practised, has no social principle behind it, other than mere revenue-getting. To a considerable extent it represents a penalty on thrift in its application to modest fortunes. In its higher taxes upon the great estates, it accomplishes no serious distributive purpose. The Federal statute is inconceivably stupid, unjust, and harsh in its application.

How backward we have been on this inheritance question is fairly illustrated by the fact that we still maintain, in many of our states, laws limiting gifts to public purposes by will; so that in New York, for example, a widower with an insane daughter and ten million dollars to dispose of cannot bequeath more than one-half to institutions for education, charity or benevolence. To make the absurdity still more perfect, it may be added that he does not have to leave anything to the daughter. The existence of the daughter, however, makes void any testamentary gift to public charitable use in excess of one half of his estate.

In the recent interesting volume of letters of the late Secretary Franklin D. Lane, I find the following, which seems to summarize the problem we are now considering. He says: —

The last century was devoted to steaming up in production. This century, it appears to me, will devote itself more definitely to distribution. They (the people) will certainly find that they get most when they preserve the captain of industry; but may it not be that his imagination and foresight may be commanded by society at a lower share of the gross than he has

heretofore received, or in exchange for something of a different, perhaps of a sentimental, nature?

V

What makes this inheritance question timely is that we are considering the terms and conditions under which we are to avail ourselves best of the services of our captains of industry. The inheritance matter is one of these terms. I quite realize that the subject of the limitation of inheritance is not without difficulties and dangers. I nevertheless believe that, on the whole, society would be improved by a solution which satisfied our traditional American objections to the undue accumulation of wealth in hands which did not earn it. An alluring collateral advantage from such a solution might be found, perhaps, in an entirely new direction: namely, an improved distribution.

We complain that the best brains in America are constantly diverted to money-getting pursuits; that our political and public life generally does not receive a proper quota of first-class minds. Too many men of great imagination and constructive capacity continue as a mere matter of habit to-day an acquisitive game which has ceased to interest them. They continue the process of accumulation long beyond the period when accumulation means anything to them and then spend a few days or weeks in drafting a will which turns over the process of distribution to new hands. The distributive process is nowhere nearly so well done as the accumulative process.

What would happen if this same man, in his own lifetime, and not at old age but in the prime of his powers, were confronted with laws that effectively prevented his leaving by will more than a certain amount to his wife and children, or subject to such other

limitations as the law might fix? Might not the senselessness of further accumulation, with such a prospect, have the result of diverting to distribution the energies and trained capacities of the fortune-maker himself? Would not society, on the whole, be better off if this thing happened?

The elder Rockefeller is unique in two respects, the first of which alone seems to have been appreciated. That he was an acquisitive genius and made an enormous fortune, we all know.

The other matter is this: at a definite date in his own life, he ceased devoting his energies to further accumulations and turned them to developing a highly organized process of distribution, endeavoring to find distributive investments whose public value would justify the expenditure of millions of his previous accumulations. He probably began this process too late in life, but the resolute separation of his life into acquisitive and distributive periods and the character and quality of his distributive methods are the conspicuous facts of the latter period of his extraordinary career.

Comparatively few great money-accumulators have followed this example, and none except Mr. Carnegie on anything like the same scale. What effect might a definite limitation on inheritance have — so far as family connections are concerned — upon increasing the number of men of like type in the same process? Might we not, in a measure, by law, retain in new occupations of a distributive character men who are taking on the golf leisure at a time when they should be distributing their own fortunes themselves and enjoying a new game as they do it?

I quite realize that all ways of evading such limitations could not be closed. Such difficulties have not prevented legislation on other topics, the income tax itself being a conspicuous

example. One quite obvious method of evasion, I believe, would be less serious in practice than perhaps many might anticipate — the distribution to children or wife in the donor's own lifetime. To make such distribution by will is to-day, of course, quite common, but I indulge the surmise that the prospect of having to see in his own lifetime the folly of his heirs would in itself act as a wholesome deterrent to many of such unwise gifts. Other methods of distribution, based less upon mere kinship and more upon a recognition of assistance rendered by his comrades-in-arms in the co-operative work of fortune-making would have, I think, more influence on the captain of industry if the present testamentary convention were broken.

Before the Prohibition Amendment, there were two prosperous and popular cafés in lower New York, both of which were profusely adorned with collections of pictures, constituting a rather higher type than the average standard of bar-room art. The original proprietor of these interesting places, before passing on to wherever saloon-keepers are supposed to go, left them by will to his bartenders, to whose genial and efficient skill these places owed their extensive popularity. A good example in a naughty world might well be followed in a world less subject to constitutional limitations.

I am inclined to think that the suggestion of limitation of inheritance, however difficult in detail might be the methods of its accomplishment, would find relatively little opposition where perhaps opposition might at first be expected: namely, from the captains of industry who make the great fortunes, with the distribution of which we are now concerned. I read a few days

ago in my morning paper an interview which seemed to confirm these views. It was with a very rich man, a true and typical American captain of industry, who, having started life as a poor boy in a country town, finds himself at sixty-five, possessed of a fortune of many millions, engaged in a great industrial enterprise which he has founded and which bears his name. His wife is dead; he is childless; he is following the great American tradition of trusteeship, and has dedicated this fortune to an industrial school and the education and maintenance of orphan boys.

'Suppose you had two or three sons, would you still feel the business should go to the boys?' asked the interviewer.

'Well,' said Mr. Hershey, 'my wife and I decided that we ought to do this. She has gone on and did not live to see the plan completed. It was hers and mine. If we had had two or three sons, we might have felt differently. No man can answer that; but I think I should have given them what they needed and turned the rest over to the boys. Too much money is an evil influence for a boy. I am certain I should have felt that way about my own. Money spoils more men than it makes. The inheritance of a great fortune is a bad thing. Let us not place any curbs on the creation of fortunes; but we should limit their inheritance, I believe.'

These sentiments express, in simple words, a wholesome, old-fashioned, American philosophy. The unlimited right of inheritance forms no necessary part of the price which America must pay to obtain in full measure from her leaders in industry that quality and character of service on which not only her present but her future prosperity must so largely depend.

LONDON IN THE EIGHTEEN-EIGHTIES

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

DINING once with a charming woman, and matching minds, as was our habit, about London, she asked me: 'If you kept a public house in London, what would you name it?'

'Well,' I replied, after a moment's thought, 'if my "pub" had a good connection, — meaning thereby, if every old soak in the neighborhood preferred to buy his drink of me rather than of another, — I should keep the old name, whatever it was. If, on the other hand, I had to name it myself, I should call it the Bunch of Grapes, suggesting thereby expensive wines rather than cheap malt liquor; then also it would be called by the cockney, the "Bunch of Gripes" — and that would delight me. What would you call yours?'

'“The Marquis of Granby,”' she replied promptly; 'I've always thought that a very elegant name. You'd call it "Markis," of course.'

'Certainly, I should,' I replied. 'What's your favorite railway-station?'

'Victoria, Brighton Line,' she said. 'And yours?'

'Oh, there's only one for me,' I answered. 'Euston, the station by which I first entered the great town, one evening in June, just forty years ago.'

We drifted on to other subjects and the matter went out of my mind until the other day when, happening to pass the great granite portals of that station, I thought of the joy that was mine

when I first realized that I was actually in London.

I was traveling entirely by myself and my chief preparation for my tour had been a course of the *Rollo Books* — and I can hardly imagine a better. By them I was in some measure prepared for whatever came my way, whether 'Upon the Atlantic,' 'In London,' or elsewhere. When my boat, the British Prince, a tub that sailed from Philadelphia, touched at Queens-town, greatly to my surprise a letter was put into my hand. It was from a young lad, a distant cousin whom I had heard of only remotely; but it welcomed me to English shores.

'If I knew what you looked like,' he said, 'I would meet you at Euston.' I wondered where Euston was. But as my cousin was not prepared to recognize me, his letter went on to say that perhaps I would take a cab at the station and come along to No. 2 Rupert Street where I could live with him very cheaply, if I wanted to. When, upon arrival, I stepped out into the almost unspeakable confusion of Euston, I wondered how ever was I to make my way to my destination; but all difficulties vanished as I approached them, and half an hour later I was being welcomed by a boy about my own age into a cheap and dingy boarding-house where he was living, and I found I could secure a tiny room — a mere closet in which I could sleep — and that bed and breakfast would be

a pound a week. The bargain was soon struck. I liked the price, even if I did not care for the accommodation and we sallied forth into the streets. I have, I suppose, been happier since — but not much. And London always makes the same appeal to me. I enter with a feeling of elation — supremely happy; I leave it with a feeling of depression. Some day I shall leave London and never see it again. Well, be it so; we can die but once.

The London of the eighteen-eighties was a much noisier and a far more crowded city than now. The streets were narrower and fewer; the great thoroughfares of Shaftesbury Avenue and the Charing Cross Road were not cut through; Kingsway and Aldwych were undreamed of and, above all, there were no tubes — only one underground railway into which it was worth one's life to enter, so filled was it with filthy smoke and sulphurous gases, the accumulation of years. The noise of tens of thousands of horse-drawn vehicles made a confused and ceaseless roar as of distant waves breaking upon a rocky shore. The streets were brilliantly lighted with gas lamps and alive with people surging in every direction; most men wore silk hats and carried canes; the poorer class looked very poor, indeed, and wore caps; soldiers gayly dressed, with tiny round caps of about the size of pill boxes held on over one ear by a narrow strap, carrying canes about as thick as a lead pencil and two feet long, were everywhere in evidence.

'So this is London,' I said to myself.

We ate something, somewhere; I have no idea where or what, for my friend had said to me, 'I have half a sovereign, let's go to the theatre. Florence St. John (pronounced Sinjin) is playing in *Olivette*. She's a beauty! I don't suppose you have ever heard of *Olivette*.'

'Don't you?' I cried. 'If Florence St. John can beat Katharine Lewis singing and dancing in *Olivette*, she must be a good one. I know it, every bit of it, words and music. Let's go to the theatre by all means.'

We went, and I was forced to admit that never before had I seen such a wonderful performance. Florence St. John was superb; she danced and sang all the songs I knew so well, and I was in the seventh heaven of delight. I was told that she was a very naughty woman and that that wealth of golden hair was her own — or was n't — I forget which. I vowed it made no difference and it hardly seemed possible that anyone so beautiful — in tights — could be so very bad. Plainer women had set such rumors afloat out of mere jealousy. If anything could make me happier than I was it would be to meet Florence St. John in the flesh — there was a good deal of it. 'Wait till you see Marie Tempest,' said my friend.

We went to bed. In five minutes I was asleep, in another five, seemingly, I was awake and, if I ever knew that London was a late riser, I had forgotten it. There was much to be seen. I would get up and see it. It was almost seven o'clock. Dressing quietly, for not a sound was to be heard in the house, I went downstairs and let myself out into the street. Not a soul was in sight. Of the roar of the traffic, which had so impressed me the night before, nothing was to be heard. It seemed very strange that the pulse of London should have ceased beating. I did not know which to see first — the Tower, or Westminster Abbey. Consulting my map I found the Abbey to be the nearer and I quickly found my way into Trafalgar Square and walked rapidly on through Whitehall, stopping for a moment opposite the Horse Guards. Reaching the Abbey, I tried the door. I might just as well have

tried the door of the Bank of England. It was a little better than half past seven. I think I had not passed a single person on my walk. I walked by and admired Westminster Hall, the House of Parliament, and crossed over Westminster Bridge.

Then I began to feel hungry, very. I tried the doors of several restaurants — finally one yielded to my hand. I went in; on the bare wooden tables were stacked equally bare wooden chairs, harpies were on their hands and knees scrubbing with an ecstasy I had never seen before. I asked for coffee and a roll. I might just as well have asked for canvas-back duck and champagne. This occurred at Lockhart's: these establishments are gone now. If I remember correctly they have been swallowed up by the A.B.C's. I then decided to return to Rupert Street, trying restaurant doors as I did so, always with one result. Entering the house, — I had a key, — I went to my friend's room and saw him preparing for his ablutions with about a quart of hot water in a small basin. He asked me where I had been. I told him. 'My word! you are early,' was all he said. 'Go downstairs. I'll join you in a few minutes. You'll find my newspaper at my place in the breakfast-room. I take in the *Chronicle*.'

I had a very bad cup of tea, an egg that had met with an accident, bread, butter, and something that was called marmalade — but I was in London and I was very happy.

II

No. 2 Rupert Street is next to the corner of Coventry Street and just across the street, on the opposite corner of what would still be Rupert Street if that street had not tired of its name, was the Prince of Wales's theatre. At that theatre a young and beautiful girl,

as exquisite as a Dresden china shepherdess, — her name Marie Tempest, — was playing in an opérette called *Dorothy*. It has not, I think, been played in the United States — why, I could never understand. Over the gulf of years I remember it as a sort of combination of *Erminie* and *Robin Hood*. It was lovely! There was a fine song, 'Be wise in time, O Phyllis Mine,' and another, 'Queen of My Heart,' sung by Hayden Coffin, then in his prime, that I thought the finest songs I had ever heard. They might seem rather flat to-day, but at the time, — it was forty years ago, dear reader, and I was twenty, — I thought nothing more melodious had ever been written. And there was a hunting song that almost turned me into a sportsman. Night after night I used to climb to the gallery of the Prince of Wales's, until I knew the words and music so well that I could have taken any part, on short notice.

And in after years, whenever and wherever Marie Tempest was playing, I always used to see her and with all the enthusiasm of youth. Some who read these lines may remember how beautiful and graceful she was in the title-part in *The Fencing Master*, in which, years later, she toured the United States. Finally, she gave up comic opera and became a comedy actress of charm and grace, occasionally singing some simple song with such skill as only a cultivated musician can, playing her own accompaniment. Once I saw her as Polly Eccles in Robertson's old-fashioned, but amusing, play, *Caste*, and more recently, — but Marie Tempest is only of yesterday, — or is it to-morrow, — and the whole world is at her feet.

The last time I saw her, I did what I had always been threatening to do: I told her that I loved her. But many men have told her so, and my declaration occasioned her no surprise. It

came about in this way: it was during the war and for economy's sake we had closed our house in the country and were living at the Ritz in Philadelphia. One evening after the play, she came into the supper-room with her husband, Graham Browne, and seated herself at a table not far from where my wife and I were sitting. On the spur of the moment I got up, and telling my wife that something very pleasant, or very unpleasant, was almost immediately going to happen to me, I went over to where she sat and, holding out my hand after the manner of an old friend, I said, 'Miss Tempest, I cannot suppose that you remember me; but we have met many times in London.'

She gave me her hand with the merest trace of bewilderment, and asked me to sit down. As I did so, I observed that it was in 1884, when she was playing in *Dorothy* at the Prince of Wales's, and that I had never forgotten and never should forget how unspeakably lovely she was. Instantly she became the actress again and, holding my hand to detain me, said, 'Run away, my boy, run away; there was no such year.'

'I have left my wife over there,' I went on, pointing to my table, 'to come and sing to you, "Be wise in time." It may be a little late, but —'

'It is, it is,' she cried with a laugh; 'but do you know my husband?' Then followed about the merriest ten minutes' talk I have ever had, when, telling her that I should love her to my dying day, I returned to the wife of my bosom whom I have always suspected of hoping that I would meet with a rebuff.

A few minutes later Graham Browne got up, and coming to my table held out his hand to my wife saying, that as I had been making love to his lady he thought it only fair that he should be allowed the same privilege. So the

honors were even, and I am waiting anxiously for our next encounter. Please Heaven it may soon come!

III

Theatrical reminiscence is rarely interesting: the stage from the front is all motion and light and color; one would say that an actor's life could not fail to be delightful; but in reality it is not so. It is a life of difficulty, drudgery, and jealousy; and, when one comes to read of it, one is confronted by a maze of names, real and fictitious, and dates which are useful but not inspiring. In writing about the success of this actor in that part, or the failure of another in some other part, one finds one's self indulging in exclamations rather than explanations. Indeed, how is one to suggest the power of a glance, a gesture, and the voice by a written word? The actor's is a fleeting art. Perhaps it is only fair that this should be so, for what other artist enjoys such immediate and tumultuous applause? The author produces his effect in his study, alone; the artist paints his picture wondering whether the public will accept it; the successful actor is instantly rewarded — and almost as instantly forgotten. Confronting these difficulties I want to speak of Irving and Terry.

Charles Lamb once wrote, 'I have no ear'; and then went on to explain. In like manner, I have no eye. When by chance I remember a face I rarely fasten the proper name to it. But I have 'ear,' and after a lapse of years I can yet hear, in imagination, Ellen Terry, as Beatrice, say to Henry Irving, as Benedick, 'I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick. Nobody marks you'; and I can still see the lift of his eyebrows as he replies, 'What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?' and a moment later, when

she says she would rather hear a dog bark than a man swear he loves her, he replies, 'God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentlemen or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.'

These words, uttered in the Chestnut Street Opera House in Philadelphia in 1883, still ring in my ears; from that moment the great theatrical passion of my life has been Irving and Terry. All the scenes of 'Much Ado' — it was the first of Shakespeare's comedies that I had seen — come before me as I write. How electrified I was when Beatrice in the church scene cries out to Benedick to 'Kill Claudio!' And who that has heard it can forget Benedick's soliloquy in the garden, in which he details the charms a woman must have ere he marry her, ending 'And her hair, her hair shall be of what color it please God.'

I have heard it said that Irving could neither talk, walk, nor act: that his mannerisms were offensive, that he was 'always Irving.' I am willing for the sake of the argument to admit all that may be said in his despite; but no actor in my day had such intellectuality, was so full of that quality we call magnetism, without which an actor cannot reach the top of his profession. Call to mind Creston Clarke: he had a fine stage presence, a beautiful voice; he was conscientious and painstaking; yet he left one cold. Irving was electrical; one knew him for a great man. Who that has seen him can forget his noble brow, his piercing eye, his long and graceful hands? And as for Ellen Terry ('dear Ellen Terry' as Irving always called her in the little speeches which he used to make before the curtain), her delicious voice is still ringing in your ears, if, unluckily, your ears are as old as mine. Shall you ever forget her fascinating, if irregular, beauty?

When and where, and in what I saw these complementary and supplementary actors, what matters it? Suffice it to say I saw them in all, or almost all, their great parts: in 'Romeo' — in which I confess Irving was awful but Terry lovely, — in 'Lear,' and 'The Merchant'; in *Macbeth*, and in *Hamlet* — which was, I think, Irving's greatest part; in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, during one scene of which every man, woman, and child in the audience cried as frankly and openly as one does at a funeral. How well he played Charles the First! Certainly no actor ever looked the part more perfectly than Irving: I can see him now in the leave-taking scene, with Ellen Terry crying quite as much as Henrietta Maria in real life could have done.

Then there were those fine plays in which Irving acted without Terry — *Louis XI*, *Waterloo*, and *The Bells*. In these, especially in *Waterloo*, Irving was supreme. As a character study it remains unsurpassed. *The Bells* I first saw in Philadelphia one winter's night when there was so much snow on the ground that the street cars were not running, and I had to walk home after midnight, a distance of several miles. I had never seen such acting before. The 'bells' continued to ring in my ears as I trudged along, and occasionally actual sleigh bells could be heard. To this day, therefore, I never hear sleigh bells of a winter's night without thinking of Irving in the death scene where, as Mathias, he cries, 'Why is not Christian here?' Sound seems to have for me the reminiscent quality that smell has in others.

In the early productions the part of Christian was taken by the gifted young actor William Terris: who ever saw a better lover than he? What a matinée idol he would have made! only they hardly had matinée idols in those days. And what a handsome and reckless young villain he was as Thornhill

in 'The Vicar'! Poor fellow! When still a young man, not having an enemy in the world, he was stabbed by a lunatic at the stage-door of the Adelphi.

I saw Irving in *Ravenswood*, a lugubrious dramatization of *The Bride of Lammermoor* which cannot, I think, be called one of his successes, in *The Amber Heart*, of which I remember nothing, and in *Madame Sans-Gêne*, of which what I remember I do not care for. What did, however, delight me, was Tennyson's *Becket*, produced in 1893, a few months after the great poet's death. Incidentally, in the years to which I am reverting, I scarcely ever went into Westminster Abbey without treading upon the new-made grave of some great man whose name was so vital to me that it seemed as if I were treading on a living thing. The names of Tennyson, Browning, and Irving instantly occur to me. Great men don't die to-day — they are all dead.

But to return to *Becket*. It was a beautiful, dignified performance for which Irving was by nature especially suited. With what exquisite care it was produced! How well one remembers the beauty of the first act. The curtain rises and reveals two men playing a game of chess: there is complete silence for a time, then moves are made and at last the King, beaten, knocks over the chessboard, and Church and State in the persons of Becket and the King come actually to grips.

I never pass the Lyceum Theatre in Wellington Street — and I passed it no later than last night on my way to see a sporting melodrama, *Good Luck*, at Drury Lane — without thinking of the wonderful 'first nights' when it was the most fashionable theatre in London. For full twenty years Irving was on the crest of the wave. Nightly people stood in line at the pit entrance for hours, waiting for the doors to open; and when, to save them from fatigue and

exposure, Irving permitted them to secure reserved seats at the regular admission prices, they were so outraged that immediately they got in they tore up the seats and a riot was with difficulty averted. Who ever heard of the pit being reserved? A three-century-old tradition had been violated: the old order of things was quickly restored. What is the Lyceum now? It is given over to Hall-Caine melodrama at popular prices: no theatre in London has fallen so low.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that Irving's greatest financial, was not his greatest artistic, success. *Faust*, the most melodramatic spectacle produced up to that time, has always seemed to me unworthy of the great traditions of the Lyceum — as better suited to Drury Lane, although Irving's physical gifts and peculiarities especially fitted him in the part of Mephisto. In these days, when the production of elaborate spectacles is a matter of such ordinary event as to call for no comment whatever, a run of six hundred nights and 'takings' of a million dollars seem nothing remarkable; but in 1885 the world gasped. And well it might. Irving employed the best artists and spared neither pains nor expense to secure the most wonderful effects. The scene in the Brocken was really marvelous: elaborate electrical effects were used for the first time in a theatre; electrically charged iron plates were so placed upon the stage that, when one stood upon two of them, an electric circuit was completed. In the fight between Faust and Valentine, when their swords clashed, sparks flashed therefrom as occasionally they did from Irving, as Mephisto; and when he, in a scarlet robe, with red lights playing on him, raised his tall figure to its full height and hurled his curse at all and sundry — well, the audience fairly gasped. Ellen Terry as Margaret was

lovely, as always; but my own feeling was that the play was not worthy of the powers of the actors. Irving was at his best in subtly intellectual parts — parts in which the workings of his refined and melancholy face and above all, of his wonderful eyes, could be seen to better advantage than during the play of colored lights, in clouds of steam, and amidst the crash of stage thunder. I always regretted that I did not see him as Alfred Jingle, for in eccentric comedy Irving was as remarkable as in tragedy.

Alas! that there is always an apex to an actor's career — to any career. Why can we not, having been present at the glorious ascent, be spared the pain of witnessing the declension of our idols. Ellen Terry — the lovely and lovable, whose voice was music and whose smile a reward for a day's labor — began to grow old: after twenty-five years together she and Irving parted. There was no quarrel; as has been said, their separation was due to the fact that she was no longer suited to play young girls' parts, and to redeem financial losses, Irving became more and more inclined to melodramatic rôles in plays in which there was no part for Terry. Could she who had delighted the town as Juliet, come to play the Nurse? Irving, never a robust man, toward the last played against great physical weariness, and he died in harness. Becket was his last part, and his last words spoken on the stage were: 'Into thy hands, O Lord! into thy hands!'

At the bottom of St. Martin's Lane, not far from the world's worst statue — that of Edith Cavell — is a statue of Henry Irving, erected to his memory by friends in his profession. It shows Irving in academic robes and is in a deplorable condition: anything long exposed to the damp air of London soon becomes covered, as with a veneer, with grime and dirt. The statue should be

cleaned; a few buckets of hot water and soap would soon set things right. I must write a letter to the *Times* about it. In the Guildhall Art Gallery, perhaps the most incongruous collection of art objects in the world, is a beautiful marble statue of Irving as Hamlet by Onslow Ford, the talented sculptor, who died young; if it could have been reproduced in bronze it would have been a much finer monument to the great actor than the one which now represents him as an academician.

IV

In the days I am reviewing, just round the corner from the Lyceum, was the Gaiety Theatre. It was well named. The old building was swept away when the Strand was widened and Aldwych built, and to me, the name of the present Gaiety is a misnomer. Music and mirth have departed from it; I have n't seen a good show there for years.

In the old days as soon as I reached London I secured lodgings, and then drove to Strand and bought theatre tickets at the Lyceum and Gaiety for alternate evenings. Those were the days, or nights, rather, when they always ran a burlesque there. They were light and witty and took a lot of acting, and I think it will be admitted that never before or since, on the London stage or any other, has there been seen such beautiful dancing. Kate Vaughan is credited with having introduced a new style of dancing which came to be called skirt dancing. She was enormously popular and at the height of her career is said to have received one pound per minute for her work upon the stage. 'The poetry of motion' is a phrase which must have been invented to describe her exquisitely rhythmical movement. Later on came Sylvia Gray, Letty Lind, Marion Hood, and

a host of others — all of whom danced divinely. There was no suggestion of vulgarity in the best dancing at the Gaiety; rather it seemed as though a number of singularly beautiful and refined creamy, country girls, in long frocks, soft and fluffy, with innumerable colored silk petticoats, had stumbled into the theatre while on their way to a very swagger garden-party, and, having done so, decided to lark it a bit with some interesting men they had quite innocently discovered. Then the orchestra began a tune, as infectious as it was original, and, in a moment, the stage was a blaze of multicolored Liberty-silk petticoats, out of which would occasionally project a silk-stockinged leg and a dainty foot. In those days the *jeunesse dorée* of London might nightly be seen in the front rows of the stalls, picking out their brides — ‘reinvigorating the peerage,’ it was called.

How these Gaiety shows — *Miss Esmeralda*, *Faust up to Date*, *Ruy Blasé* or the *Blasé Roué*, and the rest — caught the town! They were full of comedy, not too refined, and were as English as boiled beef and carrots. The English have always been great rhymers and punsters: puns were as common on the old Gaiety stage as flowers are in the country, to mutilate one of Oscar Wilde’s best witticisms. What fun was made by that great comedian, Fred Leslie, so graceful and accomplished, who died when he was but thirty-seven, his great ambition to play Hamlet unachieved! And there was Arthur Roberts, another Gaiety wit! The spirit of comedy seems to have deserted the stage to-day. One form of amusement crowds out another. The Gaiety burlesques of my youth, themselves the followers of opera bouffe, an importation from the continent, gave way to musical comedies, — *Morocco Bound* was the first

of them, — as these have given way to vulgar and meaningless revues.

I was speaking of Arthur Roberts. I saw him at the Pavilion a year or two ago, playing the part of an octogenarian in a bath-chair at Brighton, and doing it very well, too, talking to another old crony of his experiences in London before the war — *with Napoleon*. But Arthur Roberts was a wag off the stage as well as on: I remember a story of which he was the hero. They are always holding exhibitions of one kind or another in London — the Motor Show is the latest of them; but in the year I have in mind they had an exhibition of foodstuffs — they usually referred to it as ‘The Healtheries.’ Food, *en gros et en petit*, was exhibited and occasionally samples would be given out. Well, one day Arthur Roberts had the bright idea of having a lot of cards printed — ‘Please Take One Home.’ These he stuck freely over pyramids of exhibits, — tins of sardines, bottles of olives, boxes of dates, and the like, — with the result that, before the distracted exhibitors realized what had occasioned it, thousands of small parcels were set in motion as if by magic.

I have almost forgotten Nellie Farren — ‘Our Nelly’ as she was popularly called. She played boys’ parts, mostly, and at sixty was divine in tights. She and Fred Leslie played against each other for years. She had graduated from the Old Vic and was an accomplished actress before she became the star of the Gaiety — if the Gaiety can be said to have had any one bright particular star. She did not have an especially good singing voice, but she had wit, a rare thing in woman, and she was tireless in her efforts to please. I have mentioned Letty Lind: she was a tall, blonde, dangerously demure creature who early danced her way into the hearts of her audience and stayed there;

but my own passion was for Sylvia Gray, who is now the Mrs. Fenwick one reads about in the newspapers as a daring rider in the Quorn Hunt.

But good things must come to an end: Fred Leslie died, Nellie Farren retired wisely at the height of her fame, and the famous beauties married and lived happily ever after — let us hope! A new theatre, Daly's, opened to divide with the Gaiety the patronage of those in search of music and laughter. Musical comedies became the rage and four of them, *The Geisha*, *San Toy*, *A Country Girl*, and *The Merry Widow* ran for a total of ten years. One of the greatest successes of a slightly earlier period was *The Belle of New York*, an importation which succeeded in spite of a onetime prejudice against an American musical comedy. It ran — somewhere over here — for two years or more, thanks to its tuneful music and the ability of that excellent comedian, Dan Daly, and the charms of the demure Salvation Army Girl, Edna May, who soon became a peeress and is now the widow of one of America's very rich men.

Shall we ever forget *Florodora* with its famous double sextette — 'Tell me pretty maiden'? There are ladies, now firmly established in high places, who owe their rank largely to the fact that in the 'original sextette' they were given a chance to display such charms as, in the past, have changed the course of empire. When I saw *Florodora* in London, Marie Tempest was no longer in the caste; therefore I never heard her sing 'When I Leave Town,' — you remember it? — one verse goes: —

'When I'm up, just for the day,
London seems so bright and gay,
Policemen smile, as I drive thro' the park in style!

Busmen greet me from above,
Cabmen drive me just for love,
And every waiter says that he,
Waits exclusively for me.

I'm known everywhere, from Bayswater to
Berkeley Square,
I've got that sort of an air,
That positively knocks 'em over.'

And she had, too.

With the *Arcadians*, musical-comedy shows came practically to an end. It ran for over two years in London and then came to New York where I first saw it. I have forgotten the name of the man who played the high comedy part; but the lugubrious jockey with his song, 'Always Merry and Bright,' was the inimitable Alfred Lester. In it, too, was Connie Ediss, a vulgar cockney comedienne with a rasping voice, graduated from 'the halls' — a great favorite of mine. And what was the name of the girl who sang 'I'm so tired of violets' so delightfully?

But I must be careful not to mix my dates. I am verging upon the present. Most writing about the theatre is done by old men who paint the past in radiant colors against the dull background of the present. I cannot think of myself as an exception to this rule, but before leaving this subject I want to remind my severest critic — my wife — that twenty-odd years ago, when we were enjoying to the full the wonderful shows then being given at Weber and Fields's in New York, I said that never before had there been, and in all probability never again could there be, assembled in any theatre such a brilliant caste as that which, in addition to these two clever comedians themselves, included Charles Ross, Peter Daly, and Dave Warfield among the men, and Lillian Russell — and here I fall into reverie from which I do not wish to be disturbed.

V

I could, if it were necessary, give the exact date upon which I took a young and charming lady — the lady afore-

said, indeed, now a grandmother and wearing glasses very becomingly — into a small music hall in the Strand, and saw, through a haze of fog and tobacco smoke, a large fat man in ridiculous trousers, and listened to a song in which occurred words something to this effect: —

‘They want a man for the Prince of Wales
And they ’re after me, after me,
I’m the individual they require.’

‘Is n’t he wonderful!’ I said to my little bride, gasping for breath at my side. ‘That’s Herbert Campbell, one of the most popular music-hall artists in London.’

‘Artists!’ the girl cried, ‘I think he’s disgusting.’

‘Never mind,’ I replied, ‘that feeling is like seasickness; you’ll get over it; keep quiet and listen to the words and try to learn them’; and joining in the chorus I sang at the top of my voice: —

‘I’m the individual they require.’

Herbert Campbell was a large man with an unctuous voice, enormously popular with his audience, and much in demand for pantomimes at Drury Lane, for which, on account of his size, he was particularly well adapted. His once popular song would n’t go now: the present Prince of Wales is the most popular man in England.

Who shall explain the popularity of a song? What quality is it of words or music that gives it vitality? When I was last in Buffalo I visited the Public Library and was interested to note the efforts then being made, under the direction of a distinguished citizen, Judge Louis B. Hart, to preserve for all time the once popular songs of the nation, the abstract and brief chronicles of their time. Songs may be as important in a nation’s history as its laws; frequently they are written by wiser men.

Let us join in singing ‘Grandfather’s Clock,’ which swept over America in

the Centennial year, 1876. And let us not forget ‘Silver Threads among the Gold,’ or ‘After the Ball,’ which is the musical monument of the World’s Fair in Chicago in 1893. These unconsidered trifles have, of course, no musical or literary value, but in after years they will be interesting as showing the varying sophistications of their day.

To return to London. In what year was it (upon the day when it had been discovered that Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish leader, had been indulging in an illicit amour with Mrs. O’Shea) that a man came out on a music-hall stage and sang a song, the words and music of which had been written only a few hours before? I remember that the chorus went something like this: —

‘Charley Parney, Charley Parney,
Naughty, naughty boy,
Who ’d have thought you ’d have interfered
With another fellow’s joy?’

The next lines I forget, but the last lines were: —

‘You want Home Rule for Ireland
And you can’t home rule yourself.’

Instantly there was a riot; when two or three Irishmen are gathered together there usually is. The Irish determined that the song should not be sung; the English wanted it badly. We were a hundred to one — but what are odds to an Irishman? While it lasted it was a very pretty scrap, but just as it was getting interesting the policemen came and put an end to it, just as firemen do to a fire — I could never understand why.

If I was not the first person in America to sing Lottie Collins’s great song, —

‘Ta, ra, ra, boom de ay,’ —

I don’t want the credit for it; but certainly I was her most steadfast defender when anyone happened to say that that song was not designed to be sung by a perfect lady. No, I am mistaken;

the song in that way challenged was not Lottie Collins's acrobatic song and dance, which swept round the world as it deserved to; it was another balladic masterpiece:—

'Her golden hair was hanging down her back.'

It was the pathetic story of a beautiful young country girl who came to London to see the sights, 'with her golden hair a-hanging down her back.' It took many stanzas to tell of the experiences that befell her: her name was Flo, and the chorus went this way:—

'But O Flo! What a change, you know,
When she left the village she was shy;
But alas, and alack, she came back
With a naughty little twinkle in her eye.'

I well remember the fate of my copy of this song. My wife, growing tired of playing my accompaniments, once remarked to herself: 'I wish someone would burn this song'; whereupon my daughter, then a girl of seven, before anyone could stop her, placed it upon the embers of a wood fire. But the words of most of it have been burnt into my brain.

Does anyone remember the rattling chorus?—

'Strolling round the town,
Rolling up and down,
Tasting every kind of wet,
Having a h—— of a time you bet;
Treating all the boys,
Did n't care a sou
Fair old, rare old,
Ricketty, racketty crew.'

If you have forgotten it, I would be pleased to sing it for a small remuneration. I learned it with lots of other songs in St. Bartholomew's Hospital to which I was conveyed with a broken leg just thirty years ago to-morrow.

How can a lot of boys and men more harmlessly spend two or three hours of an evening, after a hard day's work, than in listening to and singing a lot of nonsensical, and sometimes absurdly sentimental, songs? Don't let us try too

hard to 'uplift' our fellows in the street. Life is a dull, unhappy business at best for them; before they were born the cards were stacked; the chances against them are ten thousand to one. Think of the homes that many of the patrons of the halls come from! Think of the streets into which they must go for recreation and remember that

'Hearts may beat as true
In the Seven Dials
As in Belgravia Square.'

The streets of London are ceaselessly interesting and Coster songs, as sung by Gus Ellen, and above all by that great artist, Albert Chevalier, have always had a powerful fascination for me. Poor fellow, Chevalier died not long ago, and his books were sold at auction only last week. I hope to get some of them.

And what has become of Vesta Tilley—later to become Lady de Freece—who for years wore men's clothes, especially evening clothes, better than most men, and sang and danced in them to the distraction of the chappies about town. The 'Great Little Tilley' she was called, and she deserved both adjectives. She was christened Matilda and assumed the name of Vesta from a match box. Wherever she is, I hope she is happy. She ought to be for she has given so much and such innocent pleasure. At one time she was earning, not being paid merely, as much as £500 a week. Nor have I forgotten Vesta Victoria (I don't suppose she was so christened) with her famous song,— 'Waiting at the Church'—the words and music of which are kept under lock and key at home, lest it, too, may find its way into the fire.

Marie Lloyd—another great favorite. I happened to be in London a year ago when she died, almost the last of her line, and a great to-do was made at her funeral. She was vulgar, but droll, and enormously popular. At the time

of her death she supposed herself to be very rich, and left a lot of money to charity; but she had lived rich and died, as so many of her profession do, poor. Years ago, when she first became popular, the story goes of a man in London for the first time, being shown the sights by a friend who, although long a resident, was not over-sure of his facts. On top of a horse-drawn bus, the town innocent explained to the country innocent this building and that, not often giving the building its proper name. But the driver who knew every inch of the road was imperturbable. At last, nearing St. Paul's, the countryman inquired, 'What is the name of that statur' there?' For several centuries it has been Queen Anne; but the Cockney, at a loss, paused for a moment, whereupon the driver with a face like a frost-bitten apple, turned round and, chuckling to himself said, 'Don't 'esitate, don't 'esitate, say its Marie Lloyd.'

Who that has seen him has forgotten Dan Leno? He was an exquisite artist, always in trouble — on the stage; poor fellow, if I am not mistaken, he went insane. 'Genius is to insanity allied,' and Dan Leno was a genius. He made you laugh inside rather than out; no smutty word or suggestion ever came from him. He was a little fellow and when, during the Christmas pantomime, Drury Lane claimed him, he was lost in the immensity of that huge stage; but at the Tivoli, gone now, alas, he was in his element. I do not seem to remember any songs of his, but as a dancer he was superb. Fifty years ago, nearly, at Tony Pastor's in New York, I remember two black-faced comedians who used to sing and dance to words something like this: —

'Oh, we are a pair of mokes,
And we're always full of jokes,
And it's watch a nigger's educated feet,
Tah, rah, rah.'

Then would come a patter of feet as

faultlessly rhythmical as a verse by Swinburne. This forgotten jingle suggests one of Dan Leno's great accomplishments: with his educated feet, sometimes in shoes almost as long as he was tall, he would clog-dance with a grace and agility that I have never seen equaled. Even Royalty, and Royalty is hard to amuse, found him amusing.

But the old-fashioned music hall was not entirely given over to song and dance. I have seen animals do incredible things; I have seen cyclists ride wheels until my heart was in my mouth; I have seen feats of strength, and I have heard 'Datas,' the man whose memory was so remarkable that he could, as he said, 'give the correct answer to any question found in the following books of reference.' Then followed a long list — and he could do it too. I primed myself to catch him, as others did, but always failed. Tumblers and acrobats, too, I have seen — they are still with us, but alas! Paul Cinquevalli is no more. He was an Austrian, his right name was Kestner, a sensitive gentleman; the war broke his heart. As a juggler, I suppose he never had an equal. I have seen him keep in the air, at one time, a cannon ball, an egg, and a lighted lamp.

At a music hall as long as I can smoke, I can stand anything. 'Jonathan Wild is not too low for me, nor Shaftesbury too genteel'; but I hate a contortionist. When a contortionist comes on, I always close my eyes and sometimes go to sleep. Many years ago, in the smoke-room of the old Teutonic, I fell into conversation with a man about 'the halls.'

'I am glad that you enjoy them,' he said; 'you have probably seen me.'

I looked at him carefully and tried to place him, but could not, and I told him so.

'I am the "Human Corkscrew,"' he replied.

REPTILES AND ANGELS

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

ROLLING along in my hospital wheelchair, I passed through a narrow door and came to a stop in a whitened concrete vault. As this was, no doubt, the place (for it was plain that we could go no farther), I gathered my blanket about me and composed my mind to meet the further eventuality. I was now to be connected up, by both wrists and my left ankle, to an electric plug in the wall.

On a shelf or table at my right was a coil of electric wire, rather stiff-looking and black. On three ends of it were electrodes, these being zinc plates shaped like a shoehorn, and so curved that they would fit snugly, like wristlets and anklet, to the three parts of my body. Aside from this wire and its terminals, there was no indication of machinery in the place.

But while there was no machinery here, there was, down in the basement, where it could rest on solid earth and be free from all vibration, a machine about ten feet in length. Of its several parts, the dominating feature is a large electro-magnet. This magnet, which is circular in form, so that its poles face each other and approach closely, is as big round as a stovepipe and about two feet across. With its large iron core and interminable wrappings of fine wire it is a most able-bodied magnet. It is with this that the electric plug in the wall makes connection.

Anyone seeing the wire to which I was to be fastened, and noting the

careful arrangements for getting good contact, would naturally conclude that I was about to have a charge of electricity passed through my body. But this would be a mistaken conclusion. There was no source of electricity in that apparatus. The source was in me. The electric energy created by my heart, incidental to the muscular contractions of each separate beat, would go down through the plug in the wall, course through the fine wrappings of wire and give the big magnet its power. Thus my heart would operate the machine.

The result would be a record of how the muscles of my heart were acting. Each beat could be analyzed by means of the photographic representation which the electro-cardiograph inscribes on a roll of paper. This long message, when decoded, might offer me encouragement, within certain limitations. Or it might be news that I should not be very glad to hear.

Not much power is needed to work the essential parts of the electro-cardiograph — only enough to carry the news and make it manifest. The reader will therefore get a truer conception of it if he regards this black wire not as a power line, but as a telegraph wire. It was news we were after — important information; and to this end we were arranging for a cablegram from my heart.

A fitting end for the average man to come to! Considering how remote

from his mind is any knowledge of his own inner mechanism, and how careless he is of its upkeep, it is quite appropriate that he should have to get in touch with his heart after the manner of a message from afar.

To get appreciable power out of the electricity of a single heart, and to measure each slight fluctuation of the current, requires some very delicate mechanism. This the electro-cardiograph has. It contains a thread, a filament, so fine that when the front of the machine is off, one dares not speak in the room for fear of breaking it. It is really a thread of stone. When quartz is melted with the blow-pipe, filaments form and float away invisibly on the air. They are imperceptible to the eye except under the most favorable circumstances. A piece of black satin, suspended nearby, serves to catch some of the filaments and make them visible. With much patience and many mishaps, a thread of suitable length is finally captured and strung on a glass bow, its ends being caught and fastened in drops of gum. And now, after it has been lightly silver-plated, it is ready to be put in its appointed place, which is in the magnetic field between the poles of the big magnet. The amount of current passing through the magnet is indicated by the extent to which this filament is deflected. And a record of the behavior of this filament, which is obtained by means of a microscope, a projecting lens and a roll of photographic paper, serves to define the waves of energy that pass over the heart, making a weakness visible.

The filament between the poles is delicately stretched, and it must be brought accurately to a certain tension. This is determined by electrical test. In order to regulate the tension, a micrometer screw of great diameter and extreme fineness is provided. The

electro-cardiograph is a very sensitive instrument — musical instrument one might almost call it in view of this little Æolian harpstring which the very spirit of life is able to pluck and play.

II

My case was diagnosed rather suddenly — unexpectedly — all the symptoms falling together at once under the head of 'the Stokes-Adams syndrome.'

I was fully expecting to get into my car and drive the thirty-six miles which would take me home; and then the consulting physicians, who had withdrawn to consider my case, came back with this puzzling phrase on their lips: 'The Stokes-Adams syndrome!' They put my car in one garage and me in another — which is to say, a big, new hospital. Such are the mutations of a minute!

The trouble with my heart, as I soon discovered when I brought it to be repaired, was that the timer was out of order. Between the upper chambers, or auricles, and the lower chambers, or ventricles, is a muscle or tissue called the Bundle of His. This is the timer or coördinating device. Its function is to carry the muscular impulse, or wave of energy, over and across from auricle to ventricle, thus causing it to beat. If this device becomes impaired, the ventricle lacks muscular force, and when it does gather enough energy to beat, it beats out of time, one part not having due regard for what another part is doing. The result is a lack of compression, a loss of power; and this loss of power accounted for my tendency to faint, my pulse being forty and my blood-pressure ninety.

Five days I lay in state, as it were, on a high hospital bed. Serving creatures, mute ministering angels, came in and did things to me and passed out again.

No one ever takes the trouble to

introduce a trained nurse. At least they do not do so when you are being attended by the general staff of the hospital. You are supposed to know her when you see her; and so you do, no matter how often she may change her outer form and demeanor — her eyes, hair, and complexion — in the course of a night and a day.

There must have been a dozen of them, — eight whom I distinctly remember, — all making entrances and exits according to some system of particular hours and special duties. On the first morning my temperature was taken and so many things were done that I began to suspect that they were letting the neophytes practise on me. I found however that certain things come under the head of 'routine.' These things they do to all; and further attentions follow the doctor's orders.

As they said little or nothing, so did I. If a beautiful stranger came in and suggested that I sit up or turn over, I did so, knowing that she would rub my back with alcohol. Without saying anything at all, she could change all the bed clothes, taking the sheet from under me and putting another in its place. In these things they have a particular white magic.

Hospital beds are now made very high, so that the nurse can manipulate you readily, as on a table or workbench. When your narrow bed is made, and you have been tucked in just so, with the white covering stretched taut upon you so that your big toes make two peaks like tent-poles, it is all very invalidlike and sculpturesque and formal. You lie as on your monument, a perfect effigy of yourself, all motion stopped and inhibited. Any suggestion of activity upon your part — of getting up and doing things — is promptly put down by the nurse. If you start to argue she falls back on the formula:

'The doctor says —.' That settles it. She has quoted authority. But sometimes I have suspected that the doctor was herself.

Finally, after five days of this sort of life, a different nurse, one whom I had never seen before, appeared at my left hand. She had a wheel-chair with her, and as she rolled it up beside me she said cheerfully, 'Well, shall we take a little ride?'

It is my opinion that they make the proposition in just that way in all the hospitals in the United States. The phrase has been universally adopted; it has become standard, having proved to be the one best way. Along with the remark, which comes at the end of the ride, — 'Now we are going to take a little nap,' — it may be classed as technique. She says it wonderfully well.

As for *my* nurse, she came in and did her part so perfectly, with such entire naturalness, that she quite misled me. I had been hearing of certain big sun parlors where convalescents are taken to bask in unison, and cripples sit and wait for their limbs to mend; and I had conceived a desire to look in upon them before I left the place. As I had been told that I might be sent home on the fifth day, I was now in a mood of leavetaking. Consequently, when the nurse came in and made such a cheerful proposal, — just as if I were going to be her guest and make a grand tour of the place, — I accepted gladly. But, as I felt quite able to get up and walk, I told her that, if she would only wait till I put on my clothes, I would accompany her personally, and not in a wheel-chair.

This reply, evidently unexpected, put her clean out of her part. She was at a loss for a way to carry on. She fell back resolutely upon the lines as she knew them and repeated, now less naturally, 'I think we had better — take — a — little — ride.'

'Oh!' I remarked. 'Yes, I guess we will take a little ride.' So saying, I rolled out in my pajamas and took my place in the chair. And I became as a little child again as she wheeled me through corridors, and into an elevator, and then on by several turns till I found myself delivered into the keeping of the aforementioned white-walled vault, or little windowless chamber or cell.

This place, as I could see when I noted certain lockers and shelves, was used for storing the surgical supplies of a large hospital; but as it had no opening except the one door at my back, it struck me as a crypt or dungeon. And when my eyes rested on the zinc shackles prepared for me, and I fell to considering those extensions of iron bolts that were soldered to them, I began to think of Poe's story of 'The Pit and the Pendulum,' and all the things that happened therein.

The nurse, having pushed me in here, deserted me — let go of the handle, walked away, and disappeared! She who had approached me with such fair words, and held forth such a cheerful prospect of our journeying together — where was she? Gone! She had delivered me here and was done. In this solitary situation I began to feel apprehensive and distrustful.

This mood was quite put to rout when a new nurse came to me — this one to be writ down and remembered as the little Swiss maid. I needed someone in whom I could place my trust, someone to talk to and believe in; and now that the other nurse had proved unfeeling and fickle, I pinned my faith to her. She was a dainty being in black — a most maidenly form. I suppose it was because she was dressed in black that my eye caught each curve of her, a striking silhouette against the white wall. She was a fine feminine mechanism, like a Swiss watch; and she had

big, brown, truth-telling eyes as open and clear as the crystal on the same. She was very reassuring; and as I needed reassurance, I made the most of her.

As I was now her invalid, she took hold of me with the frank freedom of a sister and set to work to bind me hand and foot. She wetted my wrists and left ankle and rubbed and rubbed till she had worked the wetness in. Then she wrung woolen cloths out of warm salt water and bound them on. Over the wet wool she fitted the zinc electrodes; and over these again she wrapped more of the damp warm cloths and firmly tied them.

The iron bolts, soldered to the zinc plates, protruded from these cloths and extended out beyond my fingers. On the ends of these tentacles were the binding posts; and to these the ends of the wires were screwed. And now I might prepare myself, she said, to sit perfectly still. I must not work my foot up and down (as I was then doing) and I must not lean forward to look at things. I must lean back, passively, and let my heart beat.

But no, not yet. She had been called away. Coming back, she sat down on the floor, examined the end of the wire, and inserted it in the binding post again. There was something here which she would have to pay close attention to while the test was going on. To have her thus bound to her post, virtually chained to my ankle, was a great relief to me. I knew that she could not desert me in the time that was to come. So now all was in readiness — she would sit still and let the machinery run.

I could now feel it pumping away — running regularly.

III

The human heart is a duplex force-pump, each half being independent of

the other in the sense that there is no opening between the pumps to right and left. One side pumps the used blood through the lungs; the other side takes it from the lungs and forces it through the body in general.

Each side has an upper part, or auricle, which is a receiving chamber for the blood, and a lower part, or ventricle, which is the pump proper. These parts work alternately and connect with each other by means of a valve. The auricle collects a charge of blood from the veins which supply it, and then, at the proper moment, contracts and delivers it through the valve to the ventricle. And the ventricle, which has been expanding to receive it, now contracts and sends it through the circulatory system. It is evident that the two parts, upper and lower, need to keep time.

The heart starts to beat with an impulse which begins at the base of a vein that forms the inlet; and this impulse passes down over the heart in a wave of muscular contraction. The effect is, first, to contract the two auricles. The Bundle of His, situated between the auricles and ventricles, passes the impulse over to the lower chambers. Thus the ventricle closes its valve and starts to contract just as the auricle has emptied itself. And while it is contracting, the auricle expands and gathers a new charge of blood. The Bundle of His coördinates the machinery, so that the four chambers of the heart, and their various valves for intake and outlet, work to some effect.

If infection reaches the heart, forming scar tissue; and if this scar tissue happens to be on the Bundle of His, there is confusion. It is called 'heart block.'

The block, or obstruction to the wave of energy, may be partial or complete. The ventricles may beat but once while the auricles beat, or try to beat, twice

or even three times. Or the heart may seem to be quite normal, so far as the ordinary examination would reveal; but it will have spells when it becomes so baffled and confused that it is on the point of giving up.

The electro-cardiograph, being operated by the electricity from such a heart, responds to all the fluctuations in the wave of energy. The fine filament is deflected according to the force that comes over the wire; and these deflections, being recorded photographically, are an index to the true state of affairs.

Such, in short, was the nature of the machinery that was now operating. The button had been pressed, and my heart was steadily working.

IV

Finally, after a long spell, — it may have been ten minutes and it may have been twenty, — my little Swiss maid rose in answer to some signal and hurried away.

When she came back, she told me that the record would have to be made over. There was something wrong about this one. The superintending surgeon was not at all satisfied that he was getting a true record of my heart. The machine had probably been disturbed and the adjustment put out. However we would now try to get a true record. So saying, she again sat down at my feet and turned her gaze downward as she placed her thumb against one of the connections at my ankle. Again I was not to move. So I lay back in my chair and let my heart beat.

I have always felt a little pride in my ability to comprehend mechanical principles. I am good at locating subtle ailments, — even in a machine that is new to me, — and making the repair.

I now saw what had been ailing the electro-cardiograph, and I did it by the following chain of reasoning.

The electricity that was operating that machine was simply the electricity from my body as a whole, and not any selected electricity that came from my heart. Indeed, unless it were possible to put binding posts on a man's heart, and then isolate that organ from the rest of his body, it would be impossible to draw electricity from the heart exclusively. The electrical connections were made to my arms and one leg; and this would result in drawing off any electricity in my body that might arise from muscular activity. That the electricity used to operate the electro-cardiograph was heart electricity was due to the fact that my heart was the only part of me that was engaged in muscular contraction. This was a safe conclusion in view of the nurse's objections when she saw my foot moving nervously up and down.

These facts, in connection with certain others now occurring to me, led to a startling conclusion. When I was first brought to earth with fainting spells, I diagnosed my own case (quite wrongly) as tobacco heart. I had too long been a smoker; and now that I saw the results, I broke off at once. And as an alternative to the habit, I began chewing gum.

It was this gum-chewing of mine that had baffled the electro-cardiograph and given it such surprising symptoms. When I was wheeled into that vault to undergo a new and nameless ordeal, I naturally had a reserve of gum stowed away in my cheek 'as an ape doth nuts.' And when, after the uncanny preparations, I leaned back to hold my nerves in leash during a long and trying silence, I started promptly to chew gum. I was now releasing muscular electricity by both heart and jaw, a beat and a bite, a bite and a

beat — or beats and bites together; and the results were going over the wire. The machine was putting the doings down as the true record of a single heart, whereas no two hearts could have equaled it. I dare say that, as compared with the energy my heart was producing, the record of my maxillary muscles, as they came down at regular and frequent intervals, was hardly a secondary dynamic force. But, as the combined and unrelated efforts were fused into one electric current and translated on paper as coming from one source, the record was one of neither jaw nor heart — neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. It was a thing to puzzle any expert.

When this little matter, and its scientific bearing, occurred to me, just as I was composing my nerves to sit for a second test, it took me somewhat aback. I could see just what that record looked like. It was no wonder that the superintending surgeon refused to believe it human.

As for what the man of science said when he learned the cause behind that set of phenomena, I must report that he did not say anything, the reason being that I did not tell him. I was on the ground floor at the time, and he was down in the basement. And besides, I was speechless. Later on I decided to remain speechless.

When I had been taken back to my room and tucked into bed, he came up to see me. I found that his visit was a social one, purely a personal call. He was in a conversational mood, and, as I soon began to see, really apologetic. Because of the strange aberration of his machine, I had been kept down in that vault an extremely long time. He wished me to understand that something unusual had happened — some careless push or jar had put it out of adjustment.

There are not a great many of these

machines — only three in the state. And I could see that he, as the expert in charge of one of them, was quite embarrassed by its wild behavior.

By this time I was no longer chewing gum. At the head of my bed was a little stand with a drawer in it. The gum, deposited in a tin box and stowed away in this drawer, was now out of sight. And so I listened and said nothing.

V

On the fifth day of my lying in state, the junior surgeon came to make another physical examination. This was to be a clean-up of all the minor details, a final work of elimination.

When he had gone through the usual auscultations, chest-rappings and thumpings, and depressed my tongue with a wooden spatula, and tested my reflex centres with a little triangular hammer, and tucked his fingers up under my short ribs to find how my liver might be, he turned his attention to my eyes.

This interested me at once. It reminded me of something I wanted to know.

At the inner corner of each eye, next to my nose, there seems to be a growth over the eyeball in the form of a film or skin — a thick yellowish film which gathers in wrinkles when the eyeball is moved and becomes increasingly evident. When I look straight forward, the wrinkles pass out and the loose skin is not so plain.

For several years I have felt that this thing would bear watching. Other people's eyes, as I observed, did not have it; and I suspected that it might be a growth of sinister portent. The surgeon got through with his examination without saying anything about it; and then, in the nick of time, I thought of it. I told him to look closely and he would see it gather as I turned my eye.

'Oh, that,' he said, without giving it so much as a glance, 'that is a prenatal remnant.'

And then he went on to explain. Certain of the lower orders of animals, as reptiles and birds, have an extra eyelid in the form of a semitransparent film or sheath. It is called the 'nictitating membrane.' It is situated at the inner angle of the eye, the same as mine is, from which position it can be drawn up by certain muscles to cover the whole eyeball.

The human being, in its early prenatal stages, goes through a progressive development, a series of resemblances — worm, reptile, fish, and quadruped — which is a condensed history of the process by which the human race was evolved. At a certain stage there is a film over the eye. This gradually clears away until, at the time of birth, it has totally disappeared.

'In your case,' he said, 'it never quite disappeared. It is a prenatal remnant.'

'A reptilian remnant!' I commented. 'Or might I claim a kinship with the lordly eagle?'

'It is the reptiles that have that sort of a rudimentary film,' he explained. 'With the exception of the crocodile, it is not nictitating; it is merely a rudiment in the corner of the eye. Birds have the complete membrane. Through it the eagle can gaze upon the sun.'

'Possibly,' I reflected, 'if I have a streak of reptile in me it will prove advantageous in my present condition.'

'Yes, that is a good view to take,' he agreed. 'A reptilian relationship would not be a bad thing for a man whose heart is out of order. The heart of the lower orders is especially retentive of life.'

With such light comment — due to my inward uplift upon finding that my

eyes were in good condition — we brought the subject to an end.

On the afternoon of the same day, my own physician, Dr. G——, came in to make a call. And now that diagnosis had progressed to the point of certainty, I brought him around to the point of 'laying the cards on the table.'

My physician is an able optimist. He has such a ready command, not simply of language but of science, that in an argument about your condition he can think instantly of an interesting fact which will checkmate your gloomy and pessimistic position. They say he plays Mah Jongg well, but I would say that, in his own profession, he plays hearts better.

'You say,' I insisted, 'that I have organic heart disease — not functional. That is what people die of. So I may expect at any time to give one gasp, and that will be the end.'

'The heart,' he replied, 'does not live by means of the blood which goes through it in pumping. Like any other organ, it has a circulation of its own. If it were the circulation of the heart itself that was obstructed, that would be a different matter. Your heart loses the impulse to beat, that is certain; and you might think it was going to stop suddenly. But the heart has an inherent impulse to beat, quite apart from any impulse communicated to it. The heart of one of the lower animals, a reptile for instance, when placed in a normal salt solution, will go on beating for quite a while. The human heart has the same instinct in its very tissue. Its inherent rate of beating is about thirty to the minute; but it will not continue its independent beating so long as that of a reptile because it uses up its sugar sooner. Your heart, while it has its communicated impulse partially blocked, still has a normal rate of forty to fifty.'

'I see the idea,' I said. 'The circulation in my heart is not obstructed; all the passages are open. As long as it beats at all, my heart will partake of what circulation there is; and as long as it partakes of that circulation, it will remain alive and keep on beating. I can see from that that I am going to live forever.'

'Not so bad as that,' he answered. 'But the heart is a wonderful organ, and it has great power of self-repair. For that reason, if a patient will be careful and do just as he is told, it is a most satisfactory organ to work with.'

As I have said, my physician is a talented optimist. When I have been over the ground with him, I am convinced that my heart is bound to keep on going. I am reminded of the man whose liver was in such good condition that after he had passed away they had to take it out of him and beat it to death with clubs.

At the same time, I am glad that he brought out those facts about reptiles and their hearts. Added to my prenatal remnant, they reinforce my position greatly. When worst comes to worst, I have something to fall back on.

It was a few days after this that my country doctor — he who sent me to his confrères in the city — came in to resume relations with me. By this time I had grown very mechanical-minded, greatly interested in the heart as a pumping device, regardless of whom it belonged to. And considering how much the average man understands about an automobile, I began to marvel that he should be so blissfully ignorant of a piece of machinery which, if it were not for his shirt bosom and a few other integuments, would be right under his eyes.

Regarding it as a great invention, I ventured the opinion to my country doctor that it might have been built

somewhat differently. It need not have been constructed according to the present design.

He quite agreed with my views, radical as they were. 'Yes,' he said, 'there are a number of differently designed hearts in nature, all of them very good. The frog has but one ventricle and two auricles. In fact, the human heart itself is different at different stages of development. Among the more primitive forms of life, the heart is but a tube, with valves at each end. In the human being it is first of this variety — a mere tube. Later it has what is, practically, a single auricle. But before birth the auricles become separate chambers.'

'Rather reptilian!' I exclaimed.

'Yes, it is, somewhat.'

'I am pleased to hear it,' I said. 'Glad of it, in spite of Mr. Bryan's views to the contrary. A man with heart disease ought to take some comfort in harking back to his remote ancestors.'

'It would not be a bad point of view,' he admitted. 'Anyway, it is a good deal better than worrying about your condition.'

From where I am now lying in bed, along with a supply of paper and a pencil, there are no books of a modern scientific nature to be had. There is quite a display of fiction, essays, and the drama, but nothing dealing with the human heart. A good encyclopædia might yield up considerable information, but I am held back by the

doctor's opinion that I had better not make an exhaustive study of my inner machinery.

On a certain lower shelf, however, is the *World Almanac* for 1923, 'a book of facts.' This afternoon I made a trip as far as the bookcase and brought the 'World' to bed with me.

I find here, on page 357, that of all the causes of death in the United States, 'organic heart disease' stands at the top of the list. We hear much of cancer, but that is only fifth. Tuberculosis is much in the public mind, but that is not even second. For 124,143 who died of organic heart disease in 1920, there were but 72,931 who died of cancer and all tumors, and 88,195 who died of tuberculosis.

As I am now writing for the largest audience in the United States, namely those who expect to die, and for that decided plurality who will finally take an interest in the heart, I am sorry that I have no books out of which I might get reliable and helpful information. I shall have to content myself with this screed as it is — inconsequential and frivolous as it may appear.

I found, after two weeks of lying in bed, that my object in taking no exercise was to give nature time to provide me with a 'compensated heart.' It must automatically strengthen itself in certain regards, to compensate for the breakdown in others. Thus I am lying low and putting great reliance on the reptilian retentiveness of life. I never felt, anyway, that I was exactly cut out to be an angel.

POEMS

BY GEORGE VILLIERS

I. CONSOLATION

I KNOW that somewhere under the sun
There are quiet women
Between white walls, going about their peaceful tasks
In a blue twilight;
Folding things,
And putting things away,
With quaint restful minds dreaming back into the past,
Content.
And men coming home tired after their labor,
Into cool rooms plunging out of the glare and heat of the day,
Looking in the eyes of the women they love
And knowing that life at least cannot rob them
Of so much as they have had,
And happy so.
And lovers creeping closer in the dusk,
Pleading their pitiful vows under the moon.
And little children falling asleep like flowers.
And men and women gathering in wide open spaces
With exultation in their hearts
At some great news.

Somewhere under the sun
I know these things must be —
Then why, in heaven's name, do I sit brooding here
In the pit of mine own thoughts,

Dark and unhappy,
When if for a moment I reach out to them, even in vision,
I know a consolation
Deeper than thought?

O foolish me! O blessed humankind!

II. CONTRASTS

A flute-player by a Public Bar
Droning through the melancholy haze
An impossible glad tune; a smell of beer;
A boy drab-aproned spitting by a cart,
Swearing and shouting —

And in my heart,
White and still, peaceful and crystal-clear,
The image, like a star, of one who fell in France —
Most dear to me, most lovely in his ways.

O God, the texture of these latter days!

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE

BY ARTHUR MASON

HAD it not been for a woman and a canary bird Captain Dan McCann, of the schooner *Morning Star*, would not be limping around on a cane to-day, nor would a certain four sailors, before they sign on a new ship, inquire whether or not the captain carries his wife.

Captain McCann's misfortune happened when the *Morning Star* was less than two days' run from San Juan de Fuca. The weather up to that time had been pleasant, and everyone seemed happy, even in spite of the forecastle superstition that a woman on board brings bad luck.

Then one day the sun came up out of the ocean, pale from shouldering a watery-looking cloud away from the horizon. There were other little clouds skirting the waves, and on to one of them was hung a piece of a rainbow.

'That's a bad sign,' remarked a short, stuffy sailor who suffered from asthma, 'them things in the sky in the morning mean something, they do.'

The crooked-legged sailor leaned over the rail, his eyes set on the sun dog. 'Of course it means something,' he said, solemnly, 'and if I don't miss my guess that thing'll bark before night.'

Captain McCann and his wife Kitty were walking the narrow poop. Kitty occasionally gave a squint at the rainbow; if she felt any alarm at what she saw, she kept it to herself, as befitted the seasoned mariner that she was. The captain's only interest was in the speed of the schooner, which was

racing away with a free sheet and all sail set.

The cook stuck his head out of the companionway. 'Breakfast!' he shouted.

'Come on,' said Kitty; the captain grunted, and the two went below.

While they were eating, little clouds seemed to group themselves together to make a big one, always a little nearer and more threatening.

When breakfast was over, Kitty went about the first of her cabin chores, which was to feed and water the canary bird—the apple of her husband's eye and not to be touched by anyone save himself and her. Whether the threat of the sun dog influenced even so small a mite, or whether some latent ill luck really lurked in the touch of Kitty's hand, certain it is that the canary escaped from its cage, flew to the deck, and alighted on the main boom.

Kitty's voice seemed muffled in fur as it squelched through the companionway.

'For the love of Heaven,' it said, 'catch him, catch him!'

The captain, who was sitting on a mooring-bitt, picking his teeth with his pocket knife, jumped to his feet. The man at the wheel gulped, and wordless he pointed at the bird as it flew to the boom. Breathlessly Kitty reached the deck.

'Did ye get him, Dan?'

'Whisht, woman,' the captain commanded, 'ye have done enough this morning!'

'God save me, it was n't my fault at all, at all.'

'Whisht, I tell ye!' He made a motion as if to stamp his foot, but stopped in mid-air, afraid to frighten the bird.

'Dan,' she whispered, 'shure and he won't budge an inch if ye talk to him.'

Captain Dan gave his wife a stab-stare from his angry red eyes, then, getting down on his hands and knees, he crawled over to the boom and the bird, leaving Kitty motionless, and seeming to breathe only with the roll of the ship. The man at the wheel let her wander at will, afraid that a squeak from a spoke might upset the captain's purpose.

Cautiously the owner of the canary moved his hand up to the boom, then with a lunge grabbed for him.

'Be-hivins,' roared Kitty, 'there he goes!'

Captain Dan rose to his feet grasping a tail feather. He stripped his teeth with another stare at Kitty.

Though first of all a woman, Mrs. McCann was aware that she was joint owner of the schooner with her husband, and therefore, in a sense, joint owner of the bird. She placed her hands on her hips, squared her shoulders, and spoke:

'And is it shtandin' there ye are, McCann, wit' yer thick tongue in yer mouth while yer bird is up the mast in the cowl'd, and danger av it dyin'!'

Captain Dan walked over to the main rigging as the mate came on to the deck from his room.

'Call all hands!' ordered the master. There was a hiss behind his words as he turned toward Kitty:

'A man may expect anything that carries his wife to sea with him!'

The helmsman's lips moved as if in response, and a trickly murmur oozed from them to the effect that 'Us-uns knows wot we knows.'

Kitty sniffled, as if to forestall a tear, and went down into the cabin.

No need to tell the crew what to do. With ferret eyes fastened on the canary bird they took to the rigging, the captain directing operations from the deck.

'Tackle him gently,' he ordered.

'Aye, aye, sir,' came from the throats of three sailors, two mates, and the cook.

But the canary bird was not to be caught in their big tarry fingers, and smothered there with kindness. When the puffing sailors got within arm's length of him at the main crosstrees he fluttered his wings and flew forward to the foremast.

The captain, looking at the big black cloud to windward which, composite of little clouds, now looked like an island of gigantic size, with capes and inlets, shouted to the men to hurry. The asthmatic sailor, following his glance, took time to breathe and let some words fall to the deck.

'There's rain over there, and plenty of it,' he said, pointing.

'I'll take care of that,' barked the captain, bitterly. 'Up the foremast wit' ye, and get him!'

Kitty sat in the cabin, her hands hanging limp in her lap. She was hurt by the insult from her husband. Then, as thought of his cruelty warped her to action, she clenched her fists, and the fire sparkled in her eye as of old. She rose to her feet.

'I'll tell him what I think av him — me that's sailed the Morning Star while the auld whiskey-hound lay sobering up in a durty jail! And him up there tellin' them flyin'-fish sailors of his that I'm the wan that's bringin' bad luck.'

She reached down and grabbed a handful of her skirts; her face was pale and angry as she said rasping words between her set teeth:

'Dan McCann, ye'll beg me pardon before the crew!'

She made a spring for the deck, and as she did she passed the canary bird flying past her down the stairs, and into the captain's room.

'God bliss ye, me darlin', and it's back again ye are.'

She followed him into the cabin, and slammed the door shut. The puckered pockets around her mouth disappeared and showed the sweetness of it. She pushed back straying locks of hair that was still curly, and held out a shapely hand to the bird. He lighted upon her finger, and she put him gently back into the cage. Then in an instant all tenderness left her and she started again for the deck, with savage speed.

But hardly had she the door handle in her hold when, with a rending roar from the deck above, the Morning Star pitched upon her beam ends, sending movables in the cabin crashing. Instantly Kitty's legs compassed the angle of the cabin deck; she posed like a dancing frog.

'God save me, is it the end of the world it is, and me not prepared at all, at all?'

The shadow of alarm crossed her face but for a moment, for the expression of a sea-fighter, like a flash of light, took its place. She opened the door, and the tightened muscles of her jaws made her cheeks bulge.

'Me Dan is up there,' she said simply, and went creeping on all fours to the deck. Captain Dan was lying there, face down, abaft the wheel-box, blood running out of his nose, and a part of the broken mainsheet wrapped around his leg. The crew were in the rigging, even to the helmsman, testifying to the power of the squall which had struck her. It had about spent itself now, leaving the Morning Star with barely a stitch of canvas on

her gaff or booms. Kitty, with the look and sniff of a hunting dog, flew into action.

She cleared the mainsheet rope away from her unconscious husband's leg, and dragged him to windward, away from further danger. She ran to the wheel and put the helm hard down; then she raced to the break of the poop. Placing her hand around her mouth she called aloft to the crew:

'Quit talkin' to yer Maker, I tell ye, and come down out of there, wit' work to be done and your captain spacheless!'

Rain fell now, the last of the squall was driving away to leeward, and the Morning Star backed over to even keel again. The crew came down swiftly to the deck. The asthma-sailor slid down the forepeak halyards. As the rain water raced off him he spoke: 'I knew it, I knew it!'

'Lay aft here!' roared Kitty.

They carried the captain down to his room.

'Handle him aisy, me b'ys,' she ordered, 'shure, it's a bat in the head he'd be havin'.' To herself she said:

'Hivin help me, I do belave it's dead he is, and me not able to tell thim.' As if to relieve her, the homely science of the forecastle voiced itself.

'He's a gone gosling,' said the stuffy sailor.

'Not while he bleeds at the nose,' volunteered another.

'W'en the 'eart stops, the blood stops,' said another, finally.

'Out wit' yez, ivery wan,' said Kitty when they lingered to make their observations on how the laws of Karma were operating on their captain. To the mate she said:

'Reeve a new main sheet. Haul your booms in 'midships, save ivery rag of canvas ye can, and I'll be wit' ye soon.'

When she was alone, Kitty turned to her husband where he lay pale and

motionless in his bunk, and looked at him as if she longed to take his place.

'God! is this the last of ye?' she said, slowly. The captain's head moved, and Kitty saw it. She sprang to a cupboard that was fastened to a bulkhead, and took from it a half-filled bottle, pouring some of its contents down his throat. She looked for towels to use to bathe his head. There were none, nor any rags. She opened her locker.

'Whisht,' she said, looking around cautiously; 'shure wit' babies and the dying a person has to do the best they can.' The while she tore up her fine new red-flannel petticoat that was her pride and joy. Wetting a strip she bathed his face and head, partly with water, and partly with her tears. Whether from within, due to the contents of the bottle, or from without, from contact with unmanly material, color did come into Captain Dan's cheeks, and he opened his eyes and spoke.

'Did we save him?'

'Ah,' said Kitty ecstatically, 'it's yer own dear little yellow bird that'll be lookin' at ye now from his cage.'

A trace of a smile came into his face, followed by a spasm of pain.

'It's my leg that hurts,' he said.

She cut the trouser-leg away, and found that the leg was broken below the knee, and badly cut by the rope of the stranded sheet. She made him as comfortable as she could, and reassured him about the squall and the ship. Then she left him, and went on deck.

'She's a foine little vessel,' he said, as she opened the cabin door.

'Deed an' she is, whin she have a good man like you to command her.'

Observing the twitch of his eyebrow she said to herself: 'It'll not be his brains that's hurt,' and smiled as she went on deck.

There she ordered the mate to saw

off an oar-blade and split it lengthwise, evening up the thickness. While this was in the doing she took stock of the damage of the squall.

It was not hard to compute. Everything that the Morning Star carried in the shape of sails was hanging like a Monday morning washing on a limp and tattered clothesline. The crew looked at Kitty with witchlike nervousness, and the asthma-sailor went around wheezing like a wind-broken horse.

'We'll never reach port,' he whined, 'Lord, how can we? If only a ship would come along and take us off!'

Kitty, deaf to everything, seized the two pieces of split oar-end and bounded with them to the cabin, where, with the homely skill of the sea, she set the broken leg and bandaged it with sheets torn to strips, embellishing her handiwork for warmth and durability with the remains of the potent petticoat.

'There, me man,' she said finally, standing off and looking with the eye of the craftsman at the groaning Dan, 'it's content ye'll have to be wit' a nice cup of coffee that I'll be sendin' in to ye, while I goes about gettin' th' Morning Star to port.'

She went up to the deck again, and at once her manner changed to nonchalant alertness, to suit the news brought her by her gimlet eye that all was not well with ship and crew. She made no comment on the information that the Morning Star did not have a spare sail on board, and that what was hanging to the bolt-ropes was of no use to the schooner now. The thought was on her mind that her husband's life might depend on how quickly she got him to a doctor.

'I could make the run in twinty-four hours wit' this breeze,' she said to herself, 'if — if —' The mate stepped up on the poop.

'The crew,' he said, 'are talking

about taking to the lifeboat. They think they stand a better chance of rowing to port than of making it in a schooner without canvas, and the captain crippled and perhaps dying.'

She stopped walking.

'Is that all there is to it?' she asked lightly, and slowly her lips relaxed into an irresistibly coquettish smile. He looked down at the deck sheepishly.

'Anyway they're putting tackles on the big boat,' he said, 'you can see them yourself.'

Suddenly she straightened and jumped in front of him.

'I'm going to take the Morning Star to port,' she said savagely. 'Are you for me or against me, is what I want to know.'

He looked at her — then, as once before, he gave in.

'For you,' he said briefly.

Instantly she seemed to have forgotten all about him. She pulled off her heavy sweater with one single jerk, adjusted the waistband of her skirt with another, and with nimble fingers tucked the celluloid pins into rebellious hair. She felt of her shoes to see that they were tight to her feet.

'Stay here,' she commanded, 'till I come back.'

With springy steps and loose shoulder-muscles she bounded on to the main deck.

'What are ye doing, min?' she shouted.

A stout and paunchy sailor answered her while he hooked a tackle-block into the boat. 'Do you think we are going to stay here and starve? Better come along, ma'am, it's the only chance you'll have.'

'Take down your blocks and tackles!' Kitty's voice had an eagle scream to it.

'Hoist away, men,' said the paunchy sailor, 'pay no attention to her.'

The words were scarcely out of his

mouth when Kitty flew at him with feet and fists. She hit him on the jaw, she kicked him on the shins and rapped his head against the deadeye.

'Take down the tackles,' she yelled, 'before there's willful murder committed here!'

The cook ran into the galley and hasped the door shut. Crooked-Leg, with a single leap, took to the rigging. Still Kitty, possessed of the agility and vengefulness of a tigress, continued to pound the big sailor.

'If you'd let me up, I'd take 'em down,' he managed to say at last, plaintively.

'Right-o, mate,' said Crooked-Leg from the rigging, 'when she gets like this there ain't nobody got a show.'

Kitty backed away, watching the boat tackles come down. Never had she seen sailors work so fast and readily.

'Now,' she said, when the job was done, 'wan av yez get hould av that galley shneaker and have him take a nice cup av coffee to me husband Dan. But first I have wan word to say.'

'If it was n't that I'm busy this marnin', I'd punish ye right for thryin' to run me ship. But hear this from me,' and she emphasized her words with a threatening fist and the shifty foot of a buck-and-wing dancer, 'the first wan that'll open his mouth about me or the Morning Star from here to port, or after we get there — God help him, that's all! Now you,' she ordered Crooked-Leg, 'tind to the coffee, and the rest of yez go to the fo'castle and fetch up annything that'll catch wind. Mind ye don't be lavin' anny blankets behind.'

Looking like men who were going to their doom, but cowed beyond repair, they went off silently to obey her orders. Returning, they brought blankets and quilts by the armload, and dumped them on the hatch. Pink,

black, yellow, brown, white, and red, contributions from the mate and the master; even Captain Dan was stripped to one quilt.

'Now, me min,' ordered Kitty, as cheerfully as if nothing were out of the way, the while she scrutinized each blanket for its wind-carrying power, 'take the tarpaulins off the hatches and sew thim in wit' these here. Mind ye, no herringbonin' but a nice double seam wit' a close stitch.'

Silently the crew sat down to sew. All that day tobacco flew unhindered, and silent oaths; and night found them still at it by lantern light. The hours of darkness passed in their turn, and the brightness of a new sun returned in defiant color waves from a complete and neat set of sails the like of which for tone and texture the seven seas do not often behold. The wind laughed on both sides of the new canvas, and the blue sky shone through the weave, but the Morning Star gathered headway, and the sailors alternately cast yearning glances at their blankets, and proud looks at their handiwork.

As chance would permit, too, their eyes would rest upon Kitty as she walked the poop, confident and conquering, and to them she looked the masterful master. At noon, when she took the sun and told them the distance to port, their mangling glances wilted to glows of genuine admiration, and when she spoke they raised their caps and ran with a will to the work she ordered. That night they slept as best they could without covering. It was only when the asthmatic sailor was seized with a fit of sneezing that Crooked-Leg voiced their nervousness. 'She'll have us all in the hospital yet,' he said, gloomily.

Land was sighted at last, and with it two tugboats coming at full speed for the Morning Star.

'We're all right now,' said the

paunchy sailor, whose jaw moved stiffly when he spoke, 'she's bound to take a tug. I'd hate to go into port with them outlandish sails.'

'So'd I,' answered Crooked-Leg, 'but you can't never be sure of Mrs. McCann.'

'There's a law that'll make her.'

'That's a good un, that is,' and Crooked-Leg laughed and slapped his thigh. 'Why that just shows you don't even know her yet. She makes her own laws, she do.'

Like greyhounds the tugboats raced within hailing distance of the schooner, whose unique appearance attracted them as honey does the fly. 'When they came within earshot their comments were such as to bring a blush to the cheek of any mariner, and the watch below skulked in the protection of the forecastle. Kitty, without change of gait or manner, continued indifferently to walk the poop.

'They are shouting to you, Mrs. McCann,' said the mate nervously, 'they say that with this freshening wind our sails will be gone in no time.'

'Ah, let thim roar,' she answered, 'sound is chape. You get off the poop and let me handle thim. Shure a woman can do more in toimes like this than ary man.'

Kitty well knew the danger that the schooner was facing, with a lumpy sea and strong puffs of wind from the southwest; with Destruction Island on the one side and Vancouver Island on the other. She knew also what would happen should she take alarm and fall before the wolfish onslaught of the two tugboats.

'It's blowing a gale,' shouted one. 'I'll tow you as far as Dungeness for two thousand five hundred.'

'Take my heaving-line,' roared the other. 'I'll make it two thousand and not a nickel less. You'll be shipwrecked in less than an hour, and you know it.'

There was a silence. 'Do you hear me?' came from the second. Meantime, thought Kitty, two hundred yards gained.

'Shure I hear ye,' she answered good-naturedly. 'Who would n't be hearin' sich foine min as ye?'

'Nineteen hundred,' shrieked the first.

'Give me a little time to think,' from Kitty. Another five hundred yards.

The argument went on, and so intent were the rival captains upon fleecing Kitty, and so determined to win this extraordinary prize from each other, that they took no count of distance

traveled, as their prices fell by two-hundred-dollar leaps.

'Be daycint, min, be daycint,' said Kitty, and so the haggle was held, until all danger was passed and the Morning Star, with her gratuitous escort, stood well inside the Cape. Then, politely, Kitty informed them that she would not need them now.

When, two hours later, the doctor came aboard, she scored a greater triumph.

'Whoever set your leg,' he said to Captain Dan, 'knew his business.'

'I think so,' answered Danny McCann, artfully.

PROSPECTING IN AUSTRALIA

BY ROBERT M. MACDONALD

I

ONE of the most fascinating pursuits on earth is that of prospecting for minerals. The prospector looks upon the whole world as his hunting-ground, and is equally at home in the ice-bound valley of the Yukon or in the dense tropical forests of New Guinea. Brazil is the same to him as California or Australia, and he knows all the world's waste places by the track of his footsteps. The writer is one of that legion of wanderers; he has chased elusive fortune everywhere, and now thinks that North Queensland, in Australia, is the world's most prolific treasure tract. In North Queensland almost every known mineral exists somewhere between the Gulf of Carpentaria and the Pacific coast, and

probably there are many others as yet unknown.

Finding minerals in North Queensland is an easy task; there, the sun always shines, life is pleasant, its requirements easily procured, and, as if by some magical influence, neither cares nor worries afflict anyone once the civilized coastal towns are left behind. Men from all parts of the world plunge into the vast region beyond the Great Dividing Range, and promptly become lost to all outside interference. Some may have reasons they never tell for being there, but most are chasing fortune in the shape of gold, silver, copper, molybdenite, wolfram, tin, and dozens of other minerals, simply because they love a life of freedom and

know that their gain will be yielded from nature's treasure-store and mean no loss to their fellow men.

In the glorious North prospectors become a law unto themselves in some things. They certainly obey the law of the Commonwealth of Australia, but, inside its general principles, also follow what seems to be a natural law in the country. They want to be on the move, and this impelling feeling is the reason why, after having actually developed a mine, they leave it, and pass on to the scene of the latest reported 'find' of some other mineral. They mark their abandoned properties on a more or less crude map, nevertheless, and know that, if luck goes against them in their new venture, their old mines will probably be as they left them, when they care to return to them. In the interval, after the first rain, tropical vegetation covers up all signs of previous work, unless a chance bush-fire discloses the old ore-dumps and other relics of the abandoned mines. Other prospectors usually pass by any signs by chance disclosed, as each, having a map of his own 'finds,' respects the unlegalized rights of the man who has gone before him. Besides, any mine will most likely be flooded with water, as a result of the last rainy season, — December to February, — and the trouble of unwatering would be too big a proposition for those who did not know what the water concealed, but knew they could get all their requirements by passing on to the next untouched outcrop. The writer has his own map showing the locations of over a hundred mines, all more or less developed, and they are certainly not worthless.

The mineral at present commanding the most attention is molybdenite; but wolfram, which is also used for steel-hardening purposes, because of its tungsten contents, is a close second.

Copper, tin, lead, antimony, and bismuth are also abundant in the great north; but, as their prices depend on the demand for them, that price is small, at present, owing to the prevailing bad trade-conditions. Silver is found everywhere associated with lead, and gold seems to have a home in all places where one would least expect to find it. But as the prospector always moves on, often when he has really proved his mine but has got the 'move-on feeling,' there are probably many hundreds of vegetation-covered mines in North Queensland now, the value of which will never be known because their original owners will never reclaim them.

The men who frequent the great plateau are seldom miners by profession; in fact, they include wanderers from all parts, and of all professions, and consequently, many quaint partnerships are formed. My last associates were a careless band of optimists such as could exist only in North Queensland. My partner was a famous professor of mineralogy in New Zealand, but he does not yet know that I discovered that fact, although I was instrumental in naming him 'the Professor.' He was full of ideas, and could make a stew which no Chinese cook could equal. We were 'tin-scratching' on a creek which fed the Tate River — when it flowed; and, at the time, tin commanded a price that made every 'scratcher' feel like a Ford or a Rothschild. Near us were several other groups of partners, which included a doctor, a lawyer, an ex-banker, a parson, and about a dozen others of no special calling that they spoke of, although one of them thought he was a poet. We pooled our 'black sand,' and, when opportunity offered, sent it to the buyers. Money was easily earned, and our camp soon threatened to grow into a township, when, suddenly, all was

broken up because someone discovered a rich gold formation a few miles farther west. The professor opposed the idea of shifting camp to the new gold-field, but, as tin fell in price just then, I was able to convince him that gold nearly five pounds an ounce in value offered a better paying means of living the simple life than tin at under two hundred pounds per ton.

We moved, and made the gold pay us well; and an inventor fellow had just succeeded in rigging up a wonderful electric-light installation for the camp, when the rainy season stopped. The creek then ceased to flow, and his source of power disappeared. We could have got on all right without electric light; but as Peter the Poet stumbled across a big wolfram lode in the hills near, just then, and we knew we could return to the gold next rainy season if we cared to, we again shifted camp.

The wolfram proved to be a fair-paying proposition but its treatment troubled us. Our primitive methods enabled us to extract only the mineral in the highest-grade ore, and we had to discard fully fifty per cent of the ore we mined. We could have sent all our ore to the nearest government reduction works, where nearly all the wolfram would have been extracted at a comparatively small cost; but to do so meant the cutting of a road to the nearest railway, and we did not feel inclined to be roadmakers.

Rich finds of antimony were made by someone about this time, but the question of treatment was too big a problem for even our inventor fellow to tackle at the time — and that antimony still lies there. Molybdenite then coming into demand, owing, it was believed, to some new uses for that mineral in the steel trade having been discovered, a general camp-fire consultation was held. As almost every man knew of some molybdenite 'show' he had

some time previously abandoned for no particular reason, a half-hearted break-up of camp ensued, and parties went their several ways. Thus, there are several hundreds of tons of rich wolfram ore lying around those abandoned shafts to-day, and, probably, many thousands of tons awaiting raising from their lower levels.

II

I knew of many quartz reefs carrying molybdenite, and consequently the professor, the parson, the doctor, Mac, Boston Bob, the poet, and some others, including, of course, myself, eventually established a new camp about twenty miles from the mining town of Chillingoe. Molybdenite there, according to Mac, existed in a richer formation than was known elsewhere in the world. The others did not know what America or other countries of supply yielded, and as we could break out the flaky, silvery-gray mineral, averaging three per cent metallic contents, by hammer blows, from innumerable surface outcrops, we did not care much what the rest of the world produced. We ignored the existence of the government works, erected specially to purchase and treat all ores, at a central point down the railway line, and contented ourselves with picking, by hand, the pure flakes and particles which were shed from their quartz environment on being shattered. We sent our products to the buyers direct, as we had done with the wolfram. Molybdenite was £400 per ton at the time and, even with our extremely primitive methods, afforded us a returning currency more than we required.

But the inventor fellow was at his deadly work again. He somehow discovered that at least fifty per cent of the molybdenite remaining in the quartz, from which the larger pieces

had been already picked, could be saved without much labor. By partly crushing the discarded rock in a crude hand-battery, and arranging that the powdered ore resulting would slide gently into a pool made in the creek which supplied us with water, most of the valuable mineral would float — if provision were made for getting rid of the barren material. We soon improved upon our method of crushing, and made the creek do most of our work. It was a permanent creek, having its sources in some adjacent lime-bluffs which acted as huge sponges during the rainy season and yielded water from their porous reservoirs all the year round until the next rainy season. Probably, the presence of lime in the water of the creek was an important factor in the flotation of our molybdenite; but, of course, I am not telling the whole story of the inventor fellow's discovery.

The mineral gained so easily amply paid us for our efforts in obtaining it; and, although perhaps half was lost by being carried away in the creek, we did not worry. We knew that the lost portion did not go very far down the creek, and could be collected 'some day,' if the demand for molybdenite made that process worth while.

But the news of our improvised plant spread far and near, and soon so-called mining experts and others came along to see what was in the idea. The idea itself was almost all, but few really believed that the water of the creek did so much for us — and we did not explain. The camp soon became so popular that we found it necessary to keep half a dozen tents specially reserved for visitors, and to employ a cook. Most of our old comrades rejoined us, and many other wandering prospectors pegged out ground along our creek. Our camp thus grew daily, and seemed as if it were to form the

centre of another township, and all our shafts were deep in the heart of the rich lode of molybdenite. The professor was writing a book about butterflies or ants — I don't know which — in his spare time, and Peter the Poet was producing ravings, which we were forced to listen to, at an appalling speed. The doctor found a kind of shrub which, when dried and smoked, had some marvelous effect on what he called the bronchial tubes. He wrote a book on the subject, but all the men in camp, including the parson, were very rude when asked to smoke his preparation. During this period the inventor fellow had brain spasms every day and had to be kept under strict supervision.

One day a couple of enterprising but courteous city men arrived, dressed in garments which reminded some of us of Sydney, New York, or London. But they were neither British nor American, although they spoke better English than any of us, excepting Boston Bob and the professor. They were the representatives of a big French steel company, and in about half an hour after introducing themselves offered to buy all our properties. They were extremely frank, and told us that the demand for molybdenite would soon be greater than the known resources of the world could supply. They were acting on the assumption that normal trade-conditions in Europe and America would soon be restored, and were anxious to ensure their own peoples' requirements.

The professor, as usual, objected to our doing business. He said he was tired of building new camps and wanted to get his book finished without another shift. We concluded the deal, notwithstanding, and probably the buyers got a bargain. We knew where to find several outcrops a few miles away, however, which had every indication, according to Big Sam, who

was our most experienced prospector, of proving to be more than equal in depth to the mines we had sold. If good trade-conditions should bring about a boom in molybdenite, we thought we could take full advantage of our knowledge.

III

That night we left the camp, as it stood, to the new owners and some of those they were able to employ; and the returning Etheridge railway train, which runs once a week, took us to Chillagoe, where the wild hilarity of visiting a hair-cutting saloon, and other things, almost made us reckless. We also got the names of the 'certain winners' in some big Melbourne event about due; but as each man heard of a different 'certain winner,' the information was a bit perplexing.

We had now sufficient funds to enable us to tackle some big proposition, and as we had got tired of the strenuous life of Chillagoe, which consisted of a ceaseless round of eating, sleeping, and drinking, with sometimes a Salvation Army meeting or a picture show in addition, we decided one day to get on the move again. We all knew of some abandoned copper mines about thirty miles to the west. Why they had been abandoned, we did not know; but that fact did not matter, as there are seldom reasons for anything in North Queensland. The price of copper, like that of all other metals, had fallen at the time; but as the mines were already developed, we calculated that we could make them pay, even if we had to hold back our products for a time.

But we did not proceed straight to those mines. We knew they would wait for us, as they were too big for any other band of men, then in the district, to handle. The country between was known to be very rich in mineral

wealth, and we decided to make our journey a prospecting trip.

In some respects that trip was wonderful. During the ten days that we traveled toward our promised land, we found outcrops of almost every known mineral. Most of us could tell what they were by sight, but the professor's or Mac's crude though careful assays were necessary, to determine the percentages and values of the minerals carried in the various formations. The inventor fellow wanted to stop at every new find, and always had some plan in his mind for the efficient treatment of the ore; but, in most cases, we only marked them on our maps, with the intention of coming back to them 'some day.' Wolfram and molybdenite seemed to be everywhere, and tin could always be found in the gullies.

Near our destination, we struck a belt of silver-lead country, and as silver commanded a fair price at the time, we sunk pot-holes here and there, and were somewhat surprised at the high values contained in the reefs. The ore was in massive chunks weighing anything up to a hundredweight. It was really galena (a sulphide of lead), but it carried about two hundred ounces of silver to the ton, and over 30 per cent of lead. We could easily have cut a bush track from that part to the government smelters at Chillagoe; but the inventor fellow said we could concentrate the ore on the spot by simple flotation methods, and thus, by getting rid of the poorer material, raise the value to perhaps a thousand ounces of silver, and, allowing for losses, 70 per cent of lead per transported ton. But the absence of water settled the matter, and, thinking that we might return and build a water-conserving dam before the next rainy season, or 'some day,' we resumed our journey, riding transversely over five miles of country for every forward mile traveled.

That night we struck an abandoned camp which, judging by the great heaps of ore lying around the old shafts, must have been an important one at some time. Remnants of tents were still standing, and windlasses remained over the shafts as they had been left. It was dark before we could find out any reason for its abandonment. Most of us thought that its members had simply got the 'move-on' feeling and left; but Peter the Poet surmised that all its population had gone down to see the Cairns races, and, having lost all their money in that city by the sea, had heard of some fresh mineral discoveries nearer, and thus had never returned.

I knew the country thereabout well, and going back in memory to the men I had known who previously had frequented the district, although I had never heard of the camp, I thought that, to a man, they had suddenly left for the war, as most other prospectors had done, and had not returned. The doctor said nothing, but seemed to take a great interest in the old bottles and tins littered about, which were mostly of the medicine variety.

We set fire to the long grass which had overgrown everything, and, after attending to our horses, dined extremely well, discussed matters of more or less importance, said unkind things to the poet, and went to sleep under the stars.

But the inventor fellow could n't sleep. Perhaps something had gone wrong with the Southern Cross constellation, from his horizontal point of view, or he may have had one of his usual brain spasms. He got up and wandered among the great 'blows' and outcrops now showing, where the fire had done its work. Mac joined him very soon, and a few minutes later came Boston Bob and the parson. They had a night of it, but before morning they kicked up the others to

announce the result of their perambulations in the darkness. This was to the effect that an outcropping reef of copper carbonate, carrying about an ounce of gold to the ton, formed the ridge upon which the old camp had been situated, and that the bottom of one of the shafts sunk through its heart was left in a 35 per cent copper-sulphide ore, of unknown gold contents, but with a silver value of at least forty ounces per ton.

The news was surprising, but the chief element of surprise lay in the question why such a treasure-store had been abandoned. After breakfast, almost every shaft was examined. They proved to have been sunk on the 'underlie' of an extraordinarily rich copper lode; and even with copper at only £60 per ton many fortunes were waiting, because of the gold and silver the lode carried, in addition. There were huge dumps of ore already 'at grass' (on top of the ground awaiting transport), and it seemed as if we had really struck something good. The inventor fellow at once began evolving a scheme of treatment for the ore which would save transportation, and the professor took many assays. The parson and the poet worked hard with pick and shovel, Mac, Boston Bob, and Sydney Charlie saw about repegging the ground, others got busy putting up our tents, Big Sam went out with his gun to replenish our larder, and the doctor wandered off into the bush, thinking.

A hard day's work in the fierce heat of the North Queensland sun earned a rest when sundown came, and we were all, excepting the doctor, who had not returned, helping Mac in the preparation of our evening meal which, thanks to Big Sam's prowess, would be original and varied, when two riders rode into the light of the camp-fire. We recognized them at once as the two

affable Frenchmen who had bought our molybdenite properties, and welcomed them in the usual hearty bush style, gave them a tent, and saw to their horses. Then we waited for them to explain their business, if they had any; but we also awaited our dinner with more expectancy, and we were anxious about the doctor, who was not gifted with great bush knowledge and might easily have got lost.

'What horse won the Melbourne Cup?' someone asked, abruptly, as we squatted round the fire to share what the gods, Big Sam, and Mac had provided.

One of our visitors mentioned a name which was not that of any of our 'certain winners,' and we all became reflectively silent. This silence was broken by the doctor's arrival, and in answer to our questions he explained, briefly, that he had been exploring. All laughed and some passed sarcastic remarks, but the doctor would say no more. He took his place in the circle round the fire, and the meal proceeded in a silence strangely incongruous in our camp. At last the professor forced matters to the point of interest.

'I suppose you fellows have come to ask us to take back the mines you bought from us?' he observed, addressing the two strangers.

'No,' one answered, hesitatingly; 'the fact is we sold them over again and — we do not know how to put it rightly — we have been chasing you gentlemen all over the country to get some more from you.'

We all breathed again; but Boston Bob, who was an expert in the art of hiding his feelings, inquired casually, 'How much did you get for them?'

'Oh, we do not wish to hide anything from you,' said the second man: 'We got exactly double the price we paid you —'

'You only got double!' Bob ex-

claimed in disgust. 'You are most assuredly greater fools than we were. Molybdenite is going to be almost priceless soon, and —'

'Yes, we know that,' replied the same man; 'but you see we are business men, not prospectors like you fellows. We can sell mines but we could never find them.'

'You could n't help finding a mine in this vicinity if you survived falling down the shaft someone else had already sunk on its outcrop,' the parson remarked.

'This reef beside us is the biggest copper proposition I have ever known,' added the professor, reflectively. 'You can see, even in the dark, that there are many hundreds of tons at grass already.'

'But you did not put that ore there,' laughed one of the men. 'I will make you a sporting offer, now, of a thousand pounds for your rights —'

'All right,' broke in the doctor; 'the reef is worth many times that figure, but it has not cost us much.'

We were all very much surprised at the doctor's words. He was not a business man, and his knowledge of the value of a mineral outcrop was about equal to that of Peter the Poet or the inventor fellow on medicine or theology; but of course we had to stand by what any of our comrades said.

We passed a pleasant evening smoking, telling ghost stories, and, in a way, studying astronomy. Next morning the deal was effected and the men rode back to Chillagoe to register the leases which we had not yet even 'claimed' ourselves. (We afterward found out that the astute French gentlemen thought they had purchased the mines we had set out from Chillagoe to find; that town having been greatly excited over our mission, after our departure.)

We took down our tents and rode westward under the doctor's leader-

ship, and soon we understood why he had sold our rights so cheaply. He led us to a little, crudely fenced-in square, and a wooden cross inside informed us, in rough letters cut out in it, that three prospectors lay underneath, having 'pegged out from plague.'

'I found this yesterday, boys,' the doctor said as we halted, reverently. 'That cross explains why the place was abandoned. I knew that you fellows would never work their old shows. Most of us knew them.'

We passed on, sadly. Most of us *had* known them, and we recalled that a mysterious epidemic had visited the land while we had been — elsewhere. Those men had returned from the war before us, and had met their earthly end in their own country. We were all thinking according to our various intelligences, although Peter the Poet and the inventor fellow were most visibly moved, when the doctor said: 'Did those French fellows happen to mention, last night, what horse won the Cup?'

Mac told him, and the doctor seemed very thoughtful for a moment. Then he suddenly remarked, 'Boys, life must be a kind of a dream after all. I have been a failure in every thing I am qualified to make good in, yet I gambled a hundred pounds on that horse at ten to one. Let us go back and get rid of that thousand pounds and have a good time in Cairns.'

We also were silent for a brief space. The parson was the first to speak. 'Well, you have only won what your mates have lost, so we 'll go on with life's dream where we are; you can give your money away without much trouble.'

Somehow, all seemed to agree with the parson. To a prospector a good time means prospecting, and we *were* prospecting. The doctor became thoughtful and left the leadership

to the inventor fellow, and an hour before sundown we reached the old abandoned copper-workings we had set out to find.

IV

We found four Chinamen in possession, but that fact did not trouble us, as they were only working the surface outcrops, and treating, in their own way, the discarded ore left by the old-time miners. And their leader had once been my cook! That night we again dined well, thanks to Ah Sin, my former servant; and, a little later, when we stretched ourselves for sleep under nature's perfect canopy, we again watched the constellations of the South move in their mysterious ways.

Next morning we started to work. We set fire to the long grass which had overgrown and almost hidden the old workings, incidentally, also, burning much primitive mining plant which would have been of much service to us. Before sundown we had fitted new ropes to most of the wooden windlasses still standing over the old shafts, and had carefully examined the shafts and the formations through which they had been sunk, taking all due precautions against possible accumulations of gas at the lower levels. The reef outcropped along a line of about two miles, and, on the surface, carried masses of copper carbonate which averaged 35 per cent in value, according to the professor's assay.

In a few days everything was in working order. We left the surface workings to the Chinese, who were all good fellows and knew some things in connection with mining that we did not know; but, according to the law of Queensland, they could not themselves hold a mining lease. I need only say that the inventor fellow learned more of the science of ore-treatment from them than is known, generally,

or written in any textbook, and that the professor added a chapter to his book.

It was the lower and 'constant' levels that we were after, however, and we called into service an old steam-pump and a derelict boiler left by the last workers. The inventor fellow did the rest. The main shaft was pumped dry, and the levels underneath cleaned out. Those proved to have been driven along a lode of dense copper sulphide which we had to cross-cut to find the width. Why such a huge body of ore had ever been left was a mystery we could not solve; but we soon ceased trying to find an explanation, and day by day we opened out new ore-bodies. The transport of our ore to the smelters in Chillagoe proved, at first, to be a very difficult proposition; but the inventor fellow and the Chinese evolved a system of concentration, which I must not explain, which did much to do away with that trouble. By its means it was necessary to transport only three tons of ore to yield one ton of the metal. We cut a track to Chillagoe and employed horse teams to convey our concentrated product to the smelters; but later on we bought, at scrap-iron prices, some old traction engines lying at rail-head, and the inventor fellow, helped by all, made them do wonders in the way of transportation.

We were now happy. We owned a first-class mine and, being able to work it ourselves, were free from all labor troubles; but the reason why such a property had become ours so easily was still causing some of us much thought. The explanation came, however. One night an old prospector rode up to our camp-fire and shared our repast. I noticed that Big Sam occasionally looked at him, curiously.

'Are you boys making your show pay all right?' the stranger asked,

casually, during a lull in the general conversation.

'We think so,' the banker answered, modestly, 'but we have n't yet worked out all the costs of transportation and smelting.'

'That 's what killed us,' the man said, quietly. 'There were n't any smelters at Chillagoe when we worked this place. We had to pack all our ore on horses and, when copper dropped to fifty pounds, it did n't pay us to send it over the ranges to the nearest smelter. I reckon you 'll find mighty good stuff in the east drive. — Has any fellow got a spare pipe and a bit tobacco?'

The change in the subject was strange, but the man was evidently trying to hide his emotions. We all rose to get pipes, but Big Sam instantly handed him his own, in full going order. 'Have mine, Tom,' Sam said; 'I have n't seen you for ten years.'

'No, Sam, I 've been wandering among the South Sea islands, pearling, for a bit; then I went to Mexico after gold. But this old place kept calling me all the time and, though I 'm too late in getting back to it, the ghosts of my old mates will know I did my best.'

'You 're not too late, old man,' Sam said kindly; 'only you 've got new mates. Tom Riddell is welcome in any camp that holds Big Sam.'

With one voice, all approved our comrade's words, and our muster-roll became twelve.

Old Tom Riddell, whose name is known everywhere throughout the world as a pioneer, proved a valuable asset to us, and soon we found it to be to our advantage to employ any chance men who came along. Our camp quickly grew into one of the chief mining-centres of the district, and the inventor fellow erected a suction-gas plant and made it serve many purposes resulting to our comfort. He

attached a dynamo and an air-compressor, and thus we had electric light and, somehow, by means of the air-compressor, cold water to drink—a luxury unknown in North Queensland away from the coastal towns. The Chinamen diverted the water pumped from the mines into bark channels they made themselves, which led into selected ground they formed into gardens. There, by reason of the water and the tropical sun, they grew fruit and vegetables in a magical way, and our camp soon became famous far and near for its civilized attractions.

Popularity by no means pleased us; and the inventor fellow, Peter the Poet, and the parson were told to exercise their particular gifts less strenuously. But the evil had already been done, and our camp grew into a town, almost miraculously, and many other parties opened out new mines along the reef. The town was eventually surveyed and proclaimed by government officials, named by the professor, and is now in big print on the map.

But the glamour had gone for us. To preserve our dignity as the founders of the town and the owners of the chief mines, we had to wear collars, pay some attention to our dress, and live in our respective houses. Life was no longer an existence of untrammelled freedom, and we began to think of going back to some of our old molybdenite shows, where a common camp-fire and our tents would again afford the glorious good-fellowship which most of us craved.

While discussing things one day in a large cool chamber down one of our chief mines, one of our employed men brought us word that three fancy-dressed men from Melbourne had arrived and were anxious to see us. They were invited to come below, and when they saw the enormous formation of the lode, they could not hide

their amazement. 'We are business men,' one began, 'representing American interests. We are looking for copper mines in anticipation of a trade boom. Life is very short, and we have not time to go into details. We know all about your mines from the official smelter returns and —'

'The Bird of Time has but a little way to fly —' chimed in our poet; but Big Sam threw an ore-bag over his head, and Mac sat on him and thus prevented him from saying more.

'You are looking at the formation of one of the biggest and, perhaps, the richest copper lode in the world,' said the banker. 'It has been proved for two miles in length, is five feet seven and a half inches wide, at the narrowest part, and probably extends in depth to a place not geographically defined, though popularly supposed to be nearly as hot as North Queensland.'

The would-be mine-buyers looked mystified, and, I think, some of us gave the banker's place a name.

'We can't calculate on extreme depths not proved,' one of the men said, seriously. 'We'll allow you the measurements as they actually are.'

Boston Bob became our spokesman, and we came to terms very soon. Probably we sold the mines for a fraction of their value. Indeed, the new owners told us we were fools, when the deal was completed. Perhaps we were; but we were tired of the place and did n't trouble to explain that we knew of about a hundred other properties, that we were prospectors in preference to being miners, and that the amassing of wealth was only a secondary thing, which we could not help.

The new owners attended promptly to their own business and employed every man available to work the mines; but we suffered a few days' agony, doing nothing. One afternoon, while some of us were swimming in the Walsh

River, about a mile away from the town we had brought into existence, the parson said, 'Boys, we are wasting our lives; I ought to be seeing about building a church, and you fellows forming a progress committee. Our town will be very famous some day.'

'I know what I am going to do,' I said: 'I am going home to the Old Country to study a bit, and get some special machinery made; then I am coming back to work some of the molybdenite shows I know.'

'Then we 'll all go home,' said the doctor. 'A trip would do us good and I want to get some books in a place I know in London.'

I knew that place, too, but did not feel called upon to say anything; but the idea of a trip either to Britain or America was hailed with delight.

That night, nine members of the twelve rode out on the bright moonlit track we had cut ourselves, toward Chillagoe. Those left behind were the parson, old Riddell, and Boston Bob. The parson felt he had a mission, Riddell would not leave the country, and Boston Bob guessed he could be happy where he was until our return. Our farewells were, as far as I can remember, 'Good-night, old men, we 'll see you again, soon.'

The poet and another saw them again, I expect, before morning, as, about half-way to Chillagoe, they an-

nounced that they felt they could n't leave their mates — or the North. Next morning, six men sold their horses in Chillagoe — I was the seventh, but having left the country so often previously, and liking my horse, I gave him into safe-keeping instead of selling him — and boarded the train for Cairns.

At Mareeba, an important junction town down the line, we saw the first newspapers that had come our way for a long time. They reported, among other things, that the demand for the rare minerals was increasing; and, while we were waiting at the station, the doctor and another informed us, abruptly, that they had changed their minds. 'We find we cannot leave the North,' the doctor said; 'Mareeba is as far away from the lime-bluffs as I ever want to go. You fellows can bring me back the books I want.'

Five of us reached Cairns, but only four boarded the steamer for Sydney. Next morning's train carried the other back to his comrades — and a camp-fire. At Sydney, the banker thought he would like to try to form a syndicate to work some of the deeper level molybdenite deposits we knew, and, eventually, only two men boarded the Niagara for Vancouver and the homeland.

The professor is already on his way back and the inventor fellow has got the doctor's books and will not be long behind him.

DIVINE FIRE

BY FLORENCE J. CLARK

I

MR. HARRAGAN, on first acquaintance, gives no evidence whatever of being peculiarly favored by the gods. He does not look it, his circumstances do not suggest it, not only are his friends and neighbors totally unaware of it, but they would indignantly deny such a statement if made to them. Yet it is still a fact that upon Mr. Harragan, that hopelessly ridiculous person, the gods have seen fit to bestow one of their choicest gifts.

For Mr. Harragan is a born ruler. His kingdom is small, his subjects few — two little rooms on the East Side, a wife and four children, are the measure of it. Yet in the exercise of power it would be difficult to find his equal.

Whence comes this power? It does not have its source in the fact that upon Mr. Harragan depends the economic security of his family. On the contrary, the economic security of his family depends entirely upon Mrs. Harragan. She it is who wins the bread, bears the children, keeps the house. Yet a few minutes' conversation with Mrs. Harragan and the children establishes beyond all doubt the fact that they all live in loving and absolute subjection to a man whose contribution to their material well-being is practically *nil*.

Neither can good looks explain it. Mr. Harragan is tall, lank, unkempt, not very clean, unshaven and unshorn. From strict observation of the facts, it seems fair to assume that his theory on clothes runs rather like this: they must

be bought, and in due course of time — a long time — discarded. In the interim they are quite capable of taking care of themselves. He is in every way a contrast to his neat, trig, little wife.

I knew Mrs. Harragan first. I had the good fortune to have her keep my house in order when I first went to the East Side to live. She is a cleaning woman — and proud of her profession.

Mrs. Harragan is short and slender, a little woman, auburn-haired, merry-eyed, immediately human. It is easy to like her. She is always happy, full of quaint wisdom, warm of heart, quick of temper, buoyant of nature.

She is active and agile. She works fast, so that no sooner has she begun her tasks than she has finished them, it seems, with a little time left on her hands for conversation. She always runs upstairs; her quick patter along the halls is unmistakable.

When Mrs. Harragan arrives, things begin to happen. Mountains of soiled dishes are, in the twinkling of an eye, arranged in washing-order, and in the twinkling of another eye they are clean and put away. Rooms are swept, beds made, fires built, with a rapidity which leaves one breathless. I cannot say that all these things are done quietly. The whole thing is in the nature of an attack. Mrs. Harragan attacks her work with vigor and enthusiasm. Dust flies, dishes rattle, fires blaze — and it is done. When she leaves, a great quiet descends upon the house.

Occasionally a dish cannot survive her energetic treatment, and great is her contempt for such a weakling; 'uptown dishes' is her good-natured epithet for them, and she puts the responsibility for the breakage squarely upon the shoulders of the person who transplanted them from their natural habitat into the rough-and-tumble of the East Side. 'Do you think,' she will remark, viewing the pieces with a pitying air, 'dishes like that ought to be around this neighborhood?'

Yet the real marvel is that so many do survive. Mrs. Harragan is, as a matter of fact, very proud of her non-dish-breaking record. She is able to tell the exact number of dishes she has broken since she married Mr. Harragan. (Before that date, her memory is blurred in everything.) Nicks she does not count, and objections to them she dismisses lightly — they are, in her mind, nothing more nor less than evidence that the objector has never been married. And thereupon satisfaction settles upon her; for any mention of marriage brings to her consciousness her own enviable state. It is strange how many roads lead back to Rome.

And she is indefatigable. She works early and late, she is not daunted by the most difficult task, and she does it all with the glory of Mr. Harragan upon her.

Not that Mrs. Harragan is in love with Mr. Harragan in any ordinary understanding of the term. That phrase, when applied to her, savors of superficiality. Rather is she completely absorbed by him.

She explains her situation thus: —

'Mr. Harragan was hurt in his head a long time ago; he got a sunstroke, and he's been weak ever since. He looks strong, but he ain't. His head ketches him every once in so often. Many's the time I've thought I was going to lose him.

'Oh, but he was a great worker in his day; he used to make his thirty-five dollars a week regular. That was before I knew him. He was married then, too, but his wife died. She was always sickly; her doctor's bills were something terrible! He worked hard that time, all right. Well,' — her buoyancy asserted itself in an upward inflection of the voice, — 'it was his luck to take care of her and it's mine to take care of him.'

Mrs. Harragan kept the wolf from the door for years by the most scrupulous management. God knows what they had to eat. She was too proud to tell; but the children looked underfed and delicate, and occasional gifts of food and clothes were received with unmistakable gratitude. Once a year she borrowed twenty dollars — for the children's clothes. In six months this would be paid back, and for the next six months, she was a free woman.

Yet she always managed to keep Mr. Harragan in drink. Not that he is a drunkard; he has too keen a sense of propriety for that. (Mrs. Harragan boasts that the children have never seen their father drunk.) No, he goes to no unsightly extremes; he is just habitually mellowed by drink.

They live in two small, dingy rooms, one a dark one. Six people eat, sleep, and pleasure in them. And it is not mere existing: their life is rich and varied.

II

It is not quite true to say that Mr. Harragan does nothing whatever, in spite of the statement of his little daughter Maggie to the contrary. When she was six years old (she is now twelve), she was asked by her teacher what her father did. She answered, 'He sits by the fire and reads the paper.'

He does this, to be sure, and more. With some help from the children — three boys and the girl — he cooks the

meals. He does not clean the house, or do the washing or the mending. Mrs. Harragan does that after work and on Sundays. But meals he does prepare, and very grateful is Mrs. Harragan for this attention. 'Mr. Harragan never lets me go to work without my cup of coffee,' she says appreciatively.

He also does occasional odd jobs — as an accommodation to somebody in distress. Work with Mr. Harragan is always a chivalrous response to an appeal for help, and it ceases with the subsiding of the generous emotion. And the character of his work is such that the need for service has to be very real indeed; for to call upon Mr. Harragan for help is in itself evidence of being reduced to extremity.

The subject of payment is never mentioned in his presence. Such business is carried on later with his wife, who has an exalted idea of his worth. Yet even she cannot raise the figure very high for work which is paid by the hour. She stands there, naming a ridiculously high figure for very inferior work, on the alert, ready to spring if objection is made; for she knows perfectly well that the price named is far in excess of what is usually paid for work of that character. But objection is never made; for only in this round-about way is it possible to pay Mrs. Harragan herself adequately for her own very good work. She constantly undercharges, and if the attempt is made to pay her more, she will leave the extra money on the table, saying:

'I want to be paid fair, but I'm not looking for more than I earn. Those dishes were nothing.'

Realizing that her fine flower of independence is a more precious possession to her than the money that she needs so much, the money is meekly taken back, and Mr. Harragan is gladly paid what she thinks his work is worth.

For Mrs. Harragan believes that no-

body can take care of a furnace or polish a floor quite like Mr. Harragan. Realizing that most of the world is blind to his merits, however, she always hovers near him when he works, getting him water, brushes, cloths, as he requires them, tidying up after him, protecting him from criticism.

A few years ago an attempt was made to have Mr. Harragan contribute definitely to the family budget, and it very nearly proved disastrous. Mr. Harragan undertook to be janitor of a tenement house, in return for the rent. One day Mrs. Harragan announced that they were going to move.

'I'd rather pay rent,' she said. 'It's altogether too much bother to Mr. Harragan to be janitor. Why, sometimes he'll be in the middle of frying a beefsteak and somebody will come to see rooms! I've been thinking of moving for a long time, but I would n't stay a minute after what happened yesterday. You remember what a rainy day it was? Well, a man came looking for rooms. Mr. Harragan showed them to him and he went away.'

She became a little excited. 'It seems he went next door and decided to take some there. The landlord heard about it, and he got mad at Mr. Harragan for not watching the man to see that he did n't go into the next house. Well, how could he have seen where the man went without standing in the rain?' Her voice blazed. 'My husband don't have to stand out in the rain; somebody else's husband may, but not mine.' Her tone sank to normal. 'And I want to move anyway. Mr. Harragan was never cross to me all the years we've lived together until he was a janitor, and it ain't worth it.'

The little money that Mr. Harragan brings in is negligible; his work at home is meagre. Yet somehow he manages to keep the world steady for his family. The children are scarcely less devoted

than the mother. There are two grown boys now, eighteen and twenty, and up to the present moment they have shown no disposition to rebel against the destiny manifestly laid out for them, of further adding to his comfort.

Mr. Harragan receives and dispenses all the money. Mrs. Harragan has, all the years of her married life, handed her pay envelope to him unopened, and now the two boys do the same.

If Maggie appears in a new coat and is asked, 'Where did you get your new coat, Maggie?' her reply is immediate: 'Papa gave it to me.'

The two boys started to work at about the same time, and they had an impulse to be generous with the first money that they earned. Did it occur to either of them to get for their self-sacrificing mother some little unaccustomed luxury? Not at all. With the first money that they earned, they surprised papa with a new suit.

But Jimmie's job soon had to be abandoned, although it appeared satisfactory to everybody but Mr. Harragan. For he, who takes most responsibilities very lightly, does take with seriousness the matter of making the morning coffee. Jimmie's job began so early in the morning that it interfered with Mr. Harragan's rising habits.

'It 's the miserablest job ever I heard of,' said Mr. Harragan; 'breakfast at half-past six in the morning!'

All the children obey him implicitly, conscious of the honor of being so fathered. They speak of him with pride.

'I could never bring up the children without Mr. Harragan,' Mrs. Harragan says sometimes. 'They think there 's nobody like their father; and you know how it is, especially with boys: they have more respect for a man.' Her voice takes on color. 'He talks to them something grand, the lectures he gives those children! You know' (deprecatingly), 'Mr. Harragan is a little bit

educated if he had his health. Well, if they turn out bad, it won't be for lack of bringing up. Terrible strict he is.'

To give the devil his due, Mr. Harragan is not without charm of a sort. He receives visitors like a king, offering food and drink with regal hospitality, to the mingled admiration and dismay of his wife.

'Maybe you don't want to eat anything,' she will say, fearing that he may have gone too far. 'Don't mind him if you don't. You know, if the President himself walked in, Mr. Harragan would offer him a glass of beer.'

And he has his Irish wit. One day I chanced to call there, and lying on the floor was a burlap potato-sack. Mr. Harragan was not at all nonplussed. He pointed to it, 'See me Persian rug,' he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

The one daughter, Maggie, is a dainty, auburn-haired little elf, quick of movement, with a touch of her mother's gayety. 'I tell Maggie sometimes,' said Mr. Harragan to me one day, 'that she 's a fairy. But she does n't like that, and she begs me to say she is n't. So then I say, "Well, no, you 're not exactly a fairy; but you 're the sister of a fairy."'

And Mr. Harragan is full of interesting ideas. He has an ethical code concerning work which is entirely his own. Part of it is that washing windows or washing anything white or light is woman's work and unfit for men or boys. Therefore, no matter how great the emergency, it is to Mr. Harragan like an invitation to sin to ask him to do any of these things. A psychological crisis is on the hands of her who makes this rash attempt. If white paint must be washed or bathrooms cleaned, Mrs. Harragan can do it in the evening. This point of view is profoundly interesting to Mrs. Harragan.

He also decrees that Mrs. Harragan is not to wash floors. Why he selects

this as her one abstinence in work, nobody knows. But in this one particular she does not regard his word as law.

'Mr. Harragan does n't want me to wash floors,' she says, very proud of him for the thought. 'But sometimes you can't be so particular when you need the money. So I just go ahead and wash them and don't say a word to him about it. He would get mad at anybody who asked me to wash floors, and I don't want him getting into no trouble on my account.'

But to return to Mr. Harragan's solid virtues. If we take Mrs. Harragan's word for it, he has courage. She rejoices in one tale of him: how one day he heard screams and blows coming from a neighbor's apartment, and how he investigated them, and found a man most cruelly ill-treating his wife — passion at murder level. Mr. Harragan knocked the man insensible and then got him arrested.

'And now,' she adds, 'after Mr. Harragan taking all that trouble for her, and actually saving her life, she's so mad at him for getting her husband arrested that she won't speak to him. But Mr. Harragan does n't care. He says he'd do it all right over again.'

And one day on the street he fought and laid low a man who had most unreasonably deserted his wife. Yes, we will grant him courage.

The other evening, Mrs. Harragan appeared, quite late, to wash the dishes. She was all breathless and excited. She staved on the dishes with an extra vigor, chatting meanwhile.

'I'll hurry a little to-night,' she said. 'I want to get home as soon as I can. I've been up town working to-day.'

This was astonishing, as Mrs. Harragan has scarcely been five blocks from home in twenty years.

'I got a chance to do some work up town,' she said, 'and with Jimmie out of work, I thought I'd better go. Jimmie took me up, I could never have found the way alone. I got there at one and I've just come home. On Thirty-Fifth Street it was.'

She looked at me, a little awed. 'For the first time in my life,' she said, 'I was homesick. I'll never go so far away again. It struck me in my stomach. I could n't eat a thing. Lord, child, they had broiled chicken and peas and strawberry shortcake, but I could n't touch it any more than as if it was so much wood. They kept at me to eat, but it was no use. My, but I was glad to get home! I ran home a minute to see Mr. Harragan before I came here, but I did n't stop to eat. As soon as I've finished these dishes I'm going home and have a good meal. I'll never go so far away again.'

Mr. Harragan, you are a lazy, good-for-nothing individual. You are a parasite, living in as much comfort as your wishes dictate, upon the hard labor of your wife and children; you are a drinker, depriving them of even the barest necessities of life; you are a slipshod worker. And balanced against this — what? A little lift of the imagination, a modicum of wit, a spark of courage. That is about all.

No, Mr. Harragan, it is not enough. The score stands heavily against you. Judged by the common standards of our day, you are a most unworthy person. And yet — beauty and harmony attend you! Mr. Harragan, you are as futile and absurd a creature as ever walked God's earth. And yet — to you, yes, to you it has been given to discover, for at least one tiny fraction of the world, the gold at the foot of the rainbow.

THE ART AND NATURE OF GRAPHOLOGY

BY ARCHER WALL DOUGLAS

SOME years ago I became interested in the way in which a friend of mine analyzed signatures so as to disclose the characteristics of the writers. The results were so amazingly accurate as to excite my wonder and admiration, especially as most of the signatures were those of people whom he had never seen, and of whom he had not the slightest knowledge. The sequel to my admiration was a study of the art of graphology by the only possible method: the analysis of the signatures of the people whom I knew passing well, that I might detect in their autographs the reflection of familiar traits and characteristics. I found that there were many books written on the subject, but they merely led me astray, because in general they contained only a lot of rules, and I soon discovered that you cannot confine and compass the peculiarities and manifestations of human nature within such exact and definite limits. As I went on I realized that the signature had first to be studied as a complete entity, and that detailed analysis was a secondary function. The autograph, like its owner, has character and personality. Moreover, there is some dominant trait that stands out in bold relief: some peculiarity, some phase of temperament or of mentality, which is often the key to the puzzle or unwinds the tangled skein.

The procedure, as I followed it, became tremendously logical, though often it dealt with a most elusive and indefinite material. It was something

more than a coincidence that treachery, deviousness, and all the evil ways of lying and deceit were easily known by fine-spun, winding lines which recalled to me the Hindu proverb that surely the trail of the snake is always crooked. Rules, however, were of no avail here, for sinuosities, which in the business man's nature were symptomatic of underhand ways, frequently meant nothing more in the autograph of the lawyer or doctor than indifference to good penmanship, or haste and carelessness in writing. But, the strong rising signature is a sure indication of ambition, courage, and determination, just as the one that drops steadily tells of indwelling melancholy and discouragement.

Early in my study I was surprised to discover in some of my friends the possession of qualities that I had never suspected in all my long acquaintance. One instance is that of a young woman who was especially noted for her un-failing good humor and high spirits, yet the steady downward droop of her signature told an entirely different tale. Upon questioning her, she admitted the truth of my analysis and was greatly surprised that it was possible for her signature to betray the presence of a melancholy strain in her disposition which, she thought, was effectually hidden from all.

Another instance is that of a man with whom I was casually associated in business for many years, and whom I thought of as a creature of figures, expert in the casting-up of sales and

receipts. By mere accident I analyzed his signature one day, and was surprised to discover in the capital letters the revelation of a thorough understanding of form and harmony, and an imaginative appreciation of art and nature: comprehension, rather than the ability to create, though the difference is often one of degree rather than of kind. This sympathetic understanding is not infrequent in cultivated and intelligent people, and is generally recognized by the limitation in the beauty and originality of the curves of the capital letters as contrasted with the boldness of expression found in the signature of the creative artist. Tennyson, Byron, and Burns are examples which come most readily to my mind. The truth seems to be that signatures are unconscious betrayals of ourselves, and therein lies their interest as indices of character. This is not true of handwriting to anything like the same degree, nor are the reasons far to seek. We are apt to make efforts to improve our handwriting so that it may be at least legible. But we rarely take thought concerning our signature although doubtless we have an unconscious desire to make it characteristic of ourselves in some fashion, we know not how. Hence, as we emerge from childhood and youth it gradually shapes itself along the lines of our thoughts and desires. Unlike our tones, our manner, our bearing, our conversation, it is expressed entirely without concealment, and without our being on our guard, as it never occurs to us that a signature in any way betrays us, or reveals that which we would keep secret. Thus it is even more indicative of our personality than the voice, since in conversation we constantly cultivate and assume certain tones, accents, and manners of speech which are not native to us. In this way the signature becomes the

crystallized expression of our inborn traits and characteristics, and registers but slowly those which we often seek to acquire with patient care and purpose. This has always seemed to me to indicate that such acquirements are after all but the suits and trappings of our character and often go no deeper.

In comparing signatures of the same person written years apart, the changes are almost invariably found to be the result of evolution and development, not of addition and superficial acquisition. I remember the autographs, written three years apart, of a distinguished violinist whom I knew well. The record was merely the confirmation of my own observation at the concerts which I had attended during these years: a marked growth both in artistic conception and execution, and in breadth of understanding and sympathy. Yet the germ of these things was all in the earlier signature, much as was the primordial atomic globule of our race in the beginning of evolution. Conversely, I have had some unpleasant experiences in watching the growth in wealth and power of those whose early signatures gave a dark hint of the Old Adam of selfishness and insincerity which had not been baptized out of them, and which became stronger and more pronounced with years and success. It is something more than a literary analogy that the leopard cannot change his spots, and I have pondered much upon our responsibility for those seeds of evil in us, sown through no fault of ours.

In all matters of detail it is the logic of the evidence that most impresses me. Crossing your *t*'s and dotting your *i*'s is the natural sign manual of carefulness and precision. The interest for the graphologist lies in the discovery that the way in which such things are done tells whether the carefulness is born in you, or merely acquired in

after life. There is a certain perfunctoriness about the latter method that never equals the deliberation and naturalness of what you do unconsciously and because you cannot help it. If the small *a*'s and *o*'s are open at the top it is a fairly good indication that you have some of the milk of human kindness in you. Contrariwise, it is more than probable that Old Scrooge wrote a small, close-fisted hand, with the small *a*'s and *o*'s hermetically sealed at the top. A signature that is written continuously, without pause, naturally tells of logic and continuity of thought and, sometimes, of an impatient and irritable temperament as well. The nature of temperament is shown in the level of the line on which the signature is written. Unevenness, whether up or down, indicates only too truly whether the temperament moves to a rising or falling inflection; the even-tempered and self-contained go on an even keel. Singularly enough, temporary and passing fits of depression often leave fleeting impressions upon the handwriting though but rarely upon the signature.

If capital letters tell of the possession of imagination, or of its absence, they also tell of that fancy which so many mistake for the creative instinct. This is shown by a lack of originality and beauty in the capitals, and is most often found in the signatures of women. It tells of day dreams, of things which we vainly believe that we could accomplish, had we only opportunity, and it is as much a matter of temperament as of mentality; moreover it is something that the writers are usually very shy of confessing. They seem loath to have their fond fancies dragged into the light of day. Likewise, do capital letters tell of pride in all its degrees and ramifications — from that pride which caused Satan to fall from

Heaven, to that which seeks to be judged only by its department, after the fashion of Mr. Turveydrop. To attempt to recite all the hints and suggestions of evidence that you gather from the details of the autograph is to have the sun go down upon the tale. After all they are not the main themes, but rather its incidental diversions. Your knowledge comes not from the solution of minute details, but rather from an understanding of the spirit which the writing portrays. You hold the key to the inner meaning of the cuneiform inscription which lies before you, not through the separate analysis of the individual factors, but through the relation which they bear to the whole, and the way in which they are colored and affected by the personality of the writer. Graphology is not the painstaking determination of the value of unknown quantities in an algebraic formula. The task is not so simple as that.

In the beginning you get only a few 'leads' and indications, and upon this comparatively small foundation you construct the fabric of your characterization. There is much of deduction and induction. Certain characteristics indicate the possession of certain other characteristics. Most determined and ambitious men are not overburdened with scruples, nor with consideration for others, when their own interests are at stake; while the pure in heart, and you sometimes run across them, have charity and thoughtfulness, and all the traits which go with those who see God. Then, too, your signs and evidences are not invariable in their meaning, but are modified by the other traits with which they are associated. Pride in the conceited man is a far different matter from pride in the fine spirit who desires to be judged only for the things for which he stands. The indications for obstinacy, blind

and unreasoning, in a signature, are much the same as those for unyielding determination in matters of faith and conviction. It is the difference in the association with other traits which makes the distinction so vital. Like all puzzles, the analysis of the signature opens up wide vistas when once you have arrived at the main components of the matter, and it is not difficult to go on to great refinements of definition and description. If you are quite sure of yourself in deduction, induction, and observation, you need not hesitate in your conclusions. I recall more than one instance where the writer of the signature manifested a profound love for lyric poetry, because of the obvious appreciation and understanding of harmony and rhythm set forth in the general character of the signature, especially in the capital letters. If it were a man, Burns was generally his peculiar admiration; if a woman, it was apt to be Tennyson, or Mrs. Browning. So, too, it not infrequently happens that I can say with entire assurance, of some woman, that her bedroom is a thing of beauty and good taste, with bits of color here and there, and with her wardrobe arranged neatly in that feminine fashion which is beyond a man's understanding. All this is an easy deduction from the sense of form, color, and arrangement, that permeates the signature.

It is difficult to describe on the printed page how certain forms of writing indicate such traits and characteristics as I have spoken of. Yet the most unimaginative can easily see the connection when it is pointed out in the handwriting. For instance, there is usually, though not always, marked and profound difference between the signatures of men and women, and this difference emphasizes the equally profound and fundamental difference between the sexes. It is very rarely that

one is in doubt as to the sex of the writer. Yet to endeavor to put the difference on paper intelligibly, is to attempt a task that would probably involve the student in one of those fogs of words that mark Algernon Blackwood's latest mystery stories. Again, although most women's signatures are very feminine, there is a very wide distinction between the femininity of the flapper, and that of the mother of the family; and the writing does not fail to indicate it.

Some thirty years ago, when I first essayed the study of graphology, the greatest puzzle I found in women's signatures was their apparent lack of individuality; they were too much cast in the same mould. They would have been more easily decipherable had they run less true to sex. That I rarely encounter this difficulty now is, I believe, a mute testimony to the extent and rapidity of woman's emancipation in the last generation. I still encounter this obstacle in the signatures of many Europeans whose individual expression seems smothered and concealed by the burden of tradition and inheritance.

Of even greater interest than traits and characteristics are the revelations of hopes, desires, and aspirations that the writing discloses. You discover them in most unexpected surroundings, and with strange and apparently uncongenial associates. Artistic conceptions and understandings in the autographs of business men, whom you have always thought of in connection with the prayer of the Pirates of Penzance: all they asked was life, without one touch of poetry. An inextinguishable, though seemingly dormant, love of beauty and color and form in Nature, in personalities who, you thought, worshiped only the God of things as they are, and not as they should be. Suppressed Freudian desires and ambitions, sometimes suppressed

because of lack of opportunity or of money. In a married woman with many children we may discover, carefully concealed, the thought of the actress or the singer that she knew she might have been but for the man whom she had chosen instead and who never even suspected her fond regret. You often suspect the existence of the regret, without giving it definite form or nature; but when you tell the writers of your discovery, they rarely ever deny it, either because it does not seem worth while, or because they are not sorry to have a confidant. You get a fleeting glimpse of a human entity that is all new to you, and more interesting than before. Nor do you soon forget the irreparable tragedy of a matter that it is too late to do anything about. Yet often to the principal actor in the drama it does not bear so serious an aspect, save for the passing moment; for time is a great consoler. But to the onlooker this makes the tragedy all the worse. Not infrequently the tragedy becomes pathetic because it is nothing more substantial than the hopes of those who lack purpose and ability to make those hopes realities, even had they both opportunity and the necessary wherewithal. You get hints and evidences of such matters from half-formed or undeveloped artistic traits and characteristics, touches of imaginative ability and conception, poetic formations of the letters, or hints of the love of form, color, and harmony, cropping out here and there throughout the signature.

In all the matters which I have set forth there is nothing that is not easily susceptible of logical explanation, nothing that is 'uncanny,' or mysterious. It is not difficult to explain to an intelligent person how your conclusions are reached, and how perfectly logical is the entire process, although, like everything else, it requires a certain

fitness and experience for its successful outcome.

There is another phase of the matter concerning which I have never been able to do more than conjecture. It is in no way a part of the study of graphology, as generally pursued, and I have never known but two other people besides myself who exercised it. It is the ability to deduce from a signature some of the physical characteristics of the writer, although he may be an entire stranger to you, and you may never have seen or heard of him. The description is not a photograph, but rather the perception of certain physical traits, or peculiarities, which are readily recognized by those familiar with the person in question.

The incredulity with which this statement is always received is equaled only by the puzzled surprise at the actual performance. Obviously, he who essays this task cannot afford to make so much as a single mistake, or he is thoroughly discredited. I never have the slightest concern in my own case, and am absolutely sure of my ground for there is never any doubt of what I see. In analyzing any signature there must come to me first the vision of the writer, else I am not confident of my accuracy and do not attempt to proceed, for at such times the spirits summoned from the vasty deep refuse to come. Once I carried in my pocket the signature of a man who, I afterwards learned, was generally regarded as a sphinx, but who gave up all his secrets when there suddenly dawned upon me the somewhat nebulous vision of a close-lipped being with eyes severe, and a firm tread that told of determination and resolve. Such visions are indefinite, save as to those traits and peculiarities which stand out boldly, and which are all that you see clearly. The things that you see, probably in your mind's eye, vary greatly in different people and appar-

ently without rhyme or reason, though they have one common denominator in that they are always most characteristic and easily recognizable. Sometimes, as in the gait or bearing, they are directly inferred from some peculiarity in the signature; but usually they have no connection with anything in the writing. The nature of the walk is usually apparent, whether a firm tread, or a swinging gait, or an uncertain motion. I recall one man who shuffled in his walk, and who also giggled a good deal, and whose teeth were not good. Nearly always you get an impression of the mouth; whether full- or close-lipped, or weak, or firm-set, and constantly of the teeth, as to whether they are good or the reverse. Also of the eyes, whether restless, or steady, or of a fixed gaze from under beetling brows.

Cordial hand grasps are usually easy of detection, as are unusually charming smiles.

Sometimes tricks of manner are most prominent, as of looking knives at you out of the corner of the eyes, like the French maid in *Bleak House*; or putting a hand upon your arm in earnest conversation. Not infrequently you see some fashion of dress in a woman, that differs from the ordinary. I remember one young woman in those remote days when they wore long skirts, who picked up her dress in crossing the street in such an unusual manner as to attract attention. I could not describe what the peculiarity was only I knew that it was there.

Occasionally you can tell whether the person wears glasses, and the kind of headgear he affects.

Some personal peculiarities that you see have no connection whatever with anything in the signature, as far as you can discover, and yet they stand out vividly. One man carried a cane which he was always dropping and picking up. Another walked a little lame in his

right leg. Another slammed things around in his fits of temper, which description much amused his wife who gave me his signature to analyze. Another man looked straight at you while you talked, and worked his mouth in a peculiar manner while he listened.

Of late years I have found that you get the same results from the voice that you do from the signature; that is, by talking over the telephone with one who is an entire stranger to you in every way. But that is another story.

Now I am not so much concerned in producing evidence for such matters as I have set forth — though it is available — and thus preserving my reputation for veracity, as I am in finding the *raison d'être* of the entire matter. What is the connection between that signature and the physical appearance which I deduce from the writing? Frankly, I do not know, nor have I the slightest idea how the deduction is made, though I am always equally sure of the correctness of such deduction. There is, of course, nothing mysterious about it, other than that anything is mysterious which we do not understand; usually because it is beyond our ken.

It has occurred to me, however, that I have unconsciously reversed our usual method of judging people, which is to infer certain mental and temperamental traits from their physical appearance. In other words, having deduced certain mental peculiarities from a physical signature, it is perfectly logical to associate them with corresponding physical characteristics, even though I am not conscious of the process by which I arrive at such conclusions.

This naturally leads to the conclusion to which I have come from this study; that our physical and mental being is one and indivisible, and not two separate and distinct things. We

are gross mentally, and that is why we are gross physically; and the reverse is equally true. We are not separate entities, but a concrete whole in the same shell, alike and indissoluble, at least so far as this world is concerned.

If this is so, then much antiquated philosophy can be laid on the shelf, and we need not excuse ourselves by laying

the blame on the weakness of the flesh, when in truth the mind is most industrious in conceiving the mischief. If there be not such intimate connection, what else can be the explanation of the discerning and telling of physical things when only mental and temperamental matters are presented to you and within your ken!

ROAST CHICKING

BY HANNAH L. PROTZMAN

I AIN'T got no fambly, youse might say, 'nless youse would count Rosie an' the woman. What I means is, I ain't got no fambly of my own.

My father an' mother is both dead, an' I am the only one of the childern what lived. They was eight of us, but I never seen none of them for I was the younges', an' the rest all died when they was babies yet. I was the only one what lived — which ain't no fault of my ol' man's.

Many is the time I has jest been goin' to step inside of the house when somethin' in my head has said to me, 'Louie, don't go in,' and I hev went back. An' afterwards I has found that my father was layin' for me inside, an' it has been jest in the grace of a hair's breath that I ain't killed — sech a good shot is my ol' man.

An' if it wa'n't for that voice on the insides of me warnin' me, I would n't be livin' unto this day.

Father was in the saloon business first. He was at that for about sixteen year' when he sells out an' buys a private place, an' lives private. He stands that for jest about one year

when he goes back into business agin.

He sure was one ornery cuss, an' youse might say, I never had no respec' for him. The earlies' remembrances I hev got of him is a lickin'.

C'n youse think back to the first thing youse c'n remember? I kin. I c'n see that bar yet, jest like it was yest'day, an' me runnin' round it, an' father after me with a board he has broke off 'n a box, in his hand. An' ma over in the corner with her apern over her face, cryin'.

It was jest like I was borned there in the saloon, right then, for I don't remember nothin' that has happened before, an' it seems like that is the first time I ever has seen my father an' my mother. I knows who they are without no one tellin' me, but I don't recollect ever hevin' saw them before. Nor does I even remember seein' my ol' man pull that board off 'n the box, yet I *knows* that is what he done. Nothin' that has happened before does I remember.

Ma said father licked me long before I c'd walk yet, but I don't recollect that far back.

Now *me* — I never laid a hand on the little feller, nor on Rosie neither. But the woman — she was always as ready with her hand as she is with her mouth. But after the little feller was took, I never let her lay no hand on Rosie again.

Sech a tongue has she got in her head that I don't dast say much what she *kin* do and what she can't do. But after the little feller goes to his grave with the marks of a broom handle on his little body, somethin' on the insides of me kind of busts like, an' I tells the woman there ain't goin' to be no more lickin' in my house again. An' there ain't, un- to this day.

Now *ma*, she wa'n't like father. She never licked me less 'n I done somethin'. But I never walks past my ol' man but what I has to duck quick, an' youse c'n believe me or not, I never goes no nearer to him than I has to.

Other childern ust to run away *from* school, but *me* — I run away *to* school. Not that I took to book-learnin', but because I knowed when I was in school, father could n't tech me.

They wa'n't no impulsatory school laws in them days, like they is now, an' father wa'n't for leavin' me go to school at all. An' many the lickin' has he give me for goin'. Always he ust to say, 'Do youse think I have brung you into the world for a dirty loafer?' An' he makes up a sayin' which says, 'Them as don't work, don't eat.' An' never does I get no supper on the days I goes to school, only what I sneaks.

An' cert'nly I would be a ignorant man to-day, if it wa'n't for Miss Lang, a school-teacher where lived in the same house with me onct. It was her that learned me both to read an' write.

Nor was I allowed to have pets like the other fellows.

The only pet I ever has is a chicking, which I would n't of had, only *ma* she keeps chickings, an' father don't find

out for a long time. Even unto this day I could cry when I thinks of Henery.

I raises him from a little lame chick. For some reason his mother won't own him, so I scratches for him, an' looks out for him, an' soon he is follerin' me round everwheres. An' often I sneaks him in, an' he sleeps on the foot of my bed at nights. I could n't of thought more of my own brother if one of them would of lived.

As I already told youse, my ol' man owns a saloon — but it wa'n't jest a saloon. It was a grocery store an' billiard-room an' saloon, all in one.

One day I was goin' past the corn bin, an' I done what I always done when father ain't around — I takes out a handful of corn.

Then I goes out in the yard an' I calls Henery, an' he comes limpin' up an' hops onto my shoulder. An' every time I puts a kernel of corn in my mouth, he leans his head over real sassy an' pecks it out. An' always he is that careful that he don't hurt me.

An' all the time I don't know my ol' man is anywheres around, till he starts cussin'.

I gives Henery a quick fling one way, an' I beats it another, for *I* knows father.

I stays away all day, an' I don't git in till supper time, countin' that by that time father will either be too busy or too drunk to do anything.

I 'low to sneak in an' swipe a piece of bread or somethin', but when I gits in the kitchen an' smells what I smells, horses can't drag me away. But it is many a long day after that but what that same smell makes me sick to my stummick. Even unto this day when I talks about it, I c'n feel my stummick goin' flip-flop, jest like that.

Ma don't say nothin'. She jest goes on gittin' things ready to set on the table, an' I c'n see she has been cryin'. But I don't think nothin' partic'lar

about that, seein' it ain't many days she *ain't* been cryin'.

Then I hears father comin' in, an' I starts to run. But he sees me before I gits out. So I beats it to the other side of the table from where he is at, so the more chanct to hev when he comes after me. But instid of doin' what I am lookin' for, he says real sof' an' kind, 'Well, well, Louie, youse are jest in time for your birthday supper,' he says. 'Set up,' he says.

An' sure enough, it *is* my birthday, which I never would of thought of.

I am so hungry that I decides to resk it, an' I sides over to the table, keepin' one eye on my ol' man, an' the other on the nices' roast chicking you ever see — all carved an' ready to eat.

I have a oneasy feelin' all the time about father, an' when he pushes the plate over my way, without even helpin' hisself first, I grabs a leg quick, thinkin' his game is to leave me pret' near git a piece, an' then jerk it away.

But no, he leaves it settin' right in front of me. I don't like the way he is smilin', for I knows it don't mean no good to me, but I intends to eat while I has the chanct.

When I has a'most the whole leg et, father says, jest as if he is surprised, 'Well, I do declare, this here Henery seems to be *some* chicking. Shove him over to me till I tries him.'

Never c'n I tell youse my feelin's. There I sets with part of my little Henery unchawed in my mouth. An' certainly, neither c'n I swaller him, nor c'n I spit him out.

Ma, she has bust out cryin'. But *me* — I am jest settin' there like a statute, with my mouth hangin' open.

Father is laffin' that way he has where youse can't *hear* him, an' he is reachin' over to help hisself to little Henery when a red-hot iron comes runnin' up by backbone an' into my head. An' without hardly knowin'

what I 'm doin', I grabs the plate with Henery on it, jumps past father before he knows where I 'm about, an' lights out for the woods.

An' when I examines that plate, I finds that I hev et the poor little game leg that I has rubbed many a time tryin' to make it longer.

An' that piece where is left in my mouth unchawed has disappeared. You have saw magician fellers which holds a egg up in front of youse — now youse see it, now youse don't? Youse c'n laff when I tells it, but that same kind of a miracle has happened — for neither has I spit out Henery nor has I swallered him, yet certainly there ain't no Henery left in my mouth. It is jest like the egg I tol' youse about — he ain't in my mouth, he ain't out of my mouth, he ain't nowheres.

I puts what is left of Henery together the best way I kin. Then I wraps him in my coat, an' buries him out there in the woods.

After which I says, 'Gawd,' I says, 'I don't know no prayer, but if youse will jest tell Henery I did n't know it was him, an' that I would of starved first before I would of et his little game leg, I 'll do somethin' for youse some day,' I says.

'An' leave father to me, Gawd,' I says, 'for I knows him better than youse, livin' with him as I does,' I says. 'Jest leave him live till I am growed up,' I says, 'an' I 'll git even with him,' I says. Which both me an' Gawd done.

Then I tries to sing 'Where is my wanderin' boy to-night?' which is the only funeral song I knows, but I don't git far till I busts out cryin' like I ain't done but onct since, an' that is when the little feller passes away.

I truns myself on the little grave I has jest made, an' I must of went to sleep, for when I looks up again it is early mornin'.

I hunts for a stone big enough to

cover over Henery's grave so no dog can't dig him up, then I picks up the plate an' starts for home.

I don't know *why* I am goin' home, for I knows my ol' man will be layin' for me. But it is jest like somethin' is dead on the insides of me, an' I don't care no more what happens.

I am a'most home when I sees ma runnin' toward me. I am lookin' for a cuffin' off 'n her for not havin' no coat on; but instid of that she grabs the plate off 'n me, an' tells me to beat it quick, for father is waitin' at the barn with the horsewhip.

I don't know why I does it, but I walks straight on, an' I am jest past the big tree, when out jumps father an' ketches me by the arm. An' when he is through with me I can't stand on my two feet, but am layin' there by the fence. Some people picks me up an' takes me to the doctor's, an' he puts stuff on the open places where makes them hurt worser than they does before. Then he ties me up.

But even with that I don't feel that there lickin' like youse would think. It is jest as I has already told youse — somethin' is dead on the insides of me, an' I don't feel nothin' the same.

They tells me afterwards that the neighbors has my ol' man arrested, an' he has to pay a big fine. But *me* — I don't see him agin for a'most two year.

There is a farmer — Mr. Henderschott by name — where sees father give me that lickin', an' he takes me home for a 'prentice on his farm. An' there it is that I am interdooced to Miss Lang, the lady teacher I has a'ready told youse of.

She is boardin' at Mr. Henderschott's, an' one evenin' she says at the supper table, 'After youse fellers git through eatin', go an' warsh yourselves, an' then come into the settin'-room, for I am goin' to learn youse somethin'.'

They is three of us workin' there, an' when we gits through eatin', the other two fellers goes out to the pump, but I am tired, an' besides I don't see the need for no more learnin'. So I sneaks up to the attic, an' has jest turned in when in walks Miss Lang.

'Louie,' she says, 'either youse kin git up an' dress yourself, or I'll do it for youse,' she says.

I seen her manage a horse onct, so I gits up an' does what she tells me. An' I thank her unto this day, for as I always says, if it would n't of been for Miss Lang, neither could I read or write.

I am at Mr. Henderschott's for a'most two year, when father comes after me. Mr. Henderschott ain't for leavin' me go, but father says he will git the law on him, so he leaves me. He says certainly he hates to see me go for I am the best worker he ever had.

An' all this time I ain't et one bite of chicking. When I smells one cookin' it makes me sick, an' all I kin think of is, I wants my little Henery back.

It is late at night when we gits home, an' ma she is settin' in the kitchin. 'Hello, Louie,' she says. 'Hello, ma,' I says, an' I goes up to bed.

Father has me up early the next mornin' ploughin' the back lot. I am growed considerable in them two year, an' my ol' man 'lows I am goin' to make up for lost time.

When I goes home for dinner an' smells what I smells I has the feelin' that I can't stand on my two feet. I starts to git out, but father, who has came in, shoves me into my place at the table, an' calls ma to put on the dinner. Which she done — bustin' out cryin' while she done so. For there on the plate is a roast chicking, lookin' for all the world like my little Henery.

Father puts his revolver on the table beside of him, an' then he pushes the plate over in front of me, jest like he

done that other time. An' all the time he is smilin' an' laffin' that way he has.

'Louie,' he says, 'have a leg of Henery's grandchild. An' either you eats,' he says, 'or youse gits this here bullet,' he says.

I am settin' there thinkin' I would ruther have the bullet, when all of a sudden that same red-hot iron I tells you about before comes runnin' up my backbone an' into my head, an' I grabs not only a leg, but as much of that chicking where I kin hold in my two hands. An' I starts eatin' as fast as I kin. For the feelin' has came to me, what right has that chicking, or *no* chicking, to live, when my little Henery is dead! I *wants* to eat it, an' also I wants to eat every chicking they is. An' that feelin' has stayed by me unto this day.

When my ol' man sees what I am at,

he stops shakin' of hisself laffin', an' he gives me a knock on the head where sends that chicking acrost the room, an' me on top of it. Then he makes me pick it up an' put it on his plate.

Ma, she goes for to help me, an' he gives her two black eyes. Why, she has a pair of eyes on her where she can't look out of her head. He says it is her what puts me up to hawgin' that chicking.

But it wa'n't ma. It is jest as I has told youse. I has the feelin' that I don't want no chicking to live an' enjoy hisself, now my Henery is dead. An' never has that feelin' left me.

That is why they a'n't no one kin help Mr. Cupp eat hisself sober as good as me. He is the only one I knows of where kin eat as much chicking as me, an' even then, he has to be his drunks' to do it.

SOME ASIAN VIEWS OF WHITE CULTURE

BY UPTON CLOSE

I

A BIT of Chinese humor concerns a swain who went to market to buy his new wife a present. In one stall he saw some neat little framed mirrors — pictures, he thought.

'Whose likeness?' he asked, picking up one.

'Your noble own,' said the merchant.

'Ah,' thought he, 'the very thing! Every time my wife looks at it, she will see me.' So he bought it.

His bride was delighted. She gazed at her treasure by the hour. Never was husband's gift given a more flattering

reception. Not improbably, however, he soon realized a puzzling discrepancy between the smiles turned toward the mirror and the varied moods which greeted the supposed original of its reflection.

With pride, we of the West display the gifts of our civilization — and Asia looks them over with many flattering *ah's* and *oh's*, and we feel encouraged in our naïve conviction of unquestionable superior worth. We may remain as blissfully unaware as the lout in the Chinese fable that the

pleasure apparent while the recipient contemplates our marvels, mechanical and scientific, may be due to newly appreciating, in their connection, the value of the ancient culture. We shall not fail to note, however, that Asia's interest in our achievements does not carry with it any noticeable attraction to our civilization at large.

We have a right to expect that our attainments will influence Oriental peoples — at least, their educated classes. But we seemingly think that, in view of demonstrations we give, our superiority in everything from least to greatest will presently be admitted by all but the ignorant, and we shall become the model and pattern of endeavor. To the modern Occident it is hard to comprehend that there are other ideals than its own — that if the attitude of alien races is not mainly composed of admiration, the true explanation is not sottish obstinacy and impotent envy.

Youth and age are inclined each to be sure in its own wisdom. Asia's confidence in her culture is matched only by our self-conceit. But philosophical old age can be far more tolerant than strenuously living youth. Therefore it is that, while Asia thinks her culture is the better for herself, we think ours the better for ourselves and her. Salvation for Asia, to our way of looking at it, lies in her conformity to our way of thinking and doing, and we set out with zeal upon a crusade to save her. What Asia thinks of our type of salvation, we do not stop to consider. Her lack of desire for our services we interpret as evidence of her depravity. She has sunk so low that she appreciates not her own need. We will rescue her, perforce.

Mayhap we are right. If so, it is because of pure accident, and not because we have reasoned out our action from a study of comparative cultures. Our

belief that Asia needs our civilization is just as unreasoned as the belief of the German imperialists that the world needed them to rule it, and springs largely from the same mentality. Actually, while we have achieved, a great many of our aims are such as other races would not care to set for themselves. Their reasons are often worth thoughtful attention.

Our ancestors in the days of Marco Polo looked respectfully toward the settled culture of the Far East. Concern with problems of philosophy and religion was then honored, both east and west, as the highest occupation of the intellect, although personal eminence and glory came very often to the warrior. The Orient in that age, as it vied with the West, — not only in these attainments, but also in material well-being, — might even with a little pardonable conceit claim superiority. Since then, centuries of western geographical and scientific advance have intervened. We have become cocksure. Galloping 'progress' has robbed age of its prestige as we have left the ways of our fathers. Looking back now from our position of eminence in positive sciences and arts, constructive and destructive, we complacently offer to show the way to those we have outdistanced. If the offer is not enthusiastically accepted, we are put out, even disgusted.

We seem to ourselves to have been the only ones who have made progress. It seems to Asia that we have forgotten the aim of progress. The East has not been willing to forget the preëminence we all were once agreed on giving to certain considerations called spiritual. Vaguely, we feel that we have kept them still in mind, although sometimes at a loss to analyze our views or justify our actions. But to the outsider, a cacophony of material accomplishments, undirected and unharmonized,

bursting fitfully from a barbarous theme of world-lust, is the prevailing motif in the music of our culture. And the Oriental takes leave to raise the question of whether we have made any progress at all in directions that really count, that tell permanently for higher living. Of course they are wrong in this — we are civilized. Look at us — all the things we have and make and do!

'Yes, the things you do,' say they, 'and by them we are compelled to doubt if you have really reached civilization as yet. We are consistent. We have a time-tested wisdom, we know what to call good — but do you? You do many things which no civilized people can continue to do — why? We have built a culture that endures. What have you, take you all together, got in mind to build — anything at all? If so, are you sure that it is anything really possible, or just a dream?'

If civilization is, as Confucius described it, the sum of intricacies whereby every man's personal dignity is preserved and respected, they are not to be blamed for their questionings. It is anything but a civilized side of our nature that has been prominent in our contact with Eastern peoples. We admit the Chinese sage's definition to be attractive, whether complete or not. But by what definition of civilization could we justify our attitude toward his countrymen, and other peoples of the Orient? Whatever may be said of our conduct among ourselves, — and they would render trenchant judgments as to that, — we cannot claim that our conduct toward them was civilized. Insisting on the excellence of our social customs and religion, and their need to understand and practise them, we make little effort, as a rule, to understand theirs. We have shown little respect for their persons, customs, and possessions. We have insisted

that we do all the teaching and they do all the learning. We maintain the sanctity of our rights, property, and claims at the point of the bayonet, but we act as unrestrained communists in our desire to exploit their wealth and resources. We are aggrieved and angry if they wish to keep anything they are not at the moment using.

Since we have sent this cultural crusade against Asia, — and not Asia against us, — Asiatics have been given more opportunity to form opinions of our civilization than we of theirs. These are not usually made public; for the Asiatic does not feel so great an urge as we to express his mental reactions. Besides, he is restrained by courtesy, and often by self-respect, from comment upon features of our contact. Of course, only a few Orientals have made a reasoned comparison of themselves and us. During eight years' contact I have collected little patches of opinion from household servant, ricksha man, clerk, merchant, official, proselyte, and everyone who has had to deal with the foreigner. Fitted together, these form the mosaic picture that I briefly outline here.

II

If my houseboy could be persuaded to tell what is 'wrong' with the westerner, he would say, *buh gwei* — 'not squared up.' Vaguely he feels that the white man is unbalanced. His more educated kinsman analyzes this feeling and judges that the westerner is overactive for activity's sake, that he possesses excess of power which he utilizes for power's sake. This appears to him childish, and he would like to excuse us on the ground of youthfulness. But we have the power of prodigies along with the restraining minds of children. Our moral faculty has failed to keep pace

with our development in the mechanical. And this, he feels, is very dangerous, both for our civilization and for his.

Since we came to the Asiatics with material superiority, they demanded from us a corresponding intellectual and spiritual superiority. That may be unreasonable; but let us not forget that we affirmed ourselves equal to the implied obligation. Events since 1914 have somewhat shaken our self-confidence. They have utterly shaken Asia's respect for us.

Nowhere is this reaction more evident than in the field of Christian evangelism. From a willingness to follow our lead in everything, they have changed to an unwillingness to allow us to be the interpreters of our own religion. Friendly Chinese have formerly accepted the various sectarian forms of Christianity taught them, as the metaphysics, as it were, of our cultural philosophy of 'Go-getter-ism' and 'Make-all-the-world-as-thyself-ism.' Our culture was taught by Christian missionaries, but unconsciously, and in an effort to make their message more attractive. Some Chinese, hitherto friendly or indifferent, have, under influence of the reaction, developed an actively hostile attitude toward Christianity. Many others, with deeper insight, have divorced our culture from our Christ. They have discovered that Christianity is more Asian than European in spirit — a spirit which we have largely missed.

'As far as I can discern,' said a graduate of St. John's University in Shanghai to me, 'your "Christian society" has hardly more claim to descent from Christ than our superstitious Taoism has to connection with the virtuous Lao-tse whom it claims as its sage. I judge that in both cases an existing school of thought and action, an existing culture, attached

itself, without any anxiety for consistency, to the most venerable name it knew. Your culture has been propagandizing us in the name of Christ. I see nothing in the Sermon on the Mount which implies nationalism, patriotism, an army and navy, quantity-production, stock markets, Ford cars, and all the other things which have been coming over here as concomitants of Christianization.'

Christian missionaries tend to be too 'occidentalists,' if there is such a word. Their religion is so imbued with national culture that it carries a strong flavor which is distasteful to the Orient. It is evident that Christian propaganda in Asia will soon have to divorce itself as thoroughly from 'culturization' as it has already been compelled to do from political alliance. Missionaries once believed that they should favor the 'Christian' subjugator of heathen lands. They still operate on the theory that Western cultural conquest is encouragement to Christianization and an integral part of their crusade. As native eyes see it, the whole hope of Christianity in the Orient is in the groups which stand out against foreign culturization, maintaining that the age-enriched ground of their own culture is ample to nourish the mustard seed of Christianity, with no need of importing soil from abroad. These Chinese leaders, in such gatherings as the Pan-Christian Conference at Shanghai and the World-Student-Volunteer Convention at Peking, the real import of which is little understood by church people in America, are making it clear that they are not interested in dogmas which seem to them a result of crossbreeding, or the peculiar application of Christian teaching in Latin-Teutonic civilization. Nor do they care to dwell on higher-critical refutations of views to which they were never committed. As to sectarian

lines, they have expressed themselves as 'agreed to differ, but resolved to love.' The 'sticklerism' which is an overdevelopment of the Western conscience appears childish to them, just as their tolerance and freedom religiously appear careless and slipshod to us, whose ancestors burned rather than recant, and fought wars over a theological syllable.

The Chinese have been long accustomed to religious propaganda, and view it, when properly conducted, with a tolerance which has hardly been known in the West. Buddhism, Mazdaism, Judaism, Manichæism, Mohammedanism, Nestorian Christianity, half a dozen orders of Catholicism, and finally forty-odd varieties of Protestantism and the sundry schools of Higher Criticism had, or are having in turn, the unhampered privilege of propagating their doctrines. The typical modern Chinese hardly understand why one should inconvenience himself — or, in particular, others — much on account of creed. So the intolerance of Western propagandists for one another and for the native religions stands in disagreeable contrast to the attitude of their three cults, Confucian, Taoist, and Buddhist, which serve the people with as little rivalry as florists and confectioners catering to the same feast.

Under the reign of the great Manchú, Kang-hsi, Jesuits and Dominicans fought so bitterly that he had to separate them to preserve peace. A century later, in Japan, the intrigues of Spanish fathers to bring the country under the king of Spain, even as they had the Philippines, brought the Japanese people to a passionate awakening as to evil concomitants of some altruistic professions. At the close of still another century, patriotic Chinese were aroused to note that Western governments were enforcing privileges

that had been granted to missionaries, as precedent for a commercial penetration of the country, which they feared would result in its complete economic and political enslavement.

From our point of view, speaking theoretically rather than historically, our crusade against Asia has been fourfold: political, commercial, religious, and educational. Some of us would sponsor one, and some another, condemning the rest. But Orientals never clearly distinguished these aspects, which so often blended together, one being used as instrument of another. Contradictions of Christian love and religio-social intolerance, of national interrelationships and patriotic vendettas, of greedy competition and magnificent philanthropy, are, to them, all parts of one inconsistent and aggressive culture which bases general claims of superiority upon *fait accompli* arguments of material prosperity and militant success.

Is it any wonder that Asiatics, and particularly Chinese, who are attracted at all to the doctrines of Christ, desire to isolate these from the contradictory mass in which they come to them? Early Christianity was swallowed up in China by Mohammedanism, coming in contemporaneously, because Christianity as taught was contradictory, and Islam, in its militancy, was consistent. Islam, it is worthy of note, was toned down by the Chinese temper, and is found in China to-day in a very mild and sociable form.

Perhaps the Chinese lack a proper appreciation of religious realities; yet there are many who feel that China needs the Christian doctrine of the essential friendliness of the Universe, of the fatherly concern of God for man, of the mutual responsibility of man for his fellows' welfare, to supplement the more passive Confucian doctrine of personal dignity and mutual respect,

and to offset the prevailing Chinese vices of oversophistication and suspicion. If they can give us a practical example of *tolerant* Christianity, they may yet become religious teachers of the West. It would seem that the fundamental teaching of Christianity has at least as much prospect of acclimating itself in the culture of modern China as in the society of Imperial Rome, where it adapted itself to polygamy, slavery, and many other things at which we should hold up our hands in horror, and which only the assistance of economic and other factors finally brought under the Church ban. There is considerable difference of opinion among us as to what Christianity is. From its reduction to primal terms in new Asiatic environments, we may be able to get a better definition. It may become plain that many western institutions which we feel are bound up with it are entirely unessential.

Asia is disillusioned as to the ethics and spirituality of our civilization. Her people have been confirmed in their early impressions, gained from the filibusterers and opium merchants who first visited their shores. By them and their successors we were judged, just as we have judged China by the laborers and laundrymen who have come to us. They are aware that we appraise them by their belligerent ability, — that a Benny Leonard weighs heavier with us than an Isaiah, — which appears to them as a barbaric standard. To the pacifist East, our militant pride is our shame. Where checked by force, or fear of complications, from making ourselves their political masters, we have preached democratic reform — it seems to them not so much from humanitarian motives as in the hope that a change in government would make their wealth more accessible.

Having had experience of our ability at appropriating what we once get our hands on, is it any wonder that they respond with a sophisticated smile when our consortiums of capital propose to develop their resources for them alone — and a profit?

III

Orientalists are still willing to admit our material superiority. But they are questioning whether material prosperity be not an illusion held out for the ruin of mankind. With the undying conservatism of their culture, they ask whether, since the temptation to misuse our inventions seems too great to overcome, mankind would not be better without them. Even Japan, which almost apostatized to the West, is undergoing a reaction, particularly among her cultural leaders, to the true Asiatic point of view.

‘I should be willing to admit the value of improved communications,’ said one of the Chinese delegates to the Versailles Conference to me, ‘if men were ready to be brought closer together. But what is the profit in bringing nations, continents, and races together merely to fight? The increase in problems which confronted the Peace Conference over those of any previous like body was fundamentally due to the hasty bringing together by modern invention of formerly separated peoples.’

‘We have just participated in a European war which under former conditions would never have concerned us, and from which we got only sorrow. Up to a few decades ago, our people, fearing complications, followed a policy of isolation. That policy you broke down by force. We began to be overcome, as you, by the fascination of mechanical and geographical achievement, and against our inner convictions

accepted your assurances that only good could come from it all. The events of the past few years compel us to reconsider. We are being led to believe that the fears of our hearts were well grounded. You of the West, however, still rush forward in the flush of achievement, giving little thought to the problems you are creating.'

This man was trying to express, from the standpoint of the historical experience of his people, what some of us in the West have begun to suspect: that the fundamental reason for the hostile state of the world to-day, in spite of the work of science in making the pursuits of peace more attractive and profitable and the pursuit of war proportionately more dreadful and unprofitable, is that the improvement in physical communication has outrun advance in intellectual and spiritual communication — even in our own Euro-American, or Christian, civilization. Science has brought men physically close together, and they discover themselves mentally as far apart as in the days of Abraham. They snarl and strike at one another. Apparently we need to slow down in our mad enthusiasm for mechanics, until we can catch up in world-sympathy.

Another phase of the same question begets the Oriental feeling that man's account with science balances on the debit side — the consideration that the returns from science apply so often — not only to destruction of life and property, but to things which merely gratify and do not edify. I encountered this opinion recently in two very interesting men, one a young Japanese poet of accomplishment who has lived several years in New York, the other a Chinese associated with me in newspaper work in Peking.

The Japanese represents a reaction from the unbalanced haste of fellow countrymen like Baron Shibusawa,

who said that the most beautiful scene he could conceive would be a landscape filled with a background of belching chimneys. He has spent the last few years in researches into Old Chinese philosophy and poetry, which are to his people what the learning of the Greeks is to us. I called his attention to a statement by 'America's highest-paid editorial writer,' that 'China is a land which contains nothing worth seeing.'

'That,' he said with some heat, 'is subsidized ignorance expressing itself. Yet many Americans will believe it because of the salary the writer gets. Speaking of salaries, I think not only this writer but all of you in the West are getting more than you are worth. I mean that you are taking more from the earth than you bring to it of fundamental value. Science has increased your income, so to speak, and you receive it and call for more, little considering what good you are doing for yourselves and your fellows in your increased standard of living.'

'If I should suddenly increase my porter's wages tenfold, he would be a poorer gateman, an unhappier person, and a less worthy human being. You are becoming a spoiled people. Science has bequeathed you riches and, like rich heirs, you don't improve them. You merely quarrel and fight, with more extravagance and destructiveness than before.'

I felt that a good deal might be said on the other side, but I refrained.

My Chinese friend was more coolly critical. We were together looking over a recently arrived copy of a Pacific Coast paper, for 'stories' worth translating for the Chinese press. I stopped over a bit of press-agent stuff about what the motion-picture is doing for civilization.

'Would this interest your clientele?' I asked.

'Well,' he replied, 'many of them are interested in motion-pictures as a passing toy. But I am afraid that the idea of the cinema doing anything in particular for the advance of civilization would appear rather absurd to them.'

We dropped the paper and began a serious discussion. I can give merely the gist of it here. Mr. Sung punctured my Western vanity with his shots at some of the outstanding products of our mechanics and science. I learned that his people are not greatly impressed with the science of photography, when its supreme product is motion-pictures, which usually seem to them childish or banal, and often offend their sense of decency.

I spoke of the modern newspaper. While his people were content to print with blocks—I reminded him—we developed the double-octuple press and the great modern daily.

'It is fine,' he replied, 'to be able to turn out in such bulk, if only there is material worth turning out. Perhaps all that is of permanent benefit to mankind in the enormous output of printed material could still be published with blocks and hand presses. The printed page in China used to be revered—nothing insignificant was committed to print. Now multiple presses have invaded our country, and the people have lost respect for what they read. Have your mechanical inventions put the world so far ahead, after all, in the art of living together—in the more abundant life? You boast of force, quantity, process—what is the product?'

Mr. Sung doubted whether a nation on wheels would be any happier than a nation afoot or muleback. He was convinced that the faster men travel, the less they see. Airplanes had been used for destruction more than for welfare, since they were brought to his country, and he opined that the same

was true elsewhere. He saw great opportunities for art in the effects of electricity; but were we not teaching men to scorn their beauty by applying them to gaudy commercial advertising? In sum, Sung felt, although he could not express it quite so clearly, that our mechanical monstrosities need further taming for the service of mankind before they may expect to arouse the unequivocal admiration of the Oriental peoples.

In following up this theme with other Chinese friends, I learned that there exists, further, a feeling of apprehension among them that in so rapidly helping ourselves to the un-renewable wealth of the earth, we may be setting up a standard of living that we cannot maintain—spending above our assured resources, as it were.

Orientalists have demonstrated that the fertility of the soil may be renewed year after year for millenniums. In spite of years of dearth, which they regard as necessary checks to population, they feel that they have a stable support for society in the products of the earth's surface. Many are loath to turn their culture into what may be a blind alley. Western authorities themselves assert that, in a period short compared with recorded history in China, such necessities of our modern life as coal, iron, and petroleum will become scarce beyond practicability for use.

We plunge on gayly, assuring ourselves, when we think about it, that we shall forever be able to utilize new resources of energy when the present are gone; and we may be right—no end to our journey upward. But the problem seems worth considering in advance; and Orientals who have arranged a culture to move in routine cycles indefinitely can afford to do it. There was a time when they regarded us as creatures of immense wealth,

with power to renew our riches at will. They have learned our limitations. After the experience of contributing to help save starving white men, the naïve assumption of our prosperity is giving way to critical appraisal. If the revolving sphere of their culture is to leave its orbit, a question they would like answered first is whether thenceforth it will go on from good to better without limit, and if not, can a safe and sane stability be resumed when desired.

The impetuous Occident cannot pause for such questions. Perhaps when we have 'eaten our cake,' they will still have theirs. Will they share it with others? If so, future generations of both sides of the world will be thankful that we were not allowed in our present bonfire-mood to get at their earth-resources. If not, Western rapacity will have reason to be greater than now, but its relative power may be less.

In the social, educational, and political field Asiatic thinkers feel that we have something to offer, although they discount our enthusiasm, which sees each reform as starting the millennium. The view of our disturbed condition confirms their caution. Accounts that they get from large-type headings on our dailies are little more in our favor than their actual contact with the ungentle profiteers whom we send to their shores. The murder, divorce, and crimes of rapacity, prevailing among us to a horrifying extent, are in great contrast to the peaceable tenor of life in their communities — for, despite all we hear of their lawlessness, the percentage of violent crime among them is much lower. We may look at their brigandage, governmental disorder, and official extortion with repugnance, but they have something of the same feeling at reading of the Ku-Kluxism, gang robberies, hired gunmen, labor-

union battles, and other manifestations of intolerance and attempts outside the law to enforce conformity, which obtain among us. Who looks at his own faults? 'At least,' say they, 'the Western world is no better than ours.' Truly, one would search long in the West to find large numbers of people who would starve to death rather than rob another's fields, as did many in West China during the recent famine.

Orientalists note with some approval our heavy public expenditure for universal education, but are not convinced that we get a proportionate return in philosophical enlightenment and the beautification of life.

In our feminist movement they are keenly interested, yet they view it from the standpoint of people who have looked out for centuries at backward matriarchal tribes on their frontiers, where women are the heads of society. Reading of the increase of divorce in the West, they wonder if there is wisdom in abandonment of their system of marriage by careful parental arrangement instead of free choice. And considering the problem of the single woman in Europe since the war, it appears that there may still be something to be said for their own system of responsible concubinage, by which no women are left necessarily deprived of family backing. Because of Western influence, they are beginning to have the 'new woman' to deal with, and — at least from the ordinary masculine point of view — this is not an unmixed blessing.

It is in politics that our contrast with Asia is most evident to us. We preach the virtue of patriotism (except where our interests are liable to injury if it is practised), and feel that in this, with some exceptions, Asiatics suffer greatly by comparison with us. With practice added to precept, we have at

least convinced them that they ought to organize nationally to stand out against us. But the more they watch, the less they believe in our nationalistic system. The feeling grows that their loosely knit society will live to see the 'strong' nations of the West pass into oblivion and the people into extinction.

Used to their merely opportunistic scraps, the Chinese, for instance, are puzzled at our national vendettas, our placing above regard for culture a fealty to national entities or administrative forms. They are amazed at our willingness to sacrifice our civilization itself for some vague thing called 'national pride.' Their own pride is racial, not national, and their fealty is primarily to their culture. In their eyes the European peninsula, excepting possibly Russia, is quite as much a unit in geography and culture as their own divergent provinces, of about the same population and extent. They read of Europe's wars much as we read of the petty-state feuds which destroyed the glory of ancient Greece.

If nationalism means the dividing of the same culture into hostile camps, to fight, they would rather have less nationalism. If patriotism is to mean that all the population is going to join the squabbles between the officials of various localities, they would rather have less patriotism. And if to have a strong government means that the State has unlimited right to consume its people in deciding futile questions, like, for instance, 'Shall Paris or Berlin have the right to tax the industry of a certain territory to make it pay for munitions and official salaries?' they prefer not to have a strong government. Soldiering is a necessary evil to them, but not one for any self-respecting person to participate in. China's culture here stands supreme in following to its logical end the instinct of Asia.

'The three essentials of a State,' said Confucius, 'are the confidence of the populace, sufficient food-supplies [material abundance], and military equipment. If you must dispense with one of the three, dispense with military equipment; if with two, dispense also with food—for all men must sometime die; but when you no longer have the confidence of the populace, the State ceases to exist.'

True, we may laugh at such doctrine to-day, but the saying might well have come from our Christ, had He applied His teaching to affairs of state, as did Confucius; and, after a century more of devouring one another, should our civilization survive, we may recognize it as the true mark of culture, and all our present opposing guides of human action as costly fetishes of a repudiated savagery.

IV

However reasoned and sincere may be this varied criticism, it is certain that the Oriental, and the Chinese in particular, is far from overwhelmed with desire to discard his own institutions and civilization for a wholesale adoption of ours. A culture which appears to him to contain the seeds of its own destruction is from his long historical view an experiment to watch with interest, while reserving decision to act.

Still, we point to our present activities and urgently call the rest of the world to join. Like children coasting downhill to a frozen pond in early spring, we are all exhilarated with our fun, and commiserate the senile obduracy of the old gentleman who stands at the top and questions whether the ice is really thick enough, and whether we had better come indoors pretty soon. Indeed, to continue the figure, we are more than eager to drag him onto our sled and take him for a ride.

Had Asia felt the urge to propagandize us, as we have propagandized her, the East and West might understand one another better than they do to-day. There would not, at least, be the feeling which arises from a common assumption among us that we have everything to teach, they everything to learn. And some unfamiliar doctrines from Confucius's teaching might greatly help us, to whom his name does not mean authority.

The doctrine of mutual respect, with Oriental courtesy as its extreme outward expression, is at the basis of the unusually placid relations between Chinese artisan and apprentice, master and servant. The employee is treated with a deference for his dignity as a human being unknown in the West. That is the reason that Western employers have so much difficulty with servants or employees in the East. While the Chinese carry the idea of mutual respect to an extreme of aloofness and unconcern in one another's difficulties, unless there is some connecting link of blood or patronage relation, we tend to go to the other extreme in our doctrine of mutual concern, making ourselves advisers in all our neighbors' businesses. The doctrine of 'service,' gone to seed, threatens to make America, for instance, a nation of self-constituted censors. Yet, since the responsibility for breaking down the barriers between the peoples of the world is upon us of the West, it would seem to be our duty to find the spirit wherein we can approach and be approached in friendship. The Confucian doctrine is suggestive.

Possibly we feel ourselves to be in the position of children who have outgrown their elders. But the elders are not accommodating us by dying off and leaving us the field. They persist in apparently undiminished vitality and increasing numbers. The conservative, old-fogy East and the flapper West

must dwell together in the household of Earth, and in quarters robbed more and more of privacy by bettered communication — unless, indeed, one should exterminate the other. If the situation is annoying to us, we should remember that it is more difficult for the other side. In an intellectual — and consequently a military — peace between Asia and Euro-America lies the hope of the enrichment of both cultures and their ultimate amalgamation into one mature world-civilization. The eclectic spirit cannot operate where there is scorn or strife. Only a very important change of trend in our culture can assure this peace. If we are to win Asia's confidence, we must combine a greater spirituality with our material advance.

What my Chinese, Korean, Japanese, and Hindu friends have said applies more to Europe than America. America has a unique place in the minds of Orientals, although they feel it almost impossible for us to struggle out of the evil heritage bequeathed by our cultural ancestry. Some of them, like Rabindranath Tagore, who unfortunately visited us when the frenzy of intolerance was upon us, have already included us with the damned. But to America Asia still looks for the humanization and spiritualization of material production and organized strength, and a conscious, coördinated application of these to the fellowshiping of men and the feeding of their souls. If America fails, as has Europe, to get the contradictions out of her culture, Asia will never come into sympathy with the West, even though she fall into our own faults.

It would pay us of America to pause in our achievement, to attend to this matter. We can meet the situation only by a new national philosophy. That of the 'go-getter' will never suffice. We need a philosophy which will

civil-ize our inventions and political institutions according to the original flavor of the word — make them fit for people living together in peace and civility. For our increased command of natural power, when turned to destructive or unprofitable uses, makes us the

real barbarians, the real pagans, the real Huns. To the East, whence once came what our forefathers called 'the scourge of God,' we appear, in our inability to control and benevolently apply our power, as the scourge of mankind.

MARKED

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

BELIEVE me, there is enough strength left in those
Dead syllables we buried so frantically
A year ago to make the thought of a rose
Or a river with lights press like an agony,
Go like a spear through my blood, come on me
Like a weight of frozen fire! — And yet we suppose
We can shut our teeth and forget! — And that bravery
Glitters an instant and then as instantly goes.

For he whom love has troubled can never quite
Lock out the proud insistence of the sound
Her feet give: something vigilantly white
Has marked his way and shadowed him and bound
His forehead with a cord of terrible light,
His throat with strings that cannot be unwound.

WANTED — A PINETUM

BY GEORGE P. BRETT

I

INNUMERABLE are the occupations pursued by the people of our country in addition to the business or profession from which their livelihood comes. Great in number as are the gainful occupations, the pleasurable pursuits of our citizens are perhaps even more numerous. Everyone must have his hobby, and many who rarely change a business once adopted may ride, in the course of a lifetime, many hobbies, turning from the breeding of hunting dogs to the rearing of pheasants, from shooting to fishing, from farming to gardening, from tennis to golf, as inclination or changing fashion may decide.

Golf in the last two or three decades has been the hobby par excellence and its devotees probably outnumber the followers of any other sport or occupation pursued for pleasurable, as apart from gainful, reasons. That I hold no brief for golf may be known to many of the constant readers of this magazine. While its pursuit certainly tends to improve the health of steady and regular players, it is of doubtful benefit to those who are able to find time only for week-end playing; and to play the game regularly, and thus attain proficiency, takes far more time than the man engaged in an absorbing business or profession can afford. So that for most of those who now follow the game it is of doubtful value as a means to health, and involves merely a waste of time and effort, the irregular player seldom attaining sufficient skill to make his

game interesting either to himself or to onlookers.

Some years ago I was an earnest advocate of farming as a pleasurable and healthful pursuit and as an alternative to golf. Farming is an outdoor occupation amid pleasant and interesting scenes; it provides its followers with excellent exercise, and as a means to health, interest, pleasurable emotion, and even in some instances to pecuniary profit, it distances golf as a hobby in every direction. While I received many letters from all parts of the country as a result of the publication of an article setting forth the advantages of farming over golf as a hobby, later inquiry induced me to believe that the number of amateur farmers was not increased by its publication and that, as a matter of fact, it is probable that the number of persons pursuing farming as a pleasurable occupation is on the decrease rather than otherwise, the fact of the matter being that amateur farming is a lonely pursuit, does not conduce to sociability or the forming of friendships; and to invite friends to play at farming with you would be difficult, even if they could be induced to do so. Furthermore, it is sometimes useful, and usefulness is not usually a characteristic of the really successful hobby.

When about to take up with my new hobby, the planting of trees as a pleasurable occupation, which I am now about to recommend to the readers of

this magazine in substitution for my former recommendation of farming, I talked over the matter with an old friend, the head of a great department at one of our best-known universities. He deplored my new pursuit, telling me that the study of dendrology and the planting of trees, except in the way of business, was a sure sign of advancing age (in my case he was good enough to say the first sign of oncoming years that he had noticed). The desire to plant trees he interprets as a part of man's eternal reaching out for a future existence, for an immortality, if not for himself yet for things of his own planning and creation; for according to the authorities the long-lived tree, while it may die of neglect or insect diseases or enemies, should never die of old age, renewing its youth as it does with each recurring year.

Time was when the forest was the greatest enemy of the new settler and the chief obstacle to home-making in many parts of the North American continent. The land had to be cleared before farming could begin or villages and towns could be laid out and built. If you would get some idea of the conflict waged by the pioneer against the forest, read the chapters on the clearing of the woods in the country around Lake St. John in the Province of Quebec, in Louis Hémon's *Maria Chapdelaine*. Thousands of our early settlers spent their lives in unceasing warfare with axe and fire against the ever-encroaching forest, which constantly threatened to engulf their small clearings; and this conflict is still going on in distant and thinly settled parts of the country. The memory of it remains in the minds of the older people and is one of the obstacles in the way of reforestation in some of our newer states. Almost everywhere the battle against the forests has long since been won, and the land cleared of trees over most

of the country formerly covered by dense and impenetrable woods.

In fact, so far has the forest receded and so great have been our inroads on this vast source of national wealth, that to-day we are using three or four times as much wood as the country is growing, and our Eastern States, which were, until a few years ago, self-sufficient in the matter of timber-production, now bring the lumber to build houses and the ties for the beds of railroads hundreds and even thousands of miles, from the only considerable forests, in the far Northwest or some of the Southern States, that still contain large supplies of merchantable timber. Unless we learn a lesson from the countries of the Old World and plant trees on a great scale; unless, in fact, as Colonel Greeley says, 'Forestry becomes a matter of common interest and everyday speech,' and everyone realizes that 'our forests are going the way of the buffalo,' a timber famine is not many years ahead of us.

By wasteful extravagance, by forest fires (mostly due to carelessness), by bad, not to say wicked and ignorant methods of lumbering, we have destroyed, and are still destroying, one of our greatest sources of national wealth, a source of wealth which is responsible for more large private fortunes perhaps than even the oil industry itself, with its innumerable millionaires; and the public sees this ever-increasing spoilage and diminution of our timber supply, or, as one writer puts it, 'withholds its attention from our great and vital forest problem,' with the same unconcern which is responsible for our failure to install proper methods of sewage utilization, pouring the richness of the prairies and the fatness of the farming lands into the sewers of our towns and cities, to choke up and poison our rivers and to pollute the ocean itself surrounding our shores.

The planting of trees, however, on a large scale is not exactly a hobby. It is the serious and necessary business of all our citizens, and it is even the solemn duty of those of us who are fortunate enough to own large tracts of land. Much of the so-called worthless land, all the abandoned farms, of which there are so many in the Eastern States, if properly planted to the right kind of trees, and given some attention afterward, with occasional thinning of overcrowded stocks, will produce good timber. Such lands, properly planted and with some regard to modern forestry methods in their care afterward, will probably give a larger money profit under timber cultivation than if regularly farmed. Indeed, experts have calculated that on such lands a timber crop, when matured and cut, will have earned a greater yearly interest than is given by our best securities, and with at least equal safety, provided always, however, that the public is educated in the matter of forest fires, making the camper who fails to extinguish his camp-fire, or the smoker who throws away lighted matches or cigarettes, amenable to the law and a respecter of the rights of others — a difficult matter, perhaps, now that the prohibition amendment has made lawbreaking the common habit of, in all probability, more than half of our entire population, and threatens to cause us to become what many Europeans have long thought us, 'the most lawless nation on earth.'

II

It is not, however, the planting of timber trees with which I am attempting to deal; the particular hobby which I have written this paper to advocate, and to which I have at last, after much circumlocution, arrived, is the planting and establishing of a pinetum — the planting of coniferous trees for the in-

terest and pleasure which growing them affords. This can be done on a large or a small scale. A large tract of land is not needed, and may even be detrimental; for even if you are the fortunate possessor of a large place, it is better to begin in a small way and thus avoid the many pitfalls which otherwise are sure to confront the beginner. You can have a small pinetum on two or three acres of ground, or even less, particularly if you grow the smaller evergreens; or you may have a glorious pinetum of thirty or forty acres, containing all or nearly all the conifers and other evergreens that can be grown in this climate, such as that at the Arnold Arboretum in Boston or the New York Botanical Garden, a visit to either place, which can be made entirely without cost, being one of the most interesting ways of spending a day out of doors at any season of the year that can be imagined.

A pinetum is beautiful at every season of the year. In the spring the new foliage, varying with the different species, fairly rivals in beauty the colorings of the most showy flowers; in the autumn the great variety in shape, size, and color of the cones makes a most interesting study. Most beautiful of all, perhaps, is the pinetum in the winter season. When all other trees are bare and dead in appearance, the conifers stand out, with their covering and carpet of snow, green as in summer, and living pictures in the surrounding desolation.

Most people, I think, recognize an evergreen when they see one; but so great is the indifference of the public to the fascinating science of dendrology, that even this modest claim may be an overstatement. When it comes to recognizing the very patent differences between such common conifers as the Scotch Red and Black Pines, or the Norway White and so-called Douglas

Spruces, the average person in my experience is hopelessly at sea. It is to this new and intriguing study that I invite my reader's attention.

The commoner conifers of your pinetum are easy to acquire (I am taking it for granted that each of my readers will at once adopt this fascinating pursuit). You may obtain from the nearest nursery some twenty or more different varieties in all stages of growth, out of the hundred or more that can easily be grown in the climate of the Northeastern States; or, if you are not yet arrived at mature age, you may grow them from seed. I do not advise this latter method unless you are willing to wait years for results which your friends will appreciate; but if you are a true lover of conifers, the growth of trees from seeds will prove of fascinating interest, from the first appearance of the small seedling breaking through the soil, through all the changes of appearance which are characteristic of these trees, the conifers changing much more in form and appearance at their different stages of growth than is the case with their deciduous neighbors.

Since the government regulations stopped the importation of trees from foreign growers because of the many and serious tree-pests, unseen and unsuspected, which come in with these shipments, the rarer kinds of conifers have become very difficult to secure otherwise than by growing from seed. Then begins the most interesting phase of your hobby, that of hunting rare specimens. You will travel hundreds of miles on the mere chance of finding one new tree, and feel greater joy when you have carried it home and safely planted it in your pinetum than is given even to the collector of old furniture, or a rare-book collector, when triumphing in a similar find.

Many and most interesting are the days that I have spent in these searches,

often through most beautiful stretches of country, because the native trees, which are seldom grown in the nurseries, have to be transplanted from the wild, and a shovel and damp bagging in which to wrap the roots of the trees you dig yourself should always accompany these expeditions. You may also find in quite small local nurseries, in out-of-the-way places, trees for which you have long searched in vain. On one happy day last year I came across, in a neglected corner of an old nursery, three Bhotan pines (now a comparatively rare tree), and because they were disease-laden and pest-infected, I was allowed to dig and carry them away for nothing. The joy of nursing them back to health and curing their diseases has been one of the very real satisfactions of the past trying summer, dry, in our part of the country, beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Motor-trips, if you do not drive too fast, are a very good way of seeing the countryside and its oft-times magnificent scenery; but motoring without an object, merely journeying from one expensive hotel to another of the same sort in another town, soon becomes monotonous and a weariness to the flesh. I had long ago largely abandoned the motor as a means of restoring tired nerves and of breathing the fresh country air; but when I mounted my new hobby, I found renewed interest in these journeyings, and now make trips in all directions to visit well-known nurseries specializing in conifers. Indeed, on my trips latterly I have never passed a nursery without going in to look over its collection of evergreens. Only the other day, in a small nursery in a neighboring State, I came across large well-grown specimens of *Pinus densiflora* and *Picea orientalis*, neither of which happened to be in my collection. After wandering over the back lots in this nursery for an hour or so, I finally

found the proprietor and secured the trees, going on my way rejoicing. Neither of these trees is, of course, rare, but it just so happened that I had never been able to secure good specimens previously for my pinetum.

On another day, in a similar manner, I came across two well-grown *cryptomeria*, not, of course, comparable with this tree in its native land, but well-grown specimens as far as this tree will flourish in our harsh Northern climate; and I secured these readily and at a moderate price, as they were the last two in the nursery and consequently no longer worth cataloguing or advertising. Similar surprises meet the ardent collector who will steadily pursue his course.

III

The Garden Clubs of America held a convention at Newport this past summer, and the various local clubs throughout the country sent delegates to this meeting, to the number of about six hundred. The visitors had an opportunity of seeing the many beautiful gardens and choice collections of flowers for which this exclusive summer resort is chiefly noted. The Garden Clubs serve a very useful purpose. Started in many localities with grave doubts as to the interest that could be fostered in them, most of them now have long waiting-lists for membership, and they are well established in most places. Not only do these local clubs furnish their members with information about gardens and flowers, but in at least one instance they publish in their proceedings important papers on various rare and interesting shrubs and flowers, and they cultivate the spirit of sociability and love of country life, any member being free to visit and inspect the gardens of members of other clubs, which are to be found in all parts of the country.

Some young and enterprising owner of a pinetum should get up a similar movement for the establishment throughout the country of clubs of evergreen-lovers, which would, I think, in course of time be similarly successful, as the love of evergreens is growing fast throughout our suburban communities and one finds everywhere throughout the country that the planting of evergreens is assuming large proportions in the laying out of country places both large and small.

Unfortunately, at present many of these plantings seem to begin with the Norway spruce and Colorado blue spruce, two of the most undesirable evergreens with which to make a start, in my opinion: the Norway spruce because it soon becomes ragged and unsightly, and the Colorado blue spruce because its color and shape make it inharmonious with its surroundings — an unfamiliar note, which becomes less congenial and even distasteful as the tree grows to maturity. If, instead of the Colorado blue spruce, planters would choose another variety of the same tree, *Picea pungens viridis*, the form with green needles, much more satisfactory results would in the end be attained; and the Norway spruce should be supplanted by some of the pines, such as *Pinus nigra*, *Pinus sylvestris* or *Pinus resinosa*, much more beautiful and durable trees, and entirely free from insect pests or other enemies in the Eastern States.

I cannot better conclude this plea for the establishment of a pinetum than by quoting from the Preface of Professor Bailey's book on *The Cultivated Evergreens*: —

The interest in evergreens, particularly the more durable conifers, is a subject particularly suited to the substantial amateur. The slowness and regularity of growth, the abiding quality in the round of the twelve months, the element of stability in these

plants, appeal strongly to the person who has arrived at a settled purpose in life, who has an estate to develop and whose sentiments are established. We easily reflect our human qualities into them. There is no haste in their nature, no radical change of purpose in their character. They have a strong juvenile habit and quality, and then they age gradually into a picturesque maturity, each one with outstanding individuality. They are not unduly elated over the advent of spring; they are patient in the adversity of midsummer; they withstand the buffet of winter. They cover the margins of the landscape and inclose the property securely, giving it a serene atmosphere. They typify the strength of strong men and women as they grow old with advancing years.

The love of the conifers is no passing fancy. It is not subject to change in fashions. What a man plants to-day will give him joy as long as he lives, and the trees will carry his memory to his children's children; 'he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.'

Although to the unpractised eye most evergreens look alike, yet there are clear distinctions in leaves, and the identification of them cultivates the discriminating faculties. The cones and berries are a never-failing source of interest.

Specially so are the seed-bearing cones of pines and spruces and the other true conifers, unlike the fruits of other kinds of plants.

The pinetum-owner's interest in evergreens is of two kinds — to grow a collection of different genera and species, and to incorporate them as parts in a landscape picture. These two purposes are often in conflict, although either one is legitimate.

The happiest result is no doubt a thoughtful combination of the two efforts, unless one desires to make only an arboretum; and yet the arboretum may itself have an artistic quality.

DESTROYING OUR 'INDESTRUCTIBLE STATES'

BY BENTLEY W. WARREN

I

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE of the Supreme Court described our system of government, established by the Federal Constitution, as an 'indestructible union, composed of indestructible States.' In an article like this, even an impressionist sketch of the history of that Constitution is impossible. Perhaps, however, it may not be out of place to recall a few circumstances surrounding its inception.

Following the Revolution, America — as we have appropriated the desig-

nation — consisted of thirteen independent, fully sovereign states, bound together, it is true, in a loosely organized confederation for the prosecution of the war with Great Britain, but proving every day its impotence as a nation. Its relation was only with the states in their sovereign capacity, and the states had repeatedly evidenced their indifference to the policies and decrees of the Confederate Congress. Each of the states was jealous of its prerogatives, proud of its individual

history, and desirous of maintaining its identity. The Confederacy was powerless in America, distrusted, even despised, abroad.

The people of the several states, nevertheless, recognized the need of some sort of union. They knew history, they were familiar with the repeated failures of other confederacies, they realized that thirteen separate nations could not exist on this continent without becoming the prey of foreign governments, even if they did not reenact among themselves the story of the Kilkenny cats. The aptness of Franklin's earlier witticism about the individual patriots, that if they did not hang together they would all hang separately, they fully appreciated.

The result of this situation was the Federal Constitution. That remarkable document, so often and so universally praised by all students of government the world over, was admirably designed to meet the peculiar requirements of America.

Recognizing the futility of a confederacy acting only upon its sovereign constituent members, — taught not only by their own experience but as well by the failure of every similar combination, — the founders cut that Gordian knot by an innovation as bold as it has proved successful. They made every citizen of each and every sovereign state also a citizen of the nation itself — of the United States. They fortified the purpose of this innovation by requiring the ratification of the Constitution, not by the states in their sovereign capacity, but by the people of each state acting in entire independence of the state governments. This is the first and great characteristic of our nation. Those of us who are citizens of any one of our forty-eight states are each, not only a citizen of that state, but equally a citizen of the United States. We owe allegiance to

each — exclusive allegiance within the field of the powers and activities of each government.

The United States, thus formed, was not a nation in the previously understood connotation of that term. It was not formed because the people of the several states were dissatisfied with their governments. It was the result of their knowledge that thirteen separate nations in America would be, if not stillborn, at least early victims of infant mortality. It was their admission that in union is strength. They desired that union only to the extent that they felt the need of its strength. Consequently, the federal nation, set in being by the ratification of the Constitution, was one of limited powers, albeit powers deemed — and in the experience of a hundred and fifty years proved — to be adequate to its purpose. To it each state transferred, irrevocably and exclusively, certain of its own attributes of sovereignty — to be thereafter exercised only by the Federal government. All its other powers and attributes each state retained to itself.

The subjects of sovereignty thus transferred were exactly those commensurate with the purposes for which the new government was adopted. Those purposes are thus described by Hamilton in Number 23 of the *Federalist*: —

The common defense of the members; the preservation of the public peace, as well against internal convulsions as external attacks; the regulation of commerce with other nations and between the States; the superintendence of our intercourse, political and commercial, with foreign countries.

Corresponding to this delegation of powers may be cited Madison's description, also in the *Federalist* (Numbers 45 and 46), of the general character of what was retained in the jurisdiction of the states: —

The powers reserved to the several States will extend to all the objects which, in the ordinary course of affairs, concern the lives, liberties, and properties of the people, and the internal order, improvement, and prosperity of the State. . . .

By the superintending care of these [the States], all the more domestic and personal interests of the people will be regulated and provided for. With the affairs of these, the people will be more familiarly and minutely conversant.

So well had the authors of the Constitution performed their task, and so satisfactorily did the new government fulfill its object, that, from the inauguration of Washington in 1789 until the end of the Civil War, only two amendments were adopted after the addition by the First Congress of the ten Bill-of-Rights amendments virtually agreed upon as a condition to the ratification of the instrument itself. Of the eleventh and twelfth, both adopted before 1804, the former reduced the power of United States courts to entertain suits against the several states, and the other made changes in the election of the President and Vice-President.

During this period, however, that phase of States' Rights — embodied in the claim that a state could secede from the Union — persisted, until the Civil War finally negatived its existence and confirmed the correctness of Hamilton's designation of the new government as 'an indissoluble union.'

States' Rights, in their broader sense, are still nevertheless a subject of vital interest to all of us. The subject no longer is connected with the exploded theory of secession; but it involves the proper separation of governmental activities between the Federal and the State governments. Until the Civil War, the respective governments substantially exercised their powers as defined by Hamilton and Madison. Notwithstanding fre-

quent minor controversies, there was little encroachment by either upon the understood field and jurisdiction of the other. The founders, indeed, argued that the chief danger to the new Federal government, with its powers restricted to matters of national import, would be the aggrandizement of the states to the prejudice of the nation. They said that the latter would have few employees, and consequently slight patronage, limited sources of influence, and only negligible points of contact with the people. This apprehension proved happily groundless. The two jurisdictions marched together. Differences of opinion were ironed out. The unique experiment of a dual allegiance was, with an intelligent electorate as its main support, a demonstrated success. The distinct fields for the operation of the two governments were generally recognized and respected.

II

Since the Civil War all this has changed. There has been increasingly manifested an inclination greatly to enlarge the jurisdiction of the Federal government, and to extend its authority to concerns directly affecting the individual citizen — sometimes through a decision of the Supreme Court, sometimes by a bold assumption of powers by the Congress, which were either consciously, or, as was oftener the case, through ignorance or indifference, tolerated by the states and the people; and more recently by express amendments to the Constitution itself. The net result of this tendency is so far-reaching, one might say revolutionary, as to demand the attention of every citizen. If it is desirable and for the general benefit, we should wish it Godspeed and help it along; if it is otherwise, every lover of this country should exert himself to check it before

our system of government is destroyed.

The enormous expansion of the everyday, ordinary Federal operations significantly appears in the increase of the per capita cost of those operations and the number of civilian office-holders engaged in their conduct. In 1871, notwithstanding the inevitable expansion due to the four years' war between the states, there was only one civil employee of the Federal government to each 733 of the population. Fifty years later, in 1921, every 192 people in the country were burdened with the support of one such employee. War expenses, past and present, and preparation for possible future wars, are legitimate subjects for Federal expenditure. They should, therefore, be deducted from the total costs of the Federal government, for the purpose of determining the cost of conducting its ordinary peace activities.

The cost of the Federal government, exclusive of the amount paid out for the army, navy, pensions, and interest on the public debt, in 1871, was \$62,777,666, averaging only \$1.58 per capita. The cost of the Federal government in 1921, *excluding* every item which might even remotely be claimed to be a war expense, — not only, as before, the military establishment, pensions, interest on public debt, but also the disbursements for Federal railroad-control, vocational education, and the Emergency Shipping Fund, — reached the discouraging total of \$825,968,057, or \$7.64 per capita — almost five times the per capita cost fifty years before. The population of the country had increased about two and a half times. The number of civil-service employees had increased over ten times, from 53,900 to 560,863. The total cost of the peace activities of the government had increased more than fourteen times!

To what is this staggering increase

in Federal expenditures due? Space permits only a few illustrations. Hamilton placed the supervision of agriculture among the things 'proper to be provided for by local legislation' and which could 'never be desirable cares of a general jurisdiction.' Nevertheless, in 1862, a modest Bureau of Agriculture was set up in Washington. For its use for one year \$80,000 was appropriated. In 1889, this bureau was erected into a Department and the Commissioner of Agriculture was made a member of the Cabinet. Its appropriation for that year was \$1,134,480. The appropriation for this single department in the current fiscal year (1923-24) is \$85,061,453 — more than the entire ordinary annual cost of the government, exclusive of so-called war expenses, in any year from the inauguration of Washington to and including the year 1890.

In this same Department has been recently created a Bureau of Public Roads. The first apportionment of Federal aid in the construction of highways began in 1917, with \$4,850,000, or \$16,160 for each of the 300 working-days in a year. The apportionment for 1922, six years later, was \$73,125,000, or \$243,750 per working-day. The total apportionment for the six years, 1917-1922, was \$339,875,000.

The Federal Trade Commission was established in 1914, with an appropriation of \$75,000. Eight years later its appropriation was \$995,000, or thirteen times the initial and expected annual expense.

In April, 1912, the Children's Bureau was deposited like a foundling on the doorstep of the Department of Labor. It asked and obtained only \$25,640, and its staff consisted of six persons. At the end of its second year it had 76 people on its pay roll, its appropriation was \$164,000; and in 1923 it is costing \$1,240,000.

In 1898 the Civil War pensions called for \$144,651,879. Last year (1922) they required \$236,151,244. Had it not been for President Harding's courage in vetoing the so-called Bursum bill, there would have been added, according to his veto message, a further \$108,000,000 to the annual pension-expense. In the meantime, between 1898 and 1922, the number of Civil War pensioners had fallen from 745,822 in the earlier year to only 193,881 last year. This expenditure is among the so-called war expenses of the Federal government. It is not included in the \$825,968,057 of annual *ordinary* costs of that government. It illustrates, however, the reckless extravagance of the Congress, and its disregard of the results of such prodigality, even when in some cases it was taking three fourths, and in more cases one half, of the income of its citizens under the confiscatory taxation made possible by the Sixteenth — the income-tax — Amendment to the Constitution.

Appalling as is the cost of this enlarged Federal jurisdiction, it is far outweighed by the effect upon our system of government. With the exception of prohibition, which was the result of a constitutional amendment, it has been accomplished through Congressional action, urged on by cliques and blocs, in stretching and distorting certain powers expressly delegated in the Constitution itself. The powers to regulate commerce between the states and to levy excise taxes have been the favorite ones for this purpose. There has been recently a striking attempt to utilize these two powers to accomplish an object entirely foreign to their real purpose.

The Child Labor Committee, an organization highly commendable for the work it originally undertook, was formed about twenty years ago to ameliorate and improve the conditions

affecting the labor of children. It worked, as it should, to secure better laws in the various states and to see that such laws were enforced, both against grasping employers and against greedy parents. Its record has been one of extraordinary success, as it frankly admits itself, except when urging the constitutional amendment which I shall presently mention. In a great majority of the states it secured the enactment of enlightened and progressive laws. In a few states, however, chiefly in the South, its efforts were comparatively unsuccessful. Its management became impatient, appealed to Congress, set in motion the usual agitation, and secured the enactment of a Federal statute prohibiting transportation in interstate commerce of goods made at any factory where children had been employed under certain objectionable conditions of labor. The Supreme Court, by a vote of five to four, held the Act unconstitutional.

In less than a year Congress again attempted to regulate the labor of children, this time by incorporating in the Federal Revenue Act of 1918 an additional tax of ten per centum on the profits of any establishment in which children had worked under conditions prohibited in the Act previously invalidated by the Supreme Court's decision. This statute also has been held invalid by the Supreme Court.

Now the Child Labor Committee is conducting a campaign to amend the Constitution and to give to Congress absolute power to regulate, and even to prohibit, the labor of all minors under eighteen years of age. This proposed amendment, if adopted, would produce a legal situation similar to that respecting prohibition under the Eighteenth Amendment. The authority of Congress, so far as exercised, will be absolute and exclusive. By the terms

of the amendment the states are permitted to pass child-labor laws, but only such as are consistent with and go as far as the Federal law. A Volstead child-labor law, prohibiting the labor of all minors under eighteen years of age, which is entirely possible under the terms of the amendment as drafted, would leave no jurisdiction in any state over this subject. The New England farmer's boy could not pick blueberries on the hills; the city school-boy could not sell papers after school; the country boy, white or black, could not work in the cotton, wheat, or hay fields of the South or West; the college student even, if under eighteen, could not work to pay his way through college.

It may be answered that Congress would not pass such a drastic law. Perhaps it would not. It should not be forgotten, however, that the Sixteenth — the income-tax — Amendment was hardly ratified before Congress levied an income tax, and at a time when the country was at peace with the whole world. Yet that Amendment was adopted upon the unanswerable ground that without it the nation in case of war or other public emergency would be without adequate means of raising revenue. Even before the Eighteenth Amendment took effect the extreme Volstead law was enacted, so extreme that, in the opinion of many thoughtful citizens, its provisions are more responsible for the unsatisfactory enforcement of prohibition than is objection to the principle of prohibition itself.

A campaign for another amendment, the regulation of marriage and divorce, has recently been launched and is gathering headway. Like the proposed child-labor amendment, this will be a distinct invasion of the domestic concerns of our citizens. We have forty-eight states, each with its own treat-

ment of divorce, presumably in each case that best adapted to the experience and wishes of its citizens. Who can draw a divorce law at once satisfactory in South Carolina, which wants and permits no divorce, in Massachusetts, with its seven grounds of divorce, carefully administered and developed in the light of three centuries of experience, and in Nevada, with a code so flexible as almost to satisfy the free-love principles of the Russian Bolsheviki? Necessarily the uniform measure must be a compromise. Doubtless it would be an improvement upon some of the forty-eight codes, and, with equal certainty, it would be inferior to some of the others. The people in the former states, however, would not be grateful for having foisted upon them an improvement they did not desire; while the citizens of the latter states would complain, with justice, against this letting down by Federal fiat of their own regulation of the domestic relations of their citizens.

The last Congress, under pressure from certain organizations, passed the Sheppard-Towner Maternity Act. This Act set up in the Federal government a commission of three designated officials to supervise the distribution among the states of \$1,240,000 each year. Only such states are to receive the Federal largess as appropriate an equal amount for the same purpose, and as *conform to the standards and regulations prescribed by this Federal Commission*. While the provisions of the Act are far from clear, they leave no doubt that, in the promotion of the welfare and hygiene of maternity and infancy, three officials in Washington are to be the final arbiters. Any state which chooses to disregard the directions laid down by these three officials forfeits its right to share in the Federal dole.

There was pending before that same Congress the Sterling-Towner bill to create a Department of Education. The bill carried as a starter an appropriation of \$100,000,000, half of which was to be used to raise the pay of teachers throughout the country. Its effect, if enacted, must be ultimately to transfer to the Federal government the entire control of the educational system in every state. It naturally has behind it, urging its passage, the teachers' bloc. If enacted and if, as should be the case, the Act should be declared invalid by the Supreme Court, this same bloc will appear with still another proposed amendment to the Constitution.

III

Nearly all the changes which I have mentioned, and many others which might be pointed out, did space permit, have for their object some form of social welfare. Indeed, one of the propositions before the last Congress was to establish a Department of Social Welfare, with a Secretary and Cabinet Minister at its head. No class is more impatient for results, more intolerant of the slow and orderly processes necessary to bring about the ends they desire, than social reformers. No class is so ready and eager to substitute governmental dictation for personal persuasion in the difficult task of improving individual conduct, morals, and true happiness. No reformers are so energetic in striving to substitute national for state agencies to accomplish their ends. Often their purposes are praiseworthy. Certainly temperance is desirable. I should not personally have contributed for many years to the Child Labor Committee had I not felt that the exploitation of children should be prevented. The proper regulation of marriage and divorce is fundamental in our civilization. We and our

ancestors have insisted from the earliest times upon the education of our children. No one will dispute the desirability of intelligent and, where necessary, of financial aid to mothers and infants.

These questions, however, are not in issue as respects the Federal Constitution. The sole question is, by whom shall the reforms be undertaken and administered — by the central government in Washington or by the several states?

This country has an area of 3,000,000 square miles and a population of 108,000,000 people. Some sections and some states are highly industrialized; some are almost exclusively agricultural. In some the population is largely of recent foreign origin; in others of so-called native stock. In many Southern states nearly half of it is of a distinct and different race from the governing portion. For a vast majority of our citizens the seat of our Federal government is prohibitively remote. The ordinary citizen is prevented both by lack of time and lack of means from personally seeking either information or redress from Washington.

The central government has not, nor is it humanly possible for it to develop, the machinery to administer satisfactorily the functions of government it has already undertaken; still less those with which it is proposed to load it. The ordinary method pursued is to pass an Act of Congress and then delegate to some commissioner or bureau its administration, with authority and power to make regulations binding upon the citizens unless and until reversed by the courts. Such regulations already promulgated, for example, under the Revenue Act of 1921 are 2326. Under the Volstead Act a government publication of 64 pages of regulations, additional to the many provisions in the Act itself, was issued in February 1920, when the Act took

effect. Many additional regulations have since been adopted under that Act, but they can be found only by delving through some thousands of Treasury decisions, although a new codification of the prohibition regulations is promised sometime in the future.

Only a specialist can hope to be reasonably posted on this mass of bureaucratic orders and decrees. The ordinary citizen neither knows them, nor knows where or how to find out what they are. They represent merely the opinion of bureaucrats, not responsible to the people, and are adopted and issued by those bureaucrats, without public consideration or legislative investigation or debate. They are issued with none of the safeguards required in the enactment of laws; and yet, so far as the individual citizen is concerned, they have practically the same binding effect as if they were laws regularly and constitutionally enacted.

With the actual and proposed transfer of powers from the states to the Federal government, what is left of the distinction drawn by Hamilton and Madison between the jurisdiction of the central government and that of the states? Even before the citizen of a state can now be born, he and his prospective mother are subject to rules and regulations established by a Federal bureau. After birth, the extent and method of his education will, under the Sterling-Towner bill, be fixed by a Federal Department of Education. However needy may be the condition of his parents, or however great his own ambition to earn something, the child-labor Amendment will enable Congress entirely to prohibit his labor until he is eighteen years old. On reaching manhood, his right to marry and, in the event of an unfortunate marriage, his resort to divorce, may be dictated by the Federal government. If he is

divorced, the legitimacy of his children will be determined, not by the state within which he lives, but by that same Federal authority. That bureaucratic, and to him remote, government already decides which of his beverages constitute intoxicating liquors and shall be denied him. By the income-tax Amendment a blank check upon his entire earnings during life has been given to the Federal Congress, which also does not hesitate, after his death and burial, even to reach out, through the estate tax, to deprive his widow and offspring of a substantial portion of what, by his thrift and self-denial, he may have intended to leave them for their support. Would it not be difficult to imagine a more complete invasion of those 'more domestic and personal interests of the people' which the authors of the Constitution intended should be 'provided for and regulated' by the states?

The successful maintenance of a self-governing democracy depends upon the intelligent interest and participation of individual citizens. Our governmental system has been peculiarly favorable to creating and preserving such a condition. The principle of local self-government, to the greatest practical extent and applying to the widest possible range of subjects, administered by the smallest governmental unit reasonably adequate for the purpose, has been the corner stone of our institutions. It existed before the Constitution was adopted, and its preservation was an important object in the provisions which that instrument contained.

The tendency to centralization represents the antipodal principle. The individual citizen is unable to follow, feels himself powerless to influence, what a government far removed from his locality, operating through unknown and inaccessible bureaus and

commissions, may be doing. Consultation with his fellow citizens is useless and for the most part impossible. They represent 25,000,000 voters scattered over 3,000,000 square miles. The cost of postage alone on a single circular is a quarter of a million dollars. The increasing sense of powerlessness among these individual voters dulls their interest, lessens their participation, and produces a general atrophy in the electorate. The central government becomes subject to the influence only of organized minorities and blocs, each actuated by some one dominating purpose, all maintaining national headquarters at Washington and raising and using large amounts of money to carry their several purposes into effect. A vast lobby-system develops at the capital, and controls legislation and government.

IV

There remains one other proposed amendment which should be mentioned — one surer than all the others thus far brought forward to break down and destroy the states and, therefore, the Union. Because the unscientific and ridiculously high surtax provisions of the income-tax laws have driven the wealthy to invest in tax-exempt state and municipal bonds, it is seriously urged that the Federal government should be permitted to tax those bonds! The advocates of this change believe that it will bring about lower surtaxes, that thus the withdrawal of capital from productive uses will be lessened, and that the economic evils already resulting from unscientific

taxation will be cured. My own belief is that the only result will be to add another subject of taxation — at the same high rates; to invite further raids by interested blocs upon the Federal Treasury; and to prolong the orgy of Congressional extravagance which the income tax has already encouraged.

Be that as it may, one result is certain. The Federal government will be placed in control of the financial and credit activities of the states. A Federal bureau, under a graduated system of taxes, — lower or higher according to the purposes for which bonds are to be issued, — will ultimately decide when and for what objects a state may borrow money. The states will be at the mercy of the Federal government, their independent action will be at an end, they will be for all practical purposes as much mere bureaus of the Federal government as its own departmental bureaus and commissions in Washington.

When the states shall have been thus destroyed, — as they surely will be unless present tendencies are checked, — who believes that our present Union can continue? Said Madison (in the *Federalist*, Number 14): —

Were it proposed by the plan of the convention to abolish the governments of the particular States, its adversaries would have some ground for their objection; though it would not be difficult to show that if they were abolished the general government would be compelled, by the principle of self-preservation, to reinstate them in their proper jurisdiction.

Who has ever seen the keystone of an arch remain in position when its supporting members have been removed?

THE GREAT RELIGIOUS REVIVAL

BY CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

THE mass of the American people have always been Protestants; for they came out of north European peoples on whom the Protestant Reformation took early and strong effect. Now Protestants have long been divided into numerous denominations or sects, some large, some small, but all very tenacious of their characteristic religious tenets and practices and eager to defend and advance them. Hence discord and divisions, not peace and unity. Indeed, the whole history of the Christian churches, Greek, Roman, and Protestant, down to the moment now passing, illustrates the accuracy of Jesus' saying: 'I came not to send peace but a sword.' They have promoted not peace and good will, but dissensions, conflict, and war, and are still doing so.

To this discordant mass, now spread across the continent, have been gradually added during the past hundred years a small proportion of Jews, and a larger but still moderate proportion of Catholics, both additions coming from peoples scattered widely over northern, eastern, and southern Europe. In the freedom of American political, industrial, and commercial life both the Jew and the Catholic have developed their inherited or acquired diversities or dissimilarities. The American Jews are now deeply divided among themselves into Synagogue and Temple, Zionists and Anti-Zionists, those who are content to see the young Jewry become absorbed into the Christian population and those who mean to hold their children and their children's children to the

Faith of their forbears. The Roman Catholic Church in the American atmosphere has adopted new policies and entered on new ventures. It has consented to the novel activities of the Church Unions, strong organizations of laymen who manifest a very independent spirit in their good works. It has created and supports the parochial schools with money drawn from Catholic parishes and families — truly a praiseworthy but a perilous adventure into the field of popular education. Its clergy are hotly divided on Prohibition.

This heterogeneous and divided American people, which lives in many different climates and on many different soils, now finds itself divided in quite a new way into three parties or sections in regard to religion, the number of persons in each party being unknown, but variously estimated or guessed at with the utmost assurance by different guessers.

The Fundamentalists and their like insist that the Old and New Testaments contain infallible or inerrant revelations about God, Christ, and the nature of Man; and that the doctrines so revealed were correctly formulated for Christians, in the native tongue, at the time of the Protestant Reformation. They are the doctrines since known as Calvinistic. The Fundamentalists reject the results of the Biblical Criticism which has grown up during the nineteenth century and since, believing it to be unsound as learning or scholarship, and the direct source of impious or blasphemous beliefs. The Fundamen-

talist movement is at bottom a strong effort to revive and spread the kind of religion which inspires and governs its devotees; and in this effort the movement has been strikingly successful. All its phases are amply reported in the secular Press, where they secure the attention of millions of readers. It is a quickening revival and also a propaganda.

The Modernists, on the other hand, respect modern Biblical Criticism, and accept its conclusions. They no longer believe that Jesus was the only begotten Son of God, conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary, or that the fleshly body rises from the dead. They do not believe that the Old Testament is an inerrant record of the experience through centuries of the Jewish people. They do not believe that God Himself led the Jews out of Egypt, inspired their leaders, commanded their armies, and finally established them in a land flowing with milk and honey by taking a strong hand Himself in killing off and enslaving its former inhabitants. They do not believe that Abraham was instructed by God to carry his young son Isaac three days' journey from home, and then kill him, and burn his body as an acceptable offering to Him. They realize that David was not a praiseworthy saint and sweet religious poet, but the dastardly betrayer of his best soldier to death in battle, because he wanted to possess that soldier's faithful wife. While they find many sayings and writings in the Old Testament — some of them tales, some poems, and some exhortations — which are just, beautiful, and helpful towards human goodness and virtue, they find also many passages which are wrong, and even abominable, so bad indeed that they cannot properly be put before children, youth, or ignorant adults. They therefore use the Old Testament only in a selective way — as

indeed almost all twentieth-century Christians, especially Protestants, do in practice if not in theory. Jesus Himself used the Old Testament in just that way. See his citation Luke iv: 17-20 from Isaiah LXI: 2, when he stopped at a comma in order to avoid reading 'and the day of vengeance of our God.' The general use of the inductive method of reasoning with its conquests over human and animal woes and for happiness has led many persons — both Catholics and Protestants — to modify their former views about the verbal inspiration of the Old Testament.

Modernists also take a very different view of the New Testament from that which Luther and Calvin held. Far from regarding the Gospels as inerrant records of the sayings and doings of Jesus of Nazareth, they look on them as imperfectly remembered accounts by unlettered companions of words and acts uttered or done years before. They accept the views of Biblical scholars as to the right interpretation of the Gospel narratives. Thus, when they read in Matthew, Mark, and Luke that Jesus, when baptized by John the Baptist in Jordan, 'saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him; and lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,' they infer only that Jesus, like every other Jewish prophet, believed that he had then received a special illumination from Almighty Wisdom and Love, which was to guide his whole life; but they do not take the vision as literal truth or fact, any more than they do the very next sentence in Matthew: 'Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.' These Modernists are inevitably bringing about a revival of interest in religious subjects on the part of both sympathizers and opponents.

The third party or section of the American people in respect to religion contains tens of millions of men and women of scanty education who are not connected with any church and, apparently, take no interest in any religious doctrine or practice. Their children are not baptized or christened; if dangerous illness invade the family, no priest or minister is requested or even allowed to visit the sick one; when a death occurs in the family the funeral is conducted from an undertaker's 'Funeral Parlor' or 'Funeral Home,' with such singing and reading as the undertaker chooses to provide. Marriage is a civil process only. The great events in any human life — birth, puberty, marriage, mortal sickness, and death — receive no religious notice. Children get no religious instruction whatever at home or abroad and grow to maturity without knowledge of Christianity or any other religion, and densely ignorant of the fundamental moralities and of good manners. No such experiment on so vast a scale has ever been tried since time began, as this considerable fraction of the American people is now trying — namely, bringing up children without any religious instruction, or any transmission to rising generations of the moral traditions handed down through primitive, barbarous, and civilized peoples in succession.

It should be said, however, that, acting for the most part, so far as influence on public opinion goes, with this mass of the ignorant Unchurched, and ranking themselves as Unchurched, are a few thousands of well-educated persons who themselves give religious instruction to their children in the way they received it during their own childhood, and teach them good manners or gentle behavior by both precept and example. These more favored children, therefore, do not necessarily grow up in ignorance of the moralities and courtesies of life,

although they never go to church; but their number is relatively very small. Moreover, they tend to go beyond their parents in indifference to all religious interests. These educated Unchurched adults will sometimes contribute to a church's receipts, because they think that particular church to be a judicious agent in giving charitable relief; but the governing motive for such acts is not religious but social.

Explanations of this remarkable state of mind — that of the Unchurched — in a large portion of the American people are to be found in the clauses of the Constitution which declare that no religious test shall ever be required as qualification for office, and that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. The several States, bent on maintaining and supporting toleration in religion, have enacted statutes which prevent or greatly restrict the reading of the Bible in the public schools supported by taxation, and the giving of religious instruction in State universities and technical schools supported in like manner. In short, the devotion of the whole people to the principle of toleration in religion has led to legislation which has produced the millions of the Unchurched and the millions of children who grow up without knowledge of either religion or gentle conduct. The influence of the Unchurched is reinforced by the increasing number of men, nominally connected with churches, who as a matter of fact never or very seldom attend church services. This practice has appeared in all the American Protestant churches, and in the Roman Catholic Church in many European countries.

Of these three parties the first and the third — that is, the Fundamentalists and the Unchurched — have no problems to solve about sincerity or unity in religion, or about the promo-

tion of peace among the nations. The first say in worship or prayer just what they all mean; and the third do not worship or pray in public at all. Indeed, the Fundamentalists are prophesying the speedy coming of Christ at the head of an invincible army to drown civilization and society in blood, as necessary preliminary to setting up on earth a better Church and a better State. The Unchurched, however, have roused all over the United States an unexpected opposition to their theories and practices, an opposition which is gathering great strength but is not yet organized for effective work. This opposition proceeds from teachers, principals, school superintendents, and committee-men who see plainly in their own school-rooms the effects of depriving children of religious instruction. From the observations and discussions of this opposition is springing a strong popular revival of interest in religion, its origins, its historical development, and its rightful influence on mankind.

It is, then, only the Modernists, the second party in the mass of the American people, who are liable to the suspicion that their laxity as regards creeds, dogmas, and rituals may render them less than sincere or candid in speech and practice before God, and even when speaking to God, and quite irrational in their eagerness for unity. The Modernists inevitably incur this danger to their intellectual integrity and perspicacity in their intense desire to create and maintain one inclusive Church in which millions of persons who no longer believe the ancient creeds, dogmas, and rituals can nevertheless unite in the use of forms and ceremonies with which they all have sacred associations, and about which linger very precious memories. They see in liberty to use old phrases with new interpretations the only chance to build up a great Church to which all religious-

minded, liberal, and progressive people can happily resort, a Church which may in some decades overcome and absorb most of the other churches, and become the chief support of all democracies, republics, and constitutional governments. Truly a noble vision!

This proposed wide-open and all-comprehending Church ought to recall to men's minds the sources and the steps of religious progress for mankind since Jesus was born. That progress has been immense; and the roots of it Jesus saw in the best traits of good men, women, and children, and in family loves and devotions. For him God was the Father Almighty, and all men were his children. Primitive man's religion was one of propitiatory rites, and of cries for defense against imminent dangers and crushing natural evils. The pagan world deified sensuality, lust, and the low vices as well as the virtues; and its gods and goddesses were worshiped and feared quite as much in their vices as in their virtues. The One God of the Hebrew dispensation was pictured as cruel, revengeful, capricious, and unjust, a being to be feared but not loved. Before Christianity children were not habitually treated with tenderness and reverence by either fathers or the State. Mothers doubtless did better.

In contrast, consider how the God figured to mankind by Jesus is only the multiplication to infinity of the finest graces and virtues which the best men and women have manifested since history began; and consider, too, the effects produced by Jesus, as a peculiarly gifted child, on his parents and the 'doctors in the temple':—

'And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom . . . and when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast. And when they had fulfilled the days . . . the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph

and his mother knew not of it. . . . After three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. . . . And his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? . . . And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man. LUKE II: 40-52.

Let us remember, also, how Jesus in his teachings used children's natural loveliness as guide to higher love of fellow men, and to knowledge of God's ways with men: —

'And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them: and . . . said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me.' MARK IX: 36, 37.

'Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' MATTHEW XIX: 14.

In short, the religion of Jesus is a religion of and for family life; and the whole earth is to become the happy home of men, women, and children who live together in peace, good will, and mutual helpfulness.

But what have these facts to do with a Revival of Religion? Let us see.

The Gospel record is unsatisfying in one respect. It gives scant account of Jesus' relations to his parents, to his brothers and sisters, and to his neighbors and friends in Nazareth. It reports from the teachings of Jesus sayings which imply injuries to family life and its dearest intimacies: —

'I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother . . . and a man's foes shall be they of his own household.' MATTHEW X: 35, 36.

'And when he was come into his own country, he taught them in their synagogue, insomuch that they were astonished, and said, Whence hath this man this wisdom, and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man all these things? And they were offended in him. But Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own house. And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief.' MATTHEW XIII: 54-58.

When the modern religionist is framing an answer to the question why Jesus did few mighty works in his own country, he will find himself in need of the spirit which animates the modern scientist, a spirit of sincerity, open-mindedness, and truth-seeking, combined with an intense desire to be serviceable to fellow men. Did Jesus resent the attitude of his family and neighbors in Nazareth? Or did he merely feel alienated from them? Or was belief in him an indispensable prerequisite for success in the cures he wrought on the sick, the lame, and the paralyzed? Compelled to make an open choice among the contradictory Gospel statements concerning both the sayings and the acts of Jesus, the modern religionist will adopt those principles of selection which conduce to religious liberty and the practice of toleration in religion; from these principles adopted he will expect new triumphs by mankind over materialism, sensuality and hardness of heart. In short, he will feel and look for a Revival of true Religion.

During his active mission Jesus was inevitably a homeless wanderer, parted from father and mother, brothers and sisters, and former neighbors, and finding his associates and friends among the men and women who were strongly affected by his teachings and his personality. In the Gospel record of this part of the life of Jesus are many passages which support or advocate the practice of celibacy; and therefore the loss of all the good influences which come from family life. The Roman Catholic Church early adopted celibacy as the best practice for ecclesiastics and for self-sacrificing men and women who chose, or were induced, to give their lives to the service of humanity through the Church; but Protestants for more than three centuries have refused to accept those passages as mandatory. Here is another instance, and a striking one, of the use of the Bible in a selective way.

It is obviously impossible for Protestants to accept the Gospel narratives literally. They must apply to them the receptive imagination, now so eagerly exercised on the multifarious fruits of the literary and scientific imagination. Every Christian—Greek, Roman Catholic, or Protestant—should remember that the two sentiments which most inspire men to good deeds are love and hope; and that the best interpretation of the sayings and acts of Jesus is that which feels most the love and hope which dwell in human hearts.

Moreover, every religious-minded human being should observe how religious practice is more and more imitating the medical practice of giving the preference to prevention of epidemic or contagious diseases over treatment of such diseases arrived and at work. Engineering practice is also eagerly embracing the preventive side of the calling. It is designing and building the great constructions which prevent

floods and droughts and the resulting famines. In Japan engineers are already studying the means of preventing in large measure such terrible disasters as Tokyo and Yokohama have just experienced from earthquakes.

In the present Revival of popular interest in religious controversies, more attention seems to be given to the differing theologies than to the various practices concerning the prevention and cure of sin and vice; yet Americans generally pay more attention to practice than to theory. They also often find pleasure in watching a fight. It is therefore difficult to interpret surely the present disposition of the secular newspapers to give large space to the religious controversies of the day. Is it a revival of religion, or only an expression of contempt for all churches?

The Modernists are following Christ when they want to make their Church a family Church with God as Father, Jesus as brother, and motherhood and childhood as exponents of the heavenly life on earth. They are inspired by the best teachings of Jesus when they long to include in one all-embracing Church parents and children, friends and neighbors, and all people who enjoy religious rites performed in common, without questioning about the ancient phrases therein which imply beliefs no longer held. In all churches everybody joins in singing or chanting such phrases, when they have been set to music. Why may not—Modernists ask—everybody join in repeating similar phrases in familiar and beloved litanies and prayers? Let us all get together at stated times to worship and pray. True religion springs from common and positive loves and devotions luminously sincere, not from cold negations, or merely mental convictions.

This state of mind in millions of modern Christians testifies to the immense progress in religious liberty which has

taken place since the Dark Ages and the Protestant Reformation. The Roman Catholic Church has had some part in this progress, ever since it accepted the leadership of Saint Thomas Aquinas. The progress of the world toward religious freedom, since Columbus sailed from Spain to find a shorter route to the East Indies, seems to the people of to-day almost as great as the progress in political liberty during the same period; and it is even more welcome.

The Church of the Future will be free alike to men and women who cling to ancient creeds and to those who believe that they have no creed. It will have no creedal or racial terms of admission. It will be active in palliative works of charity and mercy, and in all efforts to prevent suffering, disease, and sin. The most characteristic attitude and purpose of its members will be that they all fight persistently the awful evils which actually exist in human society, barbarous and civilized alike, no matter what theories they may individually hold as to the origins of those evils.

Especially they will accept the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth about children, family loves, and friendship, and will try to develop all the good tendencies in their own children, other people's children, and the community, and to suppress the evil. The spiritual leaders in that Church will be the ministers, the poets, and the singers; but the laymen, young and old, will have a large share in all the Church's fightings with existing wrongs. This is the Church which through its hopeful visions will in time bring about a great Revival of Religion.

VOL. 133 — NO. 3

The Church of the Future will undoubtedly employ rituals or forms in services which often recur; because the great majority of civilized mankind rather like repetitions, and prefer carefully considered forms of worship and prayer to any utterances casual and more or less extemporaneous at the moment; but there will never be the slightest doubt as to the sincerity or mental clarity with which these forms are used. It will use the best existing expressions of religious aspiration and emotion until future generations produce better — but no longer. It will hold the warm allegiance of men and women who recognize the difference between fact and fable, between constructive thinking and the play of a fantastic imagination over such vast themes as the infinite universe and the infinite God Almighty. And it will regard the Christian religion not as a body of doctrines, new or old, but as a way of life.

In all probability a free people will always be divisible into three sorts, recognizable by their different faces, attitudes, and mental habits, all equally sincere, and all living side by side in peace and good will — those who prefer to live under a sacerdotal authority; those who prefer to take their opinions and beliefs from other minds, stronger, clearer, and more authoritative than their own; and those who habitually think for themselves, select their leaders on grounds of sympathy and intellectual fellowship, 'look out and not in,' welcome new thoughts and prospects, and live in the present and the future rather than in the past.

For these last the Church of the Future is to rise.

OUR UN-MERCANTILE MARINE

BY CHARLES W. BROWN

I

MANY Americans have a commendable patriotic pride in our futile endeavor to build up a mercantile marine, but their enthusiasm is much greater than their knowledge of the practical difficulties. Our orators delight to refer to Old Glory in tremulous tones, to insist vigorously and vocipotently that we must have the largest fleet on the ocean, that our flag must fly in every harbor—ignoring entirely the question of cost and natural conditions. The poor taxpayers foot the bills, and, indirectly, that means that all of us contribute.

It is a common error to assume that 'commerce follows the flag.' The relative increase in our foreign commerce was greater for a few years before the war than it has been since. Prior to 1914, Russia was a great exporting nation—her shipping interest was comparatively insignificant. Argentina has large and increasing exports, all carried in foreign bottoms. Italy's merchant fleet is much larger relatively than her exports. We find American automobiles in all parts of the civilized world. Ninety per cent of these were delivered by foreign vessels. Would a Japanese automobile buyer think it a privilege to have his automobile carried by American ships? All things being equal the foreign buyers naturally prefer to transport any merchandise that they buy in vessels of their own country. The most ardent advocates of an

American mercantile marine have never claimed that we could operate vessels more economically than foreigners can. On an equal basis an English buyer will ship in English vessels his purchases made in the United States. We have cut, and in the future shall be obliged to cut again, freight and passenger rates. Our Government must make up the deficit in our marine operations. Other nations must meet our absorption of deficit, or have their ships driven from the seas.

It is difficult for anyone to determine exactly what our attempt to rehabilitate our mercantile marine has cost us, and it is very difficult to separate the legitimate expenses incurred during the war, when money was not an object, from the subsequent losses. Our gross expenditures were nearer two billion dollars than one billion, and we have lost many millions of dollars. Our annual loss this year, including depreciation, will be from \$35,000,000 to \$70,000,000, depending to quite an extent upon how depreciation is figured, when taken, and the number of vessels sold.

During the war, when it was proposed that the Government should take over and operate some of the large steel companies, the officers and stockholders of these companies remonstrated vigorously, and spent thousands of dollars in circulating printed statements—from which it was a fair inference that the operation of these

companies was profitable to the stockholders. It is very seldom that any profitable private enterprise is recommended to the Government. If it were true that an American mercantile marine would yield a good return to the investor, there are many capitalists who could readily raise millions of dollars to buy and operate ships under our flag; but it is better to 'let the Government do it.'

Thousands of patriotic Americans would be glad to invest in shipping companies if this investment were recommended by prominent bankers and those competent to manage, who would further evince their good faith by liberal subscriptions to the stock.

Any general restoration of our mercantile marine on a paying basis is impossible, and for the following reasons: American vessels cost more to build than do foreign vessels; wages of American officers and sailors are higher than are those paid by their competitors; American investors would expect a larger return on capital invested in shipping than the foreign companies are able to make, and the standard of living on American vessels is higher, and hence more expensive.

The oceans are naturally free, and heretofore the great maritime nations have attained importance, not through the aid of Government assistance, but because their sailors in years gone by were more hardy, more brave, or more adventurous than their competitors. At present supremacy is attained when vessels of any nation can be operated more ably and economically than those of their competitors, and hence serve the world more advantageously as common carriers.

The United States is handicapped more than any other nation in attempting to reestablish a mercantile marine by the aid of assistance from the Government. Because of the

superior opportunities offered its citizens on shore, there is to-day no incentive for capable, ambitious young Americans to go to sea, and few who are competently advised take the chance.

It has been suggested frequently that we attempt to compete for the carrying trade of the Pacific. The Japanese sailors are content to work for much less than our so-called American sailors are. The Japanese sailor is paid as well, proportionately, as the Japanese a-shore. On the other hand, few native-born Americans can be found among our Pacific sailors, because they find better opportunities on land. Are we ready to pay each American sailor on the Pacific a monthly bonus in a vain endeavor to resurrect our mercantile marine?

It may be a wise business policy for the Japanese to encourage the establishment of steamship companies, and to aid them by comparatively small subsidies, since it is evident that Japan is in a position to compete successfully for the carrying trade of the world with temporary assistance. We are not. The Japanese have no handicap in wages, no additional cost of ships, and no extra cost of operations, as we should have.

II

Our subsidy advocates are prone to refer to our former maritime supremacy, but during that period of supremacy America had the following distinct advantages: first, the cheapest and best lumber and spars in the world; second, the ablest and best ship-designers, builders, carpenters, sailmakers and riggers; third, an overseas carrying trade, which was usually profitable and yielded a large return on the capital invested. Fifty years ago it was not at all uncommon for an American clipper ship to pay for herself in one

voyage. To-day, with the exception of iron considered as raw material, which is not relatively as important in the cost of a modern ship as wood was fifty years ago, we have no advantage over the foreigners. Besides this, there is — perhaps the most important factor of all — the fact that the Suez and Panama canals, the submarine cables, and the systematizing of freighting by modern methods have reduced the overseas carrying trade to a well-established and well-regulated business, which is keenly competed for, and which yields only what would be regarded in this country as a very small return on the capital invested.

It would be impossible to interest any successful and well-informed capitalist in an American steamship line for the transatlantic trade, because an American company could not pay a fair return on the capital invested.

Other qualities were demanded from sailors fifty years ago than those which are required to-day. The opportunity for exhibition of superiority to any appreciable degree is gone, because the qualities necessary now rest in mechanism and not in personnel. Captains cannot 'carry on steam' as they carried on sail. The speed of a modern steamship is largely beyond the control of the captain and crew; it is dependent upon mechanical appliances. Activity, adaptability, and all-around skill are not needed by seamen as they were in the days of the supremacy of the American sailing ship.

The Americans were not only more capable but they did more and better work, and the foreigners who sailed in American ships easily became Americanized in this respect. Robert Louis Stevenson, in *The Wrecker*, has very cleverly sketched Nares, the typical Yankee sailor; yet Nares would die of ennui on board a modern freighter. The glories of the American sailor are

in the past, and can never be revived.

A story of a forgotten American clipper may be of interest. The little chronicled and almost forgotten achievement of the clipper ship *Tradewind*, in sailing from San Francisco to New York, in 1853, in seventy-five days, was a remarkable feat of American seamanship.

Think of the ceaseless vigilance for seventy-five days of the forgotten captain of the *Tradewind*. It is substantially true that not a mile of distance was lost during this famous passage. Few in this generation are capable of appreciating the alertness, the watchfulness, and the seamanship required to make this passage by sail. By day or by night, if the leech of a topgallant sail was a few inches slack, up went the halyards. If the foot of the sail did not set like a board, out went the sheets. The braces were watched and tended with every varying wind. It behooved the helmsman to steer straight, or take the consequences. Every yard of canvas that she could carry was pressed on the ship, and if forced to take in sail the moderating wind was anticipated, and sails were again set at the first opportunity offered. A sailor alone can fully understand how sail was carried on in squalls and gales. Someone knew and trusted each spar, backstay, lanyard and sheet, halyard and brace. Constant and capable care and supervision were the price of speed. How the *Tradewind* hugged the dark and dismal rocks of Diego Ramires, as she went around the Horn in a southerly gale, may never be known. The chances the captain took, as the wind veered to the eastward in skirting the barren shores of the extreme of the South American continent, will never be recorded. It is fair to assume that he pressed his ship and trusted to his spars and canvas. Not twenty per cent of the

steamers afloat to-day could make this passage around Cape Horn in seventy-five days.

But there is now no use for the sailors of the old school; nor is there anything in the present sea life to attract the same class of men. It should be remembered that the seafarers were well paid in proportion to other vocations at that period. The wealthy and prominent men in many of the old New England seaboard towns were merchants and master mariners, and a love of the sea did not debar a young man from making a financial success.

To-day the competitive ocean trade offers no such allurements. Young Americans who have brains, dash, and ability can find much better opportunities to exercise these qualities upon land, and this is not true of citizens of other countries.

III

We can never achieve commercial importance as a maritime nation until we can build ships as cheaply, operate them at as low a cost, and be content with the same return on the capital invested as our foreign competitors receive. And this cannot come about while we have such prosperity and opportunities as at present exist in our fortunate country. Our home industries are supposed to be protected sufficiently to enable them to earn profits in our own country — never to such an extent as to place them in a position to compete in the open markets of the world. And that would be necessary with a subsidized mercantile marine.

It would be much cheaper than our present policy to transfer existing foreign steamships to some European nation and pay it a small bonus to sail under our flag, if we have an irresistible desire to see Old Glory again on the

ocean. In political speeches, 'Trade follows the flag'; but this is true in actual business experience only if we have cheaper and better commodities to sell.

The large amount of money that we pay foreigners for carrying our products is a matter of common comment; but the truth is not generally appreciated. These products really belong to the foreigners, and are practically sold f.o.b., point of shipment. If, for example, a merchant in Bremen buys ten thousand bales of cotton in Charleston, he will get his cotton to Bremen by what he regards as the cheapest and most acceptable route. If we concede that American vessels cannot carry freight across the Atlantic cheaper than their foreign competitors can, it is obvious that the Bremen buyer would prefer to ship his purchases by any vessel carrying the flag of his own country — unless we should grant a lower rate. It is beyond the province of any American seller to dictate in any way what company the foreign buyer shall employ to transport his own property. Even on an equal basis, if the former buyer happens to be interested in German steamers, naturally it will be for his own interest to favor his own company. When an Englishman buys grain on the Atlantic seaboard it is surely his privilege to have it transported in his own vessels. The foreign buyer is under no obligation whatever to ship his merchandise in American vessels.

Every State that is washed by lake or ocean ought to give liberal support to marine reserve vessels, which should be further assisted and supervised by the United States Government. There are thousands of active, well-educated, adventurous young Americans who have a natural love for the sea, and who would be glad to enlist in the naval marine if their services were properly

recognized, and if they were as honorably regarded as they deserve.

We have still remaining some fine sailors in command of our coastwise and foreign steamships, who are as competent and eligible for the Naval Reserve as the members of the Royal Naval Reserve of England. We should encourage our young men to enlist in our navy, and we should pay sufficient wages to compensate them for the services rendered.

We should not attempt to delude the American people into the idea that they are really reviving American shipping. I am not attempting to urge the advantages or disadvantages of subsidizing a few steamers for naval purposes, but I wish to state, in the most positive manner, that we cannot rehabilitate by Government assistance an American mercantile marine worthy of the name.

There are many factors that militate against the profitable operations of an American mercantile marine. The carrying of passengers from many ports of Europe to South America and Australia is very remunerative. Thousands of laborers leave Europe each year for the Argentine. Many of them return regularly after the harvest season. They naturally patronize European in preference to American steamers. Latin South-Americans almost without exception prefer to travel on foreign steamers — particularly the wealthy classes, who seek Paris as a Mecca for artistic, educational, or pleasure purposes. Our people do not emigrate — they have no temptation to leave their great and prosperous country. This fact tends to reduce materially our revenue from steamers.

Our Eighteenth Amendment is not attractive to South Americans, who, like their ancestors for many centuries, have been accustomed to using light wines with their meals. The horrible

depravity of having a glass of wine with dinner is well recognized by the virtuous Americans, but many of the foreigners are unregenerate. Comparatively few business men in South America have any business in the United States — many have in Europe.

Chile and Argentina sell large quantities of copper, nitrates, wheat, mutton, wool, hides, and flax to Great Britain and the Continent. This large quantity of heavy freight would, naturally, be carried in foreign bottoms. The English, German, French, and Italians would not be likely to patronize American steamers in preference to the vessels of their own country. It is usual to buy where you sell. A merchant in Buenos Aires, selling his produce in London, is likely to go there to see his customers. It is easy and reciprocal for him to buy whatever he needs in England — incidentally increasing the freight carried by English vessels. Our imports from important buying countries are relatively small, and foreigners are not likely to buy much where they can sell so little. Fortunately we are so favorably situated that we are not compelled to import our wheat, meat, food products, nor much of our raw materials.

Our present tariff is framed on the theory that duties are levied to equalize the cost of an article produced in the United States with the cost of the same article produced in Europe. Now assuming that our duties are equitably levied, please read one of our complete tariff-schedules and see how few articles we can hope to export profitably. It can hardly be expected that the generous foreign buyer will pay for an American article five to one hundred per cent more than the price for which he can purchase the same article in Europe — and sell some of his own products practically as part of the trade. Here again the natural

business conditions favor the foreign steamers by increasing the quantity of the freight carried.

We should be grateful that our country is so independent of exports and imports. In order to reduce cost of goods for exports we must reduce wages and decrease the standard of living of our American workmen. Surely it is not desirable to increase export tonnage merely to pay for an unprofitable adventure in shipping.

We are greatly interested in the rehabilitation of Europe. We are sympathetic and our material assistance is frequently asked for and advocated; but our efforts to build up a mercantile marine at an annual sacrifice of many millions of dollars have injured the foreign steamship companies, and in some cases our competition has made their shipping operations unprofitable. Our futile efforts to compete for the open carrying trade of the world, in view of our great material resources, remind me of the covetous rich man in the Scriptures who wanted the widow's one ewe lamb.

The Germans are popular in South America. Their economy and efficiency are generally recognized. When Germany has been restored to normality, it is evident that her people will build and operate steamships, and make a handsome profit, while we are showing serious losses.

IV

My observations and illustrations shall not be all theoretical. I am the president of a company owning a factory in Belgium. We were shipping plate glass by foreign steamers in November 1923, from Antwerp to San Francisco, for eight dollars per ton. The present rate from Baltimore to San Francisco, by American steamers, is nineteen dollars per ton, after we

have shipped from our Eastern factory to Baltimore by rail. Is this a practical manifestation of our competitive ability?

Shortly after the World War the largest window-glass importer on our Pacific Coast, influenced by the enthusiasm rife at that time, with commendable patriotism ordered that all the window-glass his company bought in Belgium should be shipped in American bottoms. After several shipments he was compelled to countermand these instructions, and all glass was shipped by foreign vessels. This was not due so much to lower freight rates as to the excessive breakage on glass. The crews of the Danish steamers were much more careful in loading and unloading, and, when the glass was discharged, it was found that there was a minimum breakage. The Danes valued their job. The Danish sailor was obliged by force of necessity to be careful, or his record suffered — possibly he was discharged, and he was well paid compared with the same class of employees in Denmark. Necessity is a great stimulator. The Danish sailor feels its urge; the American sailor does not. American sailors can usually find a job, due to a legitimate demand for their services, or the influence of the Seamen's Union. If they cannot, and are able-bodied and ready to work, they can readily find on shore as remunerative a position as that of a sailor on an American vessel. Our sailors care little if half a cargo of glass is broken. It means nothing to them; and if the Government deficit is increased a few thousand dollars why should they worry! The Danish sailor realizes what a loss of profit means to his owners, and may mean to him. One reason why our so-called American seamen cannot compete with many foreign seamen is because they do not have to.

Now I am not unpatriotic, not pessimistic, not hopeless. I consider our mercantile marine from the point of view of a practical business man, who has traveled much, and had command of an American vessel in foreign waters for several years, and as one who has always been interested in our maritime affairs; and I have clear and decided views on this subject, which I present for what they may be worth.

V

Our Navy Department should be consulted, and we should own and operate whatever amount of tonnage it advises would be required to serve as a necessary adjunct to the navy in any emergency that could reasonably be contemplated, having in mind the sentiment and treaties that tend to limit the size of navies, and remembering that only once in one hundred and fifty years have we found it necessary to interfere in European affairs to the extent of sending our troops to Europe.

We need a strong, modern navy for our own protection, and every American has good reason to feel proud of the naval history of our country. I would not be adverse to a more intimate relationship between our navy and our mercantile marine. One of the most successful steamship managers that I know of is an ex-naval officer and an Annapolis graduate. We have lost the services of many competent officers who were in our navy during the late war, who should have been recognized and rewarded by good positions in our merchant steamers.

After providing for all steamers that are essential to our naval operations, I would employ them, and some of our remaining vessels, on a few of the great traveled routes between the United States and the more important foreign

countries, where we are best able to compete and most likely to develop future trade. If the four fine steamers that we now have on the North Atlantic become popular and self-supporting, it would seem to be advisable to increase the number of steamers on that route. It would be futile to attempt to operate regularly steamers to Spain, Italy, and Mediterranean ports. We should give up routes that have been proved very unprofitable. It may be desirable to operate a few steamers for what I might term advertising purposes.

I wish to emphasize that while I consider it desirable — nay, essential — to have a fine limited mercantile navy, gradually increased on lines that may prove profitable, it is foolish and futile to believe that we can compete successfully in the open carrying trade of the world. We have been carried away by sentiment, oratory, and desire, and have built many more vessels than were needed and wasted many millions of dollars. Let us recognize the situation.

Any large important business that is successful has grown gradually, aided by experience and competent management. Business does not spring, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, full-armed and equipped. The shipping business has been closely competitive, and the foreign shipowners have great advantages over American lines by reason of their competency, their experience, and their established connections and clientele of many years' standing. Can we not ultimately compete? Try it, and report progress when made; but do not rush in without capable, experienced men, and some knowledge of competitive conditions; and do not build two ships where only one is needed. Could the United States compete with the Standard Oil Company, the United States Steel

Company, or any other well-managed corporation by making an initial expenditure of two or three billion dollars and attempting to operate as our Shipping Board has been operated? The successful foreign steamship companies have keener competition than the Standard Oil Company has. Their development has been gradual, and their profits the result of hard work, energy, economy, efficiency, and enterprise — aided by the alertness that can be had only by the severe strain of close competition.

Such vessels as we do not need, and those which show us the greatest losses in operation, should be sold for what they are worth, or chartered to some Chinese steamship company on easy terms. Until final payment had been made the contracts for sale could provide that in time of war these vessels should be restored to us on short notice, by the payment of a small premium if we so desired.

Under our present consular regulations these vessels would be permitted to fly our flag and to retain our protection.¹ We could even insist on having American officers and engineers on these vessels until they were paid for, as was the case in many of the vessels of the Chinese Merchant Steamship Company fifty years ago.

In years gone by we had many native craft on the coast of China under the Stars and Stripes. The Chinese are good sailors — quiet, and amenable to discipline. These vessels could be operated as economically as any in the world, and far more cheaply than any European steamers. A Chinese-American Company, organized to oper-

ate our salable surplus stock of steamers, would pay good dividends. They could meet any competition, and be a safe, sound investment. To be sure they could not trade to an American port, unless we enacted special legislation, which would probably be opposed by the labor unions, but the seven seas would offer the field for their operations, and they should secure a large share of the business on the coast of China and in the Far East. Indeed we could advantageously open our own ports to these steamers for the life of the vessels we sell. I do not refer to the coast trade, which we have always protected, and I think wisely, as there are many advantages in this policy; but there is no good object in protecting our shipping to such an extent as to enable our vessels to carry rice from India to Cuba, or grain from Argentina to Liverpool.

The Chinese merchants are capable business men. Give them our flag for these steamers, and assist them in part with our capital, which would be a good investment. In addition it would be desirable, and I think feasible, to organize a Chinese-American Company that would save the United States from further losses. Thus we should assist a friendly nation, and have these vessels for a reserve supply of shipping for several years.

My suggestion to sell to the Chinese is because they are the most likely buyers; their mercantile marine is small; China has quite a large commerce, and the Chinese have decided advantages in operating. I believe that we could have sold many ships to a Chinese or an American-Chinese Company three years ago and saved many millions of dollars.

¹ See Section 347 of the United States Consular Regulations, 1896.

WHAT ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES?

BY RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

I

TRUST-BUSTING has been a favorite sport in America. And at the beginning of the twentieth century, we attempted to break up Europe's monopoly of 'imperialism.' Under the ægis of the Monroe Doctrine we gradually extended our control over the republics of Central America, and under the pressure of strategic necessity, we established an American sphere of influence over the Caribbean. But neither a Monroe Doctrine nor strategic necessity led us into the Philippines in 1898. This, the most troublesome of our possessions, was acquired in a 'fit of absence of mind.' Nobody thought of annexing the Philippines when the war with Spain broke out. But when they fell into our hands, we were afraid to get rid of them. We could not return them to Spain because she was too weak and too incompetent to govern them, as the Filipino revolts of 1814, 1896, and 1898 had proved. We were afraid to grant the Philippines immediate independence, believing that they would certainly fall into the greedy hands of the Powers who at that time were scrambling for a foothold in China. Add to this Senator Lodge's insistence on the 'vast commercial and trade interests, which I believe we have a right to guard and a duty to foster,' made in a speech to the Fifty-fifth Congress, and you have an explanation why we have stayed in the Philippines until the present day.

History perhaps will justify this

annexation. The people of these islands have been given an orderly government, in a part of the world where, with the exception of an oligarchic Japan, disorder is the rule. Under the guidance of the United States, the Filipinos have developed a national life and demonstrated that the Oriental is really able to govern himself. Unlike the old style imperialism, American policy in the Philippines, to quote the instructions of President McKinley to the American Commission in 1900, has not been designed 'for our satisfaction, or for the expression of our theoretical views, but for the happiness, peace, and prosperity' of the Filipinos themselves.

This idea that the government of backward peoples is a 'sacred trust' is not new. It was enunciated by the European Powers in regard to their African possessions, in the General Acts of Berlin and of Brussels in 1885 and 1890. But the United States has gone further perhaps than any other power in the world to carry this principle of 'trusteeship' or 'guardianship' into effect. About fifteen per cent of the annual revenues of the Philippines are expended on education, compared with similar expenditures ranging from only two to four per cent in the most enlightened French and British colonies in Africa. In building up this system, the United States has placed increasing reliance upon Philippine teachers, the number of which has increased from 1914 in 1898 to 20,601 in 1920.

Whether in the matter of health, public works, or roads, the United States has conscientiously cared for the natives' needs. From the political standpoint, we have also recognized our obligation to the Filipinos, by establishing a legislature in 1907, the lower house of which was elected by the Philippine people, and by passing the Jones Act of 1916, which placed both houses in native hands, with the exception of two senators and nine representatives, appointed by the American Governor-General to represent the non-Christian tribes.

Ordinarily, the relation of guardian to ward is a temporary one — the child grows up. And our policy in the Philippines has always kept in view the ultimate termination of American control. In 1898 General Aguinaldo interpreted the statements of the American Consul-General at Singapore to mean that if the Filipinos supported the American troops in their campaign against Manila, immediate independence would be their reward. But our promises to the Philippines rest upon a much more tangible basis than the shadowy remarks of Mr. Pratt, which the State Department later disavowed. At the Republican Convention of 1904, Elihu Root said that the Philippines might eventually be given the same status as Cuba. Dr. J. G. Schurman, president of the first Philippine Commission, said that American policy in the Philippines would 'issue in independence.' In 1908 President Roosevelt expressed the hope that within a generation the Philippines could 'decide for themselves whether it is well for them to become independent.' When secretary of war, Mr. Taft said that the American policy 'must logically reduce and finally end the sovereignty of the United States' in the Islands. In a message to the Philippine people in October 1913, President Wil-

son said, 'Every step we take will be taken with a view to the ultimate independence of the Islands, and as a preparation for that independence.' The most solemn promise of all, embodied in the preamble of the Jones Act of 1916, declared that 'it was never the intention of the people of the United States in the incipency of the War with Spain to make it a war of conquest or for territorial aggrandizement,' and that 'it is, as it has always been, the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established.' Although the late President Harding did not believe in immediate independence, he declared to the Philippines Independence Mission in June 1922 that 'whether wisely or not, our disavowal of permanent retention was made in the very beginning, and a reversal of that attitude will come, if ever, only at your request.'

These promises have not been empty words. The Filipinos have been given almost complete control over local and provincial government. The governors of the provinces and the presidents of municipalities are elected by the people. The representative Legislature, established by the Jones Act of 1916, has 'general legislative power,' except that it cannot pass laws violating the Bill of Rights, regulating the trade relations with the United States, or creating a bonded indebtedness beyond ten per cent of the aggregate tax-valuation of real property, and so forth. But the United States still retains direct control of the executive branch of the central government through a Governor-General appointed for an indefinite term by the President of the United States. This official has 'supreme executive power' and 'general supervision and control of all the departments and

bureaus of the government in the Philippine Islands.' He may veto any act of the Legislature, including individual items in appropriation bills. If the Legislature passes the bill over his head, it is referred to the President of the United States, whose decision is final. Congress may likewise annul laws passed by the Philippine Legislature, and the United States Supreme Court may set them aside for constitutional reasons. If the Philippine Legislature refuses to vote the budget recommended by the Governor-General, the previous year's appropriations automatically continue in force. But no such way is provided to break deadlocks over appointments, which must be confirmed by the Philippine Senate before they can become effective. In short, the Jones Act established a government which is representative of, but not responsible to, the people of the Philippines.

II

Under the administration of Governor-General F. B. Harrison, the gulf created by the Jones Act between the Governor-General and the Legislature was bridged by an institution called the Council of State. This body, established by an executive order in November 1918, so as 'to aid and advise the Governor-General on matters of public importance,' was composed of the presiding officers of the House of Representatives and the Senate and the heads of the executive departments. Since most of the members of the Council of State were also members of the Legislature, this body worked out a system of coöperation between the Governor-General and the Legislature, which avoided deadlocks and established a semi-responsible government in which native leaders gained some control over administration.

For the first time in the history of

our relations with the Philippines, we have now adopted a policy of curtailing the autonomy which they have been allowed to exercise in the past. The reason for this change was forecast by the Wood-Forbes Commission, sent out by President Harding to study the Philippine question in 1921. According to this commission, the period of 'Filipinization,' extending from 1916 to 1921, had been marked by a 'deterioration in the quality of public service, by the creation of a top-heavy personnel, the too frequent placing of influence above efficiency, by the beginning of a political bureaucracy' — a description applicable to almost any American city! Because of this tendency, the Commission recommended that the American Congress declare null and void legislation enacted by the Philippine Legislature diminishing, limiting, or dividing the authority granted the Governor-General under the Jones Act. This idea of absolute executive independence has also been proclaimed by General Wood in his messages to the Philippine Legislature. Literally interpreting the Jones Act, he is exercising the powers of his office in entire disregard of the wishes of the Legislature, subject only to the War Department at Washington, which, of course, will give him whole-hearted support.

While he did not abolish the Council of State because so many administrative duties had been imposed upon it by law, General Wood vigorously used his veto power to kill twenty-one bills passed in the first two sessions of the Legislature, compared with the veto of five bills during the whole administration of Governor-General Harrison. Six of these bills, General Wood vetoed on the ground that they infringed upon his power. The remainder concerned purely domestic affairs. It was the contention of Philippine leaders that the application of the veto power to

matters of local concern was an exercise of legislative power vested in the Philippine Legislature alone. But this attempt to restrict General Wood was summarily set aside by the communication of Secretary-of-War Weeks, in October 1923, which declared that the 'veto power is applicable to all legislation, whether it be local or otherwise.'

This summer the Conley affair threw into bold relief General Wood's conception of his office. Conley was a member of the Manila secret service who was suspended from office by the Mayor of Manila, because he was charged with bribery. Although he was tried and acquitted three times in the courts for this charge, the Mayor of Manila, supported by the Secretary of the Interior, José P. Laurel, refused to reinstate Conley because, during the trial, he had refused to answer certain questions on the ground that they might incriminate him. Believing that an injustice had been done, Governor-General Wood ordered that Conley be reinstated, — an act which led to the resignation of the Mayor of Manila and the members of the Council of State. Whether or not Conley was a victim of a political frame-up, General Wood's action violated the Philippines Administrative Code, which invested final power of removal of such officers in the Secretary of the Interior. He justified the violation of this provision in the code on the ground that it was unconstitutional because it curtailed the 'supreme executive power' granted the Governor-General by the Jones Act. Curiously enough, there is no provision in the Jones Act for amendments. Since the Philippine Legislature is given 'general legislative power,' it might be argued that the Legislature may amend the Jones Act, subject to the veto of the Governor-General and to repeal by Congress. But the administrative code had been duly

approved, and the present Governor-General was therefore obliged to obey it. The strongest argument of all against General Wood's position was that the determination of constitutional questions was in the hands of the courts, and not of the Governor-General. Yet how can a court declare a law unconstitutional unless it is violated? And who else can violate such a law except the executive? Such was the dilemma in which Andrew Johnson was placed when he decided to violate the Tenure of Office Act of 1867. Both Presidents Wilson and Harding refused similarly to obey provisions in the Merchant Marine Act of 1920, directing the abrogation of about thirty commercial treaties, on the ground that the act infringed upon their constitutional power over foreign relations. While these precedents may support General Wood in the Conley affair, the executive interpretation of constitutional questions anywhere is a very dangerous principle, violating the very doctrine of 'separation of powers' upon which General Wood so strongly insists. In the Philippines this principle is more dangerous than in the United States, because the Governor-General is subject to none of the political checks which control the President, and because nothing is said about the power to amend the Organic Act.

With the possible exception of the Conley incident, none of the actions of General Wood has been illegal. He is simply construing the Jones Act literally, while his predecessor construed it liberally. In the legal sense, he stands on firmer ground than Mr. Harrison, because the strict construction of grants of sovereign power is a well-established principle of American public law. The Philippine assertion that it was the 'intention' of the framers of the Jones Act to give the Philippines local self-government, in which the

Governor-General would be a figure-head, has no foundation in fact. When Canada was given responsible government, it was only after express instructions to that effect had been issued by the Colonial Office at London. When Southern Rhodesia was granted responsible government in 1923, it was done by Letters Patent and express instructions to the British Governor there. When the provinces of India were granted semi-responsible government in 1919, an Act of the British Parliament was necessary. But the Jones Act of 1916 contains no similar provisions for responsible government in the Philippines. On the contrary, 'supreme executive power' is reserved for an American Governor-General. The final defeat of the Clarke amendment to the Jones Act, providing for independence within four years, is another indication that the framers of the present system of government in the Philippines contemplated neither full self-government nor immediate independence.

III

While General Wood has acted 'legally,' and while the Jones Act has been desirable as a transitory measure, the permanent retention of the present system of government in the Philippines is bound to be thoroughly unsatisfactory, because it is based on the doctrine of 'separation of powers.' Good patriots will shout 'heresy' when this typically American principle is attacked. But whatever advantages it may have at home, — and they are precious few, — it works very badly when tried abroad. In the United States, Congress and the President are both responsible to the people at election time, although they are presumably independent of each other while in office. But in the Philippines, the Governor-General and the Legislature

are responsible to two different authorities — the first to the United States, and the second to the Philippines. A representative legislature, such as established by the Jones Act, gives the Filipinos a forum for criticism which becomes the more violent because they are not obliged, and in fact are unable, to carry into effect the policies which they advocate. As long as this type of separation of powers exists, a successful government in the Philippines will be impossible. The Legislature may refuse to pass legislation or to confirm appointments requested by the Governor-General, while he may refuse to carry out the laws passed by the Legislature.

Many years ago, the British Empire learned the dangers of a representative but an irresponsible government in its colonies. In 1866 it abolished the representative constitution of Jamaica because that constitution had produced so many deadlocks between the local Legislature and the British Governor. In most of its Crown colonies, the British Empire has now established legislatures with 'official majorities,' controlled, when necessary, by the British governor. More advanced colonies such as India and Malta have been given representative legislatures with control over a few ministerial departments, a system called 'diarchy.' Colonies fully able to govern themselves have been given responsible government — a local ministry responsible to a local parliament, the Crown being represented by a Governor or Governor-General who is now a figurehead as far as domestic affairs are concerned. This policy is followed in the five Dominions, the Irish Free State, and Southern Rhodesia. Wherever possible, British colonial policy has avoided the type of government set up by the United States in the Jones Act. This is likewise true of French colonial policy, for in only

two French colonies — Cochin-China and Senegal — is a representative legislature to be found.

IV

In view of the defective principle upon which the present government of the Philippines is based, it must sooner or later be changed. The United States must either cripple the present powers of the Philippine Legislature or give it control over the administration of domestic affairs. This fact was recognized by the Wood-Forbes Commission which recommended that in case of deadlock between the Governor-General and the Philippine Senate over appointments, final decision should rest with the President of the United States — which in effect would mean the Governor-General. This fact has also been recognized by the *Manila Times*, an American newspaper, which has adopted the slogan, 'Govern or Go,' and by the Philippines Chamber of Commerce which, in resolutions of August 1920, and November 1923, advocated the repeal of the Jones Act and the placing of the Philippines under a territorial form of government.

Great pressure is being exercised by business interests in the United States and the Philippines to abolish the autonomy granted in 1916. This pressure will increase with the deadlocks which are bound to arise in the future. But in determining whether the United States should reverse its Philippine policy, the promises which we have made to these islands cannot be ignored. We cannot afford to add the sin of hypocrisy to that of imperialism. Before 1914 England had made some seven promises to get out of Egypt — promises which she failed to keep. She finally recognized the independence of Egypt in February 1922, but only after a revolution which made her position there intolerable. As

President Roosevelt said in 1915, we cannot taint our work in the Philippines with bad faith. In June 1922 President Harding promised the Philippines that 'no backward step is contemplated, no diminution of your domestic control is to be sought.'

Neither can we postpone the fulfillment of our obligations by saying that the Filipinos do not want self-government and that their leaders do not represent the wishes of the people. Aguinaldo's three-year resistance to American troops in a war where 11,000 Filipinos lost their lives, showed their original attitude toward our rule. One of the first acts of the Philippine Assembly, created in 1907, was to express a desire for independence. All of the Philippine commissioners sent to the United States have advocated independence. Since the war, three independence missions have been sent to America. So strong did independence sentiment become that the Federal party gave up its demand for eventual statehood in 1907, while the party itself disappeared in 1914. Although the Democrata party opposes bitterly the present coalition of Nacionalistas and Colectivistas, all three parties are pledged to immediate independence. The sentiment of the people was shown in the senatorial election this October in Manila, where a Nacionalista candidate won a 15,000 majority over a Democrata candidate on a pro-Wood platform, although Manila is ordinarily a Democrata city. This sentiment was also shown by the unanimous adoption of a resolution of the House of Representatives, supporting the action of the Philippine leaders in the Conley affair. Perhaps the most effective answer to those who believe that the *politicos* do not represent the wishes of the people was given by the Wood-Forbes Commission, itself unfavorable to independence, when it declared,

'We find everywhere among the Christian Filipinos the desire for independence, generally under the protection of the United States.'

As stated in the Jones Act, the United States is under no obligation to grant the Philippines independence until a 'stable' government is established there. But there is a great danger that in determining this question, we exact a test in the Philippines which we do not apply to ourselves. Some people regard the failure of the Philippine National Bank, with losses of \$37,000,000 during six years, as proof that a stable government does not exist in the Philippines. While undoubtedly the bank was mismanaged, mismanaged banks have been known to exist in the most 'stable' governments in Europe and America. In the case of the Philippine bank, some money was embezzled, but the guilty officials have been punished, three members of the Concepcion family now being in jail. It is only fair to say that Americans were as responsible for the management of the bank as Filipinos and that the loans were made to Americans as well as to Philippine business men. The great losses of the bank were due to the rapid economic readjustments following the World War, which adversely affected banks the world over. This October General-Manager Fullington, of the bank, declared that it had made a profit of a million dollars in the last three months and that it was in better condition than it had been for many years.

In addition to entering the banking business, the Philippine Legislature has also purchased the Manila Railway, chartered the National Coal Company, the National Iron Company, the National Cement Company and organized the National Development Company, for the purpose of engaging in any commercial or agricultural enterprise necessary for the public welfare.

Aroused by these activities, Governor-General Wood and Secretary-of-War Weeks have demanded that the Philippine Government 'get out of business.' While as a general rule government management may be less efficient than private management, the Philippine people are confronted with an entirely different situation than the people of the United States. Foreign capitalists and entrepreneurs may have developed the resources of China, Persia, and Turkey more 'efficiently' than the domestic governments. But this type of exploitation has inevitably led to foreign political and economic control, the rewards of which have gone to foreign bondholders. If Governor-General Wood should succeed in getting the Philippine Government 'out of business,' and if he should succeed in securing the repeal of the Public Lands Act of 1919, which limits agricultural leases by Americans to 1024 hectares of land, Americans would inevitably gain control of the great resources of the islands, because individual Filipinos do not now possess the capital necessary to develop these resources. Once American capital becomes entrenched, the prospects for Philippine independence will become more remote than ever.

In interpreting too rigidly the term 'stable government,' a great injustice may be done to the Philippine people. Upon a number of occasions, General Wood has frankly defined such a government as 'one under which capital seeks investments at normal rates of interest.' In a capitalistic age, this definition may be reluctantly accepted. But when he goes further and implies, as he did in an address before the Philippine Columbian Association in June 1921, that a stable government must be capable of defending the Philippines against attack, he is exacting a standard which few governments in the world could meet. That such a

standard should be exacted was implied also by the Wood-Forbes Commission when it stated, 'We find that the people are not organized economically or from the standpoint of national defense to maintain an independent government,' and 'that the experience under the Jones Act did not justify withdrawing the Army and Navy of the United States' and 'leaving the Islands a prey to any powerful nation coveting their rich soil and potential commercial advantages.' According to such a test, the existence of Belgium, Greece, or Switzerland would not be justified. If the Philippines are required to meet this typically military standard, it is safe to say that they will always remain an appanage of the United States.

At the Washington Conference, the United States expressly repudiated this standard when it agreed, in the naval treaty, not to increase its fortifications in its Pacific possessions. This promise leaves the Philippines without adequate bases and fortifications — defenseless from attack. But in place of these military guaranties, the United States accepted a moral guaranty that neither Japan, Great Britain, nor France would attack these islands. In the Four Power treaty these governments agreed to 'respect their rights in relation to their insular possessions and insular dominions in the region of the Pacific Ocean.' Of course, this treaty would not protect the Philippines should they become independent. But there is no reason why the four Powers should not renew their promise in the case of an independent Philippines, by means of a joint neutralization agreement, such as the Democratic platform of 1912 proposed, or such as Senator LaFollette suggested as an amendment to the Four Power treaty. Failing such a treaty, a declaration by the United States that it 'will consider any ag-

gression against the territory' of the Philippines as an act to be repelled with all the means at its command, would safeguard the independence of the Philippines more effectively than an oceanful of battleships.

In the face of the promises made by the United States to the Philippine people and in the face of the wishes of these people, there is only one important reason why so many Americans are now demanding that we cling to these islands: that is, in order to advance the interests of a limited number of American business men. The American people as a whole have derived no material advantage from our occupation of these islands. The Philippines have not contributed a cent to the treasury of the United States. We have sunk at least \$700,000,000 in military and naval expenditures arising out of the occupation. And we even turned back to the Philippine treasury the duties collected before 1913 on rice, sugar, and tobacco, imported into the United States from the Philippines. In 1920 the United States returned to the Philippines internal-revenue taxes amounting to more than one and a half million dollars, collected on Philippine products. Whatever profit has arisen out of this colonial venture has gone to a few business interests.

Under free competition, the American consumer would be benefited by the activities of American business abroad. But in case this business is a monopoly, the consumer loses more than he gains. The worst feature of our Philippine policy is that it has tended to establish an American trade monopoly, by following the policy of the 'closed door.' The treaty of 1898 guaranteed to Spain the 'open door' in these islands for a period of ten years. And in his instructions to the American commissioners, President McKinley said, 'We will seek no advan-

tages in the Orient which are not common to all. Asking only the open door for ourselves, we are ready to accord the open door to others.' Unfortunately this promise was violated at the end of the ten-year period, and by the tariff acts of 1909 and 1913 free trade was gradually established between the United States and the Philippines, but a tariff was rigorously applied to all outsiders. An American business man ships his goods into the Philippines without the payment of the duty to which a Japanese merchant is subjected. Between 1902 and 1913 certain export duties were also levied on Philippine products, but these were remitted in case the products were to be consumed in the United States. The Merchant Marine Act of 1920 empowered the President of the United States to bar foreign ships from the trade between the United States and the Philippines, a power which no President has yet exercised because of the opposition of the Philippines to this extension of the closed door.

As a result of this policy, America's share in the Philippine trade has increased from thirteen per cent in 1894 to sixty-one per cent in 1921, while the share of the trade carried by American ships has increased from less than four per cent in 1909 to thirty-two per cent in 1919. If the Philippine export industries were owned by Filipinos, the Filipinos would benefit from the closed door as much as American merchants. But as a matter of fact the export trade of the Philippines is very largely in the hands of American capital, which consequently profits in two ways from the closed door. As a result of our economic policy, American business has been given a political advantage, which it is naturally afraid lest independence, bringing with it 'most-favored nation' treaties, may remove. If this trade were of any

immediate advantage to the American people as a whole, there might be a materialistic reason why they should support the opposition of business interests to Philippine independence. But any trade carried on under the closed door tends to be a monopolistic trade, which means higher prices both to the American and to the Philippine people, for the gain of a few men. If Japan and other neighboring countries could freely trade with the Philippines, there would be no economic reason why these countries should want to annex these islands. But as long as the United States maintains the closed door, these countries are confronted with a political obstruction to very rich markets, which in the future may lead to international complications of a very serious nature. The United States cannot afford, whether from the standpoint of Mr. Man-in-the-Street, of the Filipinos, or of world peace, to have its Philippine policy dictated by the Manila Chamber of Commerce, or even by the Americans in the Philippines who constitute one tenth of one per cent of the population.

V

The present system of government in the Philippines must be changed one way or another. Business conditions in the Islands will always be uncertain and investments will always be deterred, until the political status is definitely fixed. If this country follows the advice of the military men — who are now handling our Philippine policy — or of a few capitalists, it will deprive the Philippine Legislature of some of its powers, if not of its existence. But we cannot take this backward step without violating the solemn promises made by every President since McKinley and without violating the preamble of the Jones Act.

During the last four years, the British Empire has terminated its protectorate over Afghanistan; recognized the independence of Egypt and Mesopotamia, subject to certain restrictions on finance and foreign affairs; granted full self-government to Ireland and a less extensive responsible government to Southern Rhodesia; bestowed semi-responsible government upon India and Malta; and promulgated new constitutions in Ceylon, Burma, and Nigeria. The same development has taken place in French Tunis and in Senegal, which was given a parliament in 1920. In 1919 Italy established parliaments in Tripoli and in Cyrenaica, while in the Dutch East Indies a *Volksraad* has been formed, more than a third of the members of which are natives. In the face of this trend in the government of colored peoples, the United States would assume a heavy responsibility if it curtailed the rights granted the Philippines in 1916. But if it does not curtail these rights, it must extend them.

It is neither necessary nor desirable to grant the Philippines complete independence at this time. It is possible to follow the British policy of Home Rule which would encourage the formation of a Philippine ministry responsible to a Philippine parliament, the American Governor-General exercising only advisory power — except in foreign affairs. It is possible to grant a qualified independence to the Philippines, subject to American protection or to an international neutralization agreement, which the entrance of the Philippines into the League of Nations would secure, if no more definite agreement is possible. But no power will guarantee the independence of the Philippines without some assurance that it will live up to its international obligations, particularly in regard to the payment of foreign debts and to the protection of the lives and property of foreigners.

No power will accept a position toward the Philippines of 'responsibility without authority.'

If its independence is guaranteed by international agreement, the Philippines could give this assurance by consenting, in case of default, to some type of international financial supervision, such as the League of Nations has established over Austria, and also to the employment of financial and other experts in order to prevent such defaults from occurring. If the United States undertakes to protect the Philippines alone, the most practicable way to defend our interests and to satisfy Philippine aspirations is by an agreement similar to our treaty of 1903 with Cuba. An agreement could be entered into between the United States and the Philippines in which we recognize their independence, subject to the following restrictions: the Philippines shall never make a treaty which might impair their independence; they shall not contract any debt which cannot be met by ordinary revenues; the United States may intervene for the preservation of the independence of the Philippines and the maintenance of a government capable of protecting life, liberty, and property.

Such was the solution of the Cuban problem, which we adopted in 1903. Yet we have delayed twenty years in applying the same solution to the Philippines. Of course, it would be more difficult to intervene in the Philippines 7000 miles away than in Cuba only a few hours away from our shores. Yet the physical objection to this solution is many times outweighed by the necessity of clearing up a situation which will steadily grow worse — clearing it up through a means which will maintain the honor of the American people, satisfy the wishes of the Filipinos, and at the same time protect the legitimate interests of the outside world.

THE BRITISH MUDDLE

BY ALFRED G. GARDINER

I

THE cyclone that swept over British politics in December has changed the landscape of public life more completely and more startlingly than any election in living memory. Mr. Gladstone, referring to a furious attack on him which was being made by an ordinarily mild follower, once observed 'there is no animal so dangerous as a mad sheep.' It is certainly true that the most gentle and unadventurous of prime ministers has produced a convulsion without precedent in our political record. In a moment of astounding aberration, Mr. Baldwin led his triumphant party over a steep place in a wild stampede, and left inextricable confusion at the bottom. No political leader ever ran through such a handsome fortune in so short a time, disinherited his party so recklessly, or shattered his own reputation with such frivolous levity. He had a comfortable majority, three or four years before him, and the good wishes of all parties. His capacity for Government was untried, but his amiable character made him popular with the House, and his opponents were disposed to put the most friendly constructions on his first faltering steps in the office. There was a general desire that he should 'make good'—not merely because of gravity of public affairs, but because there was no visible alternative in sight.

The Liberal party was still the hopeless wreck that Mr. Lloyd George's

disruptive activities had made of it during and after the war. It was broken into two factions which glowered at each other with mutual distrust. The main body, who remained loyal to Mr. Asquith, regarded Mr. Lloyd George as a deserter who had betrayed the party for his own personal ambitions and entered into a base bargain with the enemy, and who was now anxious to return to his ancient allegiance only because the Conservatives, having used him for their own purposes, had turned him out into the street. The feeling in regard to him was illustrated by the action of the National Liberal Club in solemnly thrusting his portrait, which had adorned its walls, into a cellar of its palatial building.

As for the Labor party, it had neither the expectation nor the desire for office. It had made great strides in the election of 1922, owing largely to the chaos in the Liberal party which was sending the younger element in politics into its ranks in great numbers. But it was still in the adolescent stage, doubtful of itself and indisposed to face the stern realities of Government. Its main preoccupation was the annihilation of the Liberal party. That party was apparently in the last stages of dissolution, with its more reactionary element drifting into the Conservative ranks, and its radical element tending to take refuge with Labor. In time the situation would clear, the two-party

system would be substantially restored on a new basis, Capital and Labor would be mobilized against each other, and Labor would be in a position to govern without the danger of entanglement with a third party.

In a word, the strength of Mr. Baldwin's position lay less in his own ranks than in the indisposition of his adversaries to do anything to disturb him. He had nothing to do but to sit tight and enjoy unchallenged power. Perhaps it was the unusual security of his position which led him to his doom. He was so prosperous that he could afford to gamble. The shining goal, to attain which Joseph Chamberlain had vainly spent the last effective years of his life, could be won by him in a sudden sally. For three quarters of a century the ghost of Protection had haunted the slumbers and the daydreams of his Party. Again and again it had seemed about to assume corporeal presence, but it had always vanished—as ghosts are understood to vanish—at the cock-crow which announced that the Free Trade camp was awake.

But now there seemed an unprecedented chance of capturing the Free Trade position by surprise. The guardians of that position, if not asleep, were weakened by discussion and broken by factions; there was an unexampled prevalence of unemployment which could be easily attributed to the fiscal policy of the country, and the electorate, new and uninformed, was separated from pre-war traditions by a sort of geological 'fault' that had no parallel in history. Moreover, Free Traders had been lulled to security by the definite undertaking given by Mr. Bonar Law at the election in December 1922, and by the fact that when Mr. Baldwin had succeeded Bonar Law, last summer, he had sought to make Mr. R. McKenna, one of the most con-

spicuous Free Traders in the country, his Chancellor of the Exchequer. Nothing seemed more remote from the political horizon than the ancient spectre of Protection.

And because it seemed so remote it suddenly burst upon the scene. It is commonly supposed that Mr. Baldwin was the innocent victim of his own Die-Hards, who, having found by the success of their opposition to Mr. McKenna's appointment that they could browbeat him, decided to press their advantage home and shove him 'over the top.' In the language of one of his wiser colleagues, who, like most of the more instructed members of the party, was opposed to the adventure, 'Baldwin turned on the tap and then found he could not turn it off.'

There is no need to dwell at much length on the astonishing flood that followed. I do not think anyone in any party anticipated the dimensions of the catastrophe. It was nearly twenty years since the issue had been fought out and, in the conditions that prevailed, the utmost that the Free Traders expected was that the country would give an indeterminate decision which would prevent Mr. Baldwin making a grave breach in Free Trade traditions of the country. The first effect of the challenge was one which might have been anticipated, which nevertheless Mr. Baldwin had apparently not foreseen. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George fell into each other's arms forthwith. Seven years had passed since they had been colleagues and they could say, —

We twa hae paid'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

It had been commonly supposed that nothing could bridge these angry seas. Mr. George had, after the fall of his Coalition, made desperate efforts to

recover his place in the Liberal tabernacle, but the disgust for him was so deep that the attempts had been fruitless. His portrait still lay in the cellar of the National Liberal Club and, when he went to America in October, he seemed to have shot his bolt in English politics and to have no visible future. Before he reached home at the end of November, Mr. Baldwin had reunited the Liberal party and paved the way for his dramatic reëntrance upon the Liberal stage, all his sins forgiven, though not forgotten, all his strange political philanderings studiously ignored.

There had been widespread speculation as to what would be his opinion on the Protectionist 'stunt' so suddenly unmasked by the Government. No one knew and there is a suspicion that Mr. Lloyd George did not himself know until he saw how the land lay. It is no injustice to him to say that he is not a very stalwart Free Trader. The Free Trade position rests upon a theory, and Mr. Lloyd George prefers a case which rests upon an emotion and which can be stated in a resounding headline like 'Make the Foreigner Pay.' In the struggle with Chamberlain twenty years ago he was little more than a sharpshooter of the Free Trade cause, and I do not think his attachment to it ever went beyond the limits of opportunism. Much play was made during the election with a circumstantial story that Mr. Lloyd George had intended to return from America with a great Imperial Preference 'stunt' of his own, and that Mr. Baldwin's move only anticipated that intention and, in anticipating it, blew it out of the water, leaving Mr. George with no alternative but to declare for Free Trade. This allegation, which occupied a large place in the Conservative press, was fortified with assertions the truth of which it is unnecessary

to examine or accept, although it is not denied that Mr. George's first week-end on his return was spent at Lord Beaverbrook's country house in company with such stalwart Protectionists as Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead.

Whatever his perplexities may have been, they were resolved by the situation that confronted him in England and he promptly declared for Free Trade and was as promptly received into the Liberal communion again by Mr. Asquith. There was a deep undercurrent of opposition in the Liberal party to this sudden reconciliation, but the general feeling was that the extraordinary circumstances made it impossible to refuse to recognize so powerful a recruit in so great an emergency.

There was another important consideration which no doubt played a part in the matter. The official Liberal party was notoriously impoverished, while Mr. Lloyd George still had a well-filled war chest which had been enriched during the prosperous days of the Coalition. Once in the field, Mr. Lloyd George exhibited all his astonishing electioneering gifts and became easily the most picturesque figure in the fight, touring the country in a whirlwind campaign, speaking at wayside stations on his journeys, and through megaphones reaching audiences of quite unprecedented dimensions. How far he influenced the result is a matter of doubt. It is admitted that he sent many Liberal votes to Labor; but my own impression (and I am not prejudiced in his favor) is that he added substantially to the volume of the Free Trade tide. He is the master showman of politics and the public is attracted by the picturesqueness of his speech and appeal. But, apart from him, the current of argument went against the Protectionists.

It was evident that it became swollen in the last two days and that, if the election had been delayed until after Christmas, the Protectionists would have sustained an even more crushing overthrow than that which actually befell them.

II

With the result of the election, the whole political prospect changed as if by magic. Protection, which had suddenly occupied the centre of the stage, now as suddenly vanished into its ancient disrepute. Instead a new problem occupied all minds. For the first time a House of Commons had been elected in which no Party had a majority of the votes and in which, therefore, no Party could govern without the consent of another Party to which it was more or less hostile. The two-party system had given place to the three-party system and, in doing so, had created difficulties which seemed to bring Government to a state of stalemate.

Both the Liberal and the Labor party in the election had supported Free Trade and together their sheer strength in the new House represented a majority over the Protectionists of nearly a hundred seats. But, though agreed on the specific issue of the election, the Liberals and Laborites were by no means a harmonious combination. They had fought against each other in the constituencies almost as fiercely as they had fought against the Conservatives, and many seats had been lost in consequence and had gone to the Protectionists by a minority vote. Labor is 'the new boy' in the political school. He has grown with astonishing rapidity during and since the war, has drawn enormously from the resources of the Liberal party, and by the election of 1918 had won from the Liberals the position of second

Party in the House. The latter were sterilized during the war, lost their prestige and fighting-appeal, and are now in danger of being crushed between the upper and nether millstones of Capital and Labor.

The main object of Labor throughout has been to promote this development, to get rid of the Party which occupies much of its own ground, and to restore the two-party system by the elimination of the *tertium quid* of Liberalism. For this reason Labor is, on merely party grounds, more hostile to the Liberals than it is to the Conservatives and has refused to have any electoral accommodation with them for their common advantage against the Conservatives. This attitude naturally arouses a spirit of retaliation on the part of the Liberals. The result is that the two Free Trade parties returned to the House with the undisguised sentiments of antagonists who have won a common battle, it is true, but who do not love each other any the more on that account. This put anything like a formal coalition between the two parties out of the question. Equally impossible was the idea of coöperation between either of them and the defeated Conservatives.

The latter, still numerically the most considerable Party in the House, would have been glad to enter into an unofficial alliance with the Liberals. Such an arrangement would have broken the disastrous fall they had sustained and would have allayed the panic which the prospect of a Labor Government had aroused in the minds of the propertied classes. Mr. Asquith, after years of opprobrium and slander, suddenly found himself regarded as the savior of society; the man to whom the comfortable classes looked as their defender against the threatened inrush of the red tide of Socialism. The Harmsworth Press, which had driven

him out of office years before by an unparalleled campaign of calumny, now insulted him with flatulent praises and lectured him on his duty to save the nation from imminent peril. More responsible newspapers were no less eager to see him in office, backed by the support of two hundred and fifty stalwart Tory votes.

It was an amazing turn of the wheel of fortune which had thus suddenly placed the control of the Parliamentary situation in the hands of the man whom his opponents had so long affected to regard as an extinct volcano. The temptation was promptly and brusquely put aside. Mr. Asquith had no intention of closing his career by becoming the tied servant of the ancient enemy who had just suffered defeat at the polls. Such a course he knew would be not only dishonoring to himself, but fatal to the Party with the fortunes of which his whole political career had been associated. If the Liberals accepted office as the nominees of the Carlton Club they would never recover from the blow. The immediate result would have been a landslide from the Liberal ranks to Labor. Everything that was vital in the Party would have turned with disgust from the spectacle of a nominal Liberal Government kept in office by Conservative votes, and the experiment would have left the Liberal party little more than a discredited faction kept alive by the crumbs that fell from the Tory table. The extinction of the Liberal party as an effective political instrument would leave politics a crude warfare between Capital and Labor.

The achievement of this result, as I have said, has been and is the undisguised aim of the Labor party, and, had Mr. Asquith chosen to take office with the tacit approval of the Conservatives, he would have pursued the

course most agreeable to Labor. They would have said with a good deal of obvious truth that the fact proved their contention that the Liberal party was as much a Capitalist party as the Conservatives; that there was now no fundamental difference between them, and that the real issue of politics henceforth was between the possessing class and the working class. Mr. Asquith's decision to enter into no bargain with the Conservatives has undoubtedly preserved his Party from dissolution, whether permanently or only temporarily depends upon the course of future events. It may be that, before many months are out, he will be back in Downing Street, with, possibly, Mr. Lloyd George once more his next-door neighbor. But in that case he will take office without bargain with or subjection to any other Party, having preserved the integrity and independence of his own organization unimpaired.

Assuming — as seems literally certain at time of writing — that, as the result of Mr. Asquith's decision, the Labor party succeeds to power, a momentous landmark will have been reached in English political life. The accession of Labor to office had for some time been recognized as a possibility, even a certainty of the future; but no one anticipated that it was so imminent, and only the rash folly of Mr. Baldwin could have brought it about. The Labor party itself was content to wait and would, indeed, have preferred to wait until it could assume office with the reality of power which comes from the possession of a majority vote in the House of Commons. It is less than twenty years since it became a Parliamentary party at all, and it was only as a result of the elections subsequent to the war that it had assumed proportions of serious magnitude. It was much more concerned with consolidat-

ing its position at the expense of the Liberals than with undertaking the responsibilities of Government, and there was a strong movement within the Party against accepting office in circumstances which would limit its freedom of action and make its exercise of power entirely dependent upon the sanction of the Liberals. But to have declined power would have been a confession of weakness that would have greatly discredited the Party in the country, and Mr. MacDonald is wanting neither in courage nor astuteness. He has served a long apprenticeship to politics and has been one of the half dozen outstanding figures in the House of Commons for nearly twenty years past, distinguished alike for his powers of speech, his vast industry, and his wide range of political activity. He is essentially middle-class, handsome of feature, vigorous in body, and of unstained character. He is often truculent in utterance and his public bearing has a certain Highland gloom and aloofness; but in private life he is a likable and interesting companion and his opinions are generally more moderate than his manner of expressing them. His relations with Mr. Lloyd George in pre-war days were notorious and much too close for the approval of the more vigorous element of the Party. Indeed it is common opinion that the speech in opposition to the war, which he delivered on August 3, 1914, in the House of Commons, — a speech which made him almost a political pariah for years, — was believed by him to express the views which Mr. Lloyd George had held up to the previous day and which Mr. MacDonald supposed that he still held.

In accepting office, two courses are before Mr. MacDonald. He may use the opportunity for the purpose of propaganda in introducing proposals which the House may reject but which

will serve as a bid for support in the country. This course would be tempting if he could command the dissolution of the House on defeat; but it is doubtful whether this right would be conceded, and whether the King would not exercise his prerogative of calling upon another party leader, presumably Mr. Asquith, to form a Government. In these circumstances it may be assumed that Mr. MacDonald will adopt the alternative course of pursuing a moderate policy which the Liberals will be able to support, of maintaining his Party in office as long as possible, and demonstrating to the country that Labor is an efficient instrument of government. In the field of foreign affairs, which must be the governing concern for a long time to come, he should occupy secure ground, for there is no visible difference of opinion between Labor and the Liberals on the main question of the restoration of peace, hostility to the Poincaré policy, the revision of the Treaty of Versailles, the political and economic independence of Germany, the resumption of the relations with Russia, and the conversion of the League of Nations from the shadow it is to-day into the reality it was intended to be.

If Mr. MacDonald falls, it will probably be on his internal policy. Mr. Baldwin leaves behind him the prospect of an enormous budget-deficiency, and between the task of providing for this deficiency and the need of fulfilling in some measure the promises of social alleviation which have been the chief stock-in-trade of the Labor party, Mr. MacDonald can hardly escape the formulation of proposals which may drive a sufficient number of Liberals into the Tory lobby to bring about his overthrow. The situation indeed is more incalculable than any in previous experience, with the possible exception of that

produced by the election of 1885, when Gladstone made his historic Home Rule plunge.

III

The emergence of the three-party system creates a problem which can be solved only by new expedients. Left to the operation of past practice, there is before the country an endless vista of ministerial crises, followed by a swift succession of elections which do nothing to correct the mischief. Already the public is tired of elections, and a continuance of the present impasse would end in complete discredit of the Parliamentary institution as a vehicle of Government. It is idle to assume, as the Labor party assumes, that the elimination of the Liberals in a series of electoral battles is the way to a simplification of the position by the restoration of the two-party system on a new basis. That would mean political chaos for years to come, possibly eventuating in some form of Fascismo on one side, or of 'direct action' on the other. Nor will any scheme of electoral reconstruction touch the problem. The anomalies of representation, or rather misrepresentation, under the existing system of election, are many and flagrant. A very large proportion of the seats in the present House of Commons is held by members returned by a minority vote, and there is nothing like the disparity between the total number of votes cast for the candidates of the several parties in the country as there is between the elected members of those parties. There is urgent need for the introduction of measures which will correct these anomalies and make the House of Commons more truly representative of the country. That this will be done by means of the adoption of the alternative vote, or Proportional Representation, — the Second

Ballot has no friends, — may be taken for granted.

But these changes of electoral method do not touch the fundamental problem of a House of Commons composed of three parties, none of which commands a majority of the House. This situation, if left uncontrolled, can only leave Parliament in chaos and Government impotent.

Certain remedies seem obvious. It is clear, for example, that whatever the weight of precedent may be in such matters, no Government representing only a minority of the House can henceforth claim to dissolve Parliament on sustaining defeat. It is not less clear that the theory of Cabinet solidarity — a relatively recent and pernicious growth — must be modified. The folly or incompetence of one minister, on perhaps an insignificant issue, can no longer be held sufficient grounds for the resignation of the Government. Opinion, indeed, is strongly tending to the view that a ministry should resign only after defeat on a formal and direct vote of want of confidence. If these expedients are not adequate, it will become necessary for Parliament to be elected, as it is in the United States, France, and elsewhere, for a fixed term of years and compelled to carry on without the temptation to snatch a new verdict at the polls at what may seem to the ministry in power a convenient opportunity.

The psychological effects of these remedies would be important. It is not probable that, in the present temper of parties, there would be a tendency to formal coalition, for the word and the thing alike have been too deeply discredited by recent experience to invite experiment; but a new technique of Parliamentary relationship and a new atmosphere of party conflict would be evolved. Governments assuming office without a majority of votes and

without power of gambling with an election would tend to pursue a policy which commanded a reasonable measure of support from one or another of the groups opposed to them. They would work under conditions which would modify the disposition of their opponents to unseat them on frivolous grounds, for the Governments that succeeded them would be subject to the same measures of retaliation, and the Party which became credited in the country with merely disruptive and incendiary tactics, or with the policy of making the Parliamentary machine unworkable, simply in pursuit of party ends, would incur a disrepute that

would be reflected in the subsequent election.

British politics are in solution; but it is not impossible that the new mould into which events will shape them will be found to be a more efficient medium than that of the past. The genius of the British people for government, for adapting means to ends, and for preserving their ideas of liberty in the midst of changing circumstances, has been their most conspicuous merit in history. There is no reason to fear that it will fail in the presence of the new challenge with which they have been confronted by recent events.

SPAIN — WHENCE AND WHITHER?

BY HENRY W. BUNN

I

DURING the forty years prior to the Bourbon Restoration in 1874 the larger part of Spanish energies was expended in the Carlist wars. Had the Carlists succeeded, — and they failed by only a hair, — they would have brought in a régime of reaction, an ineffable union of absolutism and clericalism. It is common to speak of the Carlist struggle as a cruel misfortune to Spain. Belike it was a blessing, rather.

Had Don Carlos, the Pretender, acquiesced in Isabella's accession to the throne in 1833, Maria Cristina, the regent mother, would have trained with the reactionary crew, and the purging of the Reaction would have been a longer affair, the outcome more dubious. As it turned out, the throne was

saved for Isabella for thirty-five years and the Carlists were debellated by a strangely assorted union of Liberals and so-called Moderates, the right wing of the latter being scarcely less reactionary than the Carlists themselves. Thus inscrutably Providence arranged that Reaction should be defeated by the division of its adherents.

Apart from the Carlist wars, the Spanish political scene during Isabella's reign (1833-68) was a dissolving view of military mutinies, civil *émeutes*, pronunciamentos and dictators.

A study of Isabella's reign is perhaps of not less value toward an understanding of the present situation than is a study of Spanish history since the Restoration. It was a wretched period,

an awful mess, but not devoid of a certain genuineness; whereas Spanish politics since the Restoration has been a sham — no less a sham than the Chinese Republic.

And some of the results of Isabella's reign were happy. Carlism may be regarded in two senses: as the assertion of the dynastic claims of a branch of the Spanish Bourbons, and as the cause of Reaction in its extreme form of Absolutism and Sacerdotalism in holy wedlock joined. By their conduct of the war the Carlists in the field made their cause to stink intolerably. But, in the larger sense of the word, Queen Isabella herself and many of her supporters were Carlists. The Queen was always as reactionary as she dared to be, and she dared more and more. Ultimately she dropped all pretense of tolerance for Liberal views and alternated between the most preposterous ecclesiastical mummary and harlotry of the most vulgar. At long last her conduct was too much for even the Spanish olfactories, and the Royal Crosshallow was sent flying across the Bidassoa (1868).

So Carlism was discredited of its adherents. If permanently discredited, as I am inclined to think it is, — though it were foolish to speak with assurance concerning *Homo Hispanicus*, — the result was worth forty years of civil war, misgovernment in every conceivable form, camarillas, royal debauchery, treasons, massacres, pronunciamientos, and dictatorships. But the Queen and that pretty fellow, Bravo Murillo, managed to transmit a Carlist legacy which has had disastrous effects and may yet have others; namely, the Concordat of 1851 with the Vatican.

I think we may say, too, that the experience of Isabella's reign thoroughly sickened the Spanish people of military pronunciamientos; the disgust whereof lasted for fifty years, until dis-

placed by the moral nausea caused by the scandal of constitutional government à l'Espagne. But no doubt the disgust could easily be revived; and no doubt a sufficient recognition of that fact has duly influenced the plans of Primo de Rivera.

Of the period between the eviction of Isabella and the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty in the person of Isabella's son, Alfonso XII, in January 1875, the most important observation to make is that the two-year experiment of a republic thoroughly discredited the idea of the suitability of republican government for Spain. At least for the present and apparently for a great many years to come: so the Republican chiefs, among whom were included some of the finest personalities of Spain, ruefully admitted. Another idea — a very plausible one — was even more emphatically discredited; the idea, namely, of Federalism. It was proposed in the Constituent Cortes, assembled to frame a constitution for the Republic, that the Republic should be a federation of thirteen States corresponding to the ancient kingdoms and principalities. The rumor of that proposal had a curious effect throughout Spain.

It aroused long-suppressed desires to a positive fury of assertion. Catalonia declared her independence; but of course separatism is an old story in Catalonia. Barcelona has been in a chronic state of revolt ever since the fifteenth century. The situation is peculiar there. The people are Roussillonais, whereas the rest of the Spaniards are predominantly Iberian or Berber (which is the same thing to the ethnologist). Even the Basques are Iberians, the purest Iberians of them all. Valencia followed Catalonia's lead (pursuant to historical precedent), but at a little distance. She declared autonomy and proceeded to effect it. But the Catalans

and Valencians cherished traditions of the local self-government of which they had been deprived in the previous century. They proceeded with a certain sanity and deliberation. It was the Andalusians and Murcians who went quite mad; mad as Malays amok, mad as Hatters or March Hares. The measure of autonomy proposed in the Cortes was not enough for them. Not Federalism but *Cantonalismo* was the ticket. In other words, sheer anarchy with its cruelest additaments. Much against the grain of the Republican chiefs,—Pi y Margall, Salmeron, Castelar, the most humane, the most anti-militarist, the least practical of men,—the mad ‘Volunteers of Liberty’ had to be restored to their senses by the persuasion of the bullet.

Ford, in his incomparable *Gatherings from Spain*, has a charming passage on Spanish ‘localism’—what others are apt to call ‘separatism’—and quotes Strabo’s saying about the Iberians of his day, that ‘they never would put their shields together.’ This ‘localism’ or ‘particularismus’ was, of course, in full flourish throughout the period of Reconquest, and accounts for the length of that period. It was again whoopingly in evidence in the Napoleonic period and once more in the episode of 1820–23; but its extreme manifestation was in the brief days of the Republic, 1873–4, and there are disturbing indications that it may flame forth again with no less violence under encouraging conditions.

It is of great significance that the Andalusian peasants, the miserable wretches of the latifundia, participated in the outrages of 1873 with an enthusiasm equal to that of the town mobs. No doubt Primo de Rivera, Dictator of Spain, has a memory for Cartagena, Malaga, the affair of Alcoy (as nasty as our own Herrin massacre); no doubt he reflects that little has been

done since 1873 to satisfy the grievances of the Andalusian peasants, which indeed scream to Heaven; doubtless the indications, north, south, east, west, have not escaped his eye, of degeneration of the ‘localism’ of Strabo’s day into anarchism. Beyond doubt, consideration of these things has deeply influenced his plans for the restoration of Spain.

In January 1875, young Alfonso landed at Barcelona, coming from England and a course at Sandhurst. He mounted the throne of his fathers to universal acclamation and satisfaction. Carlism, militarism, republicanism, federalism, anarchism, and royal debauchery, had all been discredited. The type of government desired by the majority of Spaniards was thus sufficiently ‘indicated.’

II

Quite obviously the form of government most suitable for the Spain of 1875 was a moderate constitutional monarchy, and no less obviously, it seems to me, that is the form of government most suitable for the Spain of to-day: a monarchy that should be liberalized gradually, conformably to the tendencies of the age. The government established by Canovas del Castillo, the great Conservative minister who dominated the Spanish political scene from 1875 to 1897, was in form just that—a moderate constitutional monarchy; and in form it has been greatly liberalized since its institution. How comes it, then, that after fifty years of this ‘constitutional’ monarchy, so greatly liberalized withal, we now behold a successful military pronunciamiento, and a military dictator laying about him with a big stick as Narvaez himself never dared to lay about; and—more amazing still—the business apparently approved by the great majority of the Spanish people and the

best part of informed world opinion?

The explanation is that the so-called constitutional government was no such thing; that it was the most egregious sham ever foisted on a gullible world; more of a sham even than the American concept of Liberty; the most mendacious political bam ever perpetrated, more mendacious by far than an American party platform. Now the Spanish are a humorous people. They are aware of the necessary part Mendacity plays in the affairs of this world; especially in the sphere of politics. Spain has produced disinterested and high-minded statesmen; such as Castelar, for only one example. But the Spaniards know well enough that such are not for the necessary rough work of State. The world is what it is; a humorous devising. Let the politicians lie and juggle, for such is their nature, provided they 'produce the goods' in the forms of full bellies, a little Valdepeñas for the *bota*, and the price, now and then, of a seat at the bullfight. These things not forthcoming, explanations are in order.

These things have not been forthcoming from the civilian politicians under the constitutional system, so-called, and so the Spanish people are content that the army officers, who have their own particular grievances, should proceed by extra-legal means to the satisfaction of those grievances, provided that at the same time they take effective order, as they have promised, to satisfy the people's grievances. No doubt the people are vaguely aware how in the days before the Restoration military dictators flouted and betrayed their interests as egregiously as have the 'constitutional' civilian Governments since. But the offense of the latter is more recent. Perhaps, think the people, the officers have had a change of heart. At any rate, they cannot do worse than the civilian crew. Let them have a trial.

So the people — feeling rather than thinking, or perhaps indifferent as yet.

But suppose that the military chiefs should fail to make good on their promises, whether through weakness or willfulness?

Going back to first causes, the grievances of army and people are referable to the utterly false theory of government evolved by Canovas del Castillo, head of the Conservatives, acquiesced in and in due time accepted by Sagasta, chief of the Liberals, and transmitted by them to their political heirs and assigns; and to the execrable machinery by which practical effect was given to the theory. The 'big idea' of Canovas was that the two great dynastic parties, Conservative and Liberal, should alternate in possession of the Government, the times and ostensible causes of transfer to be arranged by the party chiefs. When the time arrived for a transfer, a straw measure would be set up by the Government and its cohorts would rally to it ferociously. Then the Opposition, joined by a sufficient number of traitors, would attack with the fury of Alva's infantry. Down would go the straw bill, the Cabinet would resign, and there you were. The Ins were Outs, and the Outs were Ins, and so on forever and forever. 'Rotativist' is the pretty name applied to this pretty system.

The new Cabinet would, of course, require a Chamber of like flavor and bouquet. Here was where the infamous machinery, above alluded to, for controlling elections, came in. The name of this institution is *El Caciquismo* — as who should say: the Perfect Flower of Bossism. There was a hierarchy of *caciques* from the Home Secretary down. The local *caciques* controlled the municipal councils (so degraded now from their mediæval pride) which managed the local elections. Enough said: when Boss Tweed found it con-

venient to go overseas, he naturally betook himself to Spain.

It is obvious how from so grand a Sham nought but shamish could proceed; how a *Mendacium* so stupendous would breed an infinity of *Mendaciuncula*. Such a system, of course, would be especially obnoxious to criticism. To silence that, bribery was 'indicated'; or legislation damaging to the common weal but favorable to particular interests — for example, high tariffs to placate Barcelona; or the tempestive wink. The generous youth entering politics must be corrupted. Places must be found, the civil and pension lists swelled. What more natural than that the Ins should line their pockets against the lean days of Out-ness? A little rake-off, say, on a contract for supply of the army; or a little stock-jobbing; or another sinecure. It would not do, of course, to discover to the lieges the application of the public funds; therefore the Budget must lie — which it always did. When Gamazo, in 1892, brought in an honest budget for once, he almost caused a revolution. Inevitably it became the custom to consolidate the yearly deficit with the Interior Debt.

Still, the public debt, though far too large, is not now of a size to justify alarm. It is about the equivalent of \$2,400,000,000, having increased by only about \$600,000,000 since 1898.

The chief grievances in the matter of public finance have been the high expenditure, the consequent heavy taxation, the almost mediæval method of assessment whereby the burden has been made to fall mostly on the poor, and the dishonesty and inefficiency in the methods of collection, whence it was that less than two thirds of the amounts assessed reached the Treasury. From time to time able and honest finance ministers, like Camacho and Villaverde, emerged, with proposals

of reform and retrenchment, but only a minor part of these proposals were enacted against the opposition of the placemen, the grafters, the vested interests, the pensioners, all the servants of the Grand Sham.

It is since 1914 that the infamy of the fiscal system has come out into boldest relief. Spain profited tremendously by the war; to the tune, it is said, of \$1,600,000,000. That is, the Spanish capitalists profited; not the producers, whose wages were not raised nor living conditions improved; not the fisc, which did not tax the monstrous profits. To the contrary, public expenditure immensely increased, and the consequent taxes were paid by the old crowd, the humble *pecheros*; for pechero (taxpayer) is the significant name applied of old to folk of low degree. But, thanks to increasing Socialist and Communist propaganda, the people, the *pecheros*, have become increasingly aware of the vast inequality in the distribution of wealth, of the unjust discrimination of the fisc in favor of the old privileged classes and the 'new rich,' and suspicious of relations of graft between the latter and the official class. This is perhaps the most outstanding grievance of the Spanish masses — the economic, fiscal, and financial grievance.

It is undoubtedly true that with elimination of graft and with 'indicated' fiscal reforms (I have omitted to speak of the absurd tariffs due to cowardly yielding to Catalan pressure), public expenditure could be reduced to a tolerable level, the budget balanced, and the public debt put in course of liquidation. These things Primo de Rivera, Spanish Dictator, has promised.

III

We are now come to the occasion (though not the 'first cause,' which was

the Grand Sham) of the Spanish coup of September 13, 1923: namely, the indignation of the army over the Government's manner of dealing with the Moroccan Question.

It is with difficulty that I resist the temptation briefly to outline here the romantic story of the relations between Spain and Morocco from early historical times to the consummation of the Christian Reconquest of Spain, in 1492. Immediately on the fall of Granada the idea presented itself to the great Cardinal Ximenes, of continuing the crusade by an invasion of Africa, and of consolidating the African conquests and extending Spain to the Atlas range. A beginning was made toward a realization of that idea by the capture of sundry towns and strategic points and islands along the Mediterranean coast of Africa, but attention was soon diverted from that quarter to the Americas.

The African conquests of the great Ferdinand fell away one by one until in 1791 only Melilla, some neighbor islands, and an insignificant littoral, were left. Ceuta, however, fell in with the annexation of Portugal, and its possession by Spain was confirmed by the Treaty of Lisbon in 1688. It was on these possessions, and her immemorial 'interests,' however shadowy grown, in those parts, that Spain, in proposing to resume the project of the great Cardinal, based her Moroccan claims.

That Spain never forgot Morocco, but cherished a very lively sense of her claims there, was seen in the African plans of Charles III and Floridablanca, and more emphatically in the business of 1859. In 1859 detachments of the garrison of Melilla were sent out into the neighboring country to gather firewood. The Berbers resented such trespassing, as they called it, and retaliated by harassments and destruc-

tion of some of the Spanish outworks. O'Donnell, then in power in Madrid, was much in need of popularity. He decided that a punitive expedition against the Sultan of Morocco would do the trick. He was right. The crusading spirit was aroused to a pitch that recalled the blessed time of Isabella. The expedition was stupidly mismanaged, but was successful because of the heroism of the troops fired by crusading zeal. The Sultan was in a mood to make heavy territorial concessions, but England intervened to forbid such terms. The episode, however, demonstrated that, given a cause which could arouse and focus the latent passion of loyalty of the Spaniard to Church or King ('t is all one), Spanish troops would fight as bravely as in the days of Garcilaso de la Vega.

No doubt Primo de Rivera has well perpended this episode, and not impossibly he has laid his Moroccan plans accordingly. We have no precise information as to the reasons for the recent visit of their Catholic Majesties and Primo de Rivera to the Vatican. Can it be that the main object was to enlist the coöperation of the Vatican with a view to giving to a fresh push in Morocco the character of a crusade? The reaction of a successful crusade would immensely enhance the prestige of the Church. The concessions glanced at would be compensated many-fold. The Vatican can make or mar.

It seems to me that the Revolution opens out a magnificent opportunity for a satisfactory adjustment of the relations of Church and State in Spain, an adjustment which should immensely enhance the legitimate opportunities of the Church, which should cordially recognize that Spain is in fact a Catholic country, and yet should end the tradition of Clerical obstruction to a liberal evolution of Government and to a sufficiently generous educational

system. An ultramontane Government, as we have seen, will not be tolerated in Spain; but ultramontane opposition will defeat any other sort of Government, short of bloody revolution, years of revolution, Old Spain turned upside down. One should like to have overheard the conversations between the Spanish Dictator, their Catholic Majesties, and His Holiness.

But to return to our muttons, or the Morocco Question.

It was natural that, the chapter of the Americas closed in 1898, Spain should turn her eyes to Morocco. But she was weary and impoverished. A terrible lassitude fell upon her; pessimism, disillusionment. She was fain to postpone that project for a while. But that was not permitted.

In 1909, workmen engaged in building a railway from Melilla to mines in the hills held by Spanish *cessionaires*, were attacked by Rif tribesmen. A punitive expedition of 50,000 was therefore sent to Melilla, and after a terrible campaign the Rifeños submitted. But this time there was no slightest sign of a crusading spirit. To the contrary, the proposal to call out the Catalan reserves led to a general strike in Barcelona; bloody riots; martial law throughout Spain; a three months' military reign of terror; the first awesome demonstration of the new Syndicalism, an allotropic and incredibly hideous form of the Anarchism hitherto noted.

Here then is another of those considerations which must have lent an impulse to Primo de Rivera's coup, and must have strongly colored his plans; the consideration of the menace of Syndicalism, which has its headquarters at Barcelona but has spread to other industrial centres and since 1909 has thriven mightily. One hears it said that, failing a revolution from the Right, one would have seen by this a

revolution from the Left. It may be so. Primo de Rivera has gone about sturdily to scotch that serpent. Can he kill it?

The Rifeños given a stomachful for the nonce, a treaty was patched up with the Sultan of Morocco, and all signs pointed to an indefinite postponement of aggressive action in Morocco. But it was not permitted. The French push in Morocco compelled aggressive assertion of the Spanish claims if they were not to be abandoned. A very limited recognition of the Spanish claims was conceded by the Convention of the Powers in 1912 which defined the French Protectorate of Morocco, the Spanish Zone of Morocco, and, very vaguely, the international status of Tangier. But already, in 1911, the Spanish Government had begun, in face of disapproving popular demonstrations, to push forward in Morocco. The project of the Great Cardinal was to be resumed, though on a greatly reduced scale. The tract of country it was proposed to conquer and Hispanicize is a rough rectangle extending east and west about two hundred miles from Larache to the mouth of the Muluya, and about seventy miles inward from the Mediterranean; enclosing within it the little internationalized 'zone' of Tangier.

The Spanish Zone is divided into three districts: the eastern, with headquarters at Melilla; the central, with headquarters at Tetuan; the western, with headquarters at Larache. There has never been much difficulty in the Larache district; the Tetuan district, now that El Raisuli has ceased from troubling, may be accounted fairly pacified; the grand difficulties have been and are in the Rif district. Perhaps the most important military problem has been to effect communication by land between the Tetuan and Rif districts. Such communication

achieved, the general military problem in the Rif would be greatly simplified. It has not been achieved.

But in the ten years from 1911 to 1921 progress, important though slow, was being compassed in the Rif; apparently satisfactory enough to the Spanish authorities. A line of block-houses had been established some fifty miles westward from Melilla. A light railway had been pushed out about half this distance. Thence to the block-houses communication was by rough roads with difficulty negotiated by motor vehicles. Along these roads were chains of posts. Direct communication between the blockhouses was meagre and precarious, owing to the mountainous character of the country. The service of the rear was wretchedly organized, there were no supplementary lines of defense, coördination in retreat would be impossible. But apparently very few entertained apprehensions of disaster.

IV

In July 1921, there were about 15,000 Spanish troops in the Rif district; practically all at the front. On July 18 hordes of wild tribesmen issued from the recesses of the hills and swooped on the Spanish positions. It would seem that in few instances did the Spaniards make a stand; rather, they turned and fled, abandoning artillery, transport, stores, everything. Within four days the entire Spanish forces had practically been wiped out and the Rifis were bombarding Melilla with captured Spanish guns. It was one of the most horrible episodes in military history, and an unspeakable disgrace to Spanish arms. One hesitates to impute cravenness, but must impute incapacity, with few exceptions, to the officers. A notable exception was General Navarro, who assembled some 3000 fugitives, organized and heartened

them, and with them fell back on Monte Arruit and there dug in; in vain, for, fighting desperately, they were overwhelmed. Their retreat was covered by a small body of cavalry under Colonel Primo de Rivera, presumably a relative of the Dictator, whose conduct was worthy of the knights of the Paso Honroso or even of Hernando del Pulgar himself.

To what, then, is the disaster to be attributed? To sheer cowardice? No, the individual Spaniard, to-day as of old, is one of the bravest of men. The little remnant with Navarro defended themselves desperately and died heroically. Evidently a sufficient number of officers with this remnant were efficient as well as brave. The wild stampede from the positions is attributable in chief to utter lack of collective morale, the latter being chargeable to lack of discipline, lack of training, general lack of confidence of the men in their officers. Somehow one fails to conceive confidence in a Government conducted by Spanish officers: but perhaps Primo de Rivera has been careful to assign to the tasks of government only the Navarros and the (Colonel) Primo de Riveras.

It behoves to probe deep for the causes of the Rif disaster; for, unless those causes are ascertained and discovered to be remediable, there is no hope of vindication of Spanish arms, no hope, indeed, at all for Spain.

I said that the disaster was not due to cowardice. That statement must be qualified. Starvation will abate the bravest spirits; and accounts agree that the Spanish soldiers were wretchedly underfed. It is not fair to pass judgment on the native quality of underfed troops.

The blockhouse system was the right one, but, as I have remarked, the communications, lateral and to the rear, were wretchedly inadequate. Con-

sidering that the front line had been advanced only fifty miles in ten years, there had been ample time to perfect communications. But for this labor battalions were needed rather than soldiers; and very considerable apparatus and supplies for constructing railroads, military highways, trails, and so forth. The military people say that they made the proper requisitions, but that the appropriations for these purposes, sufficiently skimpy, were mostly dissipated in graft; they add that large part of the moneys appropriated for food, hospitals, equipment, and supplies of every sort, lodged in the pockets of contractors, civil servants, members of the Government itself. Therefore, assert the military, the Rif disaster is attributable quite as much to the Government as to themselves. Moreover, they cry out, it is an old story; merely the Rif episode is its culminating and most disgraceful chapter. The army in Cuba was, by their account, the victim of similar treatment; 100,000 lives uselessly sacrificed there through inadequacy of transport, of food, of necessities in general — all chargeable to Government inefficiency and to graft.

As to the grievances of the rank and file of the army and those of the people in re/Morocco, they are readily inferable from the above. The Cuban wars had been hateful; the flower of Spanish youth vainly sacrificed. But the Rif disaster was a crowning horror. Too true is still the ancient saying: 'Here is Castile. She makes men and wastes them.'

Naturally, all Spain was stirred to the depths. The army of course could not object to investigation, and did not, but demanded that the civilian share of responsibility be determined. A committee headed by General Picasso was appointed to investigate, and is understood to have made a thorough

and impartial job of it. But its report never got beyond committee in the Cortes; one suspects because its publication would have compromised too many important persons. Significantly, debate on the Rif question in the Cortes became languid. Civilian responsibility, so it seemed, was not to be fixed.

Meantime, what was being done toward rectification of the situation in the Rif district, recovery of the ground lost, vindication of Spanish arms? Not a great deal, apparently. Troops were poured into Melilla in numbers more than sufficient — had they been of the right quality — to put the Rifeños quite out of business. But they were mere lads, undernourished, almost devoid of military training. Precise authentic information is lacking, but it is probably correct to say that no very great progress was being made toward recovery of the positions held in July 1921, when of a sudden, if you please, an entirely new policy was announced. The Rifeños were to be conciliated, not conquered. A civilian commissioner replaced the military commissioner of the Spanish Zone; and a 'Spanish Protectorate of Morocco' was proclaimed, a pacific millennial affair. And this at the very time when Abdul Krim, chief of the Berbers, was proclaiming a Rif Republic, sending missions to London, Paris, Rome, to ask recognition thereof, telling the world that the Spaniards must clear out of his country, that he would admit no compromise. Indignation over the failure of the Government to bring to book the civilians in part responsible for the Rif disaster, and over the failure of the Government to vindicate Spanish military honor, was the immediate cause of the coup of September 13, 1923.

It should have been the aim of a genuine constitutional monarchy with a liberal objective: to subordinate the military and religious powers to the

civil power; to promote the education of the electorate; to do away the mediæval injustices of the latifundia; to adjust the absurdly conflicting industrial and agricultural interests; to expunge the unfair remnants of ancient privilege; within discreet limits (remembering the lesson of 1873) to restore the municipal councils after the pattern of the mediæval *concejos*; to revive agriculture, profiting by Roman and Moorish lessons; to deal boldly with the Catalan question, if necessary destroying the Catalan monopoly, which has not always existed, witness the now extinct but once greatly flourishing woollen industry of Toledo, the silk and leather industries of Andalusia; to give to the judiciary a prestige and independence recalling the Aragonian tradition of the Justicia; to create, out of the splendid material available, a truly national army such as Gonsalvo de Cordova himself might be proud to command; to deal with the problems of economics and finance in the enlightened spirit of a Campomanes or a Villaverde; to open the spiritual passes closed by Philip II. For all that is needed to the restoration of Spain there is abundant ensample and tradition in Spanish history.

But all these needed reforms have been negated by the Grand Sham; to the effect that after fifty years of the form without the substance of constitutional monarchy, a military dictatorship more rigid than any hitherto known in Spain has established itself to the general approval.

V

What, precisely, is the programme of Primo de Rivera?

That part of it which has been disclosed may be summarized as follows:—

1. Deracination of Communism, Anarchism and the like, and of Separatism.

2. Purification of administration in all grades, with drastic retrenchments and financial reforms.

3. 'Placing the problem of Morocco on a firm basis, in such a manner that it cannot be ruinous to Spain.' [The Dictator's own words.]

4. Bringing to trial of the civilians held by the military to be largely responsible for the Moroccan disasters.

5. Independence of the judiciary.

What has been done pursuant to the above programme?

1. A National Directorate has been established consisting of nine generals (representing the nine military *regiones* of Spain) and the Admiral of the Navy. This Directorate governs by decree. The King sits in at the Directorate meetings and signs the decrees.

2. The Cortes have been dissolved.

3. Certain constitution rights have been suspended, including trial by jury, and the rights of free assembly, free speech, and a free press.

4. A decree directs organization of a national militia, to be on the model of the Italian Fascista organization and to consist of 450,000 men (50,000 for each of the nine military *regiones*). It does not appear what has been accomplished pursuant to this important decree. The Spanish national militia of bygone days has bequeathed an unsavory memory.

5. The ministries have been suppressed, except those of War and the Navy, the departments thus decapitated being administered by their senior permanent officials.

6. The provincial civil administrations have been abolished (governors and provincial deputations sent packing), and in lieu

of them a committee has been set up for each of the nine *regiones*, consisting of a general of artillery, a general of infantry, and one of cavalry.

7. The old municipal councils have been dissolved and new councils elected, under supervision of military officers to prevent interference by the local *caciques*.

8. A perfect horde of unnecessary placemen have been dismissed.

9. Drastic action, including many arrests, has been taken looking to suppression of Communism, Syndicalism and allied *isms*.

10. Promise has been given of free election of a new Cortes, and restitution of the Constitutional machinery. In due course, that is; when the process of purification is complete; when the Grand Sham, Rotativism, and El Caciquismo have been done to death.

11. The pacifist arrangements for Morocco have been cancelled and General Aizpuru has been sent to Melilla as generalissimo.

But the Dictator's intentions with respect to Morocco are not at all clear. This at least, however, is certain: that he intends completely to vindicate the honor of Spanish arms by pushing beyond the most advanced positions hitherto attained in the Rif. Some say that he proposes thereupon to chuck the Moroccan adventure completely; others think that he would withdraw in the Rif sector to the coast, retaining only a shallow littoral. Yet others believe he would retain and consolidate his conquest.

It may be remarked that the hare must be caught before it can be skinned, that the very able youth, Abdul Krim, may produce a Roland for Primo de Rivera's Oliver. Be that as it may, for reasons I cannot spread out

here (including the supremely important considerations of national pride and self-confidence), I believe the last-named course to be the statesmanlike one. Permanent conquest of the Rif country should be achievable without very great difficulty, by a determined and ably directed effort of 100,000 men following careful preparation. Of course I presuppose thorough reform of the army; to which (though the dispatches are silent thereanent) it seems proper to assume that Primo de Rivera has vigorously addressed himself. A further presupposition is necessary: namely, that Primo de Rivera should find a way to commend further prosecution of the Moroccan adventure to a people sickened thereof. One presupposes, that is, that Primo de Rivera is a very big man and that there are other big men competent to take up his task should he die or break down. For he is seventy years old.

No doubt the Rif business is the most important of the Dictator's problems. Disaster in that quarter would ruin him. But I take it that he will not court disaster by an immediate push. Meantime, there are the home problems. The Dictator has disclosed his programme only in part. He has been silent on some of the more important items of an adequate programme: as education, the relations with the Church, agrarian policy. A certain dispatch is 'indicated.' Convocation of a new Cortes, restoration of the constitutional machinery, must not be delayed overlong.

I lack the boldness to hazard a forecast as to the final outcome of Primo de Rivera's superb emprise. I recall how John Hay's estimate of the situation in Spain in 1870 was very largely falsified by the event. Oh yes! Primo de Rivera has a fighting chance; I would not say more. And should he fail?

Ay! de mi España!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THINGS THAT EVERY OWNER AND OPERATOR OF MOTOR VEHICLES SHOULD KNOW

I HAVE been motoring with a friend. The invitation came by telephone just before lunch, and took me, as such invitations do, at a disadvantage.

He said, 'Hello! Got anything important to do this afternoon?'

I said, 'Hello! Nothing very.'

He said, 'Take you out in the car.'

I said, 'What car?'

He said, 'My car.'

I said, 'Who's running it?'

He said, 'I am. Got my license this morning.'

I had forgotten, when he spoke, that he had a car, — a 'little Ford,' as they are lovingly called, — though I had recently seen him learning how to run it. But I had told him the truth. That is the direct result of the infernal informality of these invitations by telephone. More than that, as I could not help realizing, this invitation carried a responsibility. He was my friend. He had his license. It was even more important now that nothing should shake his confidence in himself. My attitude would affect his confidence. I aped his enthusiasm as I accepted.

It is an apt example of the effect of habit on the normal instinct for self-preservation that we who have no motor-cars trust ourselves so fearlessly with those who have. It is like our attitude toward the railway train, although in that case we are not personally acquainted with the engineer. We simply trust him. I should have had the same confidence in my friend except for the accident of seeing him

being taught. I should have rolled away as contentedly as Mr. Hazlitt starting out on his winding road for his three hours' march to dinner. 'It is hard,' he wrote, 'if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy.' There are no lone heaths left in any part of the world that Mr. Hazlitt would be likely to inhabit; nowadays he would probably have a little Ford car of his own (or perhaps a motor-cycle, for he liked to go by himself), and take his pleasure in a three hours' run to dinner. The game he started would do the running and leaping if not the laughing and singing for joy. But I digress in these thoughts of Mr. Hazlitt.

'Don't touch my arm!' said my friend sharply. 'It-makes-me-nervous-to-have-anybody-touch-my-arm-when-I'm-driving.' A truck-load of groceries was coming, and he aimed his little Ford car at it. The mountain of groceries recoiled before him. My friend and the truck-driver blew their horns at each other. They advanced, retreated, and finally (as Shakespeare would have said) avoided. My friend shouted an apology to the truck-driver. The truck-driver (I regret to say) shouted a curse at my friend.

I was sorry to have touched my friend's arm. I had put on my ulster, with the moth-balls still in the pockets, and the garment widened my natural proportions. It did not make me indestructible, though no doubt it protected me from moths, but it at least added to my person its reassuring thickness.

'Thank you,' said my friend, noticing how I had shrunk away from him.

'That's *much* better. Now don't forget to keep your eye skinned for right-hand roads.'

There is an interesting little book I have since looked over — *Things That Every Owner and Operator of Motor Vehicles Should Know* — which contains a bird's-eye view of two automobiles of equal size, power, and general destructiveness, approaching each other along intersecting roads. 'When two operators,' says the book, 'reach an intersection of ways at approximately the same time, the operator approaching from the other's right shall have the right of way. *The best way to prepare to observe this rule is to slow down as you approach every intersection, then keep your eye on the right. It is a good idea also to keep your eye on the left.*'

My friend had improved upon these instructions: he had made me his right eye. Firemen on their way to fires, policemen pursuing criminals, and hospital ambulances speeding to the sick or disabled, have always the right of way. But these approach unmistakably. There is time and to spare for the cautious motorist to leave his car and climb a telegraph pole, not forgetting, however, to lock the car or effectively set the brakes and stop the motor. The real difficulty in looking out for right-hand roads is their normal secretiveness. Often the road ahead unrolls, as novelists say in describing scenery, like a broad ribbon; but every now and then it unrolls round a corner. Sometimes there is a sign stating that this is a DANGEROUS CURVE; or, perhaps, that immediately beyond are many children, heedless and happy (as one quickly imagines) at their play. Almost anywhere there may be a right-hand road. Sometimes, to be sure, there is a sign, so that persons curious in such matters may learn the name of the road; but the convention is to place these signs where they will be least

conspicuous and not compete seriously with the billboards. Once in a while, as if by accident, a right-hand road is quite plainly visible across open country.

'There's a big car coming along this next road,' I remarked presently. 'It is still quite a long way off, and looks to me like a Chesterfield — or perhaps a Camel —'

'You don't have to *describe* the car,' interrupted my friend. 'Say "Stop" or "Go." That's quick and to the point, and tells me just what to do.'

'All right,' I said. 'Go!'

He blew his horn and went, forgetting for the instant something that every owner and operator of motor-vehicles should know about slowing down. The larger car — I was still uncertain whether it was a Chesterfield or a Camel — seemed to be coming a good deal faster than I had estimated. I decided that I should have said, 'Stop'; but I had said, 'Go,' and it was too late now to change my advice. Instinctively I wrapped myself closer in my ulster and breathed deeply of mothball. But the operator of the Camel — or Chesterfield — remembered his book. He slowed down with astonishing rapidity. He knew that he had the right of way, but he graciously conceded it.

It was a beautiful afternoon for motoring. Autumn had come, but summer lingered. I was too warm in my ulster. Now and then, watching out for right-hand roads, I saw something of the scenery and pictures — a pond, a hillside, a maiden preserving her schoolgirl complexion, cows in a meadow, a gentleman in a bath-robe lathering his face with a perfect shaving-soap. Once in a while I involuntarily and stealthily glanced at my friend operating his car. It was unquestionably a major operation.

Yet it sometimes happened that the road not only unrolled like a broad

ribbon, but was equally empty of human beings, live stock, and poultry. Then I unbuttoned my ulster, and my friend his face. If we had been Mr. Hazlitt, we should have laughed, we should have sung for joy.

These periods were too good to last. The ribbon was seldom empty. There might be, for example, just ahead of us:

- a boy on a bicycle;
- a touring car;
- two or three hens;
- a woman wheeling an infant in a perambulator;
- a cat crossing the road;
- an old man driving a load of hay.

Or there might be:

- a child on a kiddy car;
- lovers walking hand in hand;
- a truck loaded with granite;
- two beings of opposite sex on a motor-cycle;
- a horse and buggy;
- a farmer leading two or more cows.

These combinations are merely illustrative. They represent men, women, and children of all ages, any kind of vehicle in use during the past half-century, and all native animals and poultry. Wild animals are negligible unless you happen to meet a circus procession. 'Most of the accidents,' says the careful author of *Things That Every Owner and Operator of Motor Vehicles Should Know*, 'happen in thickly settled districts. Slow down! You may lose a little time but may save a life.' At such moments my friend slows down. He may lose a little time, but he may save not only one life but several. And I button my ulster. I may be too warm but I may save a life.

Human movement is dependent on instinctive mathematics. When I walk I am constantly solving a series of problems. So is everybody else within

sight. We determine where we all are, and where we all shall be at successive moments; and thus we navigate, steering ourselves so shrewdly that we rarely bump into each other. So my friend, operating his car, must estimate the respective speed of the boy on the bicycle, the touring car, the woman wheeling the infant, and the old man driving the load of hay.

Here, it seems to me, is a timely suggestion for the writer of a school arithmetic: If a little Ford car is traveling at a speed of 10 miles an hour; and a boy on a bicycle, 26 yards in front of the little Ford car, is traveling at a speed of 6 miles an hour; and a woman, 12 yards in front of the boy on the bicycle, is wheeling an infant in a perambulator at a speed of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour; and an old man, 147 yards in front of the woman wheeling the infant in the perambulator, is driving a load of hay toward the woman wheeling the infant in the perambulator at a speed of $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles an hour; and a touring car, 57 yards behind the load of hay, is overtaking the old man driving the load of hay at a speed of 57 miles an hour — what is the correct speed for the little Ford car to pass the boy on the bicycle and the woman wheeling the infant in the perambulator without colliding with the old man driving the load of hay? or the touring car? or both? or everybody?

A careful operator must consider also the probable behavior and speed of the hens. 'The highways,' says *Things That Every Owner and Operator of Motor Vehicles Should Know*, 'are made for all the people and should be safe for all. Slow down. You may reach your destination a minute later, but you are more likely to get there, and you may save a life.' At such moments my friend was in no hurry. Anybody could have seen that his first thought was to save a life.

The sun was setting. My friend had

turned his little chariot round. To do this, you select a wealthy private estate with a wide driveway, blow your horn in case the owner should happen to be coming out, make the appropriate gesture with your left hand, and drive in. Just as if you were coming to dinner. Then you stop short, blow your horn in case the owner should happen to be coming in, make the appropriate gesture with your left hand, and back out. Just as if you had made a mistake. *But you back out at a different angle*, which ingeniously turns you round, and provides, I think, an unanswerable argument for the preservation of wealthy private estates in a democracy.

Twilight deepened; and all the familiar things of day — trees, houses, men, women, children, vehicles, animals, and poultry — became by degrees vague and spectral. I turned up the collar of my ulster. Now and then a car, operated by a true believer in the doctrine of Safety First, came glaring at us with goblin eyes. Here and there, a farmer's wife switched on the electricity in her quaint old-fashioned kitchen. My friend pressed a button and his little Ford car projected two beams of light.

Acarpassedus — '*Hell!*' said my friend in a hardly audible whisper. It was now almost dark.

'I wonder if you would mind,' said my friend presently, 'if I drop you at the next corner. It's only a mile or so to your house. If I take the other turn, I'll be home sooner. It's getting a bit later than I said I'd be out, and I don't like to make the family nervous.'

He laughed and I laughed. 'Not a bit,' said I heartily.

He blew his horn, made the appropriate gesture with his left hand, and stopped his car on the corner. I took off my ulster. I should be late for supper, but (as *Things That Every Owner and Operator of Motor Vehicles Should*

Know would put it) I was more likely to get there, and I might save a life.

TWILIGHT ON THE ULTAVA

THE young Spring sun gilds the upper windows of the houses on the Quay, and throws into startling relief the seven Muses and the plunging black horses high on the foursquare roof of the National Theatre; and as I turn into the Masaryk Quay, I stop, enchanted at the view across the river; for a year of changing seasons has failed to dull the first sudden rapture of the scene, the imperishable beauty sinking, day by day, into my soul like the odor of some rare, precious perfume.

And as the sun disappears, dropping quietly out of sight behind the two tiny towers of the Strahov Monastery, my thoughts travel back to the romantic impulse that brought me here — a chance phrase thrown into a conversation, that a certain person was in Prague, and the comparative security of London life was left behind to follow a strange, unsuccessful quest; for the certain person had gone on to Italy, and to more distant countries still, and my journey half across Europe has brought me nothing more beautiful than this mediæval scene.

'Golden Prague, the City of a Hundred Towers,' is, according to my Czech friend, the 'fourth most beautiful city in Europe'; and I can well believe his proud boast, for surely there are few cities with green-wooded hills rising from their very hearts.

Opposite is the Petrin, its green slopes sweeping steep and superb to the cloudless evening sky; its trees, white with May blossom, flooded and suffused with the pink afterglow of the sun, which also throws a soft wash of light over the Castle of Hradchany on the other slope, its long low roofs

broken by the half-concealed Cathedral; and below, red roof on red roof, clusters the old Mala Strana, some of its houses sheer to the water's edge, others climbing the hillside like the old houses in some half-forgotten Italian painting.

I rarely like statues, perhaps because in England they are generally so ugly and hideous; but this statue of Charles the Fourth pleases me: a fine, upright figure of a man, bearded, and smiling benevolently, one hand resting negligently on his hip, the other clasping the seal of the University he founded here; for he was a patron of the arts and sciences, and was called 'the father of his people.' But I find it difficult to reconcile this graceful monarch with the old Charles Bridge close by, adorned some time later than his reign with foolish, posturing, gesticulating stone saints, and a crucified Christ, golden from crowned head to pierced feet, a hateful, parvenu Christ, straight from the golden streets of Heaven; although I can well imagine Charles as a great friend of the priests and monks, enjoying equally their food, their wine, and their witty stories; and many an evening such as this must have found him in their company.

The last pink glow fades from a sky tinged with green; the solitary evening star appears in the west; and at last dusk descends, slowly blurring the long level lines of windows in the Castle; smudging the indistinct colors of the old houses into soft ash-gray shadows; and casting over all, the infinite sadness of a romantic twilight.

The mysterious, shapeless shadows cast by the tall trees on the Strelecky Island hide the last few boats slipping to the shore; two naked boys rapidly paddle their canoe; a slight girl, rowing with strong, steady, rhythmical strokes, trails a silver shadow along the water; and when she disappears beneath the

overhanging trees, the wide river is green and calm and beautiful as a silent lake hidden in a mountain fastness.

But the sad, twilight mood of the river, enclosing within itself the romantic, picturesque glamour of a faded past, is no fit companion to the melancholy gloom of my own unquiet heart, unable to indulge in that lofty, serene contemplation, which belongs to age that looks back upon its wasted days with calm eyes and deep content; for the impulse of our age is toward strife and conflict, and all our joy and happiness is found in the struggle to live our dreams.

Silhouetted against the faint, lingering light in the western sky, the Castle of Hradchany and the Cathedral become a poetical pile of romance sunk in soft, deep, pencil-black shadows; and under the darkness of the approaching night they appear as enchanted places, sleeping, virgin and untouched by the modern craving that would so readily destroy them; and upon looking down, the impression is deepened, for the whole mass is shadowed in the water like the fairy city of one's childhood imagination, the diagonal line of the weir, silver beneath a newly risen moon, cutting sharply across the reflection with a strange air of reality.

Across the river tiny dots of lights glimmer into being; and half-way up the dark mass of the Petrin slope the outdoor restaurant flashes its row of clear lights like signals; and I can imagine the lovers who will be sitting there, absorbed in each other, blind to the stained tablecloths, the bad tea, and the crumpled cakes.

Close by, the bright, glaring arc-lamps of the modern bridge, the Bridge of the Soldiers, swing high and dominant in curious contrast to the low, mediæval lamps of the old Charles Bridge at the other end of the Quay.

A chill breeze blows across the river, sending me across the road to our favorite coffeehouse, the Karvana Slavia, where I sit at a window facing the National Theatre so I can watch the audience as it streams forth; and stirring the thick white cream of my *bilo karva*, I wonder how Alvina will like Sasha Leontiev and Lydia Salmonova in Strauss's *Legend of Joseph*; but I know well what she will say about the music, her shrill London voice clattering the air of the coffeehouse with shameless 'Wonderfuls,' our laughter disturbing the chess-players.

The short, fat headwaiter, who speaks English because he has been in America, is approaching, and I look up and see Hyde, his pink, chinless face an intellectual challenge to the fat, well-fed habitués of the coffeehouse, making his way from the door; and as he gains our table, the headwaiter thrusts a week-old *Daily Telegraph* into my hands, and says, 'Good-evening, gents'—a salutation that never fails to amuse us.

GERTRUDE STEIN AND A ROBIN

It was Whistler, was n't it, who reported Nature as creeping up; and Wilde who, borrowing the idea, broached the suggestion, so disconcerting to the ever-abused bourgeoisie, that Nature is a trifle behind the times? So she is, though for aught we know her plagiarism may have in it something cocky and amused, like an adult consciously turned child for the moment, and cutting up and laughing at himself all the time he is performing.

This idea, if it deserves such a dignified nomenclature, came one morning while I was putting the finishing touches to a commutational, and perforce hurried, meal. Between gulps of coffee and attacks on a piece of toast that seemed, in its crisp mellowness, to

beg for a more leisurely process of mastication, there came to me from the front lawn the voice of a robin, chattering away like an old dotard, and imitating—I remember this with the clearness of a miracle—the moderns. Yes, that is what this silly robin was doing, though why, I don't for the life of me know, for she had no hopes of being reincarnated into a drawing-room poseur. It seemed to me that this particular robin was attempting to do for bird language what Gertrude Stein was doing for the English language. There was the desire—if not the capacity—to tell a story, and to do it, not simply, but with nuances of unintelligibility, symphonies of monotonous notes, *bravuras* of aimless repetition. I grew a little tired, after a few minutes, of that bird.

If you should happen to read a sentence of Gertrude Stein and hear a robin jabbering close on its heels, I am sure you too would be stirred by the curious resemblance. Heaven forbid that I should compare the supremely civilized and bravely experimental Gertrude Stein, matronly and superior among her Picassos, Matissees, Marie Laurencins, and cubistic paintings, to the silly hopping of a robin. It is more appropriate to make the robin take the onus, the flying start and ingratiating introduction of the simile. Now, Miss Stein, in the story, 'Miss Furr and Miss Skeene,' says:—

They did then learn many ways to be gay and they were then being gay being quite regular in being gay, being gay and they were learning little things, little things in ways of being gay, they were very regular then, they were learning very many little things in ways of being gay, they were being gay and using these little things they were learning to have to be gay with regularly gay with then and they were gay the same amount they had been gay. They were quite gay, they were quite regular, they

were learning little things, gay little things, they were gay inside them the same amount they had been gay, they were gay the same length of time they had been gay every day.

They were regular in being gay, they learned little things that are things in being gay, they learned many little things that are things in being gay, they were gay every day, they were regular, they were gay, they were gay the same length of time every day, they were gay, they were quite regularly gay —

and seems to imply shades of statement which to the sacrilegious uninitiate are hardly deserving of such labor.

And the bird, in its simple way, *seemed* to be saying something, which I translated as follows:

The day is beginning in a sort of beginning that is a day beginning daily; but to-day the day wants to begin in a morning daze that has been beginning every morning; chirpy, chirp chirp, chirpy-chirp, chirpy chirpy-chirp. When to-day was a day beginning its beginning day, the beginning day was a morning day beginning its beginning day.

Of course, I may possibly be wrong. It may have been talking — certainly it was n't singing — of food, or of its mate. But whatever it was discoursing upon so patiently and abstractedly, it had adopted the technique — to my ignorant way of thinking, the style — of Gertrude Stein.

At this point, the logical question to put to *my* cocksureness is, 'How do you know?' My answer is, 'It must be so.' With the axiom to begin with, that nature is gracefully laggard and shabbily unoriginal, always wearing last year's coat or waiting for the relics of somebody's contemporaneous habit, it is inevitable to presume that the bird in question was echoing something a year old. For if it (pardon me, O bird, for relegating you to fugaceous neutrality!) was not imitating Miss Stein, then whom — and I ask the question challengingly — could it have been imitating? Not Tennyson, surely, for he is *passé*; and not George Moore, for only the suavely mannered G. M. himself can do that.

Of course, there is the alternative supposition. But as this is an argumentative exposition, and I scorn all pretense to the open mind, I willfully disregard it, knowing only too well that it has already cropped up in the reader's mind.

The point of the whole matter is that, having immersed myself for several hours (oh, never to be forgiven purgatory, leading to no heaven of reward!) in some of the writings of Gertrude Stein, I cannot for the moment refrain from considering even the chirp of an innocent redbreast but as another version of Miss Stein's peculiarly repetitious prose.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE *Atlantic* rises to a question of privilege. We are informed that a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Reverend M. E. Goodrich, speaking on January twenty-first at Tiffin, Ohio, before a meeting in behalf of the Near East Relief made the following statement: —

'Turkish money has bought out the *Atlantic Monthly* for the purpose of spreading propaganda against the Armenians.'

It is hard to associate so reckless and false a statement with the honesty and gravity of the profession of a clergyman. It is unpardonable that an untruth should be permitted to besmirch an appeal in a great cause.

Le Baron Russell Briggs is a professor of English at Harvard who, during many college generations, has metamorphosed the title *Dean* from a byword of reproach to an expression of natural affection. George W. Alger, a well-known member of the New York bar, is an *Atlantic* author of twenty years' standing. At this moment, A. Edward Newton is revisiting, amid the chill realities of the nineteen-twenties, the romantic scenes of forty years ago. Charles D. Stewart, author of many books, best known among them, perhaps, *The Fugitive Blacksmith*, descants with the detachment of a disinterested observer upon matters infinite and intimate in their importance to himself. George Villiers, a young English poet, has already contributed delightful verse to the *Atlantic*.

* * *

Arthur Mason is a sailor home from the sea who has not forgotten all that he has seen and loved. Robert Macdonald collects in the tranquillity of Pitlochry the long chances he took as a prospector for gold and jewels in Australia. Florence J. Clark, in the Henry Street Settlement in New York, writes of things she knows of.

Archer Wall Douglas is one of the vice-presidents of the Simmons Hardware Company of St. Louis. When business hours are over, Mr. Douglas educates himself in human nature by analyzing character from handwritings. Hannah L. Protzman sends from Columbus, Ohio, this first story to the *Atlantic*. While a teacher in high school, the janitor told her 'colorful tales' of his life, which she wrote down as nearly as possible in his own words. 'Roast Chicking' the first of them.

* * *

Upton Close is the *nom de guerre* of Josef Hall, a lecturer and writer on Eastern subjects who has traveled and lived in the Orient. Joseph Auslander is a member of the English Department at Harvard and a poet whose harmonies are not unfamiliar to our readers. George P. Brett, whose life-long vocation has been successful publishing, writes of the dearest avocation of his later years. Bentley W. Warren is a distinguished member of the Boston bar.

* * *

On March twentieth next, President Eliot will be fourscore years and ten. The occasion will be national, and affords the *Atlantic* an appropriate opportunity for publishing this article so characteristically confident of our nation's future. Our readers will mark that on this day the *Atlantic* publishes a volume by President Eliot entitled *A Late Harvest*. Charles W. Brown, who has come to anchor as president of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, has spent many years afloat. If you ask whether he is a practical seaman, we reply that Captain Brown has sailed his ship round the Horn. Raymond Leslie Buell, now connected with the department of history of Harvard University, has recently returned from the Philippines. Alfred G. Gardiner, for years editor of the *London News*, is now living in alert retirement, a sharp observer of British politics.

Henry W. Bunn, who retired from the army on account of disabilities incurred in service, has for many years made an intensive study of European politics.

* * *

The following passage, taken from a recent letter of Brigadier-General P. R. C. Groves, is an interesting comment on his important article:—

Few Englishmen can be hostile to France, and I am certainly not one of them. It is with deep regret that I now find myself driven into the ranks of those who are opposed to her present policy.

The French reply to me will probably be that I myself have constantly urged Britain to develop her air power. That is true. So long as France pursues her present policy her neighbors must arm; they have no alternative. If force is to remain the only form of arbitrament, then force we must possess; but the interests of humanity nevertheless call for a protest against the fervid militarism which is marching all Europe at the quick step towards catastrophe.

Since my article was written I have seen it stated in the Press that the Italian air programme has been expanded and now envisages a total of 4000 heavier-than-air aircraft by the end of next year. Only last week our own Air Ministry called for an additional 400 pilots. Certain it is if the competition in aerial armaments is to continue, it is bound to be intensive. But who is to call a halt? Obviously if either of the Powers which are behind in the race were to make the first move the result would be merely a charge of self-interest. In my judgment, America alone is in a position to take the initiative. I feel that you will not consider it impertinent of me to suggest that this task is incumbent upon her. The Fates have made her the trustee of civilization, and civilization is in peril.

* * *

Countless readers have been 'listening in' at Professor Sherman's remarkable 'Conversation with Cornelia.' Their opinions take many forms. Here is one:—

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Cornelia's moral standards and Mr. Sherman's critical are alike incontrovertible. Can they be any less infallible in their judgment of the younger generation? I dare the question because I read books with Cornelia's daughters until they are eighteen and go away to college; and until they are twenty and past, they come back to

sit beside my fire and talk. (Eighteen to twenty was Cornelia's perilous period.)

Between the ages of fourteen and eighteen Cornelia's daughters read with me, directed by the all-wise Providence of the College Board, those nineteenth-century novels which Mr. Sherman instances in his study of 'the idea of chastity.' I fancy that Cornelia read them at the same age, as I, half way between Cornelia's generation and that of her daughters, did. May I ask Cornelia whether it was a development of 'the idea of chastity' that she found in that reading of *David Copperfield* and *Adam Bede* and *Tess* and *The Scarlet Letter*? At eighteen was it ideas that she found in novels?

Last spring Hilda, who went to Vassar this fall, read *Adam Bede*. She talked to me about it with so much appreciation that I was pleased. 'But one step in the plot I must have missed,' she remarked finally. 'I never could find when Arthur and Hetty were married, but they must have been, for Hetty had the baby.'—Hilda is bobbed and lip-sticked: her gold vanity case always lies on top of her notebook. She it was who told me of the empty flasks in the boys' dressing-room at the Christmas dance.

This year Martha and Helen, who are going to university and college next year, read *The Scarlet Letter*. They discussed it with me. Said Martha, who is eighteen: 'It was beautiful like a piece of music, the forest, and the dancing figure of Pearl, but so queer and mysterious. What did that letter mean?'

Perhaps these girls are exceptional, but they are in no way set apart from their associates in manner or appearance. I am inclined to believe them rather like Cornelia's daughters. In the colleges in which they will spend the years from eighteen to twenty I hope that they will learn the physiology which Cornelia should have taught them. But why is it certain that in those colleges their literary diet will be exclusively the novels of Mr. D. H. Lawrence and his peers? Frances, a college junior, lent me Sabatini's newest novel this Christmas, and Janet, a debutante, was deep in *Hawkeye*. They do not really like novels, they tell me, which deal with the lives of old married-folk of thirty-five and thereabout; and, fortunately, Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Hergesheimer and Mr. Galsworthy do. Some novels of this type they will read, but if Cornelia and school and college have helped them to find bravery and beauty and fidelity in books, will the noisome vapors that sometimes reach them spoil that taste and tarnish their shining youth?

The lady's elder brother, you remember, had an idea of chastity, but the lady herself passed safely through the dark wood in the 'sun-clad power of chastity.'

EVA MCKINLEY WEST.

It is always a pleasure to set New York right. Will our anonymous critic from the Metropolis, who takes for granted Boston's perfect ignorance concerning all things topical, take note that when Mr. Pound (January *Atlantic*) wrote, 'dozens of "Ford alumni," as Dean Marquis calls them,' he meant just what he said. Even on Arlington Street we know that Don Marquis is a bird — and a brilliant one — of quite a different feather.

* * *

We shall not soon hear the last of Mr. Haywood's discussion of the all-important subject. Scores of letters simply rehearse, with greater or less emphasis, opinions on one side or the other, strongly held. Some, however, cast a new and interesting light on this subject. Note the following:—

TWISP, WASHINGTON.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

You have for many years been a welcome visitor in the home of a couple of middle-aged high-school teachers in the wilds of the State of Washington, thus forming the link that joins them to the thinking world at large.

Mr. Haywood's article has been used by me for classroom work in English. I thought it might interest you to get the opinion of twenty upper classmen in our H. S. 'Charley' and the 'Ex-Soldier' divided honors for most contempt, the Italians and the 'Farmer' for most sympathy. In answering the question asked by the article, twelve were for unconditional repeal of the Prohibition amendment; four wanted a National Referendum, one did not want the open saloon back but a system of distribution based on Canada's. Three were for more and better law enforcement, blaming severely judges and courts for slackness and graft.

We live not far from the Canadian line, the country is mountainous and full of stills, hence booze is plentiful. This explains perhaps the overwhelming 'wet' vote of the class.

It is in keeping up the continuous struggle for more moral earnestness that your publication comes as a monthly inspiration.

LYDIA T. VAN HOUTE.

* * *

What sort of a man best loves a cat?

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I hesitate to quarrel with as entertaining an article as Mr. Wickham's presentation of Maupassant's cat, but it contains a reference or

two that come as a sort of last straw, and I feel that some of us *should* set the world right about cats.

The particular passage to which chief exception is made is: 'Maupassant was not the sort of man one would expect to have a cat. He was extremely active.'

What sort of man would one expect to have a cat? I knew a cat, no less attended than the Piroli, who was the sole pet of a railroad round-house, and made regular trips in a certain locomotive. The other day when the battleship North Dakota was placed out of commission, no less than twenty-eight cats were to be disposed of; practically all found excellent homes. At least two were taken hundreds of miles inland to the homes of sailors. Then there was Dick Baker's cat.

My last ten years have been spent mostly in construction camps and on ships; I have seldom been without a cat and could fill pages with anecdotes of 'active' men's cats. Why then do people arch their brows and say, 'Why, I did n't know men liked cats!'

Please allow the remark in passing that comparatively few old maids of my acquaintance do like cats.

One other little point—the 'Maupassantian perversity' is rubbing the fur the wrong way. Where was that superstition born? A cat likes nothing so well—when done with understanding.

Cattily,
M. R. J.

Apropos of this, a delightful letter comes to us from Harvey Wickham himself:—

I adore cats. Did you ever notice how much greater a place the cat occupies in literature than does the dog? I don't mean books about cats, which are usually detestable. But the real literary cat finds itself recorded in stray paragraphs. I have come across one even in such an unlikely place as the *Memoires* of Goron, a former Chef de la Police de Sûreté, Paris.

He was at the old Château Rouge—said to have been the hotel of the notorious Gabrielle d'Estrées, onetime favorite of Henri Quatre—showing certain people of importance the slum sights of the town, I believe. For the place by that time had become a thieves' hang-out, sordid even among the *bas plafonds* of Paris. He was regarding 'une pauvre vieille, dormante, la tête appuyée sur un panier contenant quelques chiffons—tout ce qu'elle possédait.' Then he sees her companion, 'un angora chetif, à coté d'elle, somnolent aussi. Expulsée de sa dernière mansarde, la malheureuse n'avait pas voulu se séparer du fidèle compagnon de sa détresse.'

The 'malheureuse,' observe, was the old woman, not the angora, even though it was a trifle 'chetif.' Being a cat, it was comfortable and had managed to preserve itself from the contamination of its surroundings. Perhaps that is why we love the little beasts. A dog would have been horribly pathetic, faithful, suffering, and dirty. The real agony of cats, when it comes, is something much worse than that. In a certain sunken court at Rome I have seen thirty odd cats — all starving to death. They had leaped in after bits of garbage, and could n't get out again. And at Messina, a few years after the big earthquake there, I was once 'entertained' by a melon-seller, who thought he would show his appreciation of my continued patronage by letting me see him dispose of a litter of kittens by throwing them one after another as high as he could into the air — to fall and die at leisure in the hot dust of the hard road. The cat appears to awaken the devil in some people.

But Goron was n't of that sort. And it being nearly 2 A.M., the hour when all 'malheureux,' according to the one rule of the place which seems to have been enforced, had to leave Château whether they had any other place to go to or not, he has the grace to wonder what became of the angora.

Then there are Pierre Loti's cats: M. Souris, 'surnommé La Suprémie,' who loved the sonatas of Mozart; the cat, 'un vrai,' that welcomed him to the palace of the Empress in the Forbidden City; the kedis of Eyoub, and many others. Some day I simply must write an essay on Loti's cats, and if I had the slightest sense of timeliness I would have done it when the newspapers announced poor old Julien's death last June. Perhaps I was too lazy, like those cats of Baudelaire — 'les chats qui se pâment sur les pianos.'

Someone asked me once if that meant piano-forte! — was thinking, I suppose of the cat's fugue of Moscheles. (Or was it his? Who wrote the thing? I have forgotten.) It's not so easy to translate, at that. 'The cats which swoon upon the floors' sounds ridiculous. Somewhere I have tried to render it, 'The cats that dream.' But the real meaning won't come across. In English a cat will do no more than sleep upon a rug.

* * *

A kind friend sends us the following, copied literatim from a letter written by a Korean youth to a lady in Honolulu.

DEAR MRS. F., —

It is with faltering penmanship that I communicate with you, about the prospective condition of your house-girl Sarah.

For remote time past, secret passion has been firing my bosom internally with loving your girl Sarah. I have traveled all the channels in the magnitude of my extensive jurisdiction, cruelly to smother the growing love knot that is being constructed within my inside.

But the timid lamp of my affection, trimmed by Cupid's productive hands, still nourishes my lovesick breast. Needless would it be for me to numerically extemporize the great conflagration that has generated in my head and heart.

During the reign of nightness my intellectually cranium has been entangled in thoughtful attitude of my beloved consort. Nocturnal slumberlessness has been the infirmity which has be-seiged my now generated condition.

My educational abilities have abandoned, and now I cling to these lovely stresses of your much coveted girl, like a mariner shipwrecked on the rocks of love.

As to my scholastic caliber, I was ejected from the Honolulu school. I am now masticating and will make a motion as soon as I perceive the business of life a little laxly.

I am of lofty and original lineage and independent income, and hoping that having debated proposition in your girl's mind, you will concur daintily, corroborated in espousing Sarah progeny to my tender bosom, and thereby acquiring me into your friendship circle.

As your faithful,

JOHN ALI GIN.

* * *

Offers of help still come pouring in.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Would you buy all my storys that I may write or furnish I want to sell them all to just one party it's so much trouble and expence to write and send my manuscripts to so meny Publishing houses.

I had rather sell all just to one eaven if I had to take less for tem. What doe you pay for short and long stories.

If you dont buy them cant you write me some one that would buy all of me.

I remain thanking you for a satisfactory reply, I am

Yours very truly,

M — B —

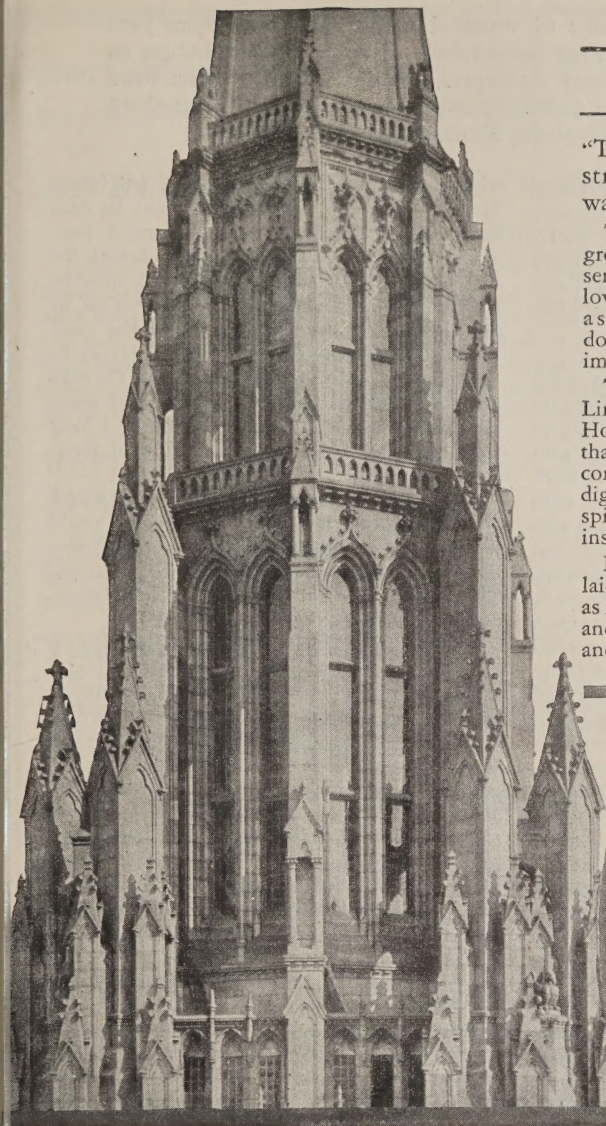
1884 — 1924

"The tower, in its origin, is a building for strength of defense, and faithfulness of watch," says Ruskin.

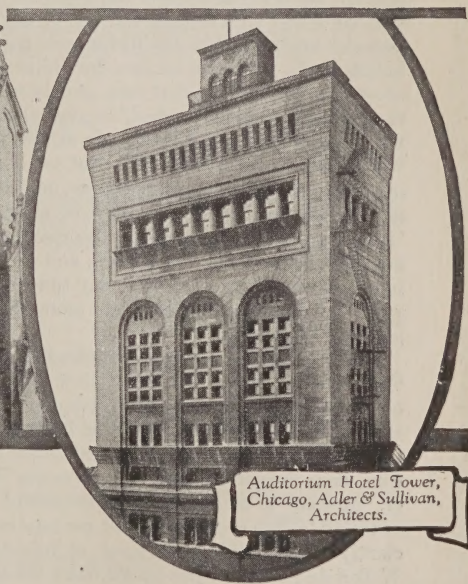
This original purpose has long since been outgrown; nevertheless, the tower has been preserved to us through the ages as one of the best loved traditions of architecture. Viewed across a sea of roofs and volleying smoke-stacks, a city's dominating towers are at once a challenge to the imagination and a stimulus to industry.

The towers here illustrated are built of Indiana Limestone, the one being that of the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, erected forty years ago, the other that of the Temple Building, Chicago, recently completed. Note in the first, the expression of dignity and strength; in the other, grace and inspiration — expression made effective in both instances by the use of this natural stone.

Indiana Limestone is beautiful when simply laid, stone upon stone with no ornamentation, as in the Auditorium Tower, or when elaborately and precisely carved and fashioned into turrets and pinnacles as in the Temple Building Tower.



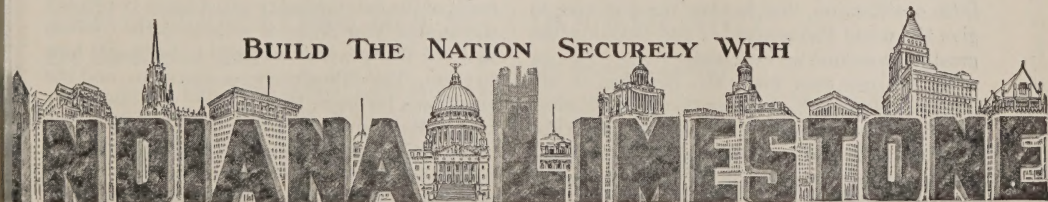
Temple Building Tower, Chicago,
Holabird & Roche, Architects.



Auditorium Hotel Tower,
Chicago, Adler & Sullivan,
Architects.

Our handsomely illustrated booklet on bank building will be sent free upon request. Address, Indiana Limestone Quarrymen's Association, Box 750, Bedford, Indiana.

BUILD THE NATION SECURELY WITH



The NATION'S BUILDING STONE

THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor, by Henry Holt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1923. 8vo. Illustrated. xiv+460 pp. \$4.00.
Remembered Yesterdays, by Robert Underwood Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1923. 8vo. Illustrated. xxiv+621 pp. \$5.00

MR. HOLT quotes Simon Newcomb on John Fiske: 'He's a mere philosopher,' and Fiske on Newcomb: 'He's a mere scientist.' Certainly no reader of these garrulities — and they are garrulous — could possibly call Mr. Holt a mere publisher, or, for that matter, a mere anything. For besides being a publisher, he is also something of a philosopher, a musician, an expert in friendships, a judge of boots, spelling, clubs, food, and religion, not to mention such matters as bathing-dress for women (in respect to which he is, as usual, a frank and joyous mod-ernist). He often introduces the pleasant fancy that he is also an octogenarian; but of that one becomes more doubtful the further one reads in his book. In youth, to be sure, he did at times show the moderation that one associates with ripe old age: 'I never smoked,' he says, 'before I was six years old, and thence only at rare intervals until I was nearly eleven.' But as he grows older he tempers his abstemiousness: he drinks a glass of sauterne and his nerves raise a rumpus. 'I shall not drink another one,' he resolves, 'or any light-colored wine for a week, and probably have no business to drink it at any time, unless, when fun is going on, one loses more than he gains by staying out of it.'

Tobacco and alcohol suggest John Fiske, who wrote his first book, which Mr. Holt published, on that subject. The friendship lasted — though Holt did not publish Fiske's later books — and the record of it here is full of interest and of affection. So is the part about General Francis Walker, 'supreme in at least four departments,' not counting 'a fifth — the great but perhaps insufficiently appreciated department of friendship.' Walker and Fiske are put by Mr. Holt among his 'four great teachers,' the other two being Herbert Spencer — of whom it is said, with a little qualification, that he was 'the first man to give the world Philosophy' — and Godkin: 'the greatest journalist we ever had.'

No one can read what Mr. Holt has to say about these teachers, or about Pumpelly, Waring, and his other friends, without feeling that Mr. Holt shares Walker's mastery of the department of friendship. He is full of reforms, — some of them just a bit crotchety, — but he has the saving realization that 'it is absurd to yearn over the virtually impossible.' He says he does n't know

what to make of the Young People, but immediately goes on (p. 181) to show that he does know exactly what to make of them, if they would only give him a chance, and ends with the 'suspicion that the fashions of to-day may be healthier than those of my youth.' Best of all, he gives us his inmost thoughts on all the most tremendous problems of life without trying to bully anybody into accepting anything. The way these things are put, and the extraordinary sense one gets of having known Mr. Holt for a long time, press his ideas upon us with great force. For instance: —

'The best solvent for questions of duty that I have been able to find is to consider what would be the result of a given policy if it were followed by everybody under similar circumstances. Think over your last perplexity or temptation, and see how this solution would fit it.'

Life is a Club; Mr. Holt has been a member for quite a while; he comes into the lounge and talks after dinner. Pull up your chair, young man, — and you too, young woman, — and listen to him.

With Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson the reasons for our interest are a little different. He has gone about; seen men and cities; met royalty and John Muir; lobbied — for the best of causes — at Washington and observed the San Remo Conference; played his not quite sufficiently recognized part in promoting the conservation of national parks; seen General Grant almost at the end of his last fight. He knew the 'inside story' of the Kaiser's famous interview with Hale, and the beginnings of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Perhaps not all of these are matters of supreme importance. But to have helped in showing where Holland, Timothy Cole, and all the rest belong is surely no small service. Indeed, it may fifty years hence be thought a very great service to have chronicled so thoroughly the story of a great magazine, with so many of its projects and contributors sketched in just as this very conscientious and centrally placed observer saw them.

Even at this distance, and in spite of our reaction against books on war, respect mounts toward something close to admiration as one reads of the extraordinary pains taken to prepare the famous War Series of articles in the *Century* by Civil War generals who had to be taught how to write. The difficulties were enormous, and the result was far more than a mere successful feature. 'We rightly judged,' says Mr. Johnson, 'that articles celebrating the skill and valor of both sides would hasten the elimination of sectional prejudices and contribute toward reuniting the country by the cultivation of mutual respect.'

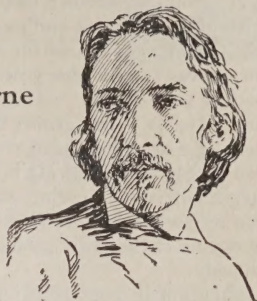
C. N. GREENOUGH.

Charles Scribner's Sons  Fifth Avenue, New York

AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF R L S

By his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne

Robert Louis Stevenson's stepson gives us here a picture which is fresher and perhaps more personal than any we have had. From 1876 to 1894, from Stevenson's twenty-sixth year to his death at 44, the two lived together, talked over ideals and plans of work, and together wrote a number of stories. If this book contained nothing more than the record of the last hours of Stevenson on earth and of his burial on the top of Vaea, it would be warmly welcomed. \$1.50



REFLECTIONS ON THE NAPOLEONIC LEGEND

By Albert Leon Guérard, *Professor at the Rice Institute, Texas.*

A brilliant book, written with truly Voltairian irony and wit, by one who is by no means a worshipper of Napoleon the Great. Much of his vast reputation is traced by the author to Napoleon's talent for advertising and to the work of other men for which he received the credit. \$3.75

THE THREE FOUNTAINS

By Stark Young

This book of colorful sketches, studies, and essays is a new revelation of the artistry of the author of *THE FLOWER IN DRAMA*. Practically all of them have an Italian setting and involve a contrast of Anglo-Saxon with Latin nature or viewpoint. They form a book of rare beauty which is like no other in substance or quality. \$2.00

CRITICAL VENTURES IN MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE

By Arnold Whitridge

The "ventures" of the author, who is a grandson of Matthew Arnold, brings the reader into the company of Stendhal, Sainte-Beuve, Gérard de Nerval, Barbey D'Aurevilly, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, Théodore de Banville, Marie Lenéru, Sacha Guitry, and Anatole France, covering a little more than a century. \$1.75

THE SCHOOL OF POETRY

By Alice Meynell

An anthology for young readers, containing more than 140 poems from Shakespeare to the present day. \$2.50

AN ARCHITECTURAL PILGRIMAGE IN OLD MEXICO

By Alfred C. Bossom, F.R.I.B.A.

With its more than 150 photographs and drawings, it is by far the most comprehensive showing of Mexican architecture. *Special* \$20.00

THE GOD OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS

By Arthur Cushman McGiffert, *President of Union Theological Seminary, New York* \$1.75

THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

By Struthers Burt

The many who have looked with great expectations to a full novel by Mr. Burt, in view of the originality and interest of his stories, will be confirmed in their judgment by this book. \$2.00

DOOMSLAND

By Shane Leslie

In this romantic novel Mr. Leslie paints a large picture of the Irish scene during the twenty or thirty years which ended with the recent revolution. \$2.50

Stephen Crane, a Study in American Letters, by Thomas Beer, with an Introduction by Joseph Conrad. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1923. 12mo. viii+248 pp. \$2.50.

In the body of an author may be found the battleground whereon a banal environment duels with his naked spirit and sometimes with his life. In Stephen Crane's case life snuffed out when the owner was twenty-nine years old, but the disembodied part of him — winged by his adjectives and adverbs — has grown in effective life each passing year. These have even dented the American literary tradition. It is hard enough to-day to get publishers to print, and harder for American readers to read, realistic truths upon war or upon any of the really grim episodes in the social comedy.

How much more shocking it must have been to the American 1890's of Frank R. Stockton and Mrs. Humphry Ward when a frail youth of twenty-four put down unforgettably in *The Red Badge of Courage* the dirt, horror, tinsel romanticism and physical repulsions of actual carnage. Yet the book appeared, was a success, and endures. Not, of course, until the critics of England acclaimed it, was Crane really appreciated in New York, though Howells had declared that here was a writer who had sprung full-armed into being.

Now Thomas Beer, through an industry that must have busied itself with the most elusive biographical data in the world, and with great imagination, has given us the man, — and the boy, — Stephen Crane. Joseph Conrad in thirty-three pages of introduction puts into equable, permanent prose, the story of their extremely brief but perfectly mature friendship: 'in a manner of speaking, Crane and I had never been strangers.'

Mr. Beer begins the story of this 'fourteenth child of a Methodist preacher' in a chapter that includes orthodox forbears, youthful irreverence, a growing passion for words and baseball, a frail body.

In a series of chapters that brim with the American scene, Crane becomes a newspaper reporter and a bad one; falls in love with New York saloons, gambling hells and the Bowery; pays for the printing of his first novel, *Maggie*; starves; writes *The Red Badge*; meets Hamlin Garland, Richard Watson Gilder, Howells; goes to London, finds the English like to believe lies about their American cousins; goes to Cuba, and almost dies through fever and exhaustion. Then England again, and life in a ramshackle house, where everyone visits him, from Henry James to H. G. Wells, and then, growing more and more consumptive as the days pass, he dies in Badenweiler in the year 1900.

This book about him is like a novel in its absence of even the neobiographical manner. It is jammed with research, which appears neither in footnotes nor in appendices, but in adjectives and the color of sentences. At times, however, I found myself observing the design woven with

skill and taste into the surface of his style, when I should have been noting form and movement beneath.

The boy Crane, sick and feverish, intent on observing fleets, battles, and medical operations in Cuba, is one of the best bits, and the interspersed paragraphs that analyze Crane's ideas on art, courage, middle-aged women, war, the English, and so on are satisfying in their restraint. This is a mere sample: 'He loved babies, horses, oceans, or anything that offered enigmatic surfaces to his thought.'

The last pages, detailing last days, are done in a manner worthy of Crane, and the book as a whole gives us the substance and spirit of a man for whom we had feared that, save for his writings, he was doomed to disappear into the shadows for ever.

CHARLES R. WALKER.

Young Felix, by Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1923. 12 mo. viii+431 pp. \$2.00.

Vindication, by Stephen McKenna. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1924. 12mo. x+390 pp. \$2.00.

BOTH of these novels show the singleness of purpose, objectivity, and economy of means — in short, the technical excellence — which we have come to expect in the best present-day fiction; but in other respects they are about as different as two novels can be.

Young Felix is the story of Felix Hunter, whose name is an allegory of his nature. He is described as a contemplative, intelligent young man of some artistic ability, whose early life is one long series of disasters, but who is temperamentally unable to succumb to them. I say 'unable,' because Mr. Swinnerton makes it perfectly clear that Felix was born happy. 'The character of Felix,' he explains, 'is his fate. . . . There must be something in his character which naturally produces disaster. There must be something in the grinning welcome which he gives to misfortune. She drops in to tea with Felix whenever she has been having a thin time elsewhere.' But the author leaves us in no doubt that it is Felix's grin that is important, rather than any visitation of misfortune.

Although *Young Felix* might be described as a pill to purge melancholy, an antidote to novels of the school of gloom, it is far from being a specimen of what is known nowadays as 'facile' optimism. There is nothing of Little Dorrit or the Cheeryble brothers in it. Felix takes no credit for his cheerfulness. Toward the end of the book he fears that his manner is becoming 'hearty,' and adopts measures to correct it. He is too intelligent to be proud of his fortitude, which, he knows full well, he owes chiefly to his mother. 'He expected disaster, and disaster came. Then he went on to something else.' This going on seems to me his great originality among the heroes of recent fiction, who are much more disposed to drink



ALFRED A. KNOPF
730 FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK CITY
[Note New Address]



The Latest Borzoi Books

SMOKE RINGS

by G. B. STERN

Author of *THE BACK SEAT*

Brilliant short stories by one of the cleverest women novelists in England today. The stories range from the tragic to the comic, from satire to pathos, but all of them bear the visible imprint of Miss Stern's characteristic skill and charm. Some of the stories are: *A Modern Elaine, Leading Lady, Ulysses Up-To-Date, The Cuckold*, etc. \$2.50 net



ST. HELENA

by M. A. ALDANOV

Translated from the Russian by A. E. Chanot

Napoleon's life at St. Helena as seen through the eyes of his contemporaries is the central theme of this charming little story. Around the historical facts of Napoleon's exile is woven the narrative of Susie Johnson, ward of Sir Hudson-Lowe, and of her marriage to a Russian nobleman. \$2.00 net



THOMAS MANN'S great novel BUDDENBROOKS

Translated from the German by
H. Lowe-Porter

BUDDENBROOKS is universally recognized as the great German novel of the twentieth century and its author as one of the greatest of living writers. With consummate skill, he has woven this pattern of the daily rounds of middle-class life, this chronicle of births and christenings, of marriage and divorce, of life and death in the Buddenbrook family. Starting in 1830 with the Buddenbrooks among the merchant nobility of Lübeck the story moves swiftly through the Franco-Prussian War to the last survivor of a great family, weakened to extinction by over-refinement. Two vols., 748 pages. \$5.00 net per set



STRAIT IS THE GATE

by ANDRÉ GIDE

Translated from the French by Dorothy Bussy

André Gide, leader of the younger generation in France, is generally acknowledged in Europe as a great contemporary master. This novel, a study of Gallic Puritanism, has been called by Edmund Gosse: "one of the most beautiful books which has been printed in France for a long time." \$2.50 net

A SIMPLE STORY

by CHARLES LOUIS-
PHILIPPE

With woodcuts by
Frans Masereel

The first appearance in English of a French novelist who died in 1909 at the age of 35, leaving behind him a small body of imperishable work. \$2.50 net

Recent books of enduring interest

CHILDREN OF THE AGE

by KNUT HAMSN

Not since *Growth of the Soil* has a more powerful book by the famous Scandinavian novelist appeared in English. With a superb directness and honesty, an irony that never becomes cynical, he narrates the decline of the rural aristocracy in Norway. \$2.50 net

THE PROPHET

by KAHLIL GIBRAN

With twelve drawings by the author

"If there is a man or woman who can read this book without a quiet acceptance of a great man's philosophy and a singing in the heart as of music born within, that man or woman is indeed dead to life and truth." — *Chicago Evening Post*. \$2.50 net

THE PITIFUL WIFE

by STORM JAMESON

A story of modern marriage, set against the Yorkshire moor country, by a young English writer. "Worth all the flood of 1923's fiction . . . introduces the loveliest heroine of recent times. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. "In the best sense a powerful novel." — *New York Times*. 4th large printing. \$2.50 net

In CANADA from the Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto

their cup to the dregs and then to die lingeringly of the poison.

Young Felix may be called a good 'bracer' to read after finishing *Vindication*; for the latter, though admirably written, is not pleasant. It is a scientifically unimpassioned study of people who either have not yet socially 'arrived' or have arrived long since and are now slipping from their social foothold. The collision of the two types has been accentuated, I suppose, by the war; and yet neither type is essentially different from those that appear in *Vanity Fair*.

Indeed, *Vindication* is a somewhat slender delineation of *Vanity Fair* in the twentieth century, and Gloria Britten, though no Becky Sharp, is an adventuress who, like Becky, has determined to marry land or money. Daughter of a gambler and libertine, she seeks to climb out of the class into which she has been born, and is in a sense successful. Her 'vindication' of her social rights is, however, ironically set askew by the passionate blood which she has inherited from her Spanish mother and her profligate father and by the interference in her plans of a rather unconvincing young Don Juan named Freddie Kendale, who first seduces her and then persuades her to marry him, although she is already engaged to an upright young aristocrat, who owns vast though heavily mortgaged estates.

The people portrayed have all the cynicism, petty ambitions, short views, immorality or un-morality, glitter, brass, and stupidity that Thackeray found in *Vanity Fair*; but Mr. McKenna's manner of portraying them marks the change from the nineteenth to the twentieth century. He never moralizes, never appears before the curtain, never remarks — much less rages — about his characters, never exaggerates, never by a word suggests to his reader what his attitude is toward them.

The consequence is that many an unthinking reader will pronounce his book sordid and heartless. The author has, however, adopted as his only Victorian echo, the use of poetic mottoes for his chapters; and they furnish an easily understood chorus of comment upon his story.

Perhaps the main criticism to pass upon *Vindication* — supposing one is willing to grant that such a picture is justified at all — is that it somehow lacks emphasis, the very quality in which *Young Felix* is strong. But the episodic plan of the latter novel lends itself well to dramatic emphasis, because it presents only those scenes which clarify the theme. In *Vindication* one is puzzled by the tortuous psychology of the characters and is not certain whether the plot is leading or — in the end — where it has arrived. A second reading adds greatly to the clarification of the action, but few readers will care to extend so far their acquaintance with Mr. McKenna's personages.

There is a sentence in Carlyle which I shall venture to quote, though he is not much quoted nowadays. It suggests, I think, one truth about fiction. 'Wouldst thou plant for Eternity,' it

runs, 'then plant into the deep infinite faculties of man, his Fantasy and Heart; wouldst thou plant for Year and Day, then plant into his shallow superficial faculties, his Self-love and Arithmetical Understanding, what will grow there.' The difference between *Young Felix* and *Vindication* is the difference, perhaps, between heart and head. The latter is intellectualized, sophisticated, and not quite real; the former is simple, direct, engaging, and true.

R. M. GAY.

American Artists, by Royal Cortissoz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1923. 12mo. Illustrated. xiv+361 pp. \$3.00.

WHETHER it was the art critics or the Christians who summoned it, the word 'modernism' is here. Dented on one side by conservatives and puffed up on the other by radicals, it already seems somewhat out of drawing. Its contour is not what it was.

Surely the epithet 'modern' cannot be unpleasing to anyone who says with Channing, 'I thank God that my own lot is bound up with that of the human race.' But 'modernist,' 'modernistic'? Each added syllable gives an added slant. Happily we have thus far escaped that still deadlier compound, 'modernisticated,' rhyming with 'sophisticated,' and corrugated like the accordion's hide. Who knows what may yet come?

Modernism being so much with us, Mr. Cortissoz's book has made a stir in certain circles. His thrust at 'Ellis Island art' has roused the ire of radicals; his dauntless initial statement, 'I am a conservative,' has gladdened the Old Guard. It matters little that I myself consider both these points of departure highly courageous, even while I find that the phrase 'Ellis Island art' does not — except for those who delve below the surface — do justice to Mr. Cortissoz's known breadth of mind. What does matter is this: the value of the book lies equally in its combats and in its amenities, its battlefields and its pleasure gardens. A vitalizing purpose has welded these disparate elements into the true metal of criticism.

Having leveled his lance, perhaps not so much against modernism as against degeneracy, that palpable scourge of the creative life, the author presents a thoughtful appreciation of much that is right and fine in our art. His book has vivid chapters on Thayer, Dewing, Fuller, Brush, Eakins, Cox; on Inness, Homer, Hassam, Metcalf, and other outdoor painters; on the lure of technique as seen in Duveneck and Chase; on the slashing stroke of Luks, Bellows, Henri; on poets in paint, such as Vedder, Ryder, Davies. Whistler triumphs.

Five sculptors appear, the strong beside the exquisite. There are glimpses of Stanford White, the friendly dynamo in art; of McKim, the practical visionary seated by a fountain in the Doria Pamphili garden, and gazing skyward in

D M DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

443 Fourth Avenue
New York City

D M

Woodrow Wilson: A Character Study

By Robert Edwards Annin

Mr. Annin presents a study of Woodrow Wilson unique in that it is neither general endorsement nor general condemnation. Rather, it is a thoughtful and unbiased appraisal of the man and his record as President of Princeton, Governor of New Jersey and President of the United States, that will be of interest to anyone regardless of personal opinion.

Illustrated. \$2.50

Foster on Mah Jong

By R. F. Foster

Author of "Foster on Auction," etc.

The famous author of more than sixty books on games has prepared what will be the standard guide for American players of this fascinating Chinese game. Complete in every detail of scoring and play. Many illustrations.

Cloth, \$2.00; limp leather, \$3.00

On Life and Letters — Series IV

By ANATOLE FRANCE

The fourth and final volume of those brilliant articles of literary criticism in which this great master offers unerring judgment of outstanding French literature. \$3.00

Chinese Lanterns

By GRACE THOMPSON SETON

Author of "A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt," etc.

Chinese life in all its strange manifestations, with particularly interesting facts on the New Woman in China and her struggle for freedom.

Illustrated. \$3.50

Diet for Children (and Adults)

By DR. LULU HUNT PETERS

Author of "Diet and Health with Key to the Calories," etc. Dr. Peters is recognized as the most popular scientific medical writer of the day. Her new book covers every detail of the whole subject of feeding children for health.

Illustrated. \$2.00

The Snob

By HELEN R. MARTIN

Author of "The Church on the Avenue," etc.

Life in a Pennsylvania Dutch village—a novel of modern marriage and a girl's struggle against the bigotry and narrowness of her daily life. "Some extremely good character drawing."—N. Y. Herald. \$2.00

The Water-Bearer

By J. ALLAN DUNN

Author of "Turquoise Canon," etc.

Romance in California woven into a dramatic, out-of-doors story of engineering genius.

\$2.00

The Storm-Center

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

Author of "The Marathon Mystery," etc.

Pure romance, combining mystery, adventure, and travel in an extraordinary story. "This is the sort of romance and adventure story that Mr. Stevenson does a little better than almost any other writer."—St. Louis Globe Democrat. \$2.00

The Sayings of Queen Elizabeth

By FREDERICK CHAMBERLIN

Author of "The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth"

"Not only a very useful handbook for the historian, but something much more important—a book which will give inspiration and delight to the whole English-speaking world."—J. St. Loe Strachey in *The Spectator*.

Two portraits in color. \$4.00

Brontë Moors and Villages

By ELIZABETH SOUTHWART

A sympathetic study of the country where the Brontë sisters lived and worked, and of the rugged, humorous, kindly folk who inhabit it. Illustrated in color and in line by T. MacKenzie. \$4.00

Psychoanalysis and Aesthetics

By CHARLES BAUDOUIN

Author of "Suggestion and Autosuggestion," etc.

An application of psychoanalysis, to the theory of aesthetics as illustrated by a detailed study of the works of the Belgian poet, Emile Verhaeren. (March 15) \$4.00

Are Parents People?

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Author of "Manslaughter," etc.

Witty, clever, ultra-modern people and their human romances, in a book you will find to be one of the most humorous you have ever read. \$2.00

Temper

By LAWRENCE H. CONRAD

In the heart of our great industrial system Mr. Conrad has placed an epic novel of factory life. \$2.00

The Trail Rider

By GEORGE W. OGDEN

Author of "The Well Shooters," etc.

Texas Hartwell found virile adventure on the cattle ranges of Kansas—heroism and vengeance, sacrifice and love. A real thriller. \$2.00

At All
Booksellers

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

Publishers
Since 1839

D M

THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

his dream of our American Academy in Rome. These appreciations have a unity flowing naturally from the author's long-continued, sympathetic study of our plastic arts. No chapter is without its sustained remembrance of the beautiful.

Many of the Acute Alexanders of hebdomadary criticism are warning the world that there is no such thing as beauty. Mr. Cortisoz is kinder. So is Walter de la Mare, who in one magic line singing of 'beauty that vanishes' creates beauty anew.

As a masterpiece of luminous interpretation, the chapter on the Freer Museum makes a fit epilogue for the book. It discusses the purpose of the Museum, its architecture, its treasures from the East and West in their interrelation. Near the end, when Freer's adventures in collecting are mentioned, there is talk of a radiant little bowl — can so lovely a thing be a cheat? Mr. Freer, before buying, begs the immemorial privilege of rapping it with a pencil. The radiant bowl rings false. It is not the gem of rare pottery the dealer pretends: it is merely a bright counterfeit in lacquer, with a false heart of makeweight metal.

There is a parable here, to be read contrariwise. This book which is a battleground and a pleasure-garden is above all a genuine thing; it is not lacquered; it is of precisely the pottery its jacket declares. It is not a prophecy concerning experiment; it is a chronicle of achievement. As such, it has its own authentic resonance. No knock from the critic's pencil can make it do otherwise than ring true.

ADELINE ADAMS.

The Late Mattia Pascal, by Luigi Pirandello, translated from the Italian by Arthur Livingston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1923. 12mo. xxiv+321 pp. \$2.50.

AMERICA was once the happy possessor of a philosopher who wrote like a novelist; Italy, equally fortunate, has in her Pirandello a philosopher, novelist, and playwright combined. Perhaps 'psychologist' is a better word; for in the bewildering plays with which our dazed public begins to be familiar, a dexterous scalpel jabs into the inmost recesses of consciousness. Veils are torn off with relentless zest: 'the conflict between reality and illusion' was never so brought home — not by Samuel Butler, not by Shaw.

Who are they, these poor people of Pirandello's?

In 'Six Characters in Search of an Author' the poignant reality of phantasmal personages leaps at us hideously, more convincing than in *Edipus Rex*, reducing to thin air the substantial actors on the scene. In 'The Pleasure of Honesty' values turn topsy-turvy. And if we cannot

tell who the people are, neither can they. As the action unfolds, they discover their own motives, exchange rôles, as in 'Each in His Own Way,' realize that they are not at all the persons they supposed, and perhaps, like poor Ersilia in 'Naked,' kill themselves in desperate resolve to achieve a bit of reality somehow.

Similar analysis, revealing while it dissects, obtains in this novel. The book has had a curious history. Written twenty years ago, it sold two thousand copies in eighteen years. In the last two years it has sold beyond one hundred thousand copies. This sudden popularity is due of course to Pirandello's success as a dramatist; but the novel bears the stamp of early work, and is much less deft in workmanship and more conventional than the plays. Reputed suicide and disguised personality are a trite device. The fooling is clumsy, the spiritualistic intrigue irrelevant and rather flat.

The most entertaining, most Pirandello-like pages, are those in which Pirandello invents his grandfather; the interest of the book is that it feels its way, though feebly, toward subtle character-portrayal. Mattia Pascal may disguise himself mechanically at his entrance into his second life; but we watch him actually becoming Adriano Meis, and perceive that in this disguise the essential man finds himself for the first time. Mattia may in due course resume his old name and his former circumstance; but we leave him placing flowers on his own grave — not the unpleasant scamp of the first chapters, but the weak, kindly creature, lacking in creative initiative, who loved little Adriana tenderly though he could find it in his heart to run away from her.

The obvious moral is, of course, that you cannot escape your shadow or leave the mould in which you were cast; but the best part of the book deals with the reaction of just this futile effort.

It may be hoped that there are still Anglo-Saxon readers left — despite writers in vogue, who shall be nameless — to whom the taste of much in Pirandello will be offensive. Yet, after all, the matter is not important. Pirandello treats unpleasant situations simply because the 'complexes' related to sex are those which can be chased and analyzed along the line of least resistance.

The discerning reader will not particularly mind about the motifs; he will be fascinated by the method: not that of a cynic, not that of a lover, but that of a writer intent on pursuing the evasive secrets of personality to their hidden lair. Pirandello's work is an earnest of what the new psychology may yet give us, when its conquered territory shall have been entered by the imagination.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

These reviews will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston. For ten or more copies there is a charge of one cent per copy.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1924

THE SOCIAL CONTRAST

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

I

THE adjective 'social' is used at large, has grown diffuse, and has branched out with many meanings. My brethren of the Press use it as meaning 'of wealthy women.' I use it here in the strict and original sense to mean the relations between the citizens of one community — their general relations: that way of men with men which marks a national spirit. The contrast in this spirit between the American civilization and our own is the first, the most universal, the most characteristic form of contrast to be grasped.

What is the essential mark of the American social spirit? Its essential is publicity: the spirit of the market-place. The contact of individual with individual is indefinitely more continuous and more frequent in America than east of the great water, on the farther shore. To us Europeans rudely surprising, this publicity is the note of all American things. It runs through every manifestation of American life and colors the whole. With us the market-place, the Forum, is a special meeting-place, privacy the rule. With the Americans the Forum is the habit of all life. In the Old World corporation stands separate from corporation, community from community, family from

family, and the rest; among the Americans the sub-units — individuals, families, corporations — are possessed of a ceaseless molecular activity, as it were, and that especially of the individual; each affecting each directly and constantly. The interaction is perpetual between each man and his neighbors of whatever category of neighborhood. It is a quality like that which our physical scientists put forward as their guess at the constitution of a gas, distinguishing it from that of a fluid, a violent rapidity of motion in the particles. It is the extension to the highest degree of what the great Greeks of antiquity called the *political* nature of man: his civic character. It is the extreme of what is much more falsely called, in a characteristically modern metaphor, the *gregarious* quality of man; not in the sense of men's tendency to act together in a great mass, like a herd (though that is one secondary consequence of the thing); but rather in its tendency to make each man affirm his fellowship with his fellows.

For *intense individual contact and energy make for uniformity*. Let me emphasize that very important little paradox. There is no contradiction

between the intensity of individual action and an almost mechanical similarity in general action. On the contrary, the two go together; and where the activity of the individual, his desire to depend upon himself, and his consequent energy in action, are pushed to their furthest limit, there you will have also the most repeated contact between individuals, and, *as a consequence*, the most uniform result. That is why the uniformity of American life is so striking for the European observer.

Put a number of round smooth balls upon a billiard table. Give them each a slow and slight movement, and you will see no general movement appearing. There will be little clatter, few and rare collisions. Impart to them each a very rapid motion, that is, an individual intensity, and while you raise very greatly the noise of the shocks (which is a superficial phenomenon), and while you increase even more the number and frequency of collisions (which is the cause of the noise), you also soon develop a *resultant* of all the random directions. If the sharp speed of each be maintained you will soon perceive in the movement of the whole a general swing, and all that great mass of balls will be moving in a crowd. So it is with a human society.

I am not here concerned with whether this extreme of individual action and individual activity, the consequent extreme of individual contact (that is, of publicity), the further result of large streams of common action and of a vast uniformity also pushed to an extreme, are good or evil; for it is not a judgment of good and evil which I am attempting to describe, but a particular social phenomenon. I do not judge here, I only observe; and I say that the immediate mark, the obvious external mark, of America as compared with our European selves,

is this generalization of the individual in action — his presence everywhere in perpetual touch with his fellows.

To us Europeans coming as travelers to America the degree of the thing is so unusual and, till it is experienced, so inconceivable that it is the first shock of difference we feel between ourselves and our hosts.

The American approaches and speaks to any man anywhere without previous knowledge of him, and is received as an Englishman, German, or Italian would receive a person he had known all his life. In Europe even a man urgently pressed to such action (for instance, a man catching a train and not knowing his way to the station) must always go through some form before he addresses another man; and if there is no urgency, the form must be prolonged and careful. In America this form is unknown. Contact is established at once and as a matter of course; and we of Europe feel this strange American thing subtly and continually in the ordinary approaches of men. One to whom you speak in a shop when you ask him for goods, and that one replying to you; one in a public office, a post office, of whom you ask information and who replies to you; one in any of a thousand relations, which recur daily, treats you in America after a fashion unknown in Europe; and when people are honest with themselves, their sharpest memory of the United States, especially if they remain there (as do most traveling Europeans) for but a moment of their lives, is that brusque relation, vivid, not to be mistaken, different from any experience in their own world.

On most Europeans this novel relation acts as an acute irritant. A smaller number it amuses. To all it is enormously strange; to me attractive. But to the American it is inconceivable that it should be strange. It is to him

as normal as breathing. We call their mood a lack of privacy; they call our mood by equally uncomplimentary names. I have heard the thing deplored by some few Americans, but only by Americans of a leisured sort, and more often by men already acquainted with Europe. The mass of Americans have it of nature and take it for granted.

As the European visitor goes out of one of the great American cities and enters the miles of suburbs where the wealthier men have built their houses, the startling thing to his eyes is to note that *there is no division between one man's ground and another's* — they all stand on one lawn!

The startling thing that strikes his ears is the thunder of electric cars clanging past these houses on their steel rails all day — and all night. Wealth and opportunity in America connote the very opposites of what they do in Europe: extreme neatness, rarity of detail, a hospitable cleanliness of bath, drains, sinks; facile communication, plenty of noise and metal — and no seclusion. With us, wealth — especially wealth long possessed — is marked by an extreme of seclusion; a horror of noise; a carefully acquired distance from communications; a good deal of dust on old books and furniture; a mass of detail in every kind of reading and picture and chance-inherited or picked-up whatnots by the hundred; repose, and (especially with the English gentry) what they call Froust — which some of them also call Fug.

It is not newness which digs this chasm between the two, for the American thing is found in families and fields two hundred and fifty years old; it is a fathomless spiritual gulf separating two kinds of men and making it so that in the world of the one the other could not *live*.

Individuals support the change; but

an English group, remaining English, *could not* (I say) *live* in America: it would breathe an alien air and die.

This element of publicity, then, is everywhere. I could by way of paradox pick out a thousand examples of the apparent contrary: things on which American convention forbids discussion, but European permits it, if not fully, more freely. But these make no counter-balance, for there are an equal amount of conventions the other way about: things not discussed in Europe freely but in America universally discussed — income, for instance, and digestion. But these examples of exception on the one hand, of exaggeration on the other, do not affect the main truths: that the note of American society is life under the eye and in the ear of all.

II

I have said that this root-character of vibrating individual activity leads not only to perpetual personal contact but also to *uniformity*; and I have said that there is here no contradiction, but that the one is an obvious consequence of the other.

This uniformity, this second effect of publicity, is as striking to the European as the first effect, that of perpetual contact. For the contrast here also, in the matter of uniformity, is bewilderingly intense.

In Europe the epigram passes round, 'Everything in America is upon a belt'; by which I suppose the author of it meant that the European observes in America a lack of that high differentiation to which he is accustomed in his own world. Now the American, of course, is awake to a set of domestic differences which the foreign visitor does not feel. But if he will compare the social manner of his own country with that of Europe he will, I think, agree with me that there is in his

society not only uniformity of ideas (compared with ours), but also a widespread uniformity of lesser daily action.

The rapid vibration of individual life has not led to a multiplicity of private habits as a slower but progressive individual pace might have done. It has led to the contrary. It has rendered the individual typical; a common mould exists into which men are run and their surroundings. Thus the large hotel is of identically the same structure, plan, and end wherever you go in the United States; and if it be objected that the hotel is naturally so, being an institution made to be in common and universal, one may reply that nothing in Europe is more personal and 'each-of-its-kind' than our inns. One may add that the human house in America is equally on a pattern, its furniture, its reading, the very details of warming and of cooking and the rest. Every nation, and for that matter every civilization, has some uniformity in such things. There is a French house which is not Italian; a European house which is not Asiatic. But in America uniformity is far more striking (for it is far more exact) than it is with us. It has a far sharper edge, it makes a far neater imprint, it is far less varied within its own genus.

And the converse is true; the traveler is certain of finding one limited set of things everywhere; he is equally certain of lacking others. He will find the same book, the same bath, the same radiator. He will not find Chambertin or, say, 'Lepanto' — a poem, or changing soft songs. He feels a regimental effect.

Upon this I know not how many other causes converge besides those I have guessed at — the even topography; the rapid spread of population over a vast area, still continued in a flood and destined to continue; the delight in mechanical application.

Let me illustrate this last point. A novel form of transport — the American elevator ('lift' in English) — saves a proportion of energy compared with an earlier form, a staircase. In our European world the earlier form will nearly always survive; not precariously survive; not slowly die out; but *survive* — continue, outlast the innovation — and that stubbornly. So also will many other forms, earlier still. This tenacity in the survival of old instruments goes with the spirit of privacy, with the individual private, domestic, turned inward; with the unit of the corporation, of the college, of the family, also turned inward.

And with us such differentiation is not due to dullness or routine, but just the opposite. It is a mark or symbol *in our society* of those who hold a special and even a superior place therein. Thus the high Western civilization of France, Spain, Britain, Italy is far more differentiated than that of Prussia, Russia, or the Balkans. With the Americans it is the reverse. Old forms surviving mean, there, something sluggish or poor: an inhibition. To have things about one less 'efficient' than those of the past is, among Americans, a sign of weakness. Many a European library is proud to be so individual as to be arranged haphazard: to allow a man to browse among its books at the expense of their continual misplacing. Its members choose by discovery, and find the pleasure of such a freedom to exceed the pleasure of rapid delivery through exact order. And in such old European libraries a change of system, the closing of the shelves to such general inspection for the sake of exact order, would be thought a loss, not a gain. But in America the consequent disorder would be found intolerable. The saving of energy in any department is, in America, a progress. To waste energy for the sake of individuality, caprice,

elbow-room, tradition, is, with Americans, to be eccentric and *less* than their standard.

This spirit of common action takes the form also of creating enormous markets even for the things of the soul. It creates on a huge scale, and as a *benefit*, what our urban centres in Europe also suffer from not a little, as a curse — the 'Best Seller': the book which spreads like fire through dry grass, not because it makes any special appeal to individual minds, but because a crowd takes it up. Only some one book can at the same one time thus capture the universal market, but almost any book may do so. One book among a myriad gets the lead (no one knows how) and, immediately, its competitors fall out, and that one book sells by the million for three months — *and is forgotten in six*. That is the astounding part of the affair. The appetite admits itself worthless in judgment and abdicates immediately.

This spirit of common action shows itself much more importantly in the realm of ideas, from which all material manifestations spring. Social doctrines are in America universal. Thus one social doctrine — the treatment of all religious statement and practice *within a certain limit* as private opinions, the persecution of all beyond that limit as intolerable — is universal. It is unquestioned. It is taken for granted. No one may be specifically burdened for rejecting (or accepting) the Catholic doctrine of clerical celibacy. But no one will be tolerated who denies the Catholic doctrine of monogamy.

Again, the value, sacredness, and efficacy of the vote. The conception that a majority¹ has a divine right to decide in any matter is universal in America, not as a conclusion of reason

but as an accepted dogma. It is not the doctrine that society as an organism may impose its organic will — *that* all humanity accepts. It is the doctrine that majority voting expresses that will!

The principle is, as all will agree after a moment's thought, absurd. It applies only when three rare conditions are all present together: universal interest, a common experience, a perfect machinery. Shall two lads of twenty-one and twenty-two outvote their father? Is a family less of a social unit than a minx? Do one million care (or know) more about bimetallism than 999,999?

But the case is even worse than such unanswerable questions imply. It is clear to reason that such a conception, even if its principle be admitted, must have physical, necessary, limits. Society could not be conducted at all, and the State could no longer exist, if fifty-one out of a hundred were in all matters whatsoever free to dictate to forty-nine. It would be impossible mechanically, because the number of things to be decided is infinite. It would be intolerable in morals, because it may well be (and usually is the case) that the great majority are slightly opposed to something to which the minority is passionately attached: for instance, the Mass.

In a word, it is self-evident that majority rule, even if you accept it as a divine doctrine, as something in the very nature of morals, can work only on a small field; right or wrong, it can act only over very restricted areas. Yet the limits, until very lately at least, have been accepted only subconsciously in America; only recently has Europe noticed the beginnings of an American discussion upon them, which discussion had hardly begun when I was a young man in America thirty years ago.

It is perhaps the policy of Prohibition that has raised the issue of

¹ The Constitution does, in effect, often give a minority power, *e.g.*, through the Senate. But the majority doctrine is unquestioned.

majority rule. I do not know. But, I repeat, the discussion has come. It will lead far; but it will not shake that conception of the divine right of a majority. That is a universal idea in America, rooted in the public mind and as omnipresent as was in other times and places the right of the Church to impose itself exclusively in, say, the English world of the thirteenth century.

Philosophers have, of course, debated the matter of majority rule both in America and in our own civilization, and that long before the modern organization of voting upon a very large scale was known. They at once discovered that the right of a majority thus to dictate can be based upon nothing but the absurdity of its alternative. If the majority has not the right to coerce the whole, still less has a minority. Supposing a complete identity of units and supposing an equality of interest in all those units, majority rule is merely the statement that its opposite is more absurd than itself.

But that impassive way of treating the idea of decisions by majorities is not at all the way in which the American mind has received it. It has been received as a self-evident truth in morals.

I know well enough that the wisdom of those who founded the American Constitution checked majority rule, limited it, and so saved the State. But my point is that this dogma, so universal, so unquestioned, so foolish, is an example of *uniformity*.

Another example of this uniformity of social action is found in the great waves of public feeling which sweep the New World. They change rapidly in direction and in object. That of to-day may be almost opposite in direction to that of to-morrow. The object exciting the wave of to-day may wholly differ in nature from the object exciting

that of to-morrow; but the prime mark of *uniformity* is never lacking. The vast mass of human beings moves as one body.

Such cohesive universal action is a most formidable instrument of power. Of all the characteristics of American life which Europe respects, calls upon as an ally or dreads as an opponent, this is the chief; and it is not unamusing to watch the clumsy efforts of European propagandists to produce these waves in the United States. Even as I write the opposing interests of the French and English are urging these peoples to attempt by print and missionary speakers the rise of such a wave; with France it takes the form of attempting to raise an enthusiasm for her sufferings, with England it takes the form of appealing for American entry into a League of Nations, which it is hoped may be turned into an anti-French instrument. These attempts fail. For no force can raise these waves save one arising upon American soil. But when the source of an American enthusiasm is native it may have an astonishingly rapid rise and a still more astonishing vigor. Such emotions come too suddenly for us Europeans even to note their origins. We do not understand their nature.

III

Among the universal ideas which in practice are thus everywhere accepted, and which stamp the public mind of the United States, Europe has in particular noted one; and Europe (particularly England) has so misunderstood this one, that I hope to be excused if I attempt at some length to explain it. I mean the money standard—the close connection everywhere apparent in the American mind between civic value and an individual accumulation of wealth; the use of *acquired* (not inherited) fortune as a test of worth.

There is no point on which more acrimonious folly has been talked by foreigners than this, and all that folly proceeds from a lazy, or an ignorant, or an imperfect analysis of the thing.

There is an attitude toward private fortune, the private possession of wealth, which is, exactly, *idolatrous*; that is, which (a) imputes to this dead thing living attributes, (b) worships this dead thing. For in these two errors combined does idolatry consist. Where that spirit of idolatry is present, where there is a worship of the wealthy man, where there is a confusion between the advantages of wealth and the objects proper for human admiration, there you have as base a corruption of the religious instinct as man can suffer. That is, *very* exactly, Mammon.

Now at the risk of appearing paradoxical and fantastic to nearly all European readers, and even to many American readers, I will boldly say that no modern society is so free from this detestable heresy as the American. To transfer admiration from the thing possessed to its possessor; to conceive that the mere possession of material wealth makes of its possessor a proper object for worship; to feel abject before another who is wealthier — such emotions do not so much as enter the American mind. To say to himself, 'That man is an owner of great wealth; therefore I respect him as I would respect a great poet or a great soldier,' is impossible to an American.

In Europe this mood of Mammon is never absent. I am glad to say that even with us the degrees vary in different places and different times. It was very much worse before the war in England than it is to-day. It was very much worse just before the war than it was a generation earlier. It is worse in Paris than in any of the French provinces, and worse in the French provinces than in Italy. But

throughout our long-stratified European societies there is everywhere a measure of this money-worship; and it is detestable. You may compare the beastly thing to the smell of gas. A leak may be just strong enough to be slightly unpleasant; or stronger and very unpleasant; or appalling. In a few places it will make a place uninhabitable and cause death. Now, to apply the parallel to Mammon, we in England live to-day complaining of that smell of gas as pretty nearly intolerable. Just before the war (which came in to correct the thing) it really had become intolerable. We were in a room where the leak was so bad that it drove people out. All over Europe (even in Castilian Spain, which is the freest of all our societies from the horror) you can smell that gas. In America you are wholly free from the faintest odor of it.

Mammon is not the passion for *getting* money, nor the desire for what money *can buy*; still less is it the envy of those who have more money than one's self. It is the transference to the wealthy man of qualities not present in him and suggested only by the fact that he is wealthy. It is expressed in the feeling of genuine respect for a rich man and genuine contempt for a poor one; in the attribution of virtue to the one and of vices to the other. You will, I say, find that disease of the soul less present in the United States than in any other modern society. Mammon does not appear with the Americans in gesture, or tone of speech or glance, nor in any of those things which betray the deference of the soul. I, at least, have never seen those glances, or gestures, or heard those tones in America. With us they are universal.

What, then, is it in the American attitude which has been mistaken for Mammon?

It is something quite other. It is the

threefold conception (1) that success in accumulation connotes effort upon the part of any man; (2) that American opportunity should make this equally possible for any man; and negatively (3) that there is nothing else in the State either so easily measurable as the money-standard or so universally present.

The American sees civic life as a race, entry to which is open for all. Nature around him lies still largely unexploited, new ideas of its new use arise day after day. The race is, as a fact, entered by nearly all, and your place in it can be — very roughly — measured by your material achievement. It is natural that under such conditions such a test should be applied.

The simplicity of the standard has its evils, and they are gross. They lead to a difference between the idea of production and the idea of accumulation. They lead to an excess of cunning, though that, again, is cunning of a simple type. But these and many other defects attaching to the conception most emphatically do not include that disgusting, that degrading element of base personal worship, and the exclusion of this evil is well worth the admission of all the rest.

As to the weak side of this 'money-standard' habit, what else would you expect to find in a society which has had for its main temporal task during three centuries the development of a vast and still unexhausted continent? As to its strong side, it is a credit to the civic sense of Americans that they use it as they do without admixture of false emotion.

There is proof that what I say is true. In a society degraded by Mammon, those qualities in man which are inherent (from, say, Literary Talent, which is among the lowest, to, say, Holiness, which is the highest of all) are held to be less significant than the

mere possession of money. They are more or less admired (and that in the wrong order), but they are never worshipped. Worship, to parody the theological definition, 'is reserved for Money alone.' Now among the Americans these inherent qualities not only reach their right place, but take, if anything, a place a little too high. A great soldier having saved Europe on a salary of five thousand dollars a year, the Americans are moved to receive him as he should be received. Did a poet appear nowadays (the world is waiting for him, but he has not come), the Americans would receive him as he should be received. In London rich women would ask him to lunch; but not the same rich woman twice. The poet would, in London, be an exhibit and a trapping at her table, like the ephemeral hero of the last scandal. That is not true of America. Hostesses scramble for lions there as here. But in America the lion is more than the hostess. With us, unless the lion is the richer, the lion is the less.

Or again: among people in one household, upon our side of the Atlantic, degrees of deference are almost entirely determined by wealth. A very rich man is, in such a party, a special and sacred being, far more to his companions than to the servants. A poor man is insignificant. Such is our chief vice. We see men through an atmosphere or colored screen of *possession*. In America they enjoy the corresponding virtue of seeing men as they are. In the midst of so much which spiritually weakens the New World, this virtue, which is part of its candor, permanently strengthens it.

So much for the American money-standard, our European misconceptions on which have bred so much false judgment as to merit this long digression. The digression arose, it will be remembered, in connection with the effects of American uniformity.

Now in this matter of the moral effects of American uniformity, two are worth noting before we leave it: an advantage, and a defect. The advantage is a universal courtesy, the defect is assurance.

Courtesy in America never fails. It is found in all states of fortune and in all degrees of haste. That it has not our forms makes it, to those of us who care to observe, the more conspicuous. The great machine of American Uniformity needs such oil and gets it abundantly. In no community I know will you find a less number of proud, or surly, or neglectful men; for pride and surliness and neglect are the fruits of isolation. On the other hand, there is none in which assurance — that is, certitude based on insufficient evidence or on mere repetition — is more rooted. And it is a weakening thing to the individual man and to the State.

For example, each latest fad in the physical or historical jargon of guesswork is accepted for gospel after a fashion far more universal than with us. With us it is a mark of intelligence and reading to ridicule the successive imaginaries which are presented to us for realities — the Cave Man, and the Nordic Race and all the rest of the ephemeral procession. To accept these things seriously and make them a basis for action, or even thought, is associated in the European mind with something imperfect in a man's training. I have even heard them called 'suburban' and 'middle-class' by middle-class people in the suburbs; and when things get as far as that it is a wonder and a sign. For instance, such ephemeral books as these, *Outlines of History* and the rest, have about them, in the eyes of the cultured in Europe, something comic and absurd. The musty, belated, elementary 'science' and history of their authors, half of it already proved wrong and the other half guess-

work, is a joke — especially with the French, who are keenly alive to the fun of such figures. But in America I found that trumped-up stuff taken quite seriously.

This assurance, doing harm within to the American, is a domestic concern of his own; doing harm in foreign relations it is the world's concern, and in that field it might at any moment do the greatest harm. To accept insufficient or actually false stock phrases in ethnology and history is a bad thing for society, but to accept them in international politics is ruinously dangerous, both to the acceptor and the foreign object of his judgment. Words like 'caveman,' 'natural selection,' 'psychoanalysis,' are one's own family affair; but 'Anglo-Saxon,' 'Latin,' 'Nordic,' 'self-determination,' and 'militarism' may start a war.

Luckily, two powerful checks restrain the effects of these asphyxiating tenuosities: first, the Americans have a vivid and most healthy *instinct* against foreign entanglements; secondly, they possess a distinct, clearly-defined *tradition* against the same: a tradition derived from the great founders of the American Commonwealth and fixed in memorable phrases.

IV

I now come to a quality in the American social spirit which cannot be attached to any material cause, which is a product of — I know not what virtue or happy accident in the origins of that society. To this quality one can give only the name of *candor*; it is straightforwardness and unasking sincerity. It has a general effect (I know not for how long this effect may endure) of joy.

I have heard innumerable judgments passed upon the American people by Europeans. But in all these judgments, favorable and unfavorable, unintelli-

gent (as were the great majority) or intelligent (as were a rare few), there almost always appeared with a note of envy, of surprise, of bitterness, — or of mere regret, — the statement that the Americans were happier than any people of the Old World.

They *are*: much happier. It is the astonishing and outstanding thing upon the spiritual side which no one, seeing that people, and telling honestly what he has seen, can hide. They are the happiest white people in the modern world.

Wherever you go, in the whole of the vast territory of the States, you discover that sort of freedom in the soul which is the breeding soil of happiness. I have said that I could discover no cause — certainly no moral cause — for the candor which is at the root of all this happiness; but at any rate I am sure that the cause of the happiness is candor. The American people live in truth.

By this I do not mean that they have not the vices common to mankind, and the particular vices common to our Western race, and the still more particular vices which attach to their own predominant doctrines. What I mean is that the perpetual habit of repression, accompanied by an indurated falsehood of expression, which runs through and through the governing classes of Europe, is absent; and I am fully confident that to the absence of such an evil we must ascribe that other good of a light heart.

Now will this effect endure? I return to that question. About a year ago a German traveling in America for the first time, and saying what I say, that this note of joy had struck him most, added: 'Nor is it marred by any foreknowledge of its own cessation. They do not know for how short a time this joy will last!'

I cannot pretend to this critic's

prophecy. The joy may last or it may not; it cannot last forever, it cannot last, indeed, for very many generations. Every civilization that has developed upon this earth has passed rapidly enough from simplicity to doubt, and from doubt to despair, save indeed where it has been relieved, as was Rome in the fourth century, by that one sublime philosophy which alone can redeem us from despair, but cannot give us back our innocence. Every civilization which has appeared upon this earth has either ended by accepting sorrow as a portion, or by rebelling against that human fate, and so destroying itself. But every civilization has also passed through an early phase of full expression and satisfaction, and in that phase the American people are to-day.

So true is this, that with difficulty does any European man, acquainted as he is with the numerous and accumulated moral evil of the Old World, and haunted, as he must be (if he is of any sufficient culture) by the putrescent hypocrisies of those who are still, with us, in the tradition of government, convince Americans of how false our world is.

There is still in the atmosphere of the United States — and pray God it may long so remain! — a taking for granted of certain fundamental simplicities and sincerities in motive and action which we have overlaid with I know not how many traditional silences. Here in Europe, and particularly in England, a man who knows how government is now conducted since it ceased to be aristocratic feels himself in the presence of silent men furtively beckoning one to another. In America he knows himself to be in the presence of men speaking frankly and aloud. It is the difference between foul air and fresh.

I know that there is a curl of contempt against simplicity, but upon the

balance, and having seen many men in many places, I for my part will give my vote for candor; for its fruit is happiness, and happiness is the end of man.

V

I will conclude this brief analysis of the Social Contrast with one other of those statements which I know will sound fantastic or, in the abused modern sense of the word, 'mystical'; and this also I am going to say because I believe it to be true. The American use of *time* and *space* is in high contrast with that of the Old World; by which I mean that the rhythm of life is other from our own in Europe; quite other.

Everything is in the mind. What men *think* of an hour or a hundred miles is the important thing in the making of their corporate lives. There are, indeed, modern fools who go on to tell you that what the mind holds of these things is all they are, and that they do not exist outside the mind. I will leave them at it. But without delay upon such follies it remains true that a society is wholly colored by the effect of time and space upon itself: the way in which it uses, and is affected by, those dimensions.

Now, according as you use your time and space, and as they affect you, your *rhythm* is produced. A man who speaks at a certain rate, who in his work works half a day at a stretch, who in a short progress feels a great sense of distance, is under one rhythm. A man who speaks or thinks rapidly but otherwise has the same habits is under another rhythm. A man who speaks or thinks slowly but can work at only one thing in short bouts is under a third. The rhythm of a diverse action spread over many activities differs in quality from the rhythm of concentrated action upon one — and so forth. Well, in every character of social rhythm, in

the wave-length and the elevation of the wave, and the oscillation-ellipse of the wave, and the cross-section of the wave, and the rate of the wave, and the matter of the wave, American life and thought contrast completely with those of Europe. Nothing in all the aspects of the general contrast is more conclusive to my thesis than this. Whether that contrast proceed mainly from material conditions (as many would say), or from deeper and unseen causes (as I believe), it is clearly present. Men upon both sides of the ocean express their sense of this continually, but do not, I think, as a rule express it accurately. The American is rather proud of asking the European whether he is not 'rattled' and 'hustled' by the speed of American life. The European complains, on that suggestion, of just the things suggested to him; and the American judging Europe will (of all adjectives!) use the adjective 'slow.'

Now, as I see the thing, these statements are not only simple but wrong. The great quality of the American rhythm is shortness of scale as applied to time and the opposite as applied to space, compared with the European rhythm. The American rhythm is more vibratory, the European more surging; there is in the one something more metallic than in the other; there is in the one something more mechanical and less organic. I hear in one the sound of a hammer, in the other wind through trees. Prolonged effort and effort spread over many fields of life are less consonant to the American air than to the European.

So much for time: but distance, space, has a different effect upon the American mind, and an opposite one. A man going from Paris to Rome, a European, has a different spiritual experience of space from that of a man going to New York from Chicago. It is not a matter of frontiers. A man

going from London to Glasgow and back subtly receives quite another effect of space from one who takes the round-trip between New York and Pittsburgh.

This other-use, other-relation of space comes in by many unexpected ways. You are 'in' Chicago — a town of under three millions — ten miles from its centre either way, and more. I do not mean only technically or legally within nominal city boundaries, but under the same conditions urban and of Chicago. Paris is much the same. London is more than double. But in twenty miles you traverse London from countryside to countryside, and Paris is far less. You carry an American town out with you indefinitely into the country. *Space is less.*

And what is true of space spread out lengthways is also true, somewhat, of space up and down. American height seems less high. Height (on the east coast at least, and in the middle-west) receives, in my eyes, the same impress of reduction: why, I cannot tell.

Testimony to such influences is difficult to give: the modern world is warped by the idea that exact measurement is the only source of knowledge. But the testimony is true. Space is not to the American what it is to us. Beauvais soars higher than the Woolworth Building, and the Palace of Avignon is bigger than the Brooklyn Bridge.

This contrast in rhythm is a fundamental contrast and a permanent one. If it changes it will change only to increase. It affects the whole of life. It has all sorts of odd side effects which I perhaps exaggerate from the very fact of their strangeness, but which are certainly there.

For instance, it affects the quality of repose. The European rhythm demands longer and more absolute repose — perhaps I should say repose of a different kind. The European will say

that the American city appalls him with its noise. It would be more subtle and nearer the truth to say with the *quality* of its noise. I have used the metaphorical word 'metallic' of the New World; it applies here. There is a difference between noise metallic and non-metallic, and there is no doubt whatever that the former is distressing to one sort of mind and negligible to another. Now the first kind of man is typical of our side of the sea and the second of the other side. But this does not mean that mere repose is more necessary to the European than to the American. It is a matter of quality, not of degree. There are forms of repose less necessary to us, more necessary to them.

Here I am in deeper water, for one can talk of one's self with security, of a foreigner one must talk with hesitation; but it seems to me that the 'short' rhythm connotes repeated repose. If a man is disturbed by a long and complicated process of thought, and craves rather for lucidity and brevity, this, indeed, connotes a form of high activity, but it also connotes a special form of fatigue at the end of it.

Of this difference in rhythm I will give an instance that comes home to all travelers across the Atlantic. Five men, illustrating in conversation some point between them, will in America develop five full accounts and will be listened to separately and in turn. The pattern is one of five units spread over a certain short space of time, with silence for the listeners, no interruption, and an end of the affair after a few such interchanges of fixed and exactly limited expressions of thought.

The same point, debated with us over a much longer space of time, uses a much larger number of units, exceeds such limits, is filled with adventitious allusion; and this contrast I take to be a function of the contrast in rhythms

of which I have spoken. For in the case of the European man, whose habit is one of lengthy concentration and correspondingly lengthy repose, the many aspects of a thing can be presented in many short statements, subject to interruption which does not mar the whole. Whereas the American man, whose concentration is intense but brief, will give all that he has to say, give it in a very limited field, but that field fully covered.

And I feel no oddity in the apparent paradox that the shorter American rhythm uses a more even intonation, a lesser vocabulary, a longer unit of expression; the longer European rhythm more inflection, shorter individual speeches, and the irruption of

side aspects. The one seems to be a consequence of the other, for the European manner defers repose, the American secures it at more frequent intervals and ends the *whole* effort sooner.

When I hear a European saying that the Americans 'make speeches' at him, or an American that the European 'talks in snatches and leaves the point,' I think I understand them both, and that the mutual accusation is due to a misunderstanding parallel to the misunderstanding which the general contrast creates in every other activity. If we admit the contrast, expect it, make it our first postulate in analyzing this very distant world, we shall less misjudge; if we ignore it we shall have what are called 'rude awakenings.'

ONLY MONGOOSES!

BY HANS COUDENHOVE

I

THE mongooses to whom this 'In Memoriam' is dedicated belonged to the African variety known to the naturalist as *Herpestes zebra* or *fasciatus*, as distinct from, but less well known than, the two most celebrated varieties of this rich species, viz. *Herpestes Javanicus*, to which belonged the mongoose of mongooses, Rudyard Kipling's Rikki-Tikki, and *Herpestes ichneumon* the 'rat of the Pharaones,' once as sacred as the cat, but now fallen from its high estate.

In appearance, the African variety are quaint-looking, 'cobby,' rather clumsy little creatures, not larger than a guinea pig when full grown. Their legs

are short, and those in front are bent like those of dachshunds, to whom they have a certain resemblance. To sit up is, with them, a pose as familiar as it is with the bear, and when they do so, and let their bent forelegs hang down on both sides of their chest, they look very much like penguins on shore. In some individuals, the hair of the lower part of the jaws is of a much lighter shade of gray than is that of the rest of the body, so that they appear, when looked at *en face*, as if they wore whiskers.

Their chief strength lies in the neck and jaws, which are, comparatively speaking, of tremendous power; this

quality, joined to the extreme accuracy of their aim, of which their game affords so startling a proof, supplements, when they hunt or fight, any disadvantage which may be due to deficiencies in their build, and explains the fact that they almost invariably succeed in seizing a snake behind the head, before it has had time to strike.

Nevertheless, I did not encourage my mongooses to tackle snakes, except small ones, for it always appeared to me as if a zebra mongoose, owing to that clumsiness of shape just mentioned, must be at a disadvantage when confronted by a full-grown and wide-awake cobra. In my own experience, I have known only one instance of a snake's striking a mongoose. The mongoose was still very young and the snake a small green tree-snake. The mongoose was apparently lacking in the inherited instinct of its race, and seized the reptile, in a desultory sort of way, far below the neck. The snake struck, without much energy, at the jaw of its aggressor, who at once dropped it, and slightly shook himself, but showed no further signs of distress. He did not, however, renew the attack, and the snake made off. I was not sure that the latter was venomous, but I watched the mongoose with some anxiety for the next twenty-four hours. Nothing happened, and I concluded that everything was all right. A month later, the mongoose died with all the symptoms of having been poisoned; but its mate died at almost the same time, showing exactly the same symptoms, and as these pointed to sublimation, of which my boys — who hated the mongooses — knew the effect, and which they could, besides, easily procure, I incline to the belief that the poor little creatures fell victims to native vindictiveness rather than to the self-preserving instinct of the snake.

Brehm mentions somewhere, and

seems to disbelieve, a statement which he heard from Arabs in the Sudan: that ichneumons combine to attack and kill large snakes. I have never seen this happen, but I have been assured by natives in Taveta that mongooses *do* combine to attack and kill pythons, and that they do not devour the dead reptile, but let it lie and putrefy, returning to the spot every day, until they find that the maggots are large and numerous, when they will feast on these.

It has also been said about our mongooses, that they imitate the call of gallinaceous wild birds, and thus attract them near enough to seize and eat them. There is no doubt that among the many various sounds which they are able to produce, there are some which are an almost exact imitation of the voice of the francolin; but here the story ends, for mongooses, like dogs, refuse to eat game birds, whether raw or cooked.

Unlike the larger varieties of their species, banded mongooses are no danger to poultry, although they will sometimes start charging chickens for fun, as dogs do. Their natural food consists chiefly of amphibians, small reptiles, mollusks, insects, spiders, and mice. Of snails they are extremely fond. To break their shells, they seize them with their hands and, with unerring aim and marvelous strength, propel them through between their hind legs, against a rock or a tree in front of which they post themselves for that purpose, sometimes bucking with incredible swiftness, just in time to let the projectile pass clear underneath. They treat large eggs in the same manner, a habit which accounts for a common belief that eggs form the chief item of their bill of fare. As a matter of fact, they much prefer a snail to an egg, and they will not eat the latter if they have other, more congenial food,

although they will generally break the egg, just to amuse themselves, even if they do not touch the contents afterward.

I regret to say that they are also very keen on eating batrachians. They dig these out of their æstivation-holes, which they discover by the scent. Frogs they will eat without preparation, but toads they roll about first like a rolling-pin, the object being, no doubt, to make them get rid of their secretion. They handle hairy caterpillars in the same manner before falling to.

Out of a number of mongooses which I have possessed, three stand out prominently in my memory — never to be forgotten. One of them, Rikki-Tikki, was my companion for close on eight years; the two others — two ladies, called Maskini (Swahili: 'poor person'), and Mshenzi (Swahili: 'uncivilized') — entered into my life two years after he did and preceded him in death by one year and six months respectively. Only once, as long as this symbiosis lasted, have we been separated for the duration of thirty-six hours. I can therefore write about them with as much authority as could Boswell about Dr. Johnson.

During the five years which I spent, uninterrupted and solitary, in a forest of the Shiré highlands, my chief pleasure consisted in the rambles which I took every morning in the company of these three friends and my two fox terriers. The five of them enjoyed these excursions even more than I did, being scarcely able to restrain their impatience when, after my early breakfast, the time to start was getting near.

The greatest sport for the mongooses, and, *par ricochet*, for me, who watched them, was the hunting of tarantulas. These love to build their underground dwellings — which are shaped somewhat bell-like with a small,

sometimes invisible, hole on the surface — along the native paths.

When the mongooses followed these, they now and then stopped short, and applied their little pink noses to the ground, sniffing. If the scent appeared promising, the lucky discoverer at once started digging with the greatest energy and an excitement which increased as the orifice grew larger. From time to time the digging was interrupted and the nose applied to the ground, to make sure; and then the work was resumed with renewed activity. Occasionally the digger was shoved off by her mate, — never, however, by Rikki-Tikki, who, like most male mammals and birds, always gave precedence to the ladies, — when a short tussle ensued, and the burrowing was taken up again by the winner of the contest. Sometimes it happened that, after repeated aspirations, the digging was abruptly discontinued, the hunter having come to the conclusion that the fortress was tenantless.

But when this was not the case, as soon as the size of the hole allowed it, the long-clawed hand and arm were inserted into it to the elbow, and a most careful and thorough groping began inside, guided by the sense of touch only, with what sensations for the unfortunate tarantula one may imagine: feelings which must be identical with those of the boy in Wells's *War of the Worlds*, when the mechanic tentacle of the Martians was groping for a victim inside the hut where he was hiding.

And then, when the presence of the prey was ascertained beyond a doubt, came the dénouement, as quick as lightning. One sudden backward movement of the groping foreleg, and the spider, jerked out of the hole, came flying in an arc to a foot or two beyond the aperture; before it had time to recover from its surprise and indignation it was seized, and its dangerous man-

dibles crushed with a single bite. Then the hunter sat down, and deliberately, and with evident gusto, munched the fat body.

But it would be a mistake to conclude that animals which stand as high in the scale of sentient beings as zebra mongooses are addicted to no other pleasures than those of the table. They are also passionately fond of music, and they love perfumes.

It sometimes happened that, carried away by the ardor of the chase, they turned a deaf ear on me when I started to return to my camp. On these occasions I always resorted to the same expedient. One of the two 'boys' who usually accompanied me in order to watch the mongooses, which were apt to stray, was sent back to the camp for his 'limba,' the native guitar, which he started playing as soon as he had come back to our hunting-party. The moment he struck the first chords, the three mongooses desisted from whatever pursuit they happened to be engaged in and ran toward him, and then, as we all turned homeward, followed close on his heels, tumbling one over the other, and never left him until the music ceased! We must have looked a funny procession! First, the boy pinching the strings of his instrument; then the three eager mongooses, the white man, the two fox terriers, the other native, all walking single file on the narrow path; I imagine the surprise which a European fresh from Europe — nothing of course surprises an African — would have felt if he had suddenly encountered us in the forest. No doubt he would have thought that he was facing a colored reincarnation of the Pied Piper of Hamelin!

That they are fond of smelling perfumes mongooses show by the pleasure which they manifest when they inhale the odor of flowers, frequently standing up on their hind legs and stretching

themselves in order to reach to the height of the blossoms.

Their favorite smell, however, is civet. Civet cats are very frequent in the Myombo forests of Nyasaland, where one often hears at night their monotonous call as they walk about in search of those berries and fruits which constitute their principal food. They have the curious habit of getting rid of their surplus wealth by rubbing themselves against the foot of trees; such spots are conspicuous by the odor of civet which emanates from them and permeates the atmosphere in their immediate neighborhood.

To strike one of these places on our wanderings was, to my mongooses, an occasion of excitement and pleasure. It almost seemed as if they became intoxicated by the powerful perfume; they would rush to the anointed tree, embrace it and rub themselves against it with all the appearance of the greatest enjoyment, and it was only with difficulty that they could be prevailed upon to abandon it.

Unlike cats and dogs, mongooses also love the smell of tobacco. Both Mas-kini and Mshenzi rolled about on my knees with delight when I blew the smoke of my cigar at them, and tried to catch the clouds of smoke with their paws; one of the favorite tricks of Rikki-Tikki was to seize unexpectedly the burning cigar in my mouth, with his half-prehensile fingers, jump to the ground with it, roll it about until the fire had gone out, and then tear it to pieces and wallow on the débris. But woe to me if I attempted to recover the cigar once it had been taken possession of!

So far, however, from indiscriminately favoring all kinds of perfume, my pets were, on the contrary, fastidious in their choice. I once bought, for their special benefit, a bottle of strong scent of the kind which is sold in native

stores and in great demand with Negroes. They treated it with the utmost contempt, turning away with an expression of disgust after one inhalation.

II

Zebra mongooses are strongly individualized; they each have a distinct personality of their own and differ from one another probably as much as human beings, although certain qualities and defects, as, for instance, courage, and a quick temper, are common to all.

In their tastes they vary as much as in their qualities. No two individuals will favor exactly the same diet or prefer the same dishes. All my mongooses, for instance, liked pork and chicken, but only one of them ate beef, and only one goats' meat. Maskini doted on tadpoles, which neither Rikki-Tikki nor Mshenzi would touch.

The same applies to their sympathies and antipathies. Rikki-Tikki loathed all Europeans except myself, and attacked them savagely when he had the opportunity, so that I had to shut him up every time I saw a visitor approaching my dwelling. When, the visitor gone but still visible in the distance, I released Rikki-Tikki from his confinement, he would rush to a place whence he could overlook the road and stand there, head erect, uttering savage screams, and stamping one of his forefeet on the ground, in a peculiar way he had, which appeared very human. But to all natives, without exception, he behaved in the most friendly manner.

The Sultana Mshenzi was just the reverse. She greeted all white men with the greatest cordiality but could not stand natives, not even those of my 'boys' whom she had known for years. They had to be constantly on the lookout when moving about, for, when they passed too close to her she

immediately made a dash at their feet, an idiosyncrasy which, alas! brought about her untimely end.

And Maskini, the second female, who had the sweetest of tempers, entertained no color-prejudices of any kind! It was interesting to observe the behavior toward one another of the mongooses according to their sex.

Two male mongooses, except when they have been brought up together from childhood, will not tolerate each other and keep on fighting like stags until they are separated. The manner of these contests is very peculiar; they wrestle, shoulder against shoulder, applying all their energy, apparently, to no other purpose than that of making the antagonist lose ground. But these seemingly harmless efforts, which are carried on with the greatest patience, are from time to time interrupted by a sudden, fierce seizing-hold with the teeth, on the soft part of the nose, or the lips, or the nape of the neck, where severe wounds are inflicted. I have found it quite impossible to accustom to one another two adult male mongooses.

Female mongooses also fight, but never without a special reason, and their battles are much less fierce than those of males, being almost entirely restricted to the shoulder-to-shoulder wrestling just mentioned. Very rarely do they make use of their teeth. What they lack in dash and violence, however, these fights make up in dogged pertinacity, for they may last for hours!

Whenever Mshenzi and Maskini engaged in one of these wrestling-matches, Rikki-Tikki used to behave in a very characteristic manner. It was quite obvious that he took an intense and painful interest in the contest, but he was far too much of a sportsman to interfere. He would, on these occasions, approach without haste to within a couple of yards from

the two litigants, and then watch them, his eyes riveted on them, standing quite still. His expression, while he did so, was incredibly human. He looked puzzled, shocked, and sometimes I thought I saw a slight flicker of amusement pass in his gaze. After standing and watching like this for some considerable time, he would move away abruptly, follow his own occupations for a while, then come back straight to where the fight was proceeding, and again stand and watch with the same half-sorrowful, half-whimsical expression; and in this way he continued to behave until the two antagonists became tired and separated.

As a rule, these fights originated in an attempt on the part of one of the two ladies to seize a plaything of which the other had taken possession.

All mongooses, and the sedate and worldwise Rikki-Tikki made no exception to this rule, are passionately fond of seizing hold on small objects which they use for their national game of Fives, which I have described above in connection with snails and eggs. For they do not use foodstuffs only, in this manner. They take the greatest delight in propelling any small, hard object against a solid surface, with a strength which is prodigious for their size, and in seeing it rebound to a distance of many yards, when it is eagerly searched for — this is also part of the entertainment — and then used again and again for the same purpose.

As it is quite impossible to recover by force, without being severely bitten, an object of which a mongoose has taken possession, one had to keep carefully out of their reach all those things, like, for instance, watches, or liqueur glasses, which would have suffered if they had been used as high-velocity ammunition. They were awfully keen on getting hold of small coins, and used to ransack all my pockets for odd

shillings and pennies, inserting their hands into each one of them in turn. As soon as they found what they wanted, they brought it to the surface with their fingers, seized it with their teeth, jumped to the ground, and made off. Maskini and Mshenzi I had to watch on those occasions, for there was always the possibility of the coins getting lost if they were taken too far away or into remote corners.

Not so, however, where Rikki-Tikki was concerned! For, strange to say, that little creature, which had been bred in the wilderness and belonged to an order as remote from human influence as are lions, leopards, or tigers, possessed an innate sense of honesty, such as is only rarely found in the first representative of the *Primates*, who is still supposed by some to be the fountainhead of all the virtues — . No matter how far out of sight and to what distance from the hut or tent Rikki-Tikki had taken the borrowed coin, *he invariably brought it back of his own accord*, when his game was finished, *and dropped it on the ground in front of me*, just looking up to me for a moment afterward to see if I had noticed it.

Needless to say, there had never been the slightest attempt on my part to teach Rikki-Tikki to retrieve. What a mongoose does, it does *proprio moto*. It is easier to train a hyena than to train a mongoose, for there exists no creature in the world more impatient than the latter of coercion or interference. I have been snarled at by mongooses because I had tried to interfere with their mates while they were near; and, once when a young mongoose, for some reason, got angry with me and attempted to bite me, another, standing by, jumped toward it and shoved it off, growling.

I have known only one other mongoose which shared that peculiarity of Rikki-Tikki's to return property which

it had commandeered. I did not keep it very long, for unfortunately it died before it was full-grown. It must be added, however, that Rikki-Tikki was already over two years old when I first became aware of his habit to return things borrowed for use in his favorite sport.

Mongoose take a long time before they are full-grown, and they do not attain maturity until they are two years of age. None of the mongooses which are offered for sale on the coast are full-grown, just as in the case of grivet monkeys, and I do not remember ever having even seen a full-grown mongoose in Zanzibar, where so many used to be kept. They are probably all killed before they attain full size, either because the natives fear the temper of the adults, or because they want their skins. The long time they take to grow up — so much longer than do cats — would seem to indicate that, in congenial surroundings and under favorable circumstances, they might live to a considerable age. Rikki-Tikki was still in the prime of life — nearly eight years old — when he became ill and died.

To my great regret, all my mongooses have remained without issue. I have never heard of zebra mongooses breeding in captivity, however great may have been the liberty of movement which they enjoyed. My own observations in this respect have been confirmed by all the natives whom I have consulted on the subject. My pets were absolutely free to roam about as they liked, wherever I lived at the time, the only restrictions on their movements being occasioned by my anxiety lest they should stray and be killed by natives. Yet this moderate measure of interference was sufficient to prevent them from breeding. No doubt, their ideas of liberty differ from ours; however great may be, in our own minds, the freedom which they enjoy,

they themselves still look upon it as captivity.

I regretted this circumstance all the more, as both Mshenzi and Maskini gave me evidence enough of the strength of their maternal instinct. I happened to keep, at one time, a female Nyasaland cat, a breed of domestic cats indigenous to Nyasaland and Zambesia, which in appearance is indistinguishable from that of the wild bush cat and most probably identical with it.

It was a great event in my household, when Shri, one day, brought inside for approval her first litter, consisting of three kittens marked exactly like herself, which she had, so far, kept hidden in the thatch of the roof. The two female mongooses, when they saw them, went beyond themselves with joy. It was the latent maternal instinct suddenly awakened, manifesting itself in a touching and pathetic way. They put their arms round the necks of the kittens, and licked and fondled them, as if they had been their own, and when I had prepared a place for Shri and her brood, they remained with the latter, and were not to be persuaded to leave the room. In the beginning I felt some anxiety, because I was not quite sure what unexpected turn these demonstrations of affection might suddenly take. But my apprehensions disappeared as minute after minute passed without bringing any marked alteration in their quality.

I had also feared that Shri, who could be terribly fierce on occasion, and who, moreover, was considerably larger than the mongooses, might object to their endeavors to monopolize her progeny. But in this, as in so many other ways, she was perfectly surprising. Wiser than her master, she did not for a second show the slightest doubt as to the benevolent character of the endearments which her babies had to

endure. After a day or two, she even came to the conclusion that nothing could be more convenient than this unceasing attendance of Mshenzi and Maskini on her family; for she allowed herself, between fulfillments of her unavoidable maternal ministrations, the relaxation of frequent and prolonged strolls in the neighborhood.

Rikki-Tikki, as might be supposed, took no part in this cajoling, but, after one coldly surprised glance at the newcomers, ceased to take any notice of them.

As long as the kittens were too small to leave the room, the interest with which they inspired the two lady mongooses never flagged, and included all their actions. I shall always remember the day when one of the kittens, for the first time, gave voice. Both mongooses began to scream in a way which is common to them all when anything gives them pleasurable excitement, a demonstration which caused two Negroes, who witnessed it, to roar with laughter.

Strange to say! From the day when the young cats first followed their mother outside, they forfeited all the affection of their two friends, and were henceforth ignored.

III

The reference to the 'eternal feminine' brings me, reluctantly, to the mention of the least pleasant side of my long and affectionate friendship with Rikki-Tikki. Alas! he, like elephants, stags, and camels, became 'musth' every year at the beginning of the rainy season — a most trying ordeal for myself and my household, but particularly for myself. He had three or four fits of musthness during the first half of the rainy season, at intervals of about a month's time, and each fit lasted nine days.

Rudyard Kipling's mahout says about his musth elephant: 'It is me he wants to kill, because he loves me most of all' — or words to that effect; and the same was the case with Rikki-Tikki when he was musth. All the passion, rage, and hatred of which he was capable were then concentrated against me, and me alone, while he left my native servants unmolested. As is the case with lions, leopards, and the large birds of prey, Zebra mongooses are monogamous, and the amorous passion of Rikki-Tikki, whenever he had been hit by Cupid's arrow, had for its object one only of his two companions, and that one always the same through all the years — Mshenzi, the negrophobe.

All his efforts, during these periods of trial, tended to one object — to keep me and the Sultana separated. These fits of temporary insanity did not appear all at once in their full strength; they evolved gradually, from what was, during the first two or three days, merely a display of bad humor and ill temper, into the maniacal fury of the end. At that time, he tried to prevent his consort from taking any food at all, so that the poor creature had to subsist on small scraps which I threw to her, and which she managed to pick up on the run! Several times I tried to feed her while I was sitting on a table with my legs drawn up; but Othello would have none of this and chased her away mercilessly when she attempted to stop. On one of these occasions he jumped up and caught my hand and fastened his pointed fangs into it like a ferret, so that I had the greatest difficulty in shaking him off, the flesh being badly lacerated in the action. On another occasion he tore away with his teeth a large piece of leather from a mosquito-boot which I was wearing. Fortunately he just failed to reach the foot.

Whenever I happened to live in a house, I kept the two shut up in a separate room as long as Rikki-Tikki's *dementia amorosa* lasted; but this was impracticable when I was camping, and under the latter circumstances — a stockade in the open being excluded from fear of leopards — there was nothing to do except to be incessantly on the lookout during the day, and, during the night, to shut them both up in a cage into which they had to be decoyed.

I think I hear some people saying: 'I cannot understand how you could put up with all this! I should have killed the brute if I had been you!' To which I make reply: 'I do not think you would have, not even if you are a professional slayer of elephants, not if Rikki-Tikki had shared your fortunes, as he had mine, with unwavering devotion and loyalty, year after year, — the short intervals of "musth" excluded. Not if you had ever seen him when, the period of his trial over, he crawled up timidly to my chair, and then, after some anxious hesitation, having noticed no discouraging gesture, he climbed up on my knees, and thrust his cold little nose under the bosom of my shirt, and nestled close to me — humility and apology and affection personified. Of course you would have forgiven him every time, and, every time, your mutual friendship would have grown the stronger for the ordeal through which it had passed!'

During the remainder of the year, Rikki-Tikki showed no preference for either of his two companions, and he often used to play with one or the other after the manner of cats or dogs. But there could be no doubt that the sweet-tempered Maskini recognized Mshenzi's position as favorite and meekly submitted, for whenever she was engaged in playing with Rikki-Tikki and the Augusta approached, she immediately ceded her place to the latter and

went quietly away, while Mshenzi herself accepted this self-effacement as her due.

One of the most wonderful attributes of zebra mongooses is their *copia verborum*. They dispose of so many different sounds, uttered in so great a variety of intonations, and with such convincing expressiveness, of joy, of sorrow, of anger, of regret and disappointment, of expectation, of longing, of desire, of surprise, of anxiety and fear, that it amounts to a language. Unlike any other mammals known to me, they converse at a distance, even when they are out of sight of one another, as, for instance, when they happen to be in two different rooms.

They often talk in their sleep, and Rikki-Tikki, from time to time, gave vent, while sound asleep, to an endless lament, a series of long-drawn though not unharmonious wails in a rising and falling cadence, expressive of heart-rending sorrow and distress, painful to listen to in the silence of the night.

Yet another curious peculiarity of theirs is, that they look, intently, and with evident interest, at stretches of country lying in front of them, when they find themselves at the top of a hill or of a mountain where they have not previously been. Their eyesight is marvelously sharp, and they detect birds of prey — the only thing in the world which they fear, apart from leopards and servals — at incredible altitudes in the sky.

IV

Those wild creatures of the bush are capable of feelings of affection and love as strong as those of men.

When Rikki-Tikki was brought to me as a youngster still far from maturity, two years before the appearance on the scene of Mshenzi and Maskini, I owned a nearly full-grown female

mongoose, a charming and affectionate creature whose name was Mzuri, and the two became great friends. About a year later Mzuri was killed by a native who threw a stone at her, accidentally, as he said, because he wanted to prevent her from following him out of the camp. Rikki-Tikki was not present when this happened, nor did he see the body of his dead comrade.

During the first twenty-four hours after her disappearance, he gave no signs of worry or uneasiness, obviously thinking that she was somewhere about and would soon turn up. On the second day, however, he began to show symptoms of distress, and started searching about the camp and in its vicinity, standing still to listen from time to time. As his search proved fruitless, his unrest developed into a perfect fever. He extended the field of his investigations far from the camp, diving into every hole among the rocks and into every thicket, and all the while he was calling her in the most affectionate tone of voice, as if he thought that she was in hiding somewhere, and that he must persuade her to come back. These untiring efforts lasted from morning till evening, when he returned into the tent, quite exhausted, to sleep with me as was his habit.

Once, during the night, there was a noise heard near the tent, as of some small animal passing or approaching. Never to my dying day shall I forget the cry of joy which Rikki-Tikki gave when he jumped down from my bed and out of the tent — only to crawl back slowly and disconsolately a few minutes later, to regain his post by my side.

I had, by that time, decided to return to Mwakete, where I had spent a former rainy season and built a larger shed, almost a house, which I had used as my headquarters. My return-journey to that place took me over

country which I had not yet passed, and, owing no doubt to these new and strange surroundings and to the excitement of travel, Rikki-Tikki's grief, during that short journey, which took me about five days, appeared to be subsiding. I began to feel hope that he would at last recover from it. But I was, alas, destined to be disappointed.

Both Rikki-Tikki and Mzuri had been in Mwakete with me when I had lived there last, and, as soon as we arrived, the familiar surroundings kindled afresh, in the former's mind, the memory of his lost friend. He again began his hopeless quest. It was not the habit of my mongooses, as a rule, to leave the immediate vicinity of my camp, unless they were following me, and that Rikki-Tikki should have departed from this habit in his anxiety to find his vanished companion shows how profound was his affection for her. Once, as I had lost trace of him, I sent after him a search-party of boys, who found him at a distance of over a mile from Mwakete!

Six weeks passed before he appeared to resign himself to the inevitable, and I succeeded at about that time in procuring another lady mongoose to keep him company; but she was still very young, and, although the two became friendly, she did not obliterate altogether from his memory the image of his first love.

After the lapse of six months, I left Mwakete for Buanji, a country situated at the northern end of the Livingstone Range. In the course of this journey my safari crossed a former track of mine, where I had passed a year before, when Mzuri was still alive. We camped at the same place where we had camped on that first occasion. After the tent had been pitched, and Rikki-Tikki released out of his travelling-box, he became restless, started ferreting about in one direction and

another, and finally took up the search again with such intensity, that, as I intended to continue my march on the following morning and feared that I might be delayed if he strayed, I had to shut him up again in his box.

After the death of Mshenzi, six years later, — she had been preceded in death by Maskini, — it took much longer ere he realized that she had gone from his life forever. I did all that was humanly possible to find a successor for her, but I failed — and Rikki-Tikki, once he had given up hope, refused all food, and died, worn to a skeleton. A few nights before the end he uttered, while asleep, in an inexpressibly tender and wistful tone of voice, the call which he used toward her during her lifetime.

The affection of mongooses for friends who belong to the human race is as great as that of dogs. My mongooses, when I had to dispense with their company on leaving the house or camp, had to be prevented by force or stratagem from following me, for nothing else would deter them from doing so, even in a pitch-dark night, although they are diurnal animals. When, from my camp, I could be seen at a distance on my return, they would run hundreds of yards to meet me, and when they reached me and I stopped to greet them, lie down and lay their heads on my feet as a sign of submission and love.

Although zebra mongooses are fond of bathing and like to splash about with water in a shallow tub, they do not as a rule enter deep water of their own accord, good swimmers though they are in an emergency. Yet I have been told about two of them which jumped after their master, a carpenter of the Berlin Lutheran mission, into a deep pool.

In the house, they show their affection for their master, and the pleasure which they take in his presence, in many small ways, by act and speech.

My affection for Rikki-Tikki turned almost to idolatry after a bad accident which I had in a wild part of Ukinga where I happened to spend eight months without meeting a single European. He was the only mongoose in my possession at that time, indeed, he was my only friend, as Jerry, my faithful old fox terrier, had been killed by native curs a short time before. During the six weeks which my illness lasted, and which I passed almost entirely on my bed, as I was unable to move without feeling excruciating pains, Rikki-Tikki voluntarily shared my confinement and never left my presence except for a few moments at a time.

I feel not a shadow of a doubt that he knew that something was wrong with me and that he remained with me day and night for that reason. He gave up his habit of running about in search of beetles and other creatures, a habit in which he always indulged when I was well, and which he took up again as soon as I had recovered.

Apparently insignificant actions sometimes throw more light on the psyche of man and beast than a more spectacular behavior. I should class within the former category the fact that my mongooses, when they wanted to be scratched, — a proceeding which they greatly liked, — intimated their wish to me by softly stroking my chin with their claws.

As long as they were young, when they felt hungry they had a habit of climbing on my knees and pointing with their own mouths at mine, in a marked and quite unmistakable way, until I 'tumbled' to their meaning.

Their skill in opening complicated fastenings, including bolts and hooks, was astonishing. No box or basket was safe from their investigations for any length of time. And although it takes days for a cat or a dog to discover the proper way to get inside a mosquito

curtain, mongooses find out at once that what they have to do is to lift it and pass underneath.

V

In the preceding pages I have attempted to show that zebra mongooses possess some of the qualities which we admire most in men. One may safely assume that if, while remaining psychically unchanged, they walked about exclusively on their hind legs and had no caudal appendage, some society for the protection of aborigines would include them in the number of its protégés. This being, however, not the case, they are left exposed, without effective interference in their favor on anybody's part, to unrestrained perse-

cution by the peoples among whom their lot is cast. The natives of East and Central Africa hunt them with packs of curs for their flesh and for their skin, without any necessity whatsoever; for those tribes which are chiefly responsible for this wholesale extermination are rich in goats and in cattle, and may besides, in many parts, hunt game to their hearts' content.

It is with a bitter feeling that I bear testimony, in conclusion, to the melancholy fact, that the missions do nothing to prevent this wanton destruction of highly gifted, sensitive, and harmless creatures.

Neither must I omit to mention, O Christians! that the *Herpestes Zebra* has one ally, one only: the True Believer does not hunt it. Allah Akhbar!

THE RECEDING TIDE OF DEMOCRACY

BY H. H. POWERS

I

FIVE years have passed since the armistice put a nominal end to the greatest of all world struggles. We can now see things somewhat in perspective and may profitably attempt an inventory of results. Men have indeed long been busy at the task, but it is significant of the spirit of our time that most of these surveys have been economic. So far as I am aware, no one has attempted to estimate the influence of the war on democracy or the principle of self-government. The men of my generation were reared in the faith that democracy was our most precious heritage, the palladium of our liberties, and in

general the cure for all our social ills. Both our Revolutionary War and our Civil War were fought with this conviction in the foreground of consciousness. The measures adopted, following the decision, expressed that conviction. The one was epitomized in the Federal Constitution, the other in the Fifteenth Amendment.

But while the recent conflict resulted in the most sweeping changes in government, affecting two or three hundred millions of the human race, changes almost wholly in the apparent interest of democracy, surprisingly little attention has been paid to these changes.

They have received but moderate editorial notice and the note of exultation has been conspicuously lacking. Reparations monopolize the front page, and while we are sharply divided on the questions of the Ruhr, of French militarism, and the like, these questions are discussed with little reference to the German Republic whose fate hangs trembling in the balance. Have we become disillusioned with democracy and lost faith in its saving grace, or have other interests for the moment made too heavy a demand upon our finite attention and induced a neglect of democracy which belies our true convictions?

Undeniably the economic problems that now engross our attention are of extreme importance. They are basic to our civilization and failure to solve them will destroy both democracy and civilization itself. Yet the problem of political organization remains one of the great interests of mankind. If our fathers saw things in somewhat distorted perspective, is it not probable that we do the same? It will not be amiss for us to try to redress the balance.

It may be well to recall at the outset that the traditional faith in democracy is of comparatively recent origin. The founders of our republic accepted the principle with many misgivings. Probably those who accepted democracy rather as the one thing possible than as the one thing desirable were in a minority, but a minority which included a Hamilton was a potent minority. If these men only half believed in democracy, the statesmen of Europe in their day did not believe in it at all. Even in England, by far the most advanced of European nations at that time, there were few serious statesmen who saw in popular government anything more than a useful check on the indispensable power of the monarch.

Distrust and even denunciation of democratic tendencies was as common among English statesmen of the time as among German statesmen of a century later.

If we are tempted to criticize this attitude as narrow and prejudiced, it is well to recall that the facts of history certainly favored their contention. Democracy was not an unproved thing; it was a discredited thing. It had had many trials, all of them failures, ending in relapses into autocracy. The solitary democracy of the time, that of Switzerland, existed under conditions too anomalous to serve as a precedent.

The next century and a quarter, from 1789 to 1914, witnessed a remarkable change of sentiment. Doubts slowly yielded and hopes increased until democracy became the hope of humanity and faith in it a shibboleth of sanity.

First of all, American democracy made good. We effected a union of diverse elements, enormously extended our domain, assimilated alien populations, evolved an efficient government organization, and came unscathed through the ordeal of civil war. It was not a case of mere survival, but of unprecedented advance in wealth, in education, in culture, and in political and military organization. Nor did we have covert recourse to autocracy in the crises of our national life, but rather we steadily fostered the atrophy of the less democratic features of our constitution and moved constantly toward the full realization of democracy.

Fair-minded men in Europe could not but be impressed by such a record. In fact they were unduly impressed by it and, like ourselves, attributed to democracy much that was due to other causes.

But this was not the only triumph of democracy. Before half a century had

passed, all Latin America had thrown off the yoke of allegiance to Europe and adopted constitutions like our own. France had followed promptly and dramatically, if somewhat fitfully, in our footsteps, and the great Dominions of Canada and Australia had unmistakably mapped out a democratic future. Before the end of the period China had added her vast amorphous bulk to the group.

Less conspicuous but more significant was the change wrought in States still outwardly monarchical. Great Britain retained her king but transferred his prerogatives to the Commons, leaving him indeed a useful functionary but in no sense a ruler. Influenced by American and British example, the idea gained currency that Anglo-Saxon prosperity was due to constitutional government. Constitutions were therefore extorted or willingly granted in nearly all the monarchies of Europe and even in far-away Japan. Russia fell into line in 1905, Turkey in 1908, and even Persia a little later.

It is true that these constitutions varied greatly in the powers conferred upon the people, some — like those of Germany and Japan — refusing to recognize the responsibility of ministers to the representative body, while that of Russia largely withheld from popular control some of the most important departments of government. But it was popularly believed that the whole was a ratchet movement which could end in but one way.

What was granted could never be recalled and what was withheld could not long be retained. Potentially, therefore, the world had been won for democracy before the year 1914. Autocracy retreated like a hunted thing into the wilds of Africa, the fastnesses of the Himalayas, and the sheltered preserve of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

II

However just men's faith in democracy, it must be confessed that this confidence has been at times naïve. This was especially true of the period following our Civil War. It was then that we sponsored Liberia and enfranchised our slaves with few misgivings and inadequate safeguards. It was at this time that Britain took steps to withdraw from Jamaica, convinced that the islanders were ready for self-government. It seems strange now that Britain should have found the example of Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Venezuela reassuring, but prepossession seems to have precluded observation. The possibility of retrogression in these exotic republics seems not to have been entertained. Progress might be slow, but the nature of democracy made progress inevitable.

To be sure, the quarter century immediately preceding the World War somewhat moderated these hopes. It witnessed the failure of democracy in Liberia, the virtual cancellation of Negro suffrage in the South, the collapse of the Caribbean republics and the growing tendency to deadlock in the popular governments of continental Europe. Men took a more sober view and allowed more time for the realization of their hopes. But men still believed in democracy and found in new territorial gains compensation for local failure and disappointment. If Santo Domingo, Haiti, and Nicaragua had fallen prey to anarchy, their place in the democratic procession had been taken by Russia, Turkey, Persia, and China — each with its new Magna Charta. What were such losses in the face of such gains!

The World War naturally marks an epoch in this development, with which, by the way, it avowedly concerned itself. The war was fought, we were told,

to make the world safe for democracy. If this pronouncement was not altogether borne out by events, it unquestionably struck a popular chord. There was a very general hope that the war might advance the cause of democracy and a strong conviction that the triumph of democracy would go far to ensure the world against a repetition of the great horror.

The first result seemed to promise the fulfillment of these hopes. Before the war ended, the Russian autocracy, conspicuous misfit in a combination to make the world safe for democracy, had collapsed. With the collapse of the Central Powers fell the most venerable and firmly established dynasties of Europe. In Germany alone twenty-two hereditary rulers lost their thrones. Even the one country where democracy seemed impossible has since dismissed its sultan and elected a president. All this was very gratifying. It seemed that whether the world was safe for democracy or not, democracy had decided to take the risks.

It is needless to say that this spectacular overturning of thrones had no serious significance in this connection. The whole performance had about the same relation to the establishment of democracy that Fourth-of-July fireworks have to the winning of a battle. But it appealed to the popular imagination and strengthened the popular faith in the ultimate triumph of the cause. Back of this pyrotechnic display, too, there was something of real achievement. The German Empire, for instance, had long had its Reichstag elected on a basis of complete manhood suffrage, but the principle of ministerial responsibility to the Reichstag had been strenuously and successfully resisted by the Emperor. His overthrow removed the obstacle to the complete recognition of the democratic principle. Much the same was true throughout

the domain of the Central Powers. These countries had had the institutions of popular government, but the powers of government were divided between these and the monarch. Popular government was encroaching steadily on monarchical prerogative and the outcome was hardly in doubt, but the disappearance of the monarchs, in theory at least, completed the transfer.

This period of showy and more or less nominal triumph, however, has been followed by a series of unmistakable defeats. Democracy has lost immense territories, and its position has been visibly weakened in territories which it nominally retains. Withal it seems to have lost ground in the confidence of mankind.

The case of Russia comes first to mind — that vast territory where we hoped so much and where our disappointment is so complete. The apologist will of course remind us that this is no real loss to democracy. Russia was an autocracy before and is an autocracy now. The change may be for better or for worse, but it does not concern democracy. There is a degree of truth in this popular view, but I believe it to be largely erroneous. There was a real beginning of popular government in Russia in the decade preceding the war, and the extinction of these incipient institutions probably constitutes one of the most serious losses that democracy has suffered.

In 1905, following the disasters of the war with Japan, popular pressure extorted from a weak tsar a constitution which provided, among other things, for an elective assembly or Duma. The Duma was elected by practically manhood suffrage, a suffrage which the Tsar virtually pledged himself not to restrict. On the other hand the Duma was given but little authority over such important departments as foreign affairs, finance, the army, and

the royal household. Limited as were its powers, however, they included a certain control of the purse, a power which, all history shows, can be used to extort further concessions without limit.

It is a curious fact that while those who believed in a Duma met only to demonstrate its futility, those who did not believe in it, fairly justified its existence. Called together by the Tsar, they went through the parliamentary motions. Commissions were appointed to study national problems and reports and discussions followed. Inevitably an interest in these questions developed, and the Duma found itself in conflict with bureaucratic views and procedure. During the later years of the decade it developed a serious programme, compelled increasing recognition, and showed an unmistakable determination to champion the popular cause. The prime minister found himself compelled repeatedly to prorogue the Duma and have recourse to ad-interim legislation by decree in order to carry on the government. This was resented as hotly as it would have been in any Western country and the conflict was developing that cohesion and discipline which the Duma required for its task. It was this onetime reactionary Duma, headed, it is true, by Milyukoff and his constitutionalist associates, but presenting a fairly united front, that overturned the autocracy in 1917.

For a moment the destinies of Russia seemed committed to its keeping. Milyukoff was the man of the hour. But with the brake of tsardom removed, the new Government went spinning down the toboggan slide of revolution. After Milyukoff came Kerensky and after him Lenin.

We must resist the temptation to digress on the masterful personality of Lenin. Suffice it to say that he has demonstrated immense ability, prob-

ably the greatest of any man in our time. Most successful leaders are opportunists. Like the surf rider, they are clever in balancing themselves on the crest of the curling wave that bears them shoreward. But it is the wave that sets their course. Not so Lenin. No leader of revolution ever held so consistently to a philosophy not born of the situation or favored by events. He has constantly taken the half loaf, but never abated his ultimate demands. He said at the outset that his experiment in Russia would probably be a failure. The marvel is that he has so nearly made it a success. Whatever the outcome, he seems to have avoided the fate of most leaders of revolution. He has kept his principles. He began as a communist and he is a communist still.

But Lenin is not and never was a democrat. He believes that democracy is a device of the capitalist to divert popular attention from the real issue and that it has always served that end. The people are not able and never will be able to anticipate the conditions of their own welfare. They can learn to appreciate these conditions only through experience. It follows that the conditions of well-being must be imposed upon them by the few who have the gift of foreseeing them. Once enlightened by experience — perhaps a long and painful experience — they will recognize and defend their true good, but never in advance. This philosophy, which is more or less present in the subconsciousness of every imaginative and aggressive man, is, apparently, unqualifiedly accepted by Lenin. I have seen no evidence that he ever quarreled with the institution of tsardom in principle. He objected merely to the ends sought. The Tsar would have been all right if he had used his power to establish communism. It is needless to say that this philosophy

is in permanent conflict with democracy to which it assigns but the humble task of ratifying the *fait accompli*.

The modern obsession in favor of democracy was never more clearly shown than in the early charge of inconsistency brought against Lenin. When he dissolved the newly invoked National Assembly because he found the majority opposed to his plans, we accused him of abandoning his principles. We assumed that, as a champion of the people's cause, he would rely upon the people's support. Why? Only because we have so thoroughly accepted the idea that the people can be trusted with the people's interests. Lenin does n't think so. Perhaps we should n't if we lived in Russia. To him the hope of the world lies in communism and for the establishment of communism he is ready to use every available means. Democracy is not an available means, and for democracy as such he cares nothing whatever.

It is undeniable, therefore, that Russia represents, in a very real sense, lost ground for democracy. Paradoxical as it may seem, it was the overthrow of autocracy which was the occasion of this loss. The autocracy, always resistant but inevitably yielding, was the necessary steadying and consolidating force. Had the tsarist régime continued, there can be little doubt that an evolution more nearly like that of England would have been the lot of Russia. At present there seems to be no such prospect. Present-day Russia is not even incipiently democratic.

III

Italy furnishes another example of territory recently lost to democracy. Constitutional government, though completely recognized in Italy and loyally observed by the Savoy dynasty, has never been wholly successful. The

Italians have not succeeded in forming two coherent political parties. Political groups have been numerous, fluctuating, and largely personal in their allegiance. Government majorities have been formed on the bloc principle with its corollary—the fatal minority veto. The circumstances of the recent revolution are familiar but its true scope is not commonly understood. The fact that the change has been made without violence and that the machinery of popular government has been preserved and to some extent utilized has somewhat obscured the fundamental character of the change.

The organization of the Fascisti is to me one of the most significant achievements of modern times. Mussolini seems to have grasped the fact that subversive radicalism rests not upon reasoned conviction but upon the restless energy of youth. There is something of the Jacobin about every young man. It is not that he has clearer vision or more public spirit than older men, but that he longs for something to do. The conservative says to him, 'Things are pretty much right as they are. Don't disturb them.' That offers no relief to his pent-up energy. The radical calls to him, 'Come and help us smash this rotten thing and we will build a better one afterward.' That appeals. The impulse tingles out to his very finger tips. Conviction follows easily under such circumstances. Philosophy is but the shadow cast by passing events.

Having resolved upon a drastic plan of action, Mussolini made his appeal to the millions of young Italians as they were released from military service. There is reason to believe that they were ready to a very large extent to join the revolutionaries. He called them to save Italy and laid out a programme congenial to their tastes. Appealing to their patriotism, to their

military pride, and to their desire for action, he launched them with superlative skill against the hydra-headed revolution. There was bloody retaliation, but this only gave them martyrs to avenge and fired their zeal. When the radicals tried their favorite stunt of a general strike, sprung upon an unsuspecting country at midnight, the Fascisti jumped on to the abandoned tramways and locomotives and set things going. Marvelous as was their discipline, the most striking thing about them was a certain spirit of moral exaltation which must not be forgotten in our estimate of Mussolini.

From first to last, however, there was no appeal to the law. It may be that this is Mussolini's temperament, or, not unlikely, the result of his disgust with the Italian Government as he knew it. But the more important fact is that legal methods were wholly unsuited to the occasion and to the instruments of his choice. It is probable that if Mussolini himself had been at the head of the Government, and had attempted with the aid of honest courts to suppress the revolution, he would have failed. He certainly could not have enlisted the enthusiastic coöperation of twenty-year-old youths.

For a long time the Fascisti seemed hardly to come into contact with Government. That contact came when they gathered strength sufficient to invade the great socialist strongholds in the industrial North. Here, in cities like Milan and Turin, the radicals controlled the Government and their stronghold was the city hall. Here, when their plans were ready, the Fascisti appeared in numbers before the mayor and other officers and presented a courteous request that they should resign their positions. When this was refused, they picked them up bodily and carried them out on to the sidewalk, while those of their number who

had been previously designated sat down in the vacant chairs and assumed their respective duties. It was a primitive form of recall, but prompt and effectual.

With amusing inconsistency the radicals in Parliament now raised a clamor that Government should protect life and property. Too late the Government tried to recover its usurped prerogatives. A new prime minister in his opening speech used the significant words: 'It is obviously inadmissible that Government should relinquish its prerogatives to a private organization.'

The test soon came. A large body of Fascisti, attempting to raid the radical headquarters of a Tuscan industrial town, were opposed by the military, and, refusing to withdraw, were fired upon and seventeen of their number killed. I well remember the wild excitement when I awoke the next morning in Florence, the Fascist stronghold. Crowds were gathered at the street corners where the walls were covered with black-bordered posters announcing the new martyrdom and repeating the familiar assertion that their only crime was to have saved Italy. There were others of mediatorial intent, among the latter one of the noblest patriotic appeals that I have read in any language.

There was a brief lull in Fascist activity, but the Government soon fell, and its successor did not, and probably dared not, renew the attempt. The Fascisti soon resumed their activity and Mussolini boldly declared that the Fascisti were going to govern Italy — under the constitution if possible, without it if necessary. Soon all talk of the constitution ceased. Fifty thousand strong they marched on Rome, and the king, refusing further attempts at constitutional temporizing, called Mussolini to form a ministry.

Nominally there was a shadowy

regularity in this as the king is still the mouthpiece of the constitution in summoning a minister to power. But as the Fascisti had but a feeble following in Parliament, and no effort was made to form a government bloc, the spirit of the Constitution was obviously violated. Mussolini's attitude toward Parliament was soon made plain. He addressed each House in turn and told them they might stay and play at governing if they would rubber-stamp his programme; otherwise he should send them home. The lower House, by an enormous majority, and the conservative Senate with unanimity, voted to remain on his terms. Whether he was more deferential than Napoleon or simply more contemptuous, I do not know. Doubtless all parties realized the value in this age of the world of the formal parliamentary sanction, and possibly there was a thought that the future might have for this Parliament a more serious use in store.

The Fascisti seized the capitol at Rome much as they seized the city hall at Milan. The entire movement was extra-legal from start to finish — indeed rather ostentatiously so. This extra-legal character continues not only at the centre but in the details of administration. The organization constitutes a supergovernment without a shadow of legality but with the only real authority in Italy to-day.

This is revolution, surely, but is it perchance a democratic revolution? Is it the organization, or Mussolini, that is the source of authority? The answer is not doubtful. The Italian soldier swears to his sovereign, 'obedience, prompt and absolute.' The Fascista swears to Mussolini, 'obedience, prompt, absolute, and *blind*.' These are no empty words. When his chief lieutenant in Naples, the man who had been responsible for rallying all of southern Italy to his standard, ventured to dis-

agree with him on a question of policy, Mussolini promptly dismissed him. Later, when a difference arose between him and the central executive committee, the governing body of the whole organization, he not only dismissed the committee but expelled them from the organization. He is master and he does not hesitate to show his mastery. Nor does he fortify himself behind orders in council. His decrees are written in the first person and bear only his personal signature. Beyond the measure of most autocrats he seems to reach his own decisions and assert his own authority.

The continuance, even for a day, of such an autocracy in the twentieth century is profoundly significant. It implies of course, very remarkable qualities on the part of Mussolini. But it implies also a profound reaction against democracy. Italy plainly welcomes the change with a sense of relief. Extremes meet under the dictator's banner. The radicals, true to Mussolini's diagnosis, have found in his programme of drastic reform and direct action the opportunity which they crave, and, despite old rancors and Fascist suspicions, have disbanded their organizations and flocked to his standard. But the conservatives as well, the soberest men in the kingdom, have pledged their allegiance. Mussolini has won Italy.

Foreign opinion, too, has been significantly favorable. Our American ambassador in Rome is his outspoken partisan in a measure approaching diplomatic indiscretion. The dictator is apparently *persona grata* in every European capital. There have been head shakings, but the disposition seems general to judge Mussolini by his administrative reforms rather than by the principle at stake. The passing of democracy calls forth surprisingly little protest.

IV

It was on the evening of the twelfth of September that I arrived in Madrid. Stepping out of the hotel early next morning, I hardly noticed anything remarkable in the few persons who stood talking or reading their newspapers in the neighboring square until my eye caught the headline: *THE GARRISON OF BARCELONA IN REVOLT*. I had dropped down into a Spanish revolution.

Later in the day I witnessed the gathering of a small crowd of idlers to hear read the proclamation of martial law. There was no disturbance, no excitement, scarcely even moderate interest. I had difficulty in gleaning from the papers and from conversation the facts regarding the uprising. Those of whom I inquired invariably prefaced their reply with the contemptuous remark that it amounted to nothing. Yet it was the collapse of constitutional government in Spain.

The occasion of it had been the severe defeat suffered by the national arms in the preceding year at the hands of the Rif tribes in Morocco. The investigation demanded by the exasperated people had been dilatory and evasive, a round-up of insignificant scapegoats and the exoneration of the suspected higher-ups. This, I have said, was the occasion. But the cause lay far deeper — in the universal conviction that the Government was hopelessly corrupt and incompetent, and that it had won and retained power by bribery and the manipulation of electoral machinery. I have never heard the citizens of any other country speak of their Government with such absolute loathing and contempt.

Banking on this feeling of the people, a group of generals had conspired to oust the Government, and the rising in Barcelona had been the signal. The

ministry began with a grandiloquent pronunciamiento, then appealed to the king for help, and, failing in this, resigned and fled the country. The king called the Barcelona general to form a Government, which he did, not in the constitutional form, but in the form of a military triumvirate, euphemistically styled a 'directorate.' This was followed by the declaration of martial law and the substitution of generals for the provincial governors throughout the kingdom. The country acquiesced with scarce a voice of protest.

This military dictatorship rules a willing country still. The movement is apparently patriotic and the housecleaning now in progress is eminently wholesome and long overdue. The apathy with which the Spaniards regard such a change is a sorry commentary on Spanish democracy, not to say on democracy in general. Here is a people in a comparatively advanced stage of intelligence and culture, which, a hundred years ago, fought with desperate energy for its constitution and which has since been living in the full enjoyment of a well-developed constitutional government. And this people witnesses the passing of all this in complete indifference. Can we prescribe democracy and constitutional government quite so confidently as has been our wont for the healing of the nations?

As the preceding period witnessed the failure of the Caribbean and Latin-American democracies, so the present period witnesses the failure of democracy in the parent countries of Latin Europe. The suggestion might seem to be that democracy is ill suited to the Latin temperament. But the story does not end here.

V

The Teutonic race with whom it is generally assumed that all modern

democracy originated, has had its share of humiliation and failure. Such was the result in Austria, a country not usually associated in our minds with democracy or self-government but actually the scene of some very conscientious experiments in this connection. One of the most interesting of these experiments was cut short by the war, to the regret not only of those who are committed to democracy but of those who are interested in political experiment.

In 1905 Austria adopted a new constitution. Having in mind the diverse nationalities and special interests to be represented, great attention was paid to the principle of proportional representation, the provision for that purpose being, perhaps, the most perfect yet devised. The election which took place in that year met all expectations. Every element in the polyglot realm was represented by numbers equitably proportioned to its importance. The Parliament thus elected remained in session for four years and accomplished virtually nothing. Each element was in a minority and insisted upon its right of minority veto. Race antagonisms overrode all public interests. When the Bohemians tired of blocking German proposals, they enlivened the scene by insisting that the proceedings should be carried on in Bohemian — a language known only to themselves while everybody spoke German. It was with a sigh of relief that the country heard the message of the aged Kaiser sending these wranglers to their homes.

Doubtless the heterogeneity of the Austrian population accounts in a way for this fiasco, but that heterogeneity was precisely the problem which government was called upon to solve and which democracy failed to solve. That heterogeneity is there still and is almost as marked in the several parts of di-

vided Austria as it was before in the whole. Nor are *we* exempt. There is always heterogeneity, of class or of section if not of race, and the principle of proportional representation, so often lauded, guarantees no more solution in one case than in another. It but furnishes the raw material out of which the necessary coherent majority must be built by mutual concession and discipline. Failing this there may be democracy, but certainly not democratic government. There has been much criticism of Hapsburg despotism. As a matter of fact the Hapsburg ruler has been for a century a refuge of his people from the intolerable excesses of popular government. I prophesy that he will be missed.

VI

As I write, two new republics seem likely to offer their contribution to our subject. Turkey has abolished her sultanate, restricting the functions of the present incumbent to an innocuous spiritual headship, and placing the supreme authority in an elective assembly and president. We shall await the event. The prospect is encouraging for a reorganized and prosperous Turkey, but our confidence reposes in the character of the strong man at the head rather than in the institutions of popular government. I am not sure but our confidence is based largely upon the fact that the strong man at the head is in reality little hampered by constitutional limitations. One fact is significant. When the recent election took place the real issue before the country was the abolition of the sultanate and the adoption of constitutional government. There was known to be a division of opinion on the subject in the provisional Assembly at Angora. The strong man, however, not caring to go to the country on that issue, drove

through the Assembly a bill making it high treason to propose the restoration of the sultanate, thus making it a capital offense to urge the very programme on which the opposition was preparing to appeal to the electorate. Thus armed he got his mandate, but the proof that the new government rests on the popular will is not conclusive.

Doubtless some hundred-and-odd millions of the American people feel encouraged by the fact that Turkey has unfurled the banner of democracy. Doubtless the same persons will greet with acclaim the accession of Greece to the circle of the republics. Whatever significance the proposed change may have, it has little bearing on the question of democracy. Throughout her brief period of independence Greece has had a constitutional government, corrupt, to be sure, and occasionally suspended, but genuine, at least so far as the noninterference of the monarch was concerned, with a single and not unparalleled exception during the great war. Such success as constitutional government has achieved in Greece is due more than anything else to the prudence and tact of the monarch who was permitted so long to preside over her destinies. His successors unfortunately have not been able to exercise a like steadying influence over an exceptionally mercurial people, but the throne itself serves as something of a balance wheel, even when weakly occupied. Greece has been signally blessed in the appearance, during her brief period of self-government, of two very great statesmen, but her treatment of them hardly justifies the gift of more.

It is too early to pass judgment on the new democracies in Germany and the other Central Powers. Conditions are too abnormal to permit of their natural working and development.

Useful conclusions can hardly be drawn from countries utterly bankrupt and crippled by foreign occupation. It is not too much to say, however, that democracy has shown no particular aptitude for dealing with a difficult situation. Acting under popular mandate the country has pursued a policy of low taxation and currency inflation which has plunged it into hopeless ruin. Perhaps a different government would have done no better, but it is difficult to see how it could have done worse. More significant but more difficult would be the study of the older and more firmly established democracies — such as France, Great Britain, and the United States. Here there is little apprehension of collapse and a fair measure of success has undeniably been achieved. But there are disquieting symptoms. Both Britain and the United States have recently lost the conditions of majority rule and have fallen, at least for the present, into a condition of partial paralysis. We are to have emasculated programmes, blocs, and deals. The class struggle, too, shows ominous signs of getting out of hand. Despite the enormous representation of Labor in the British Parliament and its constitutional triumph, the demand for direct action is loudly heard. Dean Inge notes as the most conspicuous fact in English life to-day a widespread revolt against majority rule.

VII

These observations lead to no novel conclusions. The phenomenon is as old as government itself. If we seek an explanation for the failure of democracy in the cases mentioned, we shall, of course, find it in the general facts of ignorance and selfishness, in the lawlessness of individuals and of groups. Let us if possible be more specific. What particular principle or practice is

it that is wrecking democracy to-day, not merely in its tentative stages, as in Russia, but in countries of settled democratic procedure, like Italy and Spain, and possibly even in its strongholds, like Britain and the United States?

The answer, I think, cannot be doubtful. The thing that made a fiasco of the Russian Duma, that reduced Italian and Spanish democracy to impotence and contempt, that has tied the hands of the American Senate, and that threatens the oldtime stability of the British government, is simply the refusal loyally to accept the principle of majority rule. The refusal may come in the form of violation of law, disreputable in an isolated individual but condoned and held up to honor in the case of a brazen minority. It may come in the making of law, in the filibuster, and the minority hold-up. In whatever form it comes, it is in essence lawlessness and anarchy. As such it spells doom to democracy. There is and can be no democracy without honest acceptance of the will of the majority. Democracy is nothing else than the rule of the majority, as autocracy is in essence the rule of the minority. For minority rule with adequate constructive powers and ultimate responsibility there is much to be said. Under certain conditions it is the preferable, sometimes the only possible, system. For majority rule there is also much to be said. It is slower, less intelligent, less efficient, and less constructive than minority rule at its best, but it has the universal advantage of consent and popular support.

But for majority rule with minority veto there is nothing to be said. The majority can do nothing because the minority obstructs, and the minority can do nothing because it is the

minority. The result is stalemate and government paralysis, the worst of all vices and the one most certain to bring retribution.

The principle of minority veto has wrecked democracy in Italy, in Austria, and in Spain. It is this that menaces democracy in Britain and America. It is found not only in nefarious alliance with the selfish and the predatory, but in the complacent pose of patriotism and superior virtue. Though the principle of majority rule is basic to our political philosophy, it is accepted in practice by no section, no party, no class, no militant ideal. The caucus or party convention that smooths out difficulties and with infinite patience closes up the ranks of a working majority, is stigmatized as the 'machine,' and the individual who surrenders his hobby to the will of the majority is pilloried as a traitor to principle. Above the clash of self-interest and the din of individual opinion, is heard the exhortation of the idealist to stand by your hobby though the heavens fall. Whether we demand a League of Nations or a glass of beer, we invoke the same right of minority veto.

Do we believe in democracy? It is time for a searching of heart. Do we believe in the loyal acceptance of the will of the majority — not a will which wholly meets our approval but a will based on mutual concessions to which we have contributed our share, not a suppositious and imaginary will ascertainable only under ideal and impossible conditions, but that will as actually expressed through the imperfect organs which we possess? Or are we prepared to defy that mandate and discredit its decisions to secure ends more selfish — or perchance more ideal — than the majority wills?

THE PRIZE

BY MARY WEBB

I

THE vicarage lawn, bright green in the August sunshine, with beds of golden violas, had been galvanized into frantic gayety by the incursion of the entire village. It was the great day of the year in Cherrington Magna; for the school treat and the festival of the local club had been rolled into one enormous — and, to the hermit vicar, horrific — revel. A tea, a dance, and races were included in the programme. Tea was over and, with the lusty country scorn of digestion which prevails at such festivals, everybody was now prepared to run races. Their faces shone with pleasure, hope of useful prizes, and honest yellow soap. They were of the good but unemotional type produced by preoccupation with the material side of life, and they had the touch of harshness which comes from absorption in petty worries. The women's dresses, of homely stuffs, in neutral or primary colors, made dark or brilliant patches on the green grass.

Apart from the rest, in deepest black, stood a tall, rather harsh-featured woman, who seemed to have about her something of the atmosphere of the pariah. She leaned against the churchyard wall in the purple shadow of the yew tree, which spread its flat, dark masses over the daisied lawn from the dank enclosure of the churchyard, and she had the look of a creature at bay — sullen, and inexpressive. She was of the age that corresponds to the apple tree's time of hard, green fruit; half

way between maturity and middle age. She had the spare angularity and weathered complexion of all field-workers. Yet, although she had no beauty, she was, in a curious subtle way, arresting. She had the air of remoteness that some people always take with them, so that their lives seem to move to a different rhythm from the lives around them, and one surprises in their eyes an impassioned secrecy, and feels in their presence the magnetism of great things forever unrevealed. She stood fronting a little crowd.

'I'll run for pig,' she said.

'What?' cried Mrs. Parton of the shop, roundly, 'd'you mean to tell me, Selina Stone, as you're going to run for pig, and your lawful 'usband lying by lonesome over the churchyard wall?'

A slight flicker of emotion lit Selina's face and passed. It might have been anger or scorn or even mirth.

'I'll run for pig,' she repeated tonelessly.

The sexton's wife took up the argument as of inalienable right. 'And poor Bobbie Stone only measured for coffin Friday was a week!'

'Scarce cold! Scarce cold!'

This was from Mrs. Marsh, the washerwoman, whose face was large and white, and had the appearance of perpetually reflecting the full moon, and whose hands were always bleached and wrinkled and water-logged. But her feet were, as she put it, 'as the Lord made 'em,' and she intended to com-

pete for the pig, and would have been pleased to know that Selina, with her long tireless legs, was out of it.

'It's not what the vicar will like,' said Miss Milling, the schoolmistress, very quiet in gray silk, and having the air of politely ignoring the world, the flesh, and the Devil.

Jane, the vicar's cook, whose hair was so tidy that it looked like black paint, said 'That it inna!' She was going to run herself, as proxy for her sister, whose complaint it was that Providence, while giving her an enormous progeny and thus making her both need and deserve bacon at Christmas, saw fit every year to incapacitate her for competing for the pig by decreeing that she should be 'in the family way.' So Jane was to run for the family, and she felt that she was supremely in the right, and that this muscular Selina had 'no call' to triumph over her slight stoutness (due to the generous living at the vicarage) by thus breaking all the laws of good taste.

Jane's sister looked up from suckling the latest addition to the family. 'She's got no little uns to feed. She dunna need bacon,' she said decisively.

A murmur that matched the wind in the yew tree ran over the group, a shocked, and withal an interested, sigh.

'Run she will!'

'Dear 'cart, to think on it!'

'Run for pig, and poor Bob not sodded!'

'You 're a bad 'oman, Selina Stone!'

Selina's sallow face looked sallow. She swallowed hard, but she gazed unflinchingly into the moon-face of the washerwoman, and she remained self-poised, like a heavy pebble in a water-course. She held on to her own personality, though whelmed in the currents of public opinion.

Jane's sister tried the human note, looking up over the bundle that was her new, creased, enthralling baby.

'My dear, you 've no need to do any such thing. Bob was insured, as I very well know. Think how my little uns could enjoy that dear little pig come Christmas. Dunna rob them! Of such is the kingdom of 'eaven.'

'Amen!' said her husband.

Three or four girls, all more or less blooming and blossomy, looked at their young men and giggled. Save for these young men, the race would have been a 'walk-over' for them, but the consciousness of admiring eyes seriously disturbed their breathing apparatus and, by the justice of things, gave the unromantic a chance.

'Selina! O Selina Stone!' quavered a very old man with an impressive falsetto voice. 'You 'll ne'er run, my wench?'

'Ah, I 'll run.'

'You 'll fall afore the fall of the leaf if you do wrong by the dead.'

'Oot give it up if Vicar says no?'

Selina, weary of repetition, merely shook her head and leaned back against the churchyard wall. Hostile eyes focused themselves upon her, hostile thoughts washed over her. A man pushed his way through the little crowd and came to her.

'My girl,' he said, stooping so that she could hear his undertone, 'best not! Looks queer-like. Ye can have a plenty of bacon when ye set up with me.'

People nudged each other. This was Bill Jakeways, the hedger, to whom, it was said, Selina had given all he asked when, in sultry summer evenings, she had worked overtime, hoeing turnips, and he had done piecework at the hedges between hay harvest and corn harvest. What he had ever seen in her had always been a puzzle to the village. He might have taken his pick, it was said. He was the best-looking man in the place, a splendid creature, like a statue, minded like the naïve dumb

things of wood and meadow. Like a dumb creature he had worked for Selina, carrying water, lugging wood, helping her in the fields.

'I won'er what Stone thinks of it!'

This was one of the village phrases. But Bobbie Stone, slight and frail and tired, coughing now and again over his bespoke boots in Selina's tidy kitchen, never divulged by any word or look what he thought. He and Selina lived like middle-aged people, far outside the scope of passion. He would look up and smile when she came in from the fields to get his tea of bacon and potatoes; and if she was late and more flushed than usual he never seemed to notice it. They were judged by the village to be well matched, for she had always been 'poor favored' and he was 'not much of a chap — a rickety piece.'

So life went on until Bobbie, coughing a little more each month, became too tired to push the needle through the leather. The doctor ordered this and that. Selina sat up at night and often stayed away from the fields. Bill was sent here and there for medicines and delicacies. But none the less, when the hot weather came, Bobbie laid his weary head on the pillow, and smiled wistfully at Selina, and said, 'I 'm tired, lass. I 'll sleep a bit.'

And he slept on now under the ugly battened mound of brown earth. The pansies nodded golden heads as they did last year, the pig awaited the race with the same complacent ignorance as had the pig of last year.

Jakeways was rather shocked at this callousness of Selina's. 'I doubt it's no good to fly in the face of folk. It's the same in pleachin' — yo mun lay the bough the way it wants to go,' he said.

'Fine and pleased they be,' remarked Mrs. Marsh to the sexton's wife, 'and it wunna be above a month

or so afore there's a wedding in Cherrington.'

'She's a lucky woman, no danger!'

'Ah! A tidy chap. Keeps off the drink too. Never merry but of a Saturday night.'

II

Meanwhile the competitors were gathering for the most exciting race of the day. Even the vicar and the doctor drew towards the course to see the ladies distinguish themselves. The vicar kept a deaf ear turned to the broad jokes and the betting among the young men, each of whom backed his own girl, speaking of her in racing terms.

The doctor, knowing everybody's constitution to a nicety, was entrusted with the handicapping. He gave Mrs. Marsh a tremendous start, because he knew she had incipient dropsy. Nobody else knew it, however, so there was a general groan. Mrs. Marsh decided to glaze the doctor's collars as no collars had ever been glazed. She stood far up the course, and the judge, at the winning-post, saw her round white face shining there like an argent shield. Jane, with her cheeks as suddenly red as those of a Dutch doll, and her neat black hair, also like a Dutch doll's, was heavily handicapped; and so were the half-dozen giggling village girls.

Behind all the rest stood Selina.

'You're not in the race, of course, Mrs. Stone,' said Dr. Pierce.

'Ah, sir, I be.'

He looked surprised. The vicar was distressed.

'No, no, Selina! Think!'

'I be to run, sir.'

'It's not wise, Mrs. Stone,' murmured the doctor.

'No, already there are strange rumors afoot,' said the vicar. 'It would not take much to make them say you murdered poor Bob.'

Selina flung her head back with the air of a savage queen.

'What do I care if they do, saving your presence, sir! Let 'em talk till their tongues shrivel! I shanna hear 'em.'

'Ready!' shouted the starter.

The pig was placed in position by his owner's oddman, and firmly held in spite of expostulation. Mrs. Marsh took off her bonnet. So might Britannia, for some enormous conflict, temporarily doff her helmet. The girls flung their hats to their mothers or friends.

Selina turned to Jakeways with a smile of great sweetness and sadness. It came on her harsh face like dawn on a mountain side. It was clear from her smile that she loved him, but with an anguished love.

'I'm bound to run, lad,' she said.

There was in her voice the mournful note that the wind raises about the shell of ruined masonry, its lament around old dead cities, its cry in the cornices of abandoned homes.

'Ready — Steady — Go!'

The oddman let the pig go, and tumult broke over the course — yells from the various backers, squeals from the pig, hands held out to snatch, flying feet, laughter, fury.

'Selina runs as if life and all was on it.'

'I'll be bound she'll win.'

'Go it, Mrs. Marsh!' shouted the doctor.

Like a nest of hungry birds, Jane's nephews and nieces lifted their voices: —

'Keep at it, a'ntie!' Then, jubilantly, 'Mrs. Stone's fell down.'

'But she's got the pig,' wailed their mother.

Far up the course, with both arms round the pig, lay Selina. The roar of applause died away as she still lay there.

The crowd surged forward.

'It's a judgment.'

'Ah! She's strook.'

'Sarve un right.'

'Being so desper't set on a pig! And poor Stone not sodded!'

'Well, seems like she's done for herself now, no danger.'

'Struck down in 'er pride!'

'What is it?'

'What's took the woman?'

'T was poor Bobbie Stone as come agen in the middle of the race and called 'er. They come agen very bad afore they're sodded, you mind.'

Meanwhile, by the silent Selina and the shrieking pig knelt the doctor. She was coming round, but he knew the case was hopeless. It was heart-failure.

'You know what I told you after that influenza — about your heart, Mrs. Stone?'

'Yes.'

'You knew what would happen. Why take such a risk for a pig?'

'A pig? What pig?'

The doctor was puzzled, but silent.

Jakeways elbowed through the crowd, and, seeing her deathly face, burst into tears. He knelt down and loosened her tense, unconscious fingers from the pig.

'There wunna no call for you to do it,' he said mournfully. 'I'd ha' seen as you'd enough o' meat, if you'd set up with me.'

'I know ye would.'

'I like ye right well, Selina.'

'And I like you. Only I was sore set on poor Bob. Baby an' all was Bob to me.'

Dr. Pierce returned with the vicar. 'But if she did n't want the pig, what *did* she run for?' he was saying. 'Ask her, vicar!'

The dreamy vicar stooped and took her hand. Their eyes met, and understanding flashed from one to the other. Then Selina's heavy lids came down, and the only reply the doctor ever had was her faint, enigmatic smile.

PEPYS AND GOD

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

WHAT religious training Pepys received from his mother, what childish prayers he murmured at her knee, we shall never know. The Diary does not indicate any very great respect for her character or her admonitions; but doubtless in this matter the child was different from the man. The only direct reference to the religious aspect of the relation that I have noted is argumentative: 'After supper she and I talked very high about religion, I in defense of the religion I was born in.'

Though during the Diary period Pepys was a loyal member of the Church of England, it seems likely that in his youth his sympathies were distinctly with the prevailing Puritanism in some form, he not being the sort of man to court martyrdom for any faith, religious or political. Late in 1660 his pleasure in meeting an old schoolfellow was much tempered by the fear that his anti-royalist proclivities would be remembered, and probably his anti-clericalism was no less ardent. He is apt to speak of the Puritans with respect, not to say awe. Toward the very end of the Diary he openly admits his disposition to be civil to them, 'in expectation that those fellows may grow great again,' and he puts his feeling on a little higher plane in the notable passage in which he criticizes Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, a play which he otherwise greatly admired: 'only the business of abusing

the Puritans begins to grow stale, and of no use, they being the people that, at last, will be found the wisest.'

Also, it is everywhere evident that the Puritan tradition had got hold of him somehow, and haunts him and hangs about him, even in his wildest vagaries. Profanity is apt to give him the shivers. He hates to break the Sabbath, hates to have others break it. And the strain of Philistinism, of formal, conventional regard for the outside, for appearances, so oddly and strongly interwoven in his nature, is always cropping up in unexpected ways.

If the influence of his early surroundings pulled him toward Puritanism, that of his wife later might have tended toward the Catholic Church, unless it worked the other way, as is not unfrequently the case. He has some interesting contacts with Catholicism. There is the delightful visit to a monastery, in which all the little, petty, striking details are chronicled with the usual unforgettable vividness: the priest in his cell, with his haircloth and his scanty garments, and his little bed without sheets, 'but yet, I thought, soft enough'; his cord about his waist, 'but in so good company, living with ease, I thought it a very good life.' And the conclusion is cheerful and even suggests a moderate sympathy: 'I do not think they fared very hard. Their windows all looking into a fine garden and the Park; and mighty pretty

rooms all. I wished myself one of the Capuchins.'

Then there is the Catholic service. Pepys always finds the music captivating, as is natural. But the democracy puzzles and amuses him: footmen, beggars, fine ladies, zealous poor papists, and a few Protestants come to see the show, really, 'I was afraid of my pocket being picked very much.' Otherwise he gets an impression of trickery and frivolity and pretense, beads turned over and prayers said, without any very deep impression of piety. But things are made handsome and comfortable: 'and I see the papists have the wit, most of them, to bring cushions to kneel on, which I wanted, and was mightily troubled to kneel.'

But when it got to be a question of politics, it was a much more serious matter. With his deceased wife a Catholic, and his Navy chief a Catholic, Pepys's enemies had plenty of handles for mixing him up with the prevailing excitement at the time of the Popish Plot in 1679, and a brief confinement in the Tower was a superb antidote to any Roman leniency that may have found a lodging. In his letters of that period Pepys insists, with the most reiterated fervor, on his thoroughgoing, unshaken Protestantism, and one has no difficulty whatever in believing him.

All through the Diary, at any rate, and probably all his life, Pepys was a faithful churchgoer. Though regularly a member of the Parish of Saint Olave's, his attendance was quite widely distributed, and he appears now in one church, now in another, as convenience, or some notable occasion of service or preaching, guides or attracts him. He is often interested and full of curious, entertaining comment of all sorts. I do not know that there is any evidence of his being profoundly

touched or moved. If this happened, it must have been very rarely. That the observance was largely perfunctory, a matter of habit and early discipline, is clear from the whole tone in which he treats it. Indeed, he was much too inclined to fall asleep, and confesses it on a number of occasions with quite brazen equanimity.

And, do your best to be solemn and reverent, there are always the distractions of all sorts. You may go to church with your mind full of cares and the service may prove altogether insufficient to rid you of them. Say you are jealous of that quick, vivacious, pretty lady who bears your name. When she is mixed up with that horrid dancing-master, you may keep away from church altogether, because it represents quite other things than religion. Then there are those queer organs, the eyes, and the strange, misleading pleasure of them, so apt to be incompatible with devotion or even with decorous attention. People may be looking at you, or you think they are, as in that inimitable episode of the periwig: 'I found that my coming in a perriwigg did not prove so strange to the world, as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes all upon me, but I found no such thing.' And you are constantly looking at other people. For there are shoals of them about you, and their clothes and their manners and the odd composure of their faces and their behavior toward each other offer such an entrancing feast for vision that the mind can hardly fix itself upon the religious ceremony at all.

There are the pious people, or those who appear so. We regard them with respect and a trifle of wonder. To be sure, they are apt to be somewhat elderly ladies, and the diversions of this world having palled, piety may

come more easily. And yet — and yet — can it be quite genuine? 'The three sisters of the Thornbury's, very fine, and the most zealous people that ever I saw in my life, even to admiration, if it were true zeal.' Of course, after the great fire devotion was natural. A visitation of God like that makes everybody think of Him and of other possible fires even more dangerous and disagreeable. Church, under such circumstances, becomes not only an obligation but a relief: 'I to church, where our parson made a melancholy but good sermon; and many and most in the church cried, specially the women.'

But the pious people, though edifying, somehow do not hold the attention, which naturally strays to more agreeable objects. The young eager faces, gleaming and sparkling with the joy and light of this world, are so much more attractive. 'And there heard a silly sermon, but sat where we saw one of the prettiest little boys with the prettiest mouth that ever I saw in my life.' And such queer things happen in church, too, things quite shattering to gravity, if your eyes are wide-awake and watchful for them. What would you think to see a new-married couple sitting in a pew hung with mourning for the mother of the bride? Odd lack of tact, was n't it? And when your mind was all set for solemnity, to see the minister pull off his surplice as if it had been a nightshirt, before all the congregation, and then go up into the pulpit to preach, might destroy all the flavor of his sermon.

But incontestably the charm of church is the ladies, and if you want us to edify, they should be entirely kept out of it. No doubt heaven swarms with delicate angels, and no doubt we shall enjoy their society, if we ever get there. Meantime, there are these exquisite creatures on earth,

right here, and really it is impossible to keep one's eyes and thoughts off them. Sometimes it is a mere matter of æsthetic contemplation. For example, there is the fair Butler, 'who indeed is a most perfect beauty still and one I do very much admire myself for my choice of her for a beauty, she having the best lower part of her face that ever I saw all the days of my life.' Sometimes, regrettable to relate, these dainty faces are so engaging, so provoking, that one loses one's head entirely, and leaves church and heaven and all to follow them. There is that lady who lives in a house near Tower Hill. Pepys simply 'dogs' her home, and thinks her one of the prettiest women he ever saw. Then there is the gay, piquant adventure of the coy maiden and the pins: 'Stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand and the body; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and, at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again — which seeing I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design.' And meantime, the preacher? Ah, we had forgotten all about him!

II

Still, the preachers too were immensely curious and entertaining as well as profitable. Some were prominent celebrities, notable divines and theologians. Pepys went out of his way to hear them, sometimes a long way out of it, and then commented on all their peculiarities with his usual startling, delightful freedom. Dr. Fuller was most learned and in conversation most delightful, as a commentator on the worthies of England most inspiring; but he preached but a poor dry sermon and 'I am afraid my former high esteem of his preaching

was more out of opinion than judgment.' On the other hand, the famous young Stillingfleet does an admirable piece of work, and is heartily commended. And there are bishops; but bishops prove to be amazingly like other people. One of them preaches before the King; but the discourse is full of abject flattery and Pepys does not like it and says so. Again, there is the bishop who arrives while worship is going on and is expected to take part in it. As he is 'rigging himself,' in Pepys's phrase, he tells his man to find out where they are in the service. The man listens, and hears, but cannot place it for the life of him, and no more can the bishop. As Pepys expressed it to friends afterwards, 'the man said they were about something of saving their souls, but could not tell whereabouts in the prayers that was.' And the bishop was much amused, and so was Pepys; but I do not know that it was particularly edifying.

There were minor preachers, too, men with neither great names nor great stations, and long ago buried and forgotten. But Pepys is just as keenly interested in them, and portrays them perhaps with even more vivacious touches, so that the reader is as interested in them as he is. Respect for the cloth? Oh, yes, he feels it; but may it not be overdone a little? For instance: 'a learned man used to say, that if a minister of the word and an angell should meet him together, he would salute the minister first; which methought was a little too high.' Well, perhaps it was. And, after all, these ministers are queer. Or rather, they are not queer, but just like everybody else. Only it is queer they should be.

Some are square, plain hypocrites. There is Mr. Messum who preaches such an eloquent sermon about the

duty of giving a good example, 'which I fear he himself was most guilty of not doing.' There is Dr. Jacomb, who is an adept at getting the ladies to supply him with dainties, and confesses with cunning gravity that he heard more of the Common Prayer while he was waiting in the vestry than he had done for twenty years. Others again are good enough, estimable and useful in their way, but so deplorably heavy. Might they not have been even more useful in some other, plainer walk of life? There is our own rector, Mr. Mills, who, to be sure, spoke well of Pepys in later days, and Pepys thought well enough of him. Still he did make 'an unnecessary sermon upon Original Sin, neither understood by himself nor the people.' Yet it must not be supposed that Pepys decried the profession entirely. There were plenty of honest, earnest, high-minded men in it, and he recognized this at all times. Even a somewhat dull man might be stirred into good preaching, like Meriton, who 'hath a strange knack of a grave, serious delivery, which is very agreeable.' And there were many others like Dr. Crew, who could make 'a very pretty, neat, sober, honest sermon; and delivered it very readily, decently, and gravely, beyond his years.'

Pepys was attentive to the substance of the sermons also—much more than one might look for when there were apt to be so many pretty faces about him. To be sure, with the sermons as with the plays, there was the too high expectation and the consequent disappointment. Great things had been told of Mr. Alsopp, and Pepys went to hear him very eagerly, a good man, no doubt, and evidently a clever man, 'but as all things else did not come up to my expectations.' Which is the quaint, deceiving way life has, when you let your imagination

work upon it. And many, many sermons were dull. Oh, how many dull sermons there have been since the beginning of the world! And many were silly, pointless, and pretentious, made much more to show the ingenuity and scholarship of the preacher than to feed the hungry flock. But there were also others that were weighty and solemn and profitable and edifying, and Pepys recognizes it heartily and rejoices in them and even occasionally appears to derive some benefit. There is Mr. Floyd, who 'made a most excellent good sermon, of our duty to imitate the lives and practice of Christ and the saints departed.' There is Mr. Fullword, of the almost unbelievably felicitous cognomen, who preached 'a very good and seraphic sermon, too good for an ordinary congregation.' And there is Mr. Gifford, whose discourse especially received the Secretary's exquisitely Philistine approval: 'A very excellent and persuasive, good and moral sermon. Shewed, like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich, than sin and villainy.'

But with sermons, as with plays and poems and music, what counts is not any abstract value of Pepys's opinion, but the charming and vivid freshness of it, the absolute sincerity with which it is set down, whether favorable, or unfavorable, without regard to position or reputation or distinction or prestige. One of Mr. Mills's sermons is 'pungent.' What Pepys says is pungent always, even when one disagrees with it most entirely. With what force and directness does he dispose of another of Mr. Mills's efforts: 'There proving the equity with what justice God would lay our sins upon his Son, he did make such a sermon (among other things pleading, from God's universal sovereignty over

all his creatures, the power he has of commanding what he would of his Son by the same rule as that he might have made us all and the whole world from the beginning to have been in hell, arguing from the power the potter has over his clay), that I could have wished he had let it alone.'

As this analysis shows, Pepys was fond of theological discussion and interested in it. He was by no means a profound or logical speculative thinker; but his acute and ready wit delighted in controversy and especially delighted to watch others battling with thorny difficulties. With the compromising instinct of the practical man he deplored quarrels over doctrines and forms. When the Court and the city differ about bishops, his comment is, 'the more the pity that differences must still be.' But he likes to see a knotty point dissected; for instance, as to whether there could possibly be room in the Ark for all the live stock which Noah had accumulated. He likes to read Church history. He likes even to read sermons; reads *Five Sermons of Five Several Styles* and declares frankly that, contrary to the design of the book, he thinks the Presbyterian and the Independent styles are the best.

It may be said that, on the whole, Pepys inclined to a traditional and orthodox view of things. In theology, as in politics, he liked the world to go on as it had gone: it was a fairly comfortable world for him. He seldom indulges in pessimistic observations about the general government of the universe, and is disposed to accept the ways of Providence as fatal and perhaps good enough, if somewhat inexplicable. He mocks occasionally, in a quiet way, as when he points out that June 12, 1661, was kept as both fast and feast: 'the Bishops not being ready enough to keep the fast for foul

weather before fair weather came; and so they were forced to keep it between both.' He criticizes occasionally, as when he expresses agreement with the view that the higher prelates are more zealous to increase their own estates than to relieve the poor. And there was one very dark or very daring day when he and Lord Sandwich got together and held all sorts of wild discourse, particularly as to religion, 'wherein he is, I perceive, wholly sceptical, as well as I,' a declaration supplemented a little later by the even bolder comment: 'so I see that religion, be it what it will, is but a humour, and so the esteem of it passeth as other things do.'

But this was at the very beginning of the Diary, and hardly expresses a permanent state of mind. An established religion was a good thing, a desirable thing, a necessary thing, possibly for the other world, certainly for this. There are a lot of points a man might argue about forever; but it is far better to take for granted what your fathers handed down to you: 'There is room to cavill, if a man would use no faith to the tradition of the Church in which he is born, which I think to be as good an argument as most is brought for many things, and it may be for that among others.' A large portion of humanity gets along with it, at any rate.

III

As to the more emotional aspects of the spiritual life, Pepys is perhaps no more enlightening than as to the intellectual; but he is equally alive, always alert and inquiring and ready to receive facts and investigate them and give an opinion — or withhold it. The cruder and more fantastic forms of popular superstition do not appeal to him much, except as matters of sci-

entific curiosity. He reads Glanvill's book on Witches, and finds it well writ, but not very convincing. He discusses some of the extensive crop of prophetic anticipations of the great fire, together with the usual dismal foretellings of greater disasters to follow, and concludes the evening by laughing at the prophecies of Lilly, the astrologer. In his later years he makes rather extensive inquiry into the question of second-sight, amasses a considerable amount of testimony and sifts it with shrewdness, even his favorable conclusion being based on the acute remark that those who claimed to possess second-sight were far from being benefited by it.

As to omens and auguries and special interpositions of Providence, he proclaims a decided skepticism, though I have some doubt whether the attitude always held. To suppose that good weather came merely to suit the King's coronation and then at once gave way to thunder and lightning strikes him as too preposterous for notice. In ghosts and apparitions he was always fearfully interested. The appearance of the Devil in Wiltshire, promenading the streets and beating a drum, excites his curiosity amazingly; yet his musical instinct protests against a devil who could not pick up a tune. Long years after he spends eager hours on his trip to Tangier discussing the question of spirits, and he and Dr. Ken even get into hot dispute about it. But the aptest case of Pepys and ghosts is the bit of self-confession as to one evening devoted to them: 'After supper we fell to talk of spirits and apparitions, whereupon many pretty, particular stories were told, so as to make me almost afeard to lie alone, but for shame I could not help it; and so to bed; and, being sleepy, fell soon to rest, and so rested well.'

On the minor phases of superstition,

charms, amulets, philters, dainty bits of folklore, Pepys has a good deal to say, and his own concern with them is, as always, the point of interest. The seventeenth century had by no means outgrown such things, was indeed full of them. There is that charming incident of the learned Burton and the spider wrapped up in a walnut-shell as an antidote for ague. He had heard of the matter from his mother and thought it nothing but an old woman's nostrum. But one day, turning over old authors, he came upon the very same thing in that venerable worthy, Dioscorides, and ever after he entertained a better opinion of amulets. Pepys was curious, at any rate, whatever his more settled opinion may have been. The neglect of proper ceremonial rites made him uneasy, as when the clergyman omitted the sign of the Cross at a christening, 'to my and all our trouble.' He liked to gather up odd ends of rhyme that might have some mysterious curative property, and exhibits a choice collection of such on one page of the Diary, for example this for cramp:—

Cramp be thou faintless,
As our Lady was sinless,
When she bare Jesus.

Above all, there is the excellent magic of the hare's foot. Pepys procures one and carries it in his pocket. It may be all fancy. 'It is a strange thing how fancy works'; but I have carried the hare's foot as a preservative against wind, and 'I never had a fit of the collique since I wore it.' There is the fact, explain it how you may. And, for that matter, there are men in the twentieth century carrying hares' feet and luck-pieces, though they may not say much about it.

Do men in the twentieth century make solemn, elaborate vows to resist temptation, to break up bad habits, to forswear drink and women and general

wrongdoing? Or does Pepys in this also diverge slightly from the average type of common humanity? Do you make such vows, and write them down formally, and establish penalties for neglect, and invoke punishment from Almighty God if you fail to keep your resolutions? Was this a common custom in the seventeenth century? I somehow cannot quite imagine Shakespeare binding himself in such a fashion, or that gay, gilded, laughing John Fletcher, or the quaint, severe, austere, superbly human old poet Donne? Yet it would not surprise me a bit if a lot of men had done it and were doing it now. The world, the flesh, and the devil are such desperate nuisances, and if a vow or anything else will help to get rid of them, why not try it? Yes, I imagine some of your neighbors make such vows, if you do not, and read them over and recur to them as Pepys did, and get some good of them too. Only I doubt if many women do it. That seems to me more a man's resort than a woman's. A woman sins and stops more by natural instinct than does the fantastic imagination of a man, and a woman would see through the sham of such a thing more quickly and laugh at it. In any case, those who favor the practice would naturally not advertise it, and that is why I cried out with delight when I ran across just such a vow as Pepys's, made by a man of an entirely different type, a shrewd, skeptical, cynical self-analyst, Benjamin Constant. Does not the following, written in English by Constant, in 1788, throw a priceless light on the whole business of Pepys's solemn obligations?

By all that is deemed honorable and sacred, by the value I set upon the esteem of my acquaintance, by the gratitude I owe my father, by the advantages of birth, fortune and education, which distinguish a gentleman from a rogue, a gambler and a

blackguard, by the rights I have to the friendship of *Isabella* and the share I have in it, I hereby pledge myself, never to play at any chance-game, nor at any game, unless forced by a lady, from this present date to the 1st of jany, 1793: which promise if I break, I confess myself a rascal, a liar, and a villain, and will tamely submit to be called so by every man that meets me.

Note the delicious 'unless forced to it by a lady.' Is not that perfect Pepys?

Unfortunately, Pepys gives us no such elaborate sample of a vow written out in full detail. If he had appreciated our keen interest, no doubt he would have done so. As it is, the vows were for himself, not for us. But he refers to them at all periods of the Diary, meditates upon them, alters them, renews them, with all depth of sincerity and all solemnity of conviction. 'Home and to my office till 12 at night making my solemn vowes for the next year, which I trust in the Lord I shall keep, but I fear I have a little too severely bound myself in some things and in too many, for I fear I may forget some.' That is making a sufficiently serious business of it, is n't it? And to Pepys it was a serious business. Take this one as to the theatre: 'I am not able to conquer myself as to going to plays till I come to some new vowe concerning it, and that I am now come, that is to say, that I will not see above one in a month at any of the publique theatres till the sum of 50s be spent, and then none before New Year's Day next, unless that I do become worth £1,000 sooner than then, and then am free to come to some other terms.'

As to the substance of the vows, they covered pretty much anything a man would want to do and ought not, from the major sins to the minor vices, drink, the theatre, women, anything. As to the penalty, it was good hard cash in the poor-box. And that made the sinner think twice. Yet there were

some temptations so sweet and bewitching that one yielded to them deliberately — if the price was not more than the dainties came to: 'though by my vowe it costs me 12d. a kiss after the first, yet I did adventure upon a couple.' Oh, the gay, the delicate, the fascinating conscience of the man!

As to the keeping of the vows, it certainly was a ponderous matter. You had to read them over: there was no other way. It was an excellent occupation for the Lord's Day, and Sunday evening Pepys was apt to settle himself to a serious perusal, to impress and re-impress upon his flighty spirit the demands of virtue and of business, so that he might go forth on the Monday morning prepared to fight the good fight. In the tranquillity of those remote Sabbath evenings it all seemed so simple and so dazzlingly profitable. Why should a man run after wine and woman, when the satisfaction was so fleeting and the benefits of abstinence so evident? 'And all I do impute almost wholly to my late temperance, since my making of my vowes against wine and plays, which keeps me most happily and contentfully to my business, which God continue.'

To be sure, the temptations would come again, when you got out into the wide world, with laughter and clinking glasses and bright eyes all about you. But if you did triumph over it all, what a triumph it was, and what a sense of peace and contentment when you came home to a domestic evening and a quiet sleep! What a satisfaction there was in the feeling that you were going to triumph as you had in the past, even if there was a rather odd mixture in your experiences: 'But, Lord! to consider how my natural desire is to pleasure, which God be praised that he has given me the power

by my late oaths to curb so well as I have done, and will do again after two or three plays more.' How heartily Pepys would have sympathized with the charming remark of the high priest Calchas, in 'La Belle Hélène': '*Si j'avais suivi ma vocation, j'aurais été homme de plaisir.*'

The prettiest point of all in the keeping of Pepys's vows is the tricks he plays with himself, tricks such as you and I have played since we were five years old. You bind yourself in the closest manner by your vows, and then you immediately begin to seek loopholes and evasions by which you can get out of them. This is a broken day, anyway, says Pepys: vows don't count, and you can do what you please. Wine? Oh, no wine; but burnt wine is different, burnt wine is not included, I can drink burnt wine: 'but it is an evasion which will not serve me now hot weather is coming, that I cannot pretend as indeed I really have done, that I drank it for cold, but I will leave it off, and it is but seldom, as when I am in women's company.' You remember Benjamin Constant might play when he was forced by a lady.

Also, there are the delightful compromises. Only so many times at the theatre? But Mrs. Pepys has an allowance also, and she has not used all hers: what if we were to beg one of her? And she agrees, of course; 'so my vowe is not broke at all, it costing me no more money than it would have done upon her, had she gone both her times that were due to her.' Can't you imagine the scene? Pepys invoking his ingenious casuistry, and Mrs. Pepys, perfectly indifferent to his arguments and his scruples both, smiling a little, queer, contented smile at the devious mental processes of her beloved lord?

But sometimes vows are broken, straight and square, with no evasion or

compromise whatever. Some unseen play lures too facile footsteps, some unknissed mouth whispers momentary oblivion. And those solemn obligations are blown to all the winds of heaven. And repentance comes afterward, and a dark, dreary hour: Why did I do it, why, why? 'So against my judgment and conscience (which God forgive, for my very heart knows that I offend God in breaking my vows herein) to the Opera.' Did it pay, Pepys, did it pay?

The only remedy is to make more vows and more, and read them over, and stick to them when one can, and when one cannot, pay one's forfeit, and sigh and hope for better things: 'Though there was good singing and dancing, yet no fancy in the play, but something that made it less contenting was my conscience that I ought not to have gone by my vow, and, besides, my business commanded me elsewhere. But, however, as soon as I came home I did pay my crown to the poor's box, according to my vow, and so no harm as to that is done, but only business lost and money lost, and my old habit of pleasure wakened, which I will keep down the more hereafter, for I thank God these pleasures are not sweet to me now in the very enjoying of them.' So we go on, like Sisyphus of respectable memory, rolling the same old weary stone up the same old weary hill, only to see it roll back again, the one consoling difference being that with Sisyphus the iteration was immortal, whereas Pepys and you and I get to an end of it sometime, for this world at any rate.

By all which it becomes very evident that, whatever numerous sins Pepys may have been guilty of, he was not a man without a conscience. On the contrary, that same haunting, clinging, persistent little devil, — or angel, — conscience, was always at his

elbow, taunting him with something he had done, or reminding him of something he had n't done, and generally doing its best to take all the sweet out of life. In other words, Pepys presents an entirely different type from Aaron Burr, though the diaries of the two men have such striking points of resemblance. If Burr had a conscience in youth, it was largely atrophied before he came to the Diary. Perhaps his grandfather, Jonathan Edwards, absorbed all there was in the family. Spirits like Burr flit from one pleasure to another, from one pair of soft red lips to another, and there is no more scar left on the conscience than on the lips. God made us with these passions. If we indulge them, it is God's affair, not ours. Why worry?

Not so Pepys. With his type life is nothing but sinning and repenting, not only as to broken vows but as to many things, pleasant sinning and anguished repenting, without end or limit. And the tangle of mixed motives and considerations — of moral scruples and practical scruples and quick darting gleams of sensitive, sensual ecstasy — in which he ties himself up is fascinating beyond expression. Take this little blend of religious reserve and adulterous indulgence: 'So walked home, about eight at night, it being a little moonshine and fair weather, and so into the garden, and, with Mercer, sang till my wife put me in mind of its being a fast day; and so I was sorry for it, and stopped, and home to cards awhile, and had opportunity *para* baisier Mercer several times, and so to bed.' Or again, how ravishingly human is the mixture in the story of the visit of Mrs. Penn's pretty maid. 'So I carried her some paper and kissed her, leading her by the hand to the garden door and there let her go. But, Lord! to see how much I was put out of order by this surprisal, and how much I could

have subjected my mind to have treated and been found with this wench, and how afterwards I was troubled to think what if she should tell this and whether I had spoke or done anything that might be unfit for her to tell. But I think there was nothing more passed than just what I here write.' So Sisyphus goes on rolling.

IV

There are persons who, when they are overwhelmed by these conflicts and struggles, seek divine aid to help them out. What use did Pepys make of prayer, and what did he think of it? When his aged aunt, as is the fashion of aged aunts, points out to him the efficacy of the prayers solicited for him at the time of his operation for the stone, he agrees, but rather casually: 'which I also in complaisance did own; but, God forgive me, my mind was otherwise.' The proper external forms of prayer are duly observed. Family worship is a regular practice in the household, so much so that on several occasions the master regrets that his return home in a slightly intoxicated condition makes it expedient to violate the custom, for fear of infringing due decorum — an omission which causes some scandal. All this is rather perfunctory. But when the great catastrophe of Deb. Willet comes, we have seen that the distress of it drives Pepys to his knees: 'I did this night promise to my wife never to go to bed without calling upon God upon my knees by prayer, and I begun this night, and hope I shall never forget to do the like all my life; for I do find that it is much the best for my soul and body to live pleasing to God and my poor wife, and will ease me of much care as well as much expense.'

Always shrewd, you see, always practical, always with a canny, careful

instinct for the saving of expense, even in matters of God. God was a universal institution to turn to when you wanted something. He was an obscure, terrible, overmastering institution, which blasted you and blighted you, when, as so often, you did those things which you ought not: 'It is a cold, which God Almighty in justice did give me while I sat lewdly sporting with Mrs. Lane the other day with the broken window in my neck.' It may seem strange that God should bother with the fantastic tricks of such petty creatures, but He does, and we should bear ourselves conformably — if we could.

So much for the dire hours of need and terror. But in general it cannot be said that Pepys was spiritually obsessed by the essentials of religion. God is frequently and reverently mentioned in the Diary. He is mentioned still more frequently in the later correspondence, and the testimony as to Pepys's dying moments shows that he passed away decorously, as a good Christian should. But through the Diary, at any rate, considering the general frankness in treating all subjects, there is singularly little reference to a future life, though the writer of course took it for granted. There is no suggestion whatever of the abiding,

haunting sense of God, longing for God, thirst for God, which inspire every page of Amiel or of the *Imitation*. Pepys simply knew nothing about these matters. He was a healthy, practical man of the world, largely and constantly occupied with getting and spending, eating and drinking, loving and hating, and music. God belonged to another order of things altogether, to church and Sunday and your best clothes and ministers and death and heaven — all things to be treated with immense respect and to be avoided and postponed as much as possible, while you hurried to do what had to be done here.

Perhaps it will be thought that, in discussing a busy, active, external, material life, I have given too much space to God altogether. It is because the vast, brooding consciousness of God alone gives such a life all its significance — and all its emptiness, and because I believe the busy, active, external, material life of America today, so much the life personified by the great Diarist, needs God more than anything else to save it. How the need is to be satisfied is another question, and one that can never be answered from the Diary of Pepys.

THE FARM

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

WHY do you listen, trees?
Why do you wait?
Why do you fumble at the breeze —
Gesticulate
With hopeless fluttering hands —
Stare down the vanished road beyond the gate
That now no longer stands?
Why do you wait —
Trees —
Why do you listen, trees?

(1750)

Ephraim Cross drives up the trail
From Worcester. Hepsibah goes pale
At sumach feathers in the pines.
The wooden wagon grunts and whines.
Blunt oxen leaning outward lurch
Over the boulders. Pine to birch
The hills change color. In the west
Wachuset humps a stubborn crest.
Ephraim takes the promised land,
Earth, rock and rubble, in his hand.

(1800)

Young sugar maples in a row
Flap awkward leaves. Ripe acres blow
In failing ripples to the blue
Of hemlocks. Ephraim's house stands true
Above the troubling of a brook.
Ephraim's grave stones seem to look
West of the Berkshires and still west.

Hepsibah's stones turn back compressed
 And bitter silence toward the sea.
 Between, her sons sleep patiently.

(1871)

A blind door yawing to the snow
 Questions them in. They knock and go
 Through the old bedroom to the back.
 The kitchen door swings out a crack
 Framing Aunt Aggie in her chair —
 Dead as a haddock — ragged hair
 Scrawled over on her shriveled eyes.
 Since Monday morning, they surmise:
 Last of her name she was, and best
 Be lyin' up there with the rest.

(1923)

Plummets of moonlight thinning through
 Deep fathoms of the dark renew
 Moments of vision and deflect
 Smooth images the eyes expect
 To images the brain perceives.
 Choked in a pine wood chafe the leaves
 Of aged maples, but the moon
 Remembers; and its shadows strewn
 Sidelong and slantingly restore
 Ephraim's trees about his door:

Why do you listen, trees?

Why do you wait?

Why do you fumble at the breeze —

Gesticulate

With hopeless fluttering hands —

Stare down the vanished road beyond the gate

That now no longer stands?

Why do you wait, trees?

Why do you listen, trees?

THE MODERN VIEW OF EVOLUTION

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

WHEN there is talk of evolution among laymen it is because of an interest, first, in the evolution of man — our view of Nature is strongly anthropocentric; second, in the evolution of animals — we all recognize something of their kinship with us; and, third, in the evolution of plants — they are farthest away from us. By layman I mean anyone not a working biologist.

The working biologists use evolution all the time as a guide in their work, a determinant of their point of view and method of study, a proved and accepted fundamental fact and principle in the science of living things. Hence the biologist in his relation to evolution is as likely to be interested in the evolution of plants, or in a single group of plants, as in the evolution of animals, or even in the evolution of man — though even biologists are human, and it seems an attribute of humanness to have a prime interest in human beings. But now and then one comes across a naturalist who does seem to be more interested in extra-human Nature than in human nature. Just after the great California earthquake of 1906, which gave scientific men an unusual opportunity to study earthquake ways, the sister of a Western scholar confided to me, somewhat bitterly, of her brother: 'He is no longer a man; he is just a geologist.'

But the layman is always a man, and he sees most importantly in evolution something significant in the problem

of the whence, how, and whither of man, and something that must be attended to in developing his world philosophy. Also, and of the same kind and degree of importance, something that has a specific delicate relation to religion, or, at any rate, to theology.

To the mind of the public, evolution has recently assumed again a position of seizing interest. The last time it had such an interest was in the immediate years after the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. The psychological results of the tremendous cataclysm produced by the war have made men take stock of the status of religion among them. Is religion stronger or weaker because of the war? Or did the realized possibility of such a war, such an unchristian behavior on the part of supposedly Christian peoples, reveal an antecedent and continuing feebleness of religion that must be thoughtfully considered and immediately attended to? Whatever the reason, there has been, since the war, a quickening of attention among us in Europe and America to the status of our religion. And in course of this attention evolution has come again to the position of whipping boy for those who take their religion too emotionally and thoughtlessly, hence violently. If religion is weakened it must be the fault of something and somebody. Putting aside swiftly the uncomfortable thought of the possibility of anything being wrong with religion

itself and with its expounders, the fundamentalists see in those black beetles, evolution and Darwin, the disturbing and criminal something and somebody who are guilty of this weakening. Have at them! And Mr. Bryan does.

II

So here is evolution, especially the evolution of man, again on the defensive. Are we to go through, all over again, the recital of the classic evidences of the actuality and manner of evolution as read from the four great documents of comparative anatomy, embryology, palæontology, and geographical distribution? And then add to these the confirmatory new evidences that the years since Darwin have brought forth? Must we recall again the fundamental identities, with their obviously adaptive modifications, of the organs and organ-systems of man with those of the other vertebrate and especially mammalian animals; the convincing recapitulation in man's embryology of successive conditions of heart and blood-cells and lungs and brain and other organs, which conditions are more or less like the adult conditions of these parts in the successively higher vertebrate classes, the fishes, amphibians, reptiles and birds, and, finally, mammals; the occurrence of fossils of prehistoric man from the days of early glacial time, a half-million years ago, up to the near-present, showing the gradual changes in skeletal structure, with their unmistakable implications, the straightening legs and reducing jaw and orbital and occipital crests, and the expanding brain cavity, in a word, the changes from beastliness to humanness; and, finally, the distribution of the living races of man in such a way as to tell the same story as the distribution of the animals and plants? Must all this

overwhelming testimony that man is an evolutionary product be rehearsed again because Mr. Bryan says that it does n't exist; or that, if it exists, it need not be taken into account by the truly informed, who have in the book of Genesis a complete manual of world and human origin?

If so, biologists are willing to tell it all over again. But it does seem absurd to have to do it. Especially when there are some other matters concerning evolution that have not been so often retold, and rather need telling and discussion. Sixty years of active study since Darwin, of evolutionary phenomena and of technical discussion among specialists, do not leave evolution just where it was when Darwin and his coadjutors had to drop it. For example, Darwin saw in natural selection a satisfying explanation of the origin of species. We do not see this now. We see in natural selection an important factor in the control of evolutionary lines of plant- and animal-development, and a restraining sieve for the too unfit species, but not a sufficient unaided cause of species-transmutation and -adaptation. There is no mere 'survival of the fittest'; there is a survival of all not too unfit.

But this does not mean returning whole-heartedly to an acceptance of Lamarck's proffered explanation of species-transmutation as caused by adaptive individual modifications and the inheritance and cumulation of these 'acquired characters.' Nor does it mean accepting exclusively the mutations explanation of species origin, despite the general agreement that mutations (rather large, immediately heritable variations) do occur and do make some new plant and animal forms. Nor, finally, does it mean seeing in the Mendelian juggling and recombining of unit characters in the case of hybridizations a sufficient explana-

tion of new species and adaptive specialization.

What it does mean is that, despite the much additional that has been learned confirmatory of the actuality of evolution, and the new wealth of knowledge that has been gained about the manner and mechanism of some of the principal basic factors of evolution, notably heredity and variation, biologists to-day are less agreed among themselves, or, better put, are more agnostic concerning the causal explanation of evolution now than they were just after Darwin and Huxley had made evolution a household word and natural selection its widely accepted explanation. Of course, natural selection, or Darwinism, never was a unanimously accepted evolution explanation. There were always Lamarckians; but after Weismann, the post-Darwinian champion of Darwinism who out-Darwined Darwin in his insistence on the *All-macht* of natural selection, had made his fight on the inheritance of acquired characters, Lamarckism went largely into eclipse. Yet there have always been Lamarckians since Lamarck, and are to-day, although there are but few who adhere to Lamarck's own naïve form of Lamarckism, with its assumption of the direct inheritance, in photographic replica, of bodily modifications acquired during the lifetime of the individual.

III

The Lamarckians of to-day are Neo-Lamarckians, with various forms of explanation of how parental modifications may cumulate in successive generations by heredity. And new examples of such claimed inherited modifications are every now and then put forward. Among the more recent and important of these claims are those of Kammerer of Vienna, whose accounts

of his experiments in inducing changes by environmental influence in the mode of reproduction of various salamanders and in the color of various amphibians and reptiles, with a claimed definite hereditary transmission of these changes in later untreated generations, excited much attention at the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Also those of the Americans, Guyer and Smith, who have reported the positive inheritance of certain eye-defects induced in rabbits by a toxic serum, and whose unusually carefully conducted experiments and elimination of alternative explanations give their claims a very serious importance. And, finally, those of Pavlov the great Russian physiologist, whose white mice, trained to come to their food by the ringing of a bell, produced young who learned their lesson much more quickly, and in turn produced young still more quickly responsive to the signal. However many carelessly claimed instances of modification of species-character by an inheritance of acquired characters can be proved to be uncertain, and thus to be useless as evidence for the Lamarckian explanation of evolution, any single one that cannot be otherwise explained will have the gravest consequence in the search for the actual causes of evolution.

As a matter of fact, despite the inability of the Lamarckians, or of biologists in general, to offer any indubitable cases of Lamarckian inheritance (unless the most recently advanced cases are of this character), and despite the heavy weight thrown against the Lamarckian explanation of evolution by almost all that has been learned in the recent years about the physical basis of heredity — in spite of all this, many reputable and thoughtful biologists remain convinced in their own minds that any satisfactory causal

explanation of evolution, especially adaptive evolution, must contain as an important fundamental element some form of the Lamarckian assumption. There must be more than just chance variation in successive generations out of which adaptive modification and specialization are to arrive. Almost all the palæontologists believe, on the basis of their knowledge of animal and plant series extending through long periods of time, in some form of orthogenesis, or determinate variation. There must be something, they believe, that drives evolution on in more or less fixed lines, even though these lines lead, as they have led in the case of the crinoids, the ammonites, the great dinosaurs, and various other highly specialized lines, to over-specialization and extinction. Now unless the palæontologists accept some mystic inherent driving factor, such as the *élan vital*, or other, to explain this phenomenon, they must find in environmental influence and the impression on heredity of the changes caused by it, the explanation of the initiation, if not the maintenance, of this evolutionary movement.

Another fact of much significance in connection with adaptive evolution — a fact which I first stressed sixteen years ago in my *Darwinism To-day* — and which points strongly, to my mind, to some as yet unexplained means of introducing the acquirements of the individual into the heredity of the species, is that many of the inherited species-adaptations of plants and animals are in quite the same direction as the adaptive changes acquired in their lifetime by individuals of closely related species, which may well be the original species from which the newer more adapted ones have branched off. For example, in streams into which hot springs flow individuals of species occurring in the streams may, in the

search for place and food, find themselves in warmer and warmer water, and may adapt themselves physiologically, sometimes with slight but recognizable structural changes, to high-temperature conditions.

But in the very hot springs themselves may be found species living which show, only in more marked degree, as definite and inherited species characters, the same adaptive changes as those shown by the individuals of the stream species which have found their way into the warmer waters. Similarly, the dwarfed growth of individuals of valley plant-species which have been planted on alpine heights is the same adaptive change as that which has been in some way acquired by typical alpine species, and is now an inherited characteristic of such alpine plants.

Altogether, it may fairly be confessed that evolutionists would welcome the discovery of the actual possibility and the mechanism of transferring into the heredity of organisms such adaptive changes as can be acquired by individuals in their lifetime. It would give them an explanation of evolution, especially of adaptation, much more satisfactory than any other explanation at present claiming the acceptance of biologists. For the truth is, as already suggested, that although we know much more about evolution than we did fifty years ago, and are more than ever sure of the reality of evolution, we are distinctly less confident concerning the causal explanation or explanations of evolution than we were a half-century ago. Darwinism (the selection theories) upset Lamarckism as an explanation; but the new knowledge of variation and heredity largely upsets Darwinism, at least as an explanation of species origin, and at the same time offers no satisfactory replacing explanation. Mutations and

Mendelism may explain the origin of new species in some measure, but they do not explain adaptation in the slightest degree.

IV

But it is not with the troubles of the biologists seeking the causes of evolution that the anti-evolutionists concern themselves, although it comes to me with constant surprise that they have not taken more notice than they have of these differences of opinion and questionings on the part of the biologists concerning evolution explanations. But they are not looking for any such small game. The thorough-going anti-evolutionists simply reject evolution outright; they dogmatically assert that there is no evolution; and let it go at that. From a letter just received from a friendly correspondent I quote the following sentences: 'So far as evolution is concerned, it is not an established fact. . . . There is not an established factor supporting it to-day. . . . Oh, how I wish we could get our schoolmen to drop this evolutionary nonsense!'

In answer to this the biologists assert that evolution is scientifically proved. They are quite willing to add that there are many puzzling things about it, the most puzzling thing being its causal explanation. Of course, the biologist might simply be content to say that evolution, like gravitation, exists; that it is a fundamental phenomenon of Nature, which can be described, but not explained. But gravitation can be described or defined in very few words. Evolution cannot be so simply and succinctly described. It has numerous manifestations; it is a complex thing; it is a group of many things. The evolutionist is concerned with the analysis of evolutionary phenomena and an attempt to relate a

variety of effects to a satisfying cause. Here is where his puzzles and differences of opinion come in.

Also the relation of evolution to man has so far been a very much more complex and disturbing matter than the relation of gravitation to man. Its significance in relation to the very existence of man is pregnant with opportunities for trouble. Emotions, traditions, old beliefs, religion, and especially formal theology, are involved. Our anthropocentric system of world philosophy, outgrowth of centuries of self-worship, feels itself assailed. The reaction is one of anger and fear. Is man after all not a unique, specially created being, around whom and for whom an all-powerful Creator has produced the rest of life and the world? Evolution comes as the iconoclast to rob man of his sacred isolation. Repulse it; deny it.

This tempest created by a wounded, false self-pride seems unnecessary and rather absurd to the biologist. In the first place, he does not see man robbed by evolution of his high place at Nature's head. In fact, a belief in evolution confirms him in this place. He is still unique, the only thing of his kind or at all closely approaching his kind. His body is no less a wonder-exciting combination of matter and energy because it is composed of natural matter and energy, and is, after all, really a machine or group of machines, and not a mysterious something unrelated to the natural world. His mind is no less an endowment that lifts him far beyond all other living creatures because it reveals in itself basic elements common to the mentality of all life. Nor, finally, does an acceptance of human evolution deny the human possession of spirit, which we all know we have, however unagreed we may be as to how or when we came to possess it.

An evolutionist may be a good man, may be a profoundly religious man, as truly as may a philanthropist or a preacher. Being an evolutionist is not necessarily being any less a man. It is, indeed, being more of a man, if one characteristic of being completely human is the use to the utmost of that noble endowment of intelligence and reason which constitutes the chief special advancement and advantage of man over the lower animals. Evolution makes its appeal to reason, but its acceptance does not mean the abasement, let alone the denial, of emotion, faith, and religion, those great springs of the higher human attitudes and activities.

V

The evolutionist does not like being called a bad man. He does not like being posted as an enemy of poetry and faith and religion. He does not like being defined as crassly materialist, a man exclusively of the earth earthy. For, simply as evolutionist, he is not necessarily all or any of these unpleasant things. As individual he may be anything — as anybody else may be. I have known several bad men — one or two of them are in the penitentiary now — who were not evolutionists; who, indeed, even posed and were accepted as very good men, full of faith and religion. One was a Sunday School superintendent. And just as religion and cheating can apparently be compassed in one man, so can one man be both evolutionist and idealist.

What the evolutionist believes, on the basis of a mass of what seems to him unrefuted and irrefutable scientific evidence, is that the plants and animals and man and woman were not created by some sudden supernatural treatment of clay and ribs, but that they have slowly and gradually

come into existence through the orderly processes of Nature extending over much time. He sees a fine and awe-inspiring order throughout Nature, some of which can be discovered and, in a measure, understood. He sees in this order, this immense capacity for natural being and doing and becoming, a beauty and majesty in Nature which cannot be transcended in conception. In recognizing the creation of man as its supreme achievement, he sees no belittling of man, but a proof of the extraordinary potentialities of this natural order. In organic evolution he sees just what the name signifies, the unfolding of organized matter, the outrolling of the possibilities of life.

Since the beginning of life on this earth this evolution has led constantly, even if slowly and with retrogressing side branches here and there, or extinctions, now and then, of unadapted or over-specialized kinds of creatures, ever onward and upward to higher life possibilities. It is a grandiose and noble sight which the evolutionist, surveying the natural occurrences of the many long geologic ages through which this earth has passed, as revealed to him by the testimony of the rocks and the accumulated results in the myriad life forms of to-day, sees spread before him. He sees life stretching in a long, continuous, and fascinating series of forms, from simplest, through more and more complex and amazing, to culmination in humankind. He sees even many of the details of the special perfecting of this humankind from its rough and still bestial beginnings of half a million years ago to its present high estate.

With all this in his eyes, is the evolutionist likely to be more blind than other men to the potentialities and possibilities of man himself? He knows no more than other men of the ultimate origin of life itself or of the

limitations or lack of limitations of evolution. He sees in evolution the explanation of man's origin and of the character of his present structural and physiological make-up. But of all that is the possession of man, or of all that is the possibility of man, he stands only on even footing with others to learn. If man lives in two worlds, one of his body and one of his soul, the evolutionist, like the rest of us, would like to know it. If imagination and love and faith and religion are something in man's life which are so different from the other things of his life as to call for some other explanation of their existence than the evolution that has given man the special form of his body and manner of its functioning, the evolutionist is not one who cannot be shown it. That there may be a God who has put his Spirit into men, the evolutionist can believe as well as anybody else. There is nothing in the conception of evolution to deny God, or to make man irreligious, or to lessen the aspiration of his soul.

With some naïve beliefs in an unnecessary interference with the observed order of Nature on the part of an anthropomorphic God, conceived as behaving in a manner quite too restricted to excite respect, the conception of evolution does cross swords. The evolutionist believes that the description of the origin of earth and life and humankind as given in Genesis is mythological, perhaps allegorical, at any rate not true as a literal account of these happenings. This, however, is something quite distinct from denying God or refusing to see in the Bible a guide to the highest of human conduct and an inspiration to the highest human ideals.

In a word, evolution and the tenets of the Christian religion are not in opposition. They have really little to do with each other. They concern

themselves with essentially different affairs. For anti-evolutionists to encourage the popular error that they are incompatibles and even mortal enemies is a crime against both. It leads to an unnecessary and disastrous confusion in men's minds. It is a blow to human understanding of human life.

VI

The conception of evolution has had an enormous effect on our view and understanding of Nature. It has touched and colored all our natural philosophy. It has introduced irrevocably into our thought two fundamentally important ideas: those of continuity and transmutation in the things of the world. We find evolution, not as an isolated or particular phenomenon in Nature, but something all through and almost identical with Nature. All that we see of the make-up and behavior of living things constantly spells evolution to us. We see change always and everywhere, if we take the long view of Nature. What seems, in the short view, to be rest, or static, reveals itself, when the perspective is lengthened, to be movement, and dynamic. But that is precisely what evolution is: constant, slow, continuous change. Thus it is not too far-fetched to see an identity in Nature and evolution. Certainly that is the impression that the naturalist studying in any field of Nature, studying any phase of Nature, gets. Wherever or to whatever he turns his attention, he sees evolution. It is no wonder, then, that Nature and evolution come to be, to him, nearly synonymous terms.

This is an idea that has been growing on me with the years. More and more I have come to feel that our long-used meaning of evolution is too narrow. To the extent that we understand Nature we understand evolution, and

vice versa. There are many, many things about Nature that we do not understand. We do not understand the origin of life or the fundamental cause or causes of its constant flux. We lack a satisfying explanation of such highly specialized adaptations as the extremes of protective coloration, the nest-making habits of the solitary wasps, the extraordinary structural modifications and elaborate life-history of the complete parasites, and, even more baffling, those adaptive specializations which require for their utility very precise reciprocal modifications of structure and habit on the part of two different animal species, as two commensals, or on the part of a plant and an animal, as the orchids and the insects that cross-pollinate them. But these are precisely the things that are the outstanding puzzles in evolution. What we do not understand about Nature we do not understand about evolution; what we do not understand about evolution we do not understand about Nature.

So I want to plead for a wider conception of evolution, a conception as wide as that of living Nature itself. One of the obstacles to the acceptance of evolution has been its particularity. It has seemed to too many to be a special explanation of a few special problems in Nature. To a large part of the general public it has seemed chiefly an explanation of human origin which flies in the face of the Biblical explanation, and hence, by easy implication, is something that denies the Bible, God, and religion. But it is much more than this, and at the same time does not have all the significance attributed to it by the theologians.

It is living Nature, and the way

that living Nature has become what it is and will further become what it will be.

Considered, and I think justifiably, in this large way, evolution is not to be denied so categorically and completely as my correspondent would deny it. To deny evolution in toto seems to me like denying the fact of life itself, life plastic, changing, adapting, perfecting; life not created once for all in rigidly fixed form, but developed and ever developing slowly, wisely, or at least as if it had wisdom, or was guided by wisdom, in the way and ways which lead to constant betterment. This is how evolution seems to me to be revealed by the study of Nature; this is what evolution seems to me to be.

Well, this is also what living Nature itself seems to be: a slow, mighty, constant movement of matter and energy, showing itself in ever-changing form and behavior, and revealing potentialities and possibilities that seem limitless. Man is a part of this Nature; hence, is endowed with these limitless potentialities. In this lies the basis of a religion of hope and inspiration. In whatever varying terms various ones of us name or personify the limitless potentiality of Nature and man, that need make no disturbing difference in our common acceptance of this fundamental basis of our religion. It need not make us less good or less honest. It need not undermine our belief in and practice of love and charity; it need not make us have lesser visions or smaller faith. It can magnify our conception of Nature, confirm our confidence in the limitless possibilities of life, and exalt our hopes for the future of humankind. Is this a form of religion to be banned?

AT THE CENTRAL PRIMARY

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

THE Central Primary was a wooden building that had once been the Colored Baptist Church. The Boy never knew why it had changed its estate. Either the colored Baptists had prospered and builded a more sumptuous tabernacle, or the mortgage had been foreclosed, and deprived them of any. But for as long as he could remember, the big building beside the public square had been the portal to education, where he would have to go when he was six years old. He had been taken once to visit the school, arrayed in absurdly short 'short-pants,' the pocket flaps of which were a vain show and led nowhere. This so pleased the boys when they discovered it, that they celebrated the fact by filling the pseudo-pockets with stubs of slate pencils which fell through on the Boy's shoes. But he did not mind. He gathered that it was part of the ceremony of School, and looked eagerly forward to the day when he would don the *toga virilis*.

And sure enough, one bright September morn, having attained the legal age, he set out for the desecrated church, in high hopes and a kind of fever of anticipation, because no one in that school, teacher or pupil, realized how very much he already knew, and they were in for a big surprise. He could read and spell and write, or at least 'print'; and so, although no one was aware of it, he was going to school primarily to display the stores of knowledge already accumulated. This thought filled the

inside of him with a warm glow of expectation, which he has felt sometimes since, and which the hand of Fate has dampened and extinguished as effectually as it did in this earliest instance he remembers.

Little had been done to the church to fit it for a schoolhouse. The pews had been taken out and replaced by short benches, divided by broad arms into two seats, like those in the help-yourself lunchrooms. The old gallery where the choir used to sit was still in place, and the dark stairway that led to it was used now only as an oubliette for the confinement of the more dangerous law-breakers among the pupils. The bell that formerly rang only on Sundays now enlarged its labors to a five-day week, sounding at eight, eight-thirty, and eight-forty-five; again at ten-thirty for recess, and at the end, fifteen minutes later. The morning session ended at twelve, without bell, book, or candle. Contrary to the laws of physics, less energy was required to stop a session than to set it in motion. After dinner, the bell rang at one and one-thirty, and for all whose record was spotless, the day ended at half-past three. Others stayed after school, the incident ceremony being called 'taking your name.' Thus was enacted each afternoon a miniature replica of the Day of Judgment, so graphically described in the Book of Revelation when the Heavens were rolled up like a scroll.

On the rostrum stood, this first morn-

ing, a teacher with curls, who plays the part of Fate in the Boy's tragedy. Her name was Nora McClay. Assigned to one of the seats with broad arms, the Boy found beneath the arm a small cubbyhole in which were to be kept what the social economists call the implements of production. The teacher ordained and authorized the purchase of these implements — a slate, a slate-pencil, and a primer. The slate which the Boy's parents could afford was the proletarian one — a square of thin black stone framed in wood, the frame bound with a strip of red flannel by means of what looked like a black shoestring, not so much for ornament as to enable it to live up to its name of 'Victor Noiseless.' Attached to the slate by a string was a small sponge. Slate-pencils were of two kinds — soapstone, which were soft and never sharp, and regular slate, which had fine points and sometimes came covered for half their length with paper gay with the Stars and Stripes. There was also a more costly and aristocratic slate called a book-slate, having four to eight leaves, of black silica, which could be written on with a slate-pencil and rubbed out. Many of the wealthier pupils had this Persian apparatus, which gave the Boy some heartburnings and early introduced class distinctions into his life.

But it was the primer which dashed the Boy's hopes and dreams of triumph, and turned them to ashes in his mouth. It was a small, thin, blue book, and its official name was *McGuffey's Primary Reader*. To his horror and dismay, he discovered on looking it over the first evening that it was written in an unknown alphabet. All, all were gone, the old familiar faces. Here and there was a recognizable letter, but every word contained some uncouth, obscene character that rendered it unintelligible. This book was one of the educational fads of that time, an attempt to teach

children to read phonetically. It had been prescribed by the Board of Education, and it had to be taught, even to those who were so unfortunate as to have already learned to read before coming to school.

An alphabet had been designed with diabolical ingenuity, which was supposed to represent the sound of the spoken letter. *Th* as a diphthong was a character something like the Anglo-Saxon symbol for the same sound — though of course the Boy did not know that. *C* soft had a tiny *s* cunningly concealed in its insides, while *C* hard was similarly equipped with a *k*. Soft *G* had a small *j* depending from its lower lip. *Wh* as in 'who' and 'when' was a monogram of the two letters, and *ai*, *ae*, and *ou* were disfigured like Siamese twins, with ignominious ligatures and bands that deformed them in the Boy's eyes like monstrous growths on human beings. Not only was his dear and familiar alphabet made into a strange and grotesque thing, but this Cubist alphabet was expanded to include as many symbols as Mr. McGuffey supposed there were sounds in the English language. More than that, the so-called silent letters were printed in light-faced type, utterly ruining the physiognomy of the word. There were other complexities and vexations which the Boy has now forgotten. He has not set eyes on that accursed book for forty-eight years.

Nor did spelling escape the hands of the vandals. The Boy rather fancied himself a speller. To him the printed word was a picture. It did not look right if a single letter was altered or missing. In the vision of his coming triumph, spelling had loomed large. But the new learning did not include spelling. One did not spell; one 'sounded.' The curly-haired teacher commanded, 'Sound dog'; and the intelligentsia went through something

like this: 'duh-awe-guh.' When you spelled the word in this new fashion, you were supposed to have pronounced it, like a movie film of the word run very slowly.

The Boy could have wept, and, in fact, did weep. Not only were his dearly bought accomplishments rendered of no avail, but the alphabet, instead of being one of the verities acquired for a lifetime, was a transient and mutable thing. How many alphabets was one supposed to learn to keep up with this mysterious something called reading! Was nothing permanent — not even ABC? The Boy felt, as so many of us have since the war, that a lifetime of laboriously acquired experience was suddenly rendered useless by a new era.

Years afterward, in the course of his work as an advertising man, the Boy came across an old metal-worker who was strongly prejudiced against the tar and composition roofs that were then beginning to be advertised. 'I don't hold with these new-fangled roofings,' he averred. 'I believe in covering roofs with tin, as God intended they should be.' To the Boy the alphabet as he had learned it had the same inviolable character that roofs had.

That little book had other vagaries. The world that it revealed was as unfamiliar as its typography. On the very first page, after the new characters began to have a meaning to the Boy, he read this text: —

'Is it an ox?'

'It is an ox.'

'Is it my ox?'

'It is my ox.'

'Go on, ox, do go on.'

At the top of this page was the picture of an animal that even a cursory inspection showed was a cow. True, the boy had heard of oxen. They had them in the Bible. But he had never seen one — and certainly never owned one. To him an ox was as strange as the blood-

sweating behemoth. The only part of this lesson that roused enthusiasm was the last line.

It was like that all through the book. There was a man with a cart, a high cart, with two huge wheels, drawn by a horse which wore a great saddle on its back. The man had on some sort of basque. But every day farmers drove past the house where the Boy lived, riding in green lumber-wagons, drawn by two horses, and they wore coats like the Boy's father, and had their pants tucked in their boots. The man with the cart was no more related to everyday life than the circus clown with the calico pony.

The boys in this book bore such names as Hugh and Miles, and they were fond of saying 'Ah' when they began to speak, which, it will be remembered, was the favorite expletive of Rollo's friend Jonas. In the Boy's circle there was an Art and a Sanny; but Arthur and Alexander were barred from primers by their length, and Art and Sanny by their utterly improper colloquialism. And 'Ah' was a shibboleth.

By a triumph of ingenuity that should earn it a place in Miss Wells's *Whimsical Anthology*, McGuffey's primer was written entirely in words of one syllable. By consulting Codex A *supra*, it will be seen that the naïve dialogue about the ox is narrated not only with words of one syllable, but with syllables of two letters. As the book progresses the words get longer and harder, without abandoning the monosyllabic form, until they attain such heights as 'bough' and 'straight' and 'through.' The Boy knew many words of two syllables, and even three, that were easier than these; but McGuffey was joined to his idols. The last lesson told of a rose, a blush rose, which of course had its monitory attendant thorn. The word 'thorn' in the bastard text of McGuffey was a

weird vocable. Decision wavered for a time as to whether it was a thorn or a throne the rose had. In the Boy's life roses were almost as rare as oxen.

II

Despite heartburnings, the orthoëpic alphabet did not detain him long. He was, as the actors say, a quick study. Under the tutelage of the teacher with the ringlets, whose Scotch name suggested affinity at least with the Clan McGuffey, the Boy learned the new text, and then read the thin, blue book through from ox to thorn. Having thus again demonstrated his superiority and won back a portion of the self-esteem that had been dashed by the rejection of his home-grown A B C's, he was disposed to rest on his laurels and wait for official recognition of his prowess. But his only reward was to sit with his hands folded and wait until the rest of the class was ready to recite. And while he waited, his thoughts, with some retrospective assistance, ran about like this: School was a delusion and a snare. Instead of being a place where education was pursued with delight, where one went from triumph to triumph amid the plaudits of the multitude, where one continued the adventure of learning with growing excitement and pleasure, it was really a dull place where character was formed by tribulation and disappointment. Its purpose appeared to be discipline rather than education. The important thing was to obey the rules. Falling ahead seemed as reprehensible as falling behind. The Shakespearean tradition of the schoolboy creeping like a snail unwillingly to school was sedulously upheld.

There is reason to believe that, if one could have read the minds of the adult world at that period, some such conception would have been found in them.

They would have agreed that the Boy's arraignment was a true bill. They would have had grave doubts about any school that its victims found pleasant. Education was a painful process, and its painfulness was a part of the education. Not one of those grown-ups — teacher, superintendent, board of education, or parents — could foresee the time which now is, when school is the supreme adventure of childhood, and when, as I am credibly informed, children resort to the same subterfuges to avoid being kept away from school that they once practised to escape going. The story of Tom Sawyer's hypothetical toothache must seem as legendary to the modern child as the account of William Tell and the apple to a walking delegate.

The Slate served no better than the Book, but for the opposite reason. Its chief function was to aid in acquiring knowledge of a mystery called 'Numbers,' which bore no relation to the fourth book of Moses, but was merely a euphemism for that hard word 'arithmetic.' Numbers consisted of a long series of tables, which, if done neatly, made an orderly arrangement on the slate, which was very gratifying. But neatness was not enough. Correctness was also a desideratum. So the pleasure of creating an artistic format was marred by the necessity of having the answers right. There was also the matter of language. The tables must be read according to formula. 'One plus one equals two. One minus one equals ought. One times one equals one. One divided by one equals one.' Each of these permutations was carried to twelve, though why twelve instead of ten, which seems the logical stopping-place, the Boy never learned. The outposts of the mathematical world, at least in the Central Primary, were established at the twelfth milestone.

After the tables came examples. Ex-

amples were such bits of anecdote as, 'If a man can saw twelve cords of wood in seven days, how much wood can he saw in one day?' The issue was clouded for the Boy by a vision of Bud Gash, who sometimes sawed the paternal wood, and who could not possibly have sawed twelve cords in seven days. The example best remembered of all was the one which inquired, 'If a stick and a half of candy cost a cent and a half a stick, how much will one stick cost?' which was n't a school example at all, but a catch propounded by some jocose elder outside jurisdiction. They did not have such amusing diversions at school.

Numbers was a greater trial than even Mr. McGuffey's misbegotten alphabet. The Boy, as the phrase goes, had no head for figures. The phrase is all wrong, however. He had a head for figures. He delighted to make them. He liked to carry the tail of the seven below the line, and close up the four at the top the way it was done in print. What he hated was to figure with figures — add, subtract, multiply. He had, I fear, a finite mind. A long column to be added gave him a feeling of faintness, almost nausea, like that with which later he tried to grasp the idea of time and space. He did not at that early hour have the consolation of Thackeray's wise conclusion, who felt less chagrin at his lack of mathematical proficiency when he learned that machines could add and multiply. In the course of time the Boy's hearing failed, and he became deafer and deafer, but he never, never, became an adder.

The slate was the innocent instrument of his greatest triumph and greatest humiliation. One day the teacher instructed the class to copy its lesson upon its respective slates. The lesson for the day concerned the doings, or perhaps the disposition, of a certain dog bearing the unorthodox name of Tray, a name not bestowed on dogs outside of

primers. What the word 'copy' meant to the Boy, memory fails to register; but what he did was this. He construed it literally and reproduced the page with the fidelity of a Chinaman duplicating a patched coat. Perhaps he knew that he was exceeding expectations, or perhaps he really thought that the teacher wanted a holographic facsimile. There were so many puzzling things about the practices of school. At any rate, he made that page, with the folio number at the upper right-hand corner, the running head in Italic caps, a crinkly rule under it; then a picture of the kennel, with Tray lying half in and half out; on either side a neat column of words to spell, and underneath 'Lesson VII,' the title, and the chaste and sober narrative of some incident in Tray's history. With a carefully sharpened slate-pencil he reproduced the McGuffey characters, the silent letters in lighter line, and when the call came for results, flushed and excited, he silently laid his work before the teacher, who promptly told him to take it home and show it to his father and mother.

It was all of a piece with the baffled and confused state of mind that school produced in him, that he went without being clear whether it was reward or punishment. He trotted along as fast as his legs could carry him, holding the slate at arm's length so as not to smudge it, now swelling with pride as he viewed his masterpiece, and now overcome by misgivings that he had again been too enterprising for a conservative age. The event as it appears to recollection was all to the good. Mother admired and praised without stint, and stood the slate carefully on the shelf beside the clock to await father's homecoming. What a pity that such an inspiration should have been confided to so perishable a palimpsest as the slate, washed off next day with a sponge, and almost as soon from the memory of the high

Olympians! But the Boy, too, like Tray, had had his day.

And now comes his degradation. The G. A. R. parade passed the schoolhouse exactly at recess time, and the Boy followed the band until it was too late to return before the last bell, and then followed it all the way. His confederates were a colored boy whose father was a barber, and a Jewish boy whose father was a tobacconist. The word 'tobacconist' is used intentionally, for the emporium of Stremmel and Myers was no ordinary cigar store. It had what the Boy would have called an Old-World air, if he had ever heard of such a thing, with its wooden pails of fine-cut displayed in rows along the counter, and in the window a log cabin most ingeniously built with cigars. It was one of the show places on Main Street, like the model steamship in the window of the emigrant ticket agency, and was religiously visited on those Sunday afternoons when one was allowed to go downtown and look in the windows.

There was something especially heinous in walking out of the schoolyard at recess and not coming back. It was what is now known to a militaristic generation as A.W.O.L. Authority was evidently hard put to find a punishment to fit the crime. The penalty imposed was to remain after school one hour each day until one had written, 'I ran away,' one thousand times on one's slate — a form of punishment reminiscent of mediæval religious orders. Memory insists that the medium used was writing, and not 'printing'; but the cursive hand of that age was not a facile medium, and the days seemed to stretch ahead without end. One of the trio, probably the tobacconist's heir, announced that he was going to devote his period of penal servitude to improving his penmanship; but this virtuous resolve did not apparently soften the heart of Authority. The Boy

made no propitiatory libations, but set himself doggedly to execute his task, turning in his tale each day to be counted and credited before he could go home. The twenty years Monte Cristo spent in the Château d'If were as a short winter's day beside the time it took the Boy to complete his sentence, or, more accurately, sentences. But it must have been finished because all things came to an end in time, even the school-year.

The following year the Boy was promoted. The B class became the A class, and moved across the room and sat in the seats of the mighty. Not all, however. There was a little classmate whose brain was so slow that one copy of a book was not enough to teach her its contents. She had been compelled to remain behind in the B class, and repeat her progress through *McGuffey's Primer*. Swollen with pride at his own recent advancement, the Boy, with his new *Monroe's First Reader* under his arm, one day taunted the backward one: 'O Abbie, you in that old primer yet?' And Abbie, true to type, utterly oblivious of the aspersion that had been cast upon her, proudly displayed a brand-new copy of the primer, and replied, 'No, I got a new one.'

So far as interest goes, Monroe had little on McGuffey. The narratives concerned the adventures of two colorless individuals named John and Kate, who led uninspired lives. They too seemed to live in a world that existed only in schoolbooks. At one place you read that they caught prawns in the pools by the sea. The Boy was not ignorant of the fauna of Western Illinois. He had caught bull-cats in Spoon River, and drowned out gophers on the prairies around the town; but the only prawn he had ever heard of was the species Monroe. He had a faint idea that they were something you played chess with. He did not play chess, but

he played with the chessmen, and the chessmen had little chess boys, which were of course the black ones, and chess girls, which were white, and the grown-up world called them prawns. But finding them in pools seemed to obtain only in schoolbooks.

Nevertheless the *First Reader* had one quality that atoned for all shortcomings, and makes it stand out in memory as a glorious thing; for it was printed with the orthodox alphabet the Boy had learned from his building blocks, and the McGuffey orthoëpic characters passed from memory like a fevered dream. Never again did they darken his mental door. The original alphabet, the one he learned first, was now sufficient for all the reading he would ever do. That year of McGuffey was just so much lost out of his life; and when in time he tackled Greek, and later Anglo-Saxon, the old feeling came back: he remembered that he had learned harder things in his youth. It was just another form of McGuffeyism.

III

No sooner had reading become fairly easy and scarcely a study at all, when he discovered that it was not really an end, but a means to an end. By the exercise of it one learned other things.

One of the other things was geography. Geography was a large, thin, flat book, the largest of the schoolbooks, and its unstandard size made it difficult to carry in conjunction with the other books. It was garnished with a blue checked-gingham slip-cover, fashioned by mother, to protect it unspotted from the world, in the vain hope that it might descend to successive members of one large family; but when at the end of the course the cover was removed, the contrast between the outside and the inside of the book was startling. It was not what the old book-dealers de-

scribe as good second-hand condition.

The outstanding wonder of geography was maps. The text had little to offer so stimulating to the imagination. They gave the Boy a new field for speculation, and added greatly to the store of mental resources out of which he fashioned amusements and devices for mitigating the shortcomings of deafness.

Standing first in the book was a map of the world stretched out on an oblong rectangle, wherein Greenland was apparently the largest body of land. The fine type down in the corner said it was 'The World on Mercator's Projection'; but fine type in schoolbooks was always addressed to teachers and other grown-ups. Meanwhile here was Mercator's world, flat as a table, and square at the corners. The use of globes was not taught at the Central Primary. Indeed, the school did not possess one. The geography contradicted Mercator and insisted the world was round. There was also other evidence. A scrap of rhyme lingered in the Boy's memory from pre-school days, which exclaimed,

The world is round, I do declare,
And hung on nothing in the air.

Nevertheless the book seemed admirably adapted to the needs of that complaisant teacher, who agreed to teach it round or flat as the school board demanded.

The Boy's problem (and after fifty years still a problem) was to establish a working relation between himself and the universe; a difficult job when that universe did not come apparently any closer to him than the outlines of the State of Illinois. The point where he stood was for him the centre of the world, while from Mercator the geography advanced toward him by degrees, — first hemispheres, then continents, and then countries, the United States, his own State — but no further. It was

an elementary book, which did not get down to such details as where one lived. It was elementary at the wrong end. For surely the elementary fact of existence was that one lived in Galesburg, Knox County, Illinois. Even that was a generalization. One lived in a little white house in Monmouth Road. And long before he heard the word geography the Boy had begun his own map, from his own centre, reaching outward vaguely toward the universe.

First, there came the Yard, evidently a much bigger place than the world as Mercator made it, and much fuller of interesting things; bounded on one side by a picket fence, with a gate, on the flat-topped posts of which the Boy sat and regarded the rest of the world; and then the three hard maples, every limb of which he knew like the fingers of his hand; the two apple trees, the big one and the little one; the sweet-brier rose at the corner of the house, and the stonecrop — always called butter-and-eggs — growing beside the bricks of the foundation as far as the cellar door. At the back a broad highway ran straight through a Sherwood Forest of currant bushes, to an open grassplot in the far corner, where stood the swing. A magnificent estate, truly, covering nearly an eighth of an acre. The Boy knew every landmark and could to-day draw a fairly accurate topographical map of the first bit of the earth's surface with which he became acquainted.

Outside the Yard one went two ways, down to the Bridge, and up to the Corner. Obviously there was only one bridge and one corner. At the Corner one looked down five streets, because of the flatiron that had been taken out of one block. The most interesting street to look down was Academy Street, where one could see Noah's Ark standing boldly, with its great weathered gable resting on the street. It was exactly the shape of the toy one, but not

so brightly colored. He fancied the paint must have been washed off by the long rain. He was still, it should be understood, in the Golden Age of legend. Long before Geography he learned that Noah's Ark was really an incredibly overgrown hay barn, a Somebody's Folly, built no doubt to hold food for the lean kine during seven years of famine.

At the Corner was the Octagon House. It belonged to Mr. Dormer. Some houses had windows named after him, but Mr. Dormer's house had no dormer window. Its mysterious form gave one a thrill. One speculated as to the shapes of the rooms inside. They must have been laid out the way mother cut the pie. But the Boy never went inside.

Later he went as far as the Next Corner. After that came Hale's Corner, where one turned and went diagonally through the Park. For this was the Roman Road. It led Down Town. Its landmarks were far older and better established than anything in the geography. You came out of the Park into Broad Street, where the Central Primary stood, and just ahead was the Public Square. In the centre of the square stood the Liberty Pole. It was the Umbilicus.

On one side of the square was E. F. Thomas Corner. It was the first yearnings of a department store. It seemed to confirm the Boy's terminology; that is, if it was right to assume that Mr. Thomas had a corner. Sign painters then as now had no apostrophes in their kits. On the other hand, he might be Mr. Corner.

This then was the known world which the Boy attempted to join up with a green map in the book called Illinois. And in the course of time I suppose he did join it up, with the aid of advanced geography, which went as far as counties, with the further help of a map of

Knox County which hung in father's office, with the tiers of townships running across it, and pictures of the courthouse, the jail, the college, and other prominent buildings, in the margins.

By great good fortune Illinois in the geography was green, and it was green in the world also, as the Boy knew from such bits of it as he saw just outside the town. But when he was taken across the Mississippi to visit his Uncle Charlie in Algona, the first summer after his introduction to *Monteith's Geography*, he was greatly disturbed to find that Iowa was green, too, and not pink as shown in the book. After that he doubted whether China was really yellow. It had seemed so appropriate, because the book said it was inhabited by the yellow race. In time he came to understand that the pleasant custom of distinguishing states and countries by colors that were not really true was another idiosyncrasy like the McGuffey alphabet.

For a time maps superseded the alphabet in absorbing interest. The Boy made maps of the Yard, of the schoolroom, and imaginary maps of places that existed only in dreams. He invented a game, which was played with a piece of chalk on the barn floor. He drew a large and well-equipped farm, such as would have delighted the heart of the editor of an agricultural journal, so well furnished was it with barns, and cow-sheds, and pigsties, and chicken-runs. On this farm life was lived in a plane of two dimensions. The stalls for the horses, for instance, were two short chalk marks, and the horse itself was a black-eyed bean. Other cereals served as other live-stock, such as popcorn for chickens, and black beans for pigs, while scarlet runners made lovely cows and lima beans were big-hoofed draft horses. Human beings were short lengths of elder twigs, with a pin run through the pith. To make

them stand you stuck the pin in the floor, and by sticking the pin through a bean and then in the floor, the man rode his horse.

This game could be left in abeyance, like chess, to be resumed as chance might offer, as on rainy days. The variations were infinite. A creek was drawn flowing through the pasture where the leguminous cows grazed, and was bridged by a small strip of curved strawberry box, and over this the road was drawn. A boat was a pea-pod, carefully opened on the proper edge, and held open by the thwarts. A circus offered an even more exciting opportunity for inventions and discoveries. Can you imagine a better hippopotamus than what the refined know as a Brazil nut, but which the Boy called 'nigger toe'? The deer family were hazel-nuts of various sizes, and peanuts, of course, were camels and dromedaries. A butternut with its bark on made an admirable elephant.

While all such were a by-product and had nothing to do with education, they did show that even knowledge could be made useful in the serious business of life. Another great blessing that geography brought was the means it furnished of getting through the long dull hours of school. Not that the Boy was 'good at' geography. He was not good at any of his studies in the orthodox sense. Instead of learning to 'bound Illinois,' or 'name the principal rivers,' he was off on strange journeys of his own to pink and canary-colored countries, exploring them with the diligence of a Marco Polo or Theodore Roosevelt — countries in which he was perhaps the first white visitor. He spent hours at this fascinating pursuit, and to this day the sight of a map, especially of the pale and empty maps of a school geography, brings back the hot schoolroom, with its prevailing odor of chalk dust, and a small boy bending absorbed over

his book, giving a counterfeit presentment of a pupil studying his lesson, while really surveying the world from China to Peru, figuring out the best water route from Burlington, Iowa, to Yang-tse-Kiang, or wondering whether he would better climb the Himalayas or go round.

The intense interest in maps left an impression on his mind second only to that of the alphabet. It gave him a lifelong interest in the ground plan of things. Once he had got his own tiny cosmos safely located in relation to the universe, he never afterward lost his sense of location or direction. A valuable acquisition for a deaf man, dependent on his own initiative to find his way about in the world! For in the course of time the Boy became a traveler of sorts, a real traveler, and always in strange places his recourse was to maps — countries or cities, the delightful blue-covered Bartholomew's road maps of England and the equally delightful *Cartes Taride* of France; and then the plans and diagrams of museums, art galleries, cathedrals, and castles. They leave him independent of vergers, guides, and custodians, whose patter, even if it were illuminating or understandable, he could not have heard.

Thus he has found his way over much of Europe, in motor-car and on foot, without asking questions and feeling rarely independent and self-contained. Only the other day he sat about in the Roman Forum, on the ends of broken columns, for the better part of a week, with the best obtainable maps and

plans spread out on his lap, and made a delightful Roman holiday of tracing and identifying the heaped-up débris of super-imposed civilizations. And he remembers with what satisfaction he bought off for a two-franc piece the old soldier who pretends to show St.-Michel-in-Peril-of-the-Sea, and spent the entire day wandering back and forth through the magnificent *salles* of that old abbey, with Paul Gout's admirable work in his hand, dodging behind a pillar whenever a new troupe of tourists went through, and fitting the plans in the book to the actual structure, until he felt as if he had really seen at least one public monument. Nor did he fail to learn the inevitable lesson: that no excursion on the earth's surface quite equals the delectable anticipatory one on the map.

Geography has flowered into an amiable hobby, a love of old maps for their own sake, — the older the better, — like the love of old books. He likes his maps drawn without too much allegiance to theodolite and sextant, maps in which the old cartographers' imaginations found full play, where *terra incognita* is more interesting than *terra cognita*, with beasts and fish and ships all out of scale, and the four winds blowing with puffed-out cheeks from the corners.

And so the Central Primary, without giving him much of what may be called formal education, did its share toward equipping him with two permanent interests — the alphabet and maps; and one aversion — arithmetic. The Books triumphed over the Slate.

HIGHLAND ANNALS. V

EVVIE: SOMEWHAT MARRIED

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

I

THE Kanes were a deserving family, tainted with inarticulate ambition. I was glad to have them as rather distant neighbors instead of 'share-croppers.' Evvie, the oldest child, possessed beauty of the appealing sort that stirs even the hurried passer-by with a feeling of responsibility. As a tenant's daughter she would have troubled my sleep. Her mother was a Merlin and usually stopped to see me when on her way to visit some member of the clan. 'Hypnotic,' though an intolerably cheapened word, must be used in describing the effect that my typewriter seemed to have on Mrs. Kane. I did not understand this until the day that she brought Evvie with her.

'She hain't strong, Evvie. I kain't git her to stay with a hoe long 'nough fer me to go in an' git the dinner. I say to her, "Evvie, you take my place an' let me go in," an' she'll try fer a bit, but her poppie 'll see her drappin' back an' gittin' her breath hard, an' he'll say, "You run 'long now, Evvie, an' he'p yer mother," an' in she'll come. So I 've got in the way o' lettin' her git the dinner by herse'f an' I stay with the hoe.'

'But she can't be more than ten,' I said.

'She's twelve, an' that's nigh to a woman. Cleve Saunders kain't pass our place now 'thout peekin' fer Evvie.'

I expected Evvie to drop her head or wriggle behind a chair; but her chiseled chin was high, and her eyes darkened as easily as twilight water. She was the traditional woman accepting her rôle.

Mrs. Kane's glance swerved again to the typewriter, and her heart tumbled out as she said, 'I been thinkin' maybe you could learn Evvie to write on that.'

'If she is so much help to you,' I answered, snatching at the first defense, 'why not keep her at home until she is married?'

'That's jest the trouble — her marryin'. She'll disapp'int any boy 'round here. They all expect a woman to take a hand in makin' the livin', through crap time anyway. An' Evvie kain't hold out. If she could learn to work on *that*, an' git a job in town, like as not some boy out there 'ud take a notion to her, an' town boys don't want their wives to work. 'Tain't expected of 'em to do more 'n the cookin' an' housework an' sewin', an' that 'ud be easy fer Evvie.'

Evvie had stepped into the yard. It was a habit with her, I found, to vanish as if for charming asides with herself and to reappear with no sign of absence upon her. I reminded her mother that there might be children to care for in addition to the occupations mentioned.

'Course there would, but she'd have

them anywheres, an' she'd better have 'em where life's easier 'n it is here.'

'No doubt. What is her school grade?'

'She's got to the fourth reader. But she ain't peart in her books, though she's so smart-lookin'.'

Three years glowed in respite, and my voice warmed in reply.

'Bring her to me when she finishes the seventh grade, and I'll see.'

The mother's face grew long. 'She ain't fitten' fer school,' she said. 'She's had to quit, 'count o' that wheezin' 'at ketches her when she climbs up the mountain. Her poppie had to meet her halfway down ever' day an' carry her up on his back. She's too big fer that now, an' he says he reckons she knows enough. He's awful proud o' Evvie. An' she's as smart as Annie Dills who learned to write on one o' them things an's makin' twelve dollars a week in Asheville.'

I held out that skill on the machine would be useless without a little schooling behind it. Evvie, who had shown no interest in her future, revealed no disappointment. She was a flower and had implicit faith in the sun. But there was a touch of desperation in Mrs. Kane's voice as she took her leave. I tried to believe with Evvie in the reliability of sunshine.

A year later Evvie was 'talkin' to' Cleve Saunders. He was a good boy who had here and there learned the carpenter's trade. Occasionally he would go to Asheville to work on a job, and then a weekly letter would come to Evvie. I approved of Cleve, but Evvie was only thirteen, and though vividly and perfectly moulded as a woman, she was small for her years. I protested to Mrs. Kane.

'I ain't goin' to let her git married 'fore she's fifteen,' the mother assured me. 'Not if I can he'p it. Ef she had some work to keep her mind on—'

'I've a friend,' I said, as I stepped between Mrs. Kane and my typewriter, 'who would like a helper with her children. It would be a good home for Evvie and she would have nothing to do but play.'

'You mean anybody'd pay her jest fer playin'?''

'With children. And Evvie is fine with her little brothers and sisters.' (I'll make Sue Waters take her, said I.)

'Where'd the place be?'

'It's on a big farm near Knoxville.'

'It'll cost a heap to go, an' we ain't got nary calf we can sell now.'

'My friend will send the money for her fare, and Evvie can pay it back if she stays.'

Mrs. Kane, thin and worn, threw up her head with almost as fine an air as Evvie herself.

'Ef she don't stay, I'll pay it back ef it takes ever' egg fer a year,' she said.

We thought it settled; but before I could sufficiently browbeat Sue Waters, Evvie's mother came to me with a face grayer and more pinched than ever.

'I reckon,' she said, 'Evvie kain't go till next year. I shore thought I was through with babies, but there's another a-comin', an' Evvie's all the he'p I've got.'

Now, during preparations for Evvie's setting forth, I had seen more of her than usual, and had detected signs of a quick temper that gave me uneasy visions of her amid the Waters brood. Also I feared that her ideas of *fraternité et égalité*, which were as natural to her as the ground under her feet, might give some trouble. If little Margaret Waters should receive a piano for her birthday, Evvie would expect the same or 'just as good.' Sue Waters, having taken her degree in the right subjects, would of course comprehend, but could hardly supply the piano. My relief was almost as deep as my concern when Mrs. Kane made her joyless announcement.

'Perhaps it is better to wait,' said I. 'Evvie will be older and larger by a year.'

'I dunno as that's better,' said the mother. 'She's a woman to the bone, an' a year'll seem a long time.'

Before the year was half out I left the mountains and was gone for several months. As soon as conditions in the Kane home permitted, I arranged by correspondence for Evvie's going away. She was to write to Mrs. Waters when she was ready, and the money for her fare would be sent to her. As the train taking me home pulled into the village, I thought of Evvie, supposing her to be with Mrs. Waters, and I felt that I had helped to rob the hills of a flower that should belong to them utterly.

A woman sharing my seat had been giving me the news. I did not hear much of it, but finally caught the words, 'An' Evvie got married.'

I jumped unmannerly, as if I would snatch the child to dry land. Then I made my conscience comfortable.

'Cleve will take good care of her,' I said.

'Tain't Cleve,' replied the woman. 'It's that young feller from Mossy Creek — Judd Mason.'

II

I had heard of him: a mountain buck; very big, very good-looking. He never worked except to make a little corn that he could turn into whiskey. As soon as I saw Evvie I asked her how she had happened to marry Judd.

'I was goin' to the post office,' she said, 'with a letter to Mis' Waters, tellin' her to send the money an' I'd come right on, when I met Judd an' he walked along the road with me an' begged me not to send the letter. He said I'd find it hard out there with strange folks who would n't keer nothin' fer

me, an' I'd better let him look after me right. I was kinder afraid to go so fur from home, an' Judd — he talked good.'

'Where was Cleve?' I asked.

'He was over in Asheville workin'. He was goin' to meet me an' put me on the Knoxville train. He lost his job, goin' to the train fer a week. I wrote to tell him I was n't comin', but Judd lost the letter an' forgot to tell me about it. Cleve got another job though. Anybody'll give Cleve work.'

'And Judd has been as good as his talk, I suppose?'

Evvie swung her head to one side as if she forbade it to droop.

'It'll be all right soon as we git to ourse'vs. We're livin' with poppie an' mommie now, an' they's so many young-uns at home Judd gits pouty sometimes. I kain't fix good things to eat where they's so many, an' Judd'll leave the table when he don't like what's on it.'

Notwithstanding Evvie's hopes, it was nearly a year before they got to 'therse'vs.' Her parents, with a home already overflowing with small, unprofitable humanity, would have sheltered the young pair and their expected baby indefinitely and without a murmur, preferring to break their already bowed backs than breach the highland custom of welcome for all; but Judd was growing restless for his old occupation, and Evvie wanted her baby to be born in her own home.

So she said; but I knew that she was frightened, and would have chosen to stay with her mother if she could have given up the hopes she had built on getting Judd to herself.

Mrs. Kane, with her heart breaking over Evvie, took what relief she could from the exodus.

'I could stand Judd,' she told me, 'ef it was n't fer his poutin'. The Merlins don't pout. We git mad and blow off,

and that's all of it. Judd'll hang on an' pout till my bones git sore. I was gittin' so edgy it's jest as well they're gone.'

I went once to see Evvie after she had moved. There was a trail down the western side of the ridge on which I lived that would bring me to Judd's cabin at the end of four miles; and there was a wagon road down the eastern side which would take me eleven miles around the foot of the ridge. I chose the trail and went down alone.

On the ridge top the sun had seemed to be of eternal brightness; but I descended strangely into an unlit world. The intervale below me was much narrower than the usual valley where a settlement lies; and it was almost cut in halves by a huge spur that, at its foot, was bounded on either side by a stream of water. The two streams, Night-hawk Branch and Mossy Creek, united at the toe of the spur. I took the trail up Mossy Creek, as I had been told to do, and walked along in sound of the water, but getting no glimpse of it through the smothering laurel. It was the first time that water running behind green leaves had left me untouched by a mysterious joy; the first time that I had ever thought of the laurel as sombre. Its dark radiance seemed like a challenge from Nature ready to spring and regain an inimical kingdom. I was half in sympathy with the Highlander who regarded it merely as a thing to fight or let contemptuously alone. My old admiration for the Greeks came rushing back. What a redoubtable imagination it was that, in the credulous youth and fear-time of the world, could draw all terror from the forest and people it with creatures of play and light!

The trail led me into a cove, away from the quavering incantation of the water, but the laurel went darkly with

me, heavily mingled with kalmia that choked the trees and wrenched at their life with its curling arms.

'The shack's on northy land,' Mrs. Kane had said to me, 'an' the la'r'l is so blustery it 'ud tangle a wild hog.'

I knew why the original settler had chosen such a spot, in spite of his aversion to 'thickety patches.' In the stifling coves it would take a most resolute official to find a hidden 'still.' This made the place equally desirable in the eyes of the latest tenant, Judd. I had known Evvie only on sunny hilltops, and I wondered what 'living under the mountain,' as the natives put it, had done to her spirit. I recalled Mrs. Kane's remark after a first visit to Evvie. 'Seemed like I had to keep wipin' at the shadders all the time I's there.' Evvie must be very tired, I thought, of wiping at the shadows.

The trees rose more freely and I came to a clearing. On a hill opposite me, which faced the east, was a cornfield, two or three acres in size. This, thanks to a low gap in the near-by ridge, received a few hours of morning sunlight. In the hollow below stood the shack where Evvie lived. I found her in bed with one of Judd's sisters in sullen attendance.

'She's in bed 'bout ever' other day,' the sister said, 'an' Judd's always havin' to come over the branch fer one of us to wait on her.'

'I can git up to-morr' sure,' said Evvie, but the faint remark only sent her attendant's nose a little higher.

Evvie was strange to see. Her eyes, dark and burning, clung devouringly to a face that had already lost all flesh.

'Where is Judd?' I asked.

The sister was silent, but Evvie flushed and said he had gone to try to kill her a squirrel. 'I ain't eat nothin' all day,' she said. 'I been thinkin' 'bout the Devil tryin' to ketch Amos Britton one night last week.'

I thought her delirious, but her companion gloatingly explained that the Devil had indeed made an effort to capture Amos alive.

'It's 'cause he killed Wes Baxter in a fight a year ago, an' ain't never said he was sorry. He went huntin' with Jim Webster Thursday night, an' something took after 'em, they could n't tell what. Jim got away an' run home, but Amos got behind a tree to shoot it, an' it knocked his gun down an' run him round an' round the tree fer hours. Then all at onct daylight was comin' in, an' the thing wa'n't there. Amos says it run on two feet, near as he could make out, an' kep' flappin' a tail. He's so skeered he ain't been out of his house sence he got home.'

'Do you reckon it 'uz the Devil, Mis' Dolly?' asked Evvie, as if sanity hung on my answer.

'Not at all, Evvie. The man was drunk probably.'

'No, he wa'n't drunk,' interposed the sister. 'It run him round an' round the tree, an' he could feel its breath on his neck, hot as fire.'

I moved toward the water-bucket, and courtesy demanded that she should go to the spring for fresh water. With her disappearance the room lost its spirit of combat. With swimming head and drowning struggle — how far were we from the Greeks and the bright gods of the woods? — I did what I could to reassure Evvie.

'I ain't afeard when Judd's here,' she said. 'Judd ain't afeard of anything. He'll stay at home more when the baby's here. Don't men always think a lot o' their babies, Mis' Dolly?'

I lied vigorously, and Evvie was smiling when the sister-in-law returned. And she was smiling when I left, for I had promised that her mother would come next day to stay for a week.

I reached home about dark, saddled a mule and rode to the Kane farm.

From there I went to see Jane Drake. Yes, Jane would take care of the Kane household — but 'not more'n till Saturday 'count o' meetin' at Stecoa' — and let Mrs. Kane go to Evvie.

This done, I returned to nursing my canteloupe patch on the ridge, which that one year was a delicious success. But even under the spell of so rare a triumph, life was hardly tolerable on my peaks, with Evvie awaiting her fate in the shadows below. So I ordered the telescope that I had wanted for a decade. Though treated later on with wondering scorn by my astronomer friends, it did serve as a transport to regions where nothing mattered. And when I resumed earthly relationships Evvie's boy was two weeks old.

In the more remote hollows of the mountains birth goes the indifferent way of nature: gliding as the seasons for the most part, but too often ruthless, confounding as storm. Evvie, so fragile and so young, barely lived. I went once more to the shack, going down the mountain with Mrs. Kane and little Tommie, taking old Bill, the mule, to help us climb back. Mrs. Mason, senior, met us at the door. When the customary greetings were over, — greetings that never, under any circumstances, are hurried in the mountains, — the mother-in-law put in her very just complaint.

'Law, I'm glad ye got here! I kain't spen' my time waitin' on a girl 'at won't try to set up, an' her baby two weeks old. Won't eat nothin' nuther, makes no difference what I fix. I baked her some light bread, an' put 'lasses on it, an' some butter I brought from home, an' she won't tech it. She'll not git well till she tries to, an' I kain't wait round fer her to make up her mind. All my own work's to do, an' I got to be at it. You know how it is, Mis' Kane. You kain't stay here all the time no more'n I can.'

As on my first visit, I asked 'Where is Judd?' and I received the same information. 'He's gone out to kill a squirrel.'

Evvie, who was lying with her eyes shut, said with startling vigor, 'He's been gone since yisterday.'

Judd's mother looked toward the bed, and her eyes snapped. 'You kain't expect a man to lay round home ferever waitin' fer a woman to git up. I've had ten young-uns an' I never stayed in bed more'n nine days with ary one of 'em. In two weeks I was out in the crap, if it was crap time, doin' my part.'

There was a big crack in the cabin near Evvie's bed. Her eyes sought the opening in a manner that told me she often found mental escape that way. It was obvious that her last hope was crushed. The baby had come, but had wrought no miracle. She knew, and all present there knew, that Judd was out on a bootlegging adventure; but it was not to be admitted in look or speech.

Evvie gazed through the crack, seeing nothing but the face of a hill that seemed about to fall on to the cabin. She stared as if her eyes would tunnel through it, and a delirious flare came over her face.

'Take that hill away, mommie,' she said, in a fret.

Mrs. Kane surprised me. 'I kain't take hit away, Evvie — but I can take you over hit,' she said, making aspirates in her clear determination.

'Can you set up on ol' Bill? Tommie'll ride behind you an' hold you on. I'll tote the baby, Mis' Dolly'll lead Bill, an' we'll get you home.'

Evvie hardly knew there was a baby, but she caught at the word home — 'O mommie, I can set up!'

'Set up an' ride a mule!' cried Mrs. Mason. 'An' me here niggerin' fer ye, an' ye makin' out ye could n't move!'

I made no protest; for I recalled an

incident of the days before Evvie's marriage. She was ill, and her mother had sent hurriedly for me. I went, accompanied by a friend from the region of grand opera and fever-thermometers, who happened to be in the highlands. She applied her thermometer and found that Evvie's fever was running high. We fumbled about with improvised ministrations until Evvie asked for a 'flitter.' Mrs. Kane was mainly worried because the child had eaten nothing since the day before, and when I saw her face light up at Evvie's request, I hastily withdrew with my friend.

'Why did you leave?' she asked. 'The child may be killed. Her mother may be ignorant enough to give her that fritter, or whatever she calls it.'

'Yes, she is going to get the flitter, and that is why I left. I had to take your disruptive civilized mind off the current. I want Evvie to live.'

The next day my friend returned to the patient, expecting, I am sure, to find a house in mourning. Evvie was sitting on the porch stringing beans. Mrs. Kane's face was luminous.

'Evvie got better right away,' she explained, 'soon as she et the three flitters I give her.'

Remembering that result, and seeing the glaze of resolution on her mother's face, I meekly became a party to the process of getting Evvie out of the hollow. We formed under Mrs. Kane's direction: I first, leading the mule, and Evvie in the saddle, leaning back on Tommie's shoulder, quite safe with his strong little arms about her waist. Mrs. Kane followed, carrying the baby. And so Evvie came home.

III

Evvie did not lie in bed long after returning to her mother's house. She sat in shadowy corners, unseeing, un-

caring. Milk sometimes would be swallowed when brought to her; but eating required impossible effort.

'She don't hardly know me,' said her mother. 'Sometimes I'm 'most afeard of her. She might turn an' claw me with them hands like chicken feet. She's jest yellin' skin an' bones, like a quare little old woman.'

Judd did not come near her, and we heard of no inquiries on his part. But Cleve came out from Asheville and walked under my apple trees.

'I can't fight Judd,' he said. 'He's a heavyweight and I'm not. And I won't gun him. But I know where his blockade still is.'

'Oh, Cleve, would you tell?'

'No, but it's hard not to. He'd go to jail, an' she could get her divorce.'

'And he would be out again in six months, to go gunning for *you*. He would n't have your scruples. Besides, Cleve, if Evvie were free, you could n't take on a burden like that.'

'Burden! Mis' Dolly, I'd be willin' to carry Evvie with one arm and do my work with the other. You don't know how a man feels when there ain't but one woman fer him an' another man's got her — a man 'at would n't pull her out o' the fire! But I'm goin' back to Asheville, an' I won't try to see her. Here's my pocketbook. I want you to lend her father some money, and pay yerse'f out o' this.'

He dropped the pocketbook and went, with his face oddly reddened after being so white. Evvie's doctor from Carson was paid; the parcel post brought oranges, lettuce, and such to the Kanes' scant winter table. Gradually Evvie began to eat the food that interested her because it was unusual. Her eyes grew gentler and her glance rested intelligently on people and things. She would smile as her father told some pitiful joke ignoring the fact that she was n't 'jest right.'

The growing baby exhibited Merlin traits which made him a favorite. One day Evvie's wandering eyes fell upon him as he lay in my lap. Her glance stopped and became uneasy.

'Is that mommie's baby?' she said.

'No, he's your very own, Evvie, and as fine as they are made. Look! He has your big eyes, and just see how heavy! Let him lie on your lap a minute and you'll find out.'

I started to lift him to her, but her look turned to swift terror and she shrank away. It was the beginning of health, however. A day or two afterward she asked me how long it would be before she died, and I knew she had begun to think about living.

'That depends on yourself, Evvie.'

'Could I live if I wanted to?' she asked, with incredulous hope.

'You could be well in two months.'

'After ever'thing?'

'Every single thing.'

'Mommie don't want me home with a baby.'

'Your mother would n't give up Bennie if Judd came with ten sheriffs to take him.'

'Could Judd take him?' she asked, with vehemence that was full of promise.

'You left Judd, you know, and the law might let the father have the child.'

'When he was so mean to me?'

'Oh! You think he was mean?'

'He'd leave me in that holler by myse'f an' stay out all night huntin'.'

'The law might think a wife ought to have the courage to put up with that.'

'He knocked me inter the briars when I tried to foller him.'

'M-m-m! How long was that,' said I, touching the baby, 'before your young man got here?'

'Bout a month. I told him I's afeard to stay in the shack, an' he said I wanted to foller him 'cause I thought he was goin' to Lizzie Bowles.'

It was joy to me to see her eyes flood burningly with temper.

'That's where he *was* goin' too! He used to talk to her 'fore we's married, an' she'd jest come back from the cotton mills in South C'lina with two silk dresses. They'd got up a big dance an' I knowed Judd was a-goin'. An' he knocked me inter the briars by the trail round the corn patch.'

'The law might consider that,' I said. 'Don't worry about losing your baby. But first make sure that you want him.'

'I b'lieve I could hold him a bit now if you'll set him here.'

I laid the baby in her lap and slipped out to tell Mrs. Kane. In six weeks Evvie was helping her mother with the housework. Spring came, and I bribed her to work in the garden by supplying the preposterously growing Bennie with clothes. By June she was again entrenched in her loveliness; not quite so plump, but round enough, and with her old wild-rose color. By and by she was duly divorced. Judd, in South Carolina, made no protest. Evvie's perilous excursion seemed over, with no obvious reminder save the incredible baby.

She wore the fashionable knee dress, and with her hair in unfashionable braids down her back seemed to be the child-sister of the youngster that scrambled about her.

'Your little brother will soon be big enough to go to school with you,' said the new County Commissioner on his rounds, hoping to be pleasant.

Evvie stood mute and fiery red. 'Don't tell him the baby's mine, mommie,' she whispered later to her mother. It must have seemed strange to her, — that bubbling other existence around her feet, — and a little embarrassment was, I thought, quite proper.

With autumn and corn-gathering Judd returned. It was a good season in

the woods for the blockaders, and Judd had probably made arrangements in the 'South' for profitable sales. He announced that he was buying calves for the winter and wanted to lay in a supply of feed for them. I never heard of his purchasing any calves, but he went about getting a little corn here and there at the cheap harvest price. Perhaps someone told him that his boy was a lad to be proud of, for he came one day to see him. I had walked over to the Kanes with Cleve, and we were about to take our leave. Evvie shook hands with Judd quite prettily.

'Golly, Evvie, you've come back hard!' he said. 'Let's set on the porch.'

He had forgotten his son, but Evvie brought him out, and Judd had difficulty in maintaining indifference. He looked about and saw Cleve.

'Hello, Cleve! This chap kinder takes my eye.'

'I reckon,' said Cleve, 'he ain't so fine as Lizzie Bowles's boy.'

'That kid ain't none o' mine,' said Judd, too quickly.

'Lizzie'll give you a chance to swear to that, anyhow.'

'What yer warmin' chair-bottoms round here fer, Cleve Saunders?'

'He's here,' said Evvie, her cheeks pink-spotted, 'cause he's the best friend the baby's got.'

'I'm the kid's father, don't you forget, an' I've got some rights. That divorce judge did n't put no paper 'twixt me an' the kid.'

'You can see him whenever you want to,' said Evvie, 'so long as you don't make trouble fer anybody that's been as good to us as Cleve.'

Their eyes met and battled — no doubt reminiscently — and Judd capitulated. 'All right,' he said.

From that time Evvie was sorely troubled by his visits. 'I would n't mind his comin',' she said, 'if he did n't keep aggrvatin' me to live with him.'

'Why don't you take Cleve, Evvie, and end the bother?'

'I don't want to marry,' she said, with a shudder that was a broadside of confession. I was cheered. At least she would never be reconquered by Judd.

But the situation was pressing to a change; and finally it came. Judd was captured by Federal deputies. I went to Sam for particulars.

'They took him red-handed, stirrin' the mash,' said Sam. 'He fit like a bear, an' kicked the officer in the mouth. It'll mean the Pen, shore, an' Evvie'll be shet of him fer a while.'

'Won't somebody bond him out?'

'His own folks don't think 'nough of him fer that. I hearn his own father say he wa'n't wuth a June bug with a catbird after it. Nobody's goin' to risk losin' a farm fer that thing.'

I went home reassured. If Cleve would only pick up and woo furiously, instead of wistfully accepting mere smiles from Evvie, he could win, I felt, long before Judd's reappearance.

The sight of Evvie hurrying toward me gave me no uneasiness. She was lugging the baby, in too much haste to let him toddle.

'Mis' Dolly,' she began, 'Judd's the baby's poppie, an' he's took. Nobody'll go on his bond, an' ever'body's talkin' hard against him, an' him Bennie's poppie. I been thinkin' of that trouble 'way back, an' it was n't all his fault.'

'You fell into the briars, I suppose?'

'No, but I was aggervatin' him. I hated Lizzie Bowles an' her silk dresses, an' when he swore an' told me to go back, I picked up a rock an' if he had n't jumped I'd a broke his head with it. I was ashamed to tell you then. I was wild mad, an' he *ought* to 'a' throwed me inter the briars. I was n't any he'p to him in the field, an' when I got sick I was n't any he'p in the

house, like his mother said. I did n't do my part at all.'

'You did all you could, Evvie,' I said, with no effect on the tide pouring from her heart.

'An' way back, when we's livin' with mommie, I was aggervatin'. At first when he'd pout an' would n't come to the table, I'd slip out with something fer him to eat, an' beg till he'd take it, but once when we had company an' he'd made me ashamed 'cause he went to the barn an' would n't come to breakfast, I got me a bundle o' blade-fodder an' took it to him. I told him if he wanted to live with the steers he could eat with 'em too. I was shore mean. An', Mis' Dolly, I want you to go to Carson jail an' see Judd, an' tell him when he comes back from the Pen I'll be ready an' we'll begin all over. He'll know I'll keep my word.'

It was useless to remind her of pain that she could not recall; but I spoke of her father and mother. Would she break their hearts again?

'But look at Bennie!' she cried. 'He's gettin' more like his father ever' day. If I'm hard on Judd now, how can I look at my baby? Ever'body's against him. You're hard as the others. Won't you go, Mis' Dolly?'

'No, I won't. You don't know what you are doing.'

'Then I'll have to git somebody else to go.'

Her message went to Judd by some busybody, and I wired to Asheville for Cleve. When he arrived on the next train I was at the station. 'The thing to do, Cleve,' I said, 'is to bail him out and let him come home.'

Cleve, knowing so well the Evvie that eluded him, saw the point at once. He also saw that neither he nor I should figure as bondsman.

'It'll be hard work,' he said, 'but I'll find somebody.'

And over the country he went, pick-

ing out men whom he knew to be secret abettors of Judd, and working on their fear of his turning informer. The amount of bail was made up, and Judd was free. Evvie thought that he would come directly to her, but first he went to Mossy Creek to see 'the boys.' They got up a dance, and it would have seemed ungrateful of Judd not to remain for it. When he reached Evvie his face was still slightly swollen from drink and revelry, but his spirits were riding high. Friends had gathered at the Kanes' for the evening, and Judd began to recount his triumphs in jail.

'They made me president o' their club soon's I got there, an' kicked the other feller out. We had some reg'lations, you bet! Ever' feller that come into jail had to pay fifty cents fer ter-backer; if he did n't we flogged him. They would n't let us have whiskey, an' that was tough, you bet! We'd have court, an' try the fellers, an' it was a purty good life if we'd had more to eat. They's all sorry to see me go, an' I promised to smuggle in some hot stuff to 'em if there was any way. Mebbe I can work it with a mulatter girl 'at cooks fer 'em — right purty — color of a hick'ry leaf 'fore frost — she'll he'p me, you bet! I'll try it to-morr' when me an' Evvie go to Carson to hitch up. Some quare, ain't it, marryin' yer own wife? An' what about yer kid goin' on two at yer weddin'?''

Choking and helpless, I slipped away from the sound of his voice. Sam, walking home by my road, began to talk.

'Reckon you noticed Evvie in that corner while Judd was talkin'. Ef you'd a cut off her head at the neck it would n't 'a' bled a drap.'

I could not answer, and hurried on, finding Cleve on my doorstep. I took him into the house, my tears of rage and failure dropping; but when the full light of the lamp fell upon his face I

thought no more of my own misery.

'There's twelve hours yet, Cleve,' I said. 'Evvie is not an utter fool.'

But he would n't speak. For over an hour he sat by my fire, a humped reproach. I exhausted every consolation, even to telling him that she was n't worth it. Then he lifted his eyes, full of such mourning scorn that I became as silent as himself. There was a tap at the door, slight enough to be Evvie's. I asked Cleve to go upstairs, saying that I would call him if he was wanted. When he was gone I opened the door and heard Evvie's voice.

'They's so many at our house to-night. Ever' bed's full. I thought I'd come here to sleep. You don't keer, do you?'

'I'm glad to see you, Evvie. Come, warm a little, and jump into bed. You've been running.'

'Yes, I was afraid — but — I had to come.'

Her little body was quivering. I sat her down, but did not dare to give a sign of sympathy that might plunge her into hysteria. I took up a book and sat reading until she became very still. We were in the kitchen, which was large and possessed a big, ugly fireplace. At the right of the fireplace, in the corner, ran a short flight of stairs, and under the stairs was a closet with an opening for a half-door. This opening was simply curtained.

I had held my book for ten minutes or more, when we heard sounds of talk and laughter from the road. I recognized Judd's voice, and a loud knock followed. Instantly Evvie rose, stooped, and, darting like a bee, vanished behind the little curtain of the closet. There was hardly room for her among the pans and old ovens, but she scuttled her way, and there was silence. Then I opened the outer door and saw Judd with several companions.

'Me an' the boys are lookin' fer

Evvie. We started to have a reel at bed-time an' found she'd gone. I 'lowed right away she'd skipped over here, bein' she's crazy 'bout you. Reckon I skeered her a little talkin' so much 'bout them jail fellers; but I'll make it all right. I'm goin' to be square with Evvie this time.'

He began to peek around me.

'Why — ain't she here? She gone to bed?'

'No, Judd. Did you stop at Len's?'

'We hollered, an' she was n't there.'

'You'd better go on to Sam's then.'

I urged, following, or rather leading him away. 'Take the short trail by the hemlocks.'

When they were certainly gone I went in. Cleve and Evvie were sitting by the fire. Her arms were around his

neck and she was crying steadily. Cleve's arms were determinedly in the right place. The next day they took the early train for Carson, and by noon were safely married.

Yesterday Evvie's mother said to me: 'You ought to go over to Asheville, Mis' Dolly, jest to see how Evvie keeps that little house primped up. They's water in it, hot an' cold, an' ever'thing, like I always wanted her to have. I reckon she's 'bout fergot that shack in the holler.'

I tell myself that it is as well with Evvie as life permits it to be with the most of us; but she is now only eighteen, chiseled in beauty and colored with youth; and I try not to wonder what would happen if she should ever fall in love.

WELLS AT THE WORLD'S END

LIFE IN THE PÁNUCO OIL REGION OF MEXICO

BY MARIAN STORM

I

You have heard of Pánuco. Ancient and far away as once it seemed, it belongs to the day's news now. Next to the southern fields, the 'light oil' region, the Pánuco district has become the most famous in Mexico and the richest in promise — for to it belongs Cacalilao. Cacalilao is the new field, the capricious, the generous, the hope-stirring. Over all the Mexican oil coast you hear that lilting name. Cacalilao's wild well is tamed at last, they are saying. It has thrown forty thousand bar-

rels of oil abroad daily for five days, and dealt death, too. An oil war in Cacalilao has been checked by a Federal Guard. Have you been out to Cacalilao yet? Must n't miss it. The syllables chirp.

Pánuco is no longer a little town. This metropolis of camps, with all its palm-thatched suburbs, counts, perhaps, ten thousand citizens. Southwest of Tampico it lies — by land, only thirty miles. But by the crazily curving Pánuco River you must travel more

than sixty. There some twenty oil companies have built airy quarters for their workers. They boast a hospital and scores of doctors; cantinas equipped to furnish anything from *aguardiente de caña*, pulque, and tequila to the most urbane cocktails; a bookshop where you may purchase works amorous, historical, scandalous, and musical, — including the 'amores' of all the popular bullfighters, — besides the very best talcums. Pánuco is indeed a city, but there is not such another.

II

It was a burning day of spring when we drove along Tampico's oily waterfront and paused where the Tamesí joins the Río Pánuco, to wait for the barge that has borne so many millionaires and peons overstream. A boy had just been killed by a wild automobile, but no one was permitted to help him before he died because, in Mexico, a person thus injured may not be touched until the police arrive, and sometimes the police are slow. One can but look on while — perhaps — the sufferer succumbs in agony.

The barge came, feeling its cable cautiously, carrying two Indian girls who had flirted their way across, and then we shot out along the road to Pánuco, cloudy now with brown dust, but in the rainy season often impassable for water. The land lay in its autumn, in April, waiting, parched, for the months of rain. Only a light shower or two, and this desert would bloom. Yellow orchids and fantastic air-plants hung from the trees. An exquisite flight of flamingos, like Aurora's heralds, spread rose-colored above a marsh. We sped through woods where grew mahogany and ebony and where the banyan — a footpad of the forests — was strangling foredoomed trees.

A special little railroad runs from Tampico to Pánuco now, but before trains or automobiles threaded that tropical wilderness the trip was made by launches on the river. Tales are still told of the utter intimacy necessary on these journeys. The launches were not large or swift, but they were the only means of getting to the oil fields. Therefore men, women, children, chickens, pigs, and sewing machines tumultuously occupied common quarters. There was considerable engine trouble and twenty-four hours was thought to be good time for the one-way trip. Nevertheless, passengers and cargo reached their destination, and a world clamorous for chapopote knows what they accomplished, once the strange company had anchored.

Now we were on the road that leads into Pánuco — of the many camps and streets, of peons and scientists, of Indian women selling handfuls of fruit at the curb, and women from the States, dainty in their sheer frocks, idle and wistful. Here, surely, great Birnam Wood was coming to Dunsinane; for mounds of green foliage moved at a good pace, above the dust!

They were only burros, bringing in loads of clover and ojita for fodder, and completely covered by the burden. Sometimes a man was riding inside the greenery, but you never could tell that. It seemed to be just a pageant arranged by Nature.

Past the scores of bungalows of the company camps, past the homes of the peons, which are replaced so easily when they wear out, — materials being at hand, — we drove to the ancient plaza of Pánuco, with its old, high-towered church and its surrounding shops, aboriginal and urban.

'The plaza got well spattered-up when the Villistas and Carranzistas disagreed around here, back in 1915,' said a driller who was chasing his glass

of tequila with a bar of chocolate. 'One lot was up in the church tower and the other was down in the plaza, picking them off. They kept dropping like ripe mangoes and smashing on the stones.'

'In those days you kept on with the work at the wells?' I questioned.

'When we could buy a little protection from either side — and sometimes when we could n't.'

We had come to the gate of our camp, and the guard hurriedly awoke to open it, disturbing several fat mules at their siesta. This was a peaceful and airy little house where I was to live for a while with the wife of one of the supervisors. Two rooms with beds whitely draped in mosquiteras, which gave them a very ceremonious look; between the rooms a shower bath, often enriched by oil, although the water came from a settling tank; doors and windows, always open, on either side; a verandah verdant with small palms, ferns, and geraniums.

'How still it seems!' I said.

'The men are all having dinner,' explained Mrs. Blairsdale. 'We'll go, too.'

Over in the camp dining-room, shaded by tall banana trees, where bushes bearing impossible green roses flourished at the door, I viewed with admiration the handiwork of Jumbo, the Chinese cook. The menu seemed overelaborate. I found out later that this was only the usual thing. Chicken and ice cream on Thursday, too, just as in the universities.

All the oil-camp cooks are Chinese, highly expert and original, and one weeps to think how beautiful home life in the States might become, could Jumbo, John, or their numerous cousins be captured for private purposes. Why, we had a platter of fresh Oriental candy every night, besides dessert!

For the women of Pánuco life is so

easy, so robbed of every customary housewife's task, that its slow tempo enters the mind like an anæsthetic, like lotos poison, stealing energy and purpose, wrapping the spirit in languor, implanting a reluctance to go back to the land where a life so idle must seem a legend. Unless a woman throws off the spell and finds duties for herself, there is absolutely nothing for her to do in Pánuco. Chinamen cook the meals. Chinese boys come early to sweep the bungalow and bring the drinking-water. They call for the laundry and return it. They take care of the door-yards. The men of the household are far off in the fields from five o'clock in the morning until past six at night, when they return weary and covered with chapopote. The women, meanwhile, read until all novels and magazines seem alike — although the latest are imported quite promptly from Tampico. They embroider until their trunks are full of unused embroidered garments. They sleep and nap and sleep again. Pallor comes over the rosiest. One does not need red blood in this burning land.

'I think if I don't get to the States before the rainy season starts, I'll go crazy,' said Mrs. Blairsdale. 'You can't imagine how it rains here! And there are so many hours in the day, even when I don't wake up till ten, and spend an hour at breakfast, over there in the dining-house by myself, and take a nap in the afternoon and go to bed at eight! Sometimes when Lew gets in at night, he's so dead tired that he turns in at half-past six; and he's gone before it's day.'

Yet such a life has its unco charm. After a while one sinks into the dream. To do housework again, to have lists and hours! We dropped our sewing-scrap on the floor. There was no wastebasket. What need? The boy always came promptly to sweep.

All night the enchanting fragrance of the oleanders in the dooryard along the river bank was blown across the room. From the other dooryard, that faced the camp, came the breath of tall tuberoses and of the scented leaves of orange and lemon trees. The silence lay deep. Then, out of the midnight — uproar, a blare of lights, wild noise! A fearful, splendid pageant was moving down the river. A gigantic golden ship was towering over the little house. Was it a dream? No, with such an infernal sound of whistles, surely no sleeper remained in camp!

'Nothing but the old oil-barge,' murmured Mrs. Blairsdale sleepily. 'They 'll keep passing the door all night, and they have to blow right here because there 's a bend in the river. Once one of them ran down another and turned over. I wish I 'd seen it.'

The phantasma of noise and light passed the bungalow. It seemed to go within a few feet of the bed. After a while I grew used to the oil barges forever being pushed down to the Tampico terminals by stern-wheel towboats, and I learned to admire them as they snorted on with such determination and industry through the night. When the river was in flood, the water and the boats rose even nearer to the door.

Now the five o'clock work-whistle shrilled, jealous of sleep; and peons, drillers, supervisors, checkers, foremen sprang from their sultry rest. On the other side of the shower-room I could hear Mr. Blairsdale murmuring persistently to his companion: 'Poor Clem! Poor old Clem! But you 've got to get up, old man!'

Soon all the men had breakfasted and gone to their exigent work. Once more the camp lay hot and quiet. It seemed foolish to rise. What for? However, in time, we did.

'There 's no sense,' said Mrs. Blairsdale, 'in closing these doors. Nobody

around. It will be cooler if we leave them this way while we dress.'

I have never heard an offer so appropriate, so pat, as that which came ten minutes later from a peddler who arrived at this crude moment on the other side of the porch vines.

'Ropa de moda!' he shouted. 'Ropa muy de moda, muy fina!'

The Greek bore 'fashionable clothes' which he desired to sell us — with some reason — at once. All over Mexico go such peddlers, until the desert puts forth organdie.

III

There has been no Kipling to celebrate the strange life of the great oil-fields south and west of Tampico. What themes have been missed! What sagas of sweat and courage, of fierce nights and stern days, of wild hopes drooped and faint hopes blossomed! What life would beat in the true song of the Pánuco!

Before ever I heard of the storied city, or of any particular oil-camp, I firmly believed that the peons who worked in the fields led a life of the utmost misery, and that the hardships of the foreigner's lot were only less than theirs. The dreariness and squalor of the native homes in such regions surpassed, I felt sure, the grimmest of our slums.

'The natives in the oil fields must be wretched,' I suggested sadly, as we left Tampico.

'I 'll drive you out to Cacalilao tomorrow,' said the geologist, 'and you can look around as we go along.'

To-day I am wiser. The oil-field peon lives in a Paradise, compared with New Yorkers, for example, who know hall-rooms, skylight-rooms, basements. Has he not always superabundant sunlight and clean air to breathe? Is there a better-ventilated home in the world

than his? Does not a tender Providence fairly thrust upon him building materials and the fruits of the earth?

His simple house is fashioned of bamboo, which grows near by, tied with bejuco, which is everywhere, thatched with palms. In a few years, when too many guests have thronged into the roof, he burns it down and builds another. The floor is of simple mud, but covered with home-woven petates. No other bed is needed, although in the wealthier huts you often see a hammock or two. What use were windows? The door is always open, being, in fact, an opening merely.

The better-planned huts are built under or around a large prolific fruit tree — a plum, an aguacate, a papaya, or a mango — so that one will be obliged to move as little as possible in order to gather his supplies. The peon's family tree is worth something to him. There is always a banana plantation in the dooryard. So, with a sturdy woman to pat your tortillas and spank your children — there you are! In some of the huts we saw sewing machines. Years are needed to pay the high prices which far-traveling salesmen get for them, but they do give one's hut an air.

It was at noon that we passed a peon dozing at his door, the chickens, now and then, running over him.

'His siesta,' I said benignly, but the geologist only smiled. Because, when we came back at four o'clock, he was having a nap, and that night, at eight, we saw him preparing for a real rest.

'Time means as little to him as to the recording angel,' said the geologist. 'He is a hedonistic opportunist.'

I no longer sorrow for the oil-field peons. They enjoy their days off and they take them in sufficient number. Often, beholding the tarnished fate of other Indians, my heart has filled with anger and pity — those women crouch-

ing on the ground with five or ten cents' worth of gnarled fruit for sale! Those men in the streets of Cuernavaca with heads bowed almost to their knees under loads too heavy for horses! Those fat, delightful, brown children, so friendly and gay, so unconscious of the life of privation and labor that lay ahead! And then those tiny houses, with pointed roofs like dog kennels, in which the workers in the maize and cane fields, further south, dwelt! But as we drove for hundreds of miles, day after day, into the monte and through the abandoned haciendas around Pánuco, the conviction grew upon me that here dwelt a folk finding more joy in their years than did the earnest and anxious creatures who bother about time, seasons, and rents.

Why prod these fortunate people with education and make their lives as annoying to them as ours are to us? I wondered whether Minister Vasconcelos did well to insist on their reading Sophocles. Surely they had accepted fatality more completely and comfortably than the Greeks. On the way to Topila you pass an hacienda that is called 'Paciencia y Aguacate' — Patience and the Alligator Pear!

Over stretches of brooding monte, through brown jungle-land, wound a well-worn road.

'I suppose it was built centuries ago,' I said. 'Perhaps by the Huastecans, bringing "sticky incense" for their altars.'

'I cut it out about a year ago — I and several mozos — with machetes.' The geologist impulsively avoided a large gray snake in the road and then tried to reverse and run over him. 'A year ago all this was jungle, solid as a wall.'

'We came exploring. I was almost sure there was chapopote up here around Tancoco. We'd found seepages

— little black springs and marshes of oil among the trees; but you can't trust a seepage. Oil migrates underground, you see, and it may come out miles from the main reservoir-rock. But what was more important, in this region, was that I'd noticed outcroppings of red shale. Red shale was the first distinctive formation we encountered in Cacalilao whose depth bore a special significance as to the depth at which the Tamasopo lime might be found. The streak rises toward the surface at an angle which can be gauged. Far beneath, the fishtail bit may reach the top of the San Felipe lime, much harder than the earth above, and, under that a way, should be the top of the Tamasopo lime, harder still. It's after the drill strikes through the Tamasopo lime that you find, or don't find, oil.'

'Find oil!' I caught my breath. One catches the fever, living for a while in Pánuco.

'By now the world knows whether we found it at Cacalilao!' exulted the geologist.

We had neared a wooded hill, and here at the base, with the wilderness roundabout, was the strangest city ever seen. Thronged bazaars lay on either side of the dusty road. Here you might buy all the fruits of Eden. Here were rebozos by the yard — and shaving soap and pads and powders and pans. And hanging at the doors of mud-floored, windowless shops were vast quantities of organdie frocks, fiercely orange, tomato, orchid, and flame. And no! Could one believe his eyes? Here was Dinty Moore's cantina!

'The city of Tancoco, below Tancoco Hill,' announced my comrade. 'Risen, like Venus, from a sea — of oil.'

A dark sea. The new, wild well, tamed at such great risk and effort, had laid waste the land around it, creating a swamp of thick, black chapopote. It had blighted the trees and killed the

bushes. Branches drooped black, as if slain by fire. The beauty of nature vanishes, in the oil fields, once her wealth appears. Where once oil has lain, nothing ever grows again. Yet I have never seen a glorious landscape bring a look of such contentment as that which sometimes comes over the faces of men gazing upon the infernal vista made by flowing wells.

They had fought for five days to tame this wild well. Two Chinamen and a Mexican lost their lives from the gas, but the rest wore gas masks and escaped. Rushing from its sunless home in the depths of rock, the oil hurled the drilling tools up against the king block, where they stuck for days. The valve was wrecked. The flow could not be checked.

Men were called from every derrick. Company loyalty bowed to the loyalty of the field. Naked and half naked, they slaved in the thick lake amid the deadly fumes, desperately protected by masks and shields. When a well breaks loose heroism is expected of scientist and peon.

Looking at this rich desolation the geologist grew technical.

'They finally closed her in by putting a steel die collar on the ten-inch swedge nipple, and clamped the valve down so as to secure it on the casing. They connected the flow line right away, and now the oil is pouring into the 55,000-barrel tanks at the pump station.'

There are two ways of getting the oil from the fields to the terminals that line the Pánuco River near Tampico — to pump it through miles of pipe, reheating it when necessary, and to carry it down in the spectacular barges.

The sun seemed to be peering into the growths of the monte, in an interested way.

'And now we'd better get out of Tancoco before dark,' my comrade said

suddenly, 'or we may not leave at all.'

I did not feel anxious, for I had every appearance of being an authentic bandit myself. The riding breeches and blouse which a lady in Pánuco had lent me displayed no affinity, and so we bought some ten yards of crimson cloth at an Indian village in the hills. This made a splendid *faja*, or bullfighter's sash. The ensemble was brilliant. Pity the modest native women, obliged to look upon a foreigner in such a costume and — infinitely more brazen! — sitting on the front seat of an automobile beside a man. (The woman, of course, should sit in back.)

'See the soldaderas getting their men's supper — and cleaning their boots, excellent women!' exclaimed the geologist in admiration. The soldaderas, to whom Señor Ibáñez penned so warm an apostrophe some years ago, are the helpful creatures who follow their men on the march, in the camp, to the fray. On informal occasions they carry the warrior's pack. If, being a good Indian, he prefers to march barefoot, they carry the Government's shoes. They attend to the live stock, the children, the enchiladas. They are indispensable.

'But what are all these soldiers doing here, in peaceful, post-revolutionary, American oil-camps?' I demanded.

'Oh, one of the States companies is trying to keep us from using our sub-surface rights, and they were destroying our machinery and beating off our men at a great rate. One day they'd hire more soldiers and the next day we'd have to increase our guard, to protect our property. It was quite a military competition. But now we've succeeded in bringing the row before the President and we're not molested much.

'You see, hunting oil stirs up more bitterness than hunting gold or silver. If you own a mine, you can feel some

security. But if you bring in a fine producer and don't happen to own the land all around it, then somebody else may drill a well a few yards away, and draw the oil out of yours. That's why we're always in such a hurry to get the oil flowing into the storage tanks, whether we're able to transport it to the terminals for a while or not. It's a ticklish business.'

That is the reason why one of the companies has chosen this touching name: *Tal Vez* — 'Perhaps.'

Imagine a burning hot November. So lay the Pánuco in its brown April. And yet, deep in the jungle, rose heraldry of undimmed spring. Ablaze everywhere, on the ground and high in the treetops, were the scarlet inner spears of the jungle-painting Tillandsia — pages, gorgeously clad, who come before the stalk of pale flowers. Dogwood trees shook their small, golden bells. Loveliest of all were the purple masses of 'Pánuco wistarias,' twining with gray moss in festoons overhead.

In the open spaces, in the wilderness of that darkening land, the palms stood up like green and brown feather dusters that Nature had stuck into the ground, in some hour of rest, and neglected to use again.

'Even the fences bloom here!' I cried, peering incredulously into the twilight.

'You can't kill those red cedars,' declared the geologist. 'The peon cuts them down, trims them, makes them into a fence, and in a year he has a thick hedge instead. As long as any of the wood is in the ground it grows. The plum trees do that here, too.'

Actually, the peon has fence-orchards of young plums that were once just sticks. More racy of the Pánuco are the groves of tall ojita trees, bizarre and beautiful in silhouette against the sky, from whose topmost boughs the fodder

of all the burros of the region is cut. 'Ojita' is an item on most camp pay-rolls and is another instance of the extraordinary manner in which Providence provides in the Pánuco. While others must cultivate the fodder for their beasts, here they cut it from the treetops.

We stopped to calm the engine. The sound of bees, working late, came loud from the fragrant forest.

'Want some honey?' asked the geologist. Anyone, after a ride over such roads at such speed in that car, would.

'Then we'll stop at Don Porfirio's for a second.'

Don Porfirio was *en casa*, engaged in telling his boys to get the cows off the road, as we should soon require it. And would we not honor his house by partaking of the *cena*? The griddle was already hot for the tortillas. Pardon us, gracias, but a little honey, now, if it were convenient . . .

Honey — why, naturally! Don Porfirio vanished among the banana trees, to return with a dinner plate full of beauteous golden comb and two spoons. Such is Pánucan hospitality.

Oil men, when they are feeling hot and out of luck, will swear that the natives are not so polite as the theory states, but out in the wilderness, at least, their courtesy is unfailing.

'Buenas tardes,' says the peon, toiling along under his load of wild grass, as you fly past, scattering dust. And 'Adiós!' calls the man on a burro, gravely raising his hand. If you are on foot, in the Pánuco, your greeting is 'Buenos días' or 'Buenas tardes,' but when both are mounted you say 'Adiós,' Castilian fashion.

IV

Driving out of camp early next day we came upon the Robespierre of

Pánuco. A burro, yoked to a large cow, was waiting, his feet braced, a look of stolid resolution on his nose, until she should grow calm. The cow was bucking.

'When she stops he'll go on with his work,' said the geologist. 'He takes two cows down to the abattoir every day. He goes alone. When he's delivered one cow, he goes back and gets the other. Nobody ever has to give him any instructions. He is probably one of the smartest burros in the world.'

We hurried on. We were going out to Tempoal, a native city in the far-off hills. Was ever a city so self-sufficient, so remote, I wondered afterward.

We had before us ninety miles of amazingly good road, for years ago one of the big companies had thought to find oil in that region and had made a smooth way for their trucks. Now it was deserted. The oil had not been found. But everyone was thankful for the service.

We were passing a heap of dirt rising from the brush at the wayside.

'A moment for obeisance,' ordered the geologist. 'Let me point out La Zurita No. 3, the largest producer in the Pánuco field — 25,000,000 barrels to date!' He sat lost in affectionate contemplation.

'That's the kind of well we love! No more anxious work at the rig. No more explosions. No more fighting your oil away from you, underground. Just a nice peaceful heap of dirt, pouring out chapopote day and night, into the tanks, through the pump lines, to the world!'

'Who would dream,' I pondered, 'that a big producer looked like this after it had settled down to work? The capped wells certainly are n't half so impressive as the rigs. People don't call this little mound an oil well, you know!'

'You have beheld,' murmured the geologist happily, 'the sort of well that

everyone around Tampico prays to call his own.' We drove respectfully away.

There had been a shower in the night, and as we flew along we startled into multicolored flight clouds of exquisite butterflies — white, yellow, and pale green — that were sipping deliriously at the puddles. Shining out by the roadside, milkweed showed what it could do in the tropics, where its flowers are half golden, half vermilion, a very Spanish display.

'El Higo — we 'll stop and call on the idol.' For everyone does, yet the ancient, solemn idol, dug up somewhere in the hills, keeps his aboriginal state. The limestone figure stands on a knoll, near a store.

'His wife out in the monte yet,' an Indian told us.

These hills are full of idols — and of the lares and penates of times remote. Out of little mounds, when the Indians come to use them for sites or cemeteries, are dug hundreds of stone dolls, images, gods, dishes, tools. Some of the small heads are magnificently chiseled, the faces wearing unmistakable expressions of amusement, scorn, or joy, when they are not grotesques. I have seen, in the Pánuco, old women's heads, carved of limestone or modeled in clay, that were Grecian in perfection. Rich as Vera Cruz is well known to be in ancient remains, one suspects that the archæologists have not yet sniffed some of the wonders cherished in the oil region.

The natives take scant interest in their 'antigüedades' except when someone wants to buy them; for they have been digging up these relics all their lives and giving them to their children for playthings. To many of the foreign oil men, too, they are barbarous commonplaces. But now and then you will find an amateur archæologist whose collection of idols of the Huastecan civilization, carved out with tools of jadeite untold centuries ago, and

gathered in the course of his labors in the fields, is amazing. And while he treasures his stone images and dishes he wonders wistfully if he 'll be able to get any of them back home — perhaps enough for a Fountain of Antiquities from the Pánuco. Of dates and tribal names he knows little, yet he has somehow learned a good deal about archæological collecting. I know one rig supervisor who has the most fascinating — but there, that is his secret!

We were surprised, as we drove past bamboo huts in the monte, to see hanging at the doors magnificent striped skins. In Mexico every forest cat is a 'tigre.' Jaguars, pumas, ocelots, and more ordinary wildcats — tigers they are, according to their power, and tigers they are named. They are still plentiful here.

Along the road cut from the cliff-side we were approaching Tempoal. Before the gate which guarded the city on the hilltop, feudal fashion, an Indian slept, his great hat over his eyes. Hearing our snorting engine he calmly rose and opened. We threw him ten centavos and climbed with caution the steep, cobbled street.

All Tempoal gazed at us with wide, black eyes. Nude babies, the pink of their skins contending with the brown, scuttled into the doorways. We reached the plaza. Here was an Indian metropolis perched on a lonely hilltop, forgetting the world.

On the shady side of a statue of a military leader who had been born in this city sat the helado seller. Would we have cylinders of shaved ice, flavored diversely, or balls of snow colored with the juices of fruits? Raspas, helados, or mere limonadas — with such a stock of cool refrescos any fancy might be suited!

'Is there an ice factory here?' we questioned in surprise.

'Cómo no?' When the oil men were

in Tempoal they had established a power plant. They might have electricity in any house if they liked, but no Indian liked.

V

To-day, the splendid climax of my days in Pánuco, I was to see miracles. I was to associate in perilous intimacy with wells that might devour me and the landscape at any moment. Before my awestruck eyes other wells would bring up snow from Inferno. I would be burned and frozen in the same instant. To-day I, most fortunate, would behold wells single of their fantastic kind, of which scientists talk in Persia and Siberia: wells at the world's end: wells of wonder.

'We'll start early for Loma del Pozo No. 1,' said the geologist, 'and you can watch her making snow and ice.'

In the distance rose the brown ranges of the Topila hills, that would turn green with the rains. We passed the pleasant old hacienda, 'The Horse-shoe,' once proud and prosperous, now uncultivated.

'Sometimes,' I said, 'I look out over this plain for miles, and I'll see an Indian hurrying along on a burro, way off the road. Where is he going? You can't see any huts.' We were crossing wide stretches of bad lands, with still those tall palms sticking up like green and brown feather dusters.

'Not all the hacendados live in town,' said the geologist. 'Some of them, before oil was found out here, owned a little land. Of course they did n't farm it. Fruits dropped at their door. And then they found chapopote underneath that almost worthless soil!'

'The dueño — perhaps he was a peon, perhaps a small landowner of the old aristocracy — knew better than to sell, you may be sure. He rented, and now, in this same hut, he dwells — a millionaire.

'There's old Victoriano Cruz — just one example. I won't tell you where he lives, because some bandit might overhear us and torture you to find out. But one day when I called to see him, his rickety board table was covered with gold. "Quite a fortune, Don Victoriano," I said. "Yes," he told me, "I get these 7000 pesos every month — royalties on my oil lands." "If it's not an impertinence, what do you do with it?" "Well, I'm going to bury this in the banana patch. Come back in an hour, and if you can find it, it's yours," the old rascal wagered. But bandits did get some of his gold, in the revolution.'

'Seven thousand pesos a month,' I whispered, awestruck.

'Why, back in Pánuco I know an old Mexican who gets 180,000 pesos a year, just in rentals. I don't believe he spends 180. What he does with his thousands, heaven knows! Of course he would n't go near a bank.'

Our thoughts were financial and wistful. The purple-flowered vines, the bright yellow dogwood-boughs, the blazing inner spears of the Tillandsia, fled past.

'Now shut your eyes, for in a minute,' my comrade told me, 'you'll see one of the strange sights of this world.'

In a black desert which it had itself created stood the Ice Well. Hour after hour, month after month, in that lonely place, Loma del Pozo No. 1 had been forming its tall white cylinder of ice in the face of the powerful sun. The gigantic forces which brought the gases up from great depths seemed to be struggling like stubborn Titans to build the glittering column ever a little higher. But for a long while now it had not grown. When it exceeds a certain height it breaks off. Long before we reached this well the roar of the ascending gas rumbled in the treetops, and as we came nearer there was such a sound

of sizzling and frying as must mark Hell's kitchen. For Loma del Pozo No. 1 is making snow as well as ice. If this snow touches one's hand, he cannot tell whether the sensation is of freezing or burning; but when, flung far from the icy mouth of the hole, the crystals strike the hot ground, they seem to fry like the whites of eggs on a griddle.

'How far has it risen?' I questioned, a trifle appalled by the infernal display.

'Loma del Pozo is over 3000 feet deep.'

'Has it made no oil at all? Only this endless outpouring of gas?'

'It has. The Ice Well has a long story. They completed it in 1915 for an initial production of about 5000 barrels of oil and 20,000,000 cubic feet of gas. When the well came in, it hurled out 2400 feet of six-inch casing.

'But after it had made about a hundred thousand barrels of oil, salt water appeared, so they pinched it in until it flowed only gas. And now you see it, working away fiercely, as it's been working for over seven years.'

For seven years this Titan had been bearing up from a depth of 3000 feet and flinging into the atmosphere twenty million cubic feet of gas a day.

'To tell the truth,' I said, whispering as if I were in church, 'I don't know just what makes that ice and snow.'

'This gas contains a very high percentage of carbon dioxide. The sudden expansion causes the condensation and solidification of the water vapor in the atmosphere — a process which takes place in the form of that coating of ice around the valve of the well. In time this transformation has built up a regular tube of ice, as you could see if you were n't too careful of your shoes, and the gas rushes up through it as through a pipe.

'These white flecks all over the ground are practically pure carbon-dioxide snow. We'll have time to get

to No. 2 before lunch. This stuff won't burn you — Try it in your hand. It just stings.'

Alas, Loma del Pozo No. 2 is a famous example of the mean way in which the powers underground can bring to nothing the most skillful drilling! There it was, all rigged, machinery in a long caravan waiting to begin its task, the crew on duty, and not a drop of chapopote being produced. It is 3103 feet deep, and an inverted monument to persistence. When the drill was pounding at 3070 feet, it opened some vast reservoir and out rushed fifty million cubic feet of gas.

'We checked it, in time,' the geologist explained, 'by pumping the hole full of mud. That filled up the crevice through which the gas was entering. Then we started drilling again, but bend over and look down and see what happened. When we were trying to bail out the hole the bailer got caught right beneath the valve there, and now the well is bridged with pieces of lime that have collected between the bailer and the casing.'

I stooped to peer at the disaster. The Titans were bellowing ominously, far down.

'Of course,' added my comrade, 'it may break loose at any moment.'

I could see the bailer, a pail forty feet long, barring the giants' ascent.

'Drilling will be resumed just as soon as we get it out,' the geologist said firmly and hopefully.

We observed that a Chinaman, upon the brow of a hill, was bending his Oriental scrutiny upon us.

'It's way past dinner time, and I suppose Arthur's keeping it for us.' He wiped off the chapopote with a wad of waste.

Outside the cook-house we washed our hands in handsome white-enamel basins, in water well heated by the sun.

Then once more I was astounded by the magnificent dinner that you always get at the oil camps and can never get in the towns. It was n't even Thursday, and yet, as we slid on to the wooden benches at table and daintily chose paper napkins adorned with daffodils, Arthur brought us, —

Soup

Chicken à la Maryland, with
string beans, sweet corn,
roast potatoes and hors-
d'œuvres

Tomato and lettuce salad, self-
made dressing

Limeade and coffee

Peaches and cake

Jelly pocketbooks

'I don't,' said I to Arthur frankly, 'get this at home.'

'Boy picked lemons out on monte yesterday,' replied Arthur hospitably. 'You have some more drink?'

The water at the camps is brown and warm, but less dangerous than the clear cold drink you rashly take from the artistic earthen bottles at the hotels. And there are always limes.

'You have to be careful, of course, being a newcomer. But out exploring we're not so squeamish. Once one of the boys washed by mistake in the only drinking-water in camp, and we had to use it anyway.' The geologist pretended to eat, but meals are better than appetites when you've been in the fields for months.

As we returned to the veteran automobile I had another shock.

'What is that lying on that bunk? *Vanity Fair*. And, good heavens, *The Broom!* I suppose Cabell is popular among the peons?'

'Reserve your airs. Of course we get plenty of reading matter at the camps. I brought a load of new magazines from Tampico last Monday.'

'Chicken, jelly pocketbooks, wild lemons, current periodicals, natural

warm baths,' I meditated. 'The ordeal of camp life!'

We drove for a while through a forsaken land and came to a sign: 'Danger — Proceed at your peril!' So we did.

'If you want, you can tease this well a bit. I only wish it would break loose while you're doing it. That would be an experience you'd always remember, if you got away.'

The craving for adventure edged my comrade's tone. We were many paces off, yet I could hear the steady rumble of Quebrache No. 1, suppressing a desire to blow us to perdition.

This was a wicked one. It had made for itself a crater like a volcano's, and low in the centre it hissed and roared and shot out gleaming fragments of snow to fry upon the gravel. It had laid waste the land around, but not with oil. Like a bad boy among the Titans, it had flung stones and was panting to fling more. Deep and far had spread the rocky barrage. I climbed down to gaze into the steaming throat of Quebrache No. 1, ready to fly if it should suddenly come in.

The completion of this well, in 1915, was unexpected and terrific. Thirty million cubic feet of gas, bursting from the depths, demolished the derrick and the valve on the casing. The valve has not been replaced; there was but a slight showing of oil. Still, who knows what wealth the monster may be hiding?

'It's bridged now with bits of lime and shale,' the geologist explained, hurling rocks with beautiful accuracy into the well's threatening mouth, in the hope of rousing it to a fresh outburst for my instruction and possible destruction. 'Be ready to run and get behind that tree in case I stir her up. But during the times when it's gassing it throws out these enormous quantities of shale, lime, and flint. I estimate that it makes at least 20,000,000 cubic feet of gas a day. Look out!'

He had discovered a six-foot length of pipe, and daring all for science, had climbed down into the crater and thrust it vigorously into the well.

'If that does n't make her break loose, nothing will! But it has to drop 3000 feet — Don't run yet, you 'll hear it strike,' said he in an interested, leisurely way. We did hear it strike, and then, with a wild subterranean roar and a charge of hissing gases, Quebrache broke.

I fancy we must have made good time. I had the handicap, for my comrade was in the crater; but we were both behind the tree before the bombardment of rocks. I covered my eyes, but I could hear his calm scientific classification: 'Green shale, gray shale, lime, flint, chert.'

Under cover of the sparse bushes, bending low, we easily got out of range and gained the road.

'I know that gas is n't asphyxiating,' stated the geologist, 'so it is useless to pretend you 're dead. Hurry up. I 've saved the most incredible well for the last.'

No solitary maker of snow and ice, no muffled giant nor costly disaster was this last strange well, Quebrache No. 2. Long before we came in sight of the rig the extemporaneous houses of the peons lined the road. Coated head to foot with chapopote, men came striding from the field. Then we saw it — the unearthly vista: two reservoirs, one above the other, wide, deep, and black, and flowing down to them, a slow dark river, the flood of 'frozen oil.'

The sun beat savagely down. Sweat mingled with chapopote on our faces. But crossing the sticky field, and crouching beneath the rig to touch that thick river, I cried, 'Why it's cold!' For this heavy stream of oil, as it rose from the well in the face of the sun, was to the touch as ice. And it looked exactly like very good fudge, just be-

fore it hardens. Only when it moved majestically down the slope and began to enter the reservoirs did it thin and melt a little.

Quebrache No. 2 is one of the new marvels. It was completed in 1922 for ten million cubic feet of gas at a depth of 3015 feet. By January 1923, the amount of gas had increased to about 30,000,000, and early in March this gas became slightly moist.

'The moisture gradually increased, too,' the rig supervisor told me, gazing tenderly at his great black pet, 'until now this well is making about 5000 barrels of 19-gravity oil. Come closer. Watch it pour out.'

'What —?' I began, but the geologist had the reason ready.

'The high percentage of carbon dioxide in the gas is causing, through its rapid expansion, the freezing of this oil as it emerges from the valve.'

The supervisor brought us glasses of brown warm water, settled, boiled and safe.

We drank to the wells of wonder.

Darkness fell suddenly upon the road from the festoons of gray moss and purple-flowered vines.

'Would you like a swim?' inquired the geologist.

I traced the answer in the chapopote on my face.

'Well, there is a party planned for your last night. We are all going to drive out to the beach at Las Piedras. The river is warm. Afterward we 'll make a fire.'

I sank into happy contemplation. An all-over warm bath, after these ineffective cold showers! Besides, the geologist had told me how he had glanced up one afternoon, in the very midst of his splashing, to see a flat-headed adder coiled around the spray. 'It seemed to be just thinking,' he said easily. 'Of me, perhaps.'

The Pánuco, its brown flood silvered by the moon, lapped the soft grass on the bank. We scampered down, and the soothing waters took us. Who has not bathed in a tropical river by moonlight has missed one of this world's enchantments. Some of us floated with the gentle stream and passed the forbidden bend. This was the peons' part of the river, where they were swimming *au naturel*.

'Come back,' called the rest — 'Gringos must n't go there.'

But the current was unwilling. Hastening on toward another bend of the thousand that mark its course to Tampico, the dark Pánuco, beneath its peaceful surface, is sinister and swift. One had to fight to return.

A peon was gathering a great heap of palm leaves for some thatching to be done to-morrow — *mañana* or *pasado mañana* — and his burro grazed near by. We built our fire and made the coffee. I lay in the thick grass and marveled.

'In the States we 'd be eaten alive, doing this. Why have you deceived me? Where are the *garrapatas*, the *pinolillas*? And mosquitoes? Why' — I correctly used the Spanish double negative — 'there is not even a cloud no bigger than a man's hand!'

'You 'll see, doubting Thomas — I can show you the scars in the back of my neck where they burrowed in, too,' threatened someone in the grass. 'Better put on your stockings. The *niguas* prefer toenails, you know. You might lose a foot. The Indians do, sometimes.'

But no such evil thing occurred. Perhaps the dry season had baked

away these ferocious insects. Perhaps they were less terrible than the tales about them. Anyway, they did not appear, although that coast produces infinitesimal monsters: the *garrapata*, which screws himself into your flesh and has to be smoked out, when half-way in, with a hot cigarette; the *pinolilla*, which attacks in the manner of our northern chiggers; the *nigua*, and the familiar sand-flies.

What drowsy peace marked this moonlit midnight by the warm, swift river! The palm-gatherer had spread his ancient sarape, and lay on the grass, smoking restfully and with a certain elegance. He knew that presently we would go, and he would fall heir to our fire. His liberated burro cropped the soft grass on the knolls, contemplating us mildly, now and then, like a large gray rabbit. Lovable is the burro.

'Is there any poor person around here?' we asked the palm gatherer. '*Alguién que quiere los restos de nuestra comida?*'

He rose, debonair and courteous. 'I am not rich myself,' he said.

We filled his red handkerchief with devil's food and chicken.

The burro nibbled on under the moon. His coat was very soft, his disposition gentle. I leaned my cheek against his neck.

'What are you sighing about?' demanded the geologist.

'I have taken to this burro,' I told him, 'and it is n't likely that I 'll ever see him again.'

(But in truth it was the Pánuco lotos, languorous now in my veins, too.)

IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST

BY CLAUDIA CRANSTON

IN the name of Jesus Christ —
To whom the sea is as a drop of water,
And a flock of dust the land;
To whom the pinions of an eagle are a fan,
And the shadow of a mountain as the shadow of his hand.

I asked for wings in the morning;
Plumed they were, like an eagle for a great ascent;
I asked for wings at night,
And they were folded like a flag when the wind is spent.

I asked in the morning for power,
And it crashed like the tide of the sea over the reverberant floor;
In the evening I asked for peace,
And it rested like the shadow of a mountain upon a quiet shore.

For I asked in the name of Jesus Christ,
To whom the sheaves of shining stars
Are but a harvest ripe for reaping;
To whom the four winds of Heaven
Are but a lullaby for sleeping.

ARTIST AND HISTORIAN

BY KIRSOPP LAKE

WHEN the Publisher, the Artist, and the Historian are together, which is not so often as the Historian would wish, one of the few points on which they agree is the greatness of Henry Adams's book on Mont-St.-Michel and Chartres. It was therefore inevitable that, being in Brittany, the Artist should decide to take the Historian, with a borrowed copy of Henry Adams, to see Mont-St.-Michel. It was inevitable that the Publisher should elect at the last moment to stay behind and play tennis, in the erroneous belief that he had found someone whom he could beat.

Thus at 8.30 A.M. — an hour entirely too early for either of them — the Artist and the Historian found themselves seated on a suitcase outside the Ker Maurice, waiting for a char-à-banc which was to carry some dozen tourists to Mont-St.-Michel, while the Publisher, imperfectly clad, scoffed through an open window.

'On est en retard,' ventured the Artist to a bystander.

'Oui, Madame, on est toujours en retard,' was the philosophical answer.

But at last a large char-à-banc appeared. The Historian, with that tendency to false identifications which characterizes his tribe, rushed to the conclusion that it was the Excursion. Nor was that all. He noted with undoubted, though not improper, satisfaction, that a damsel in peasant costume, and of more beauty than any tourist has a right to expect, was seated behind the driver, and that a

convenient seat was vacant beside her. He put his foot on the step and began to swing himself into the vacant spot, but was firmly repelled.

'Monsieur, vous avez tort! C'est une noce!' cried the villagers, and indeed it was.

The church was next door and the party was a wedding, which, indeed, might be going to make history, but which had no need for an historian at that moment. Such episodes are a little embarrassing, but it soon passed and in the end the real chariot appeared. It was a commodious rather than a comfortable vehicle, for the back of the seat had a sharp ridge which came just above the shoulders of the riders, and the springs of the car were too soft, so that the inequalities of the road were accurately registered on the backs of the passengers.

The journey was for the most part uneventful; but in Dol there was an interval for seeing the charming cathedral, eating a brioche, and laughing at the local pig-market. Dozens and dozens of pink pigs — washed and scrubbed to a painful cleanliness.

'Is it quite nice?' said the Artist. 'If they are going to look as clean as that I think they ought to be clothed.'

But before a new chapter of Sartor Resartus could be planned, the signal to get back into the char-à-banc was given, and the journey to Mont-St.-Michel was resumed.

It was not unnatural that conversation should turn on Henry Adams, and, between the two of them, Artist

and Historian came to a clearer understanding of why they admired him than either had ever reached before.

The value of the work of Henry Adams is that he was a scholar who saw the difference between knowledge and ignorance, an historian who studied the sequence of cause and effect, and a mystic who entered at times into the world of the 'other reality,' where there is neither cause and effect, nor object and subject.

Like all mystics it was the 'other reality' which he prized most, although — like all intelligent mystics — he also valued highly the world in which we live, and sought the key which opens the 'Door in the Wall,' not by denying the material and the actual, but by using them as a kind of sacrament through which men are given the power to open the lock. To the Artist and to the Historian this was clear; one question was less obvious.

'Do you think he really was a Catholic in his last days?' said the Artist, who had been reading the *Letters to a Niece*.

'That,' said the Historian, 'depends on what you mean by Catholic. Some circles use the word very loosely to cover general sympathy with certain doctrines, or, more often, with certain forms of ritual; but historically Catholic means that great central form of Christianity which in the West was the historic Church of Rome — belonging to no nation, offering service to each, and asking loyalty from all. All other "Catholics" — Anglo-Catholics and similar sects — bear the same relation to the real thing as does electric-seal to the genuine article. You cannot, with due regard to history, copy parts of the Catholic Church — sacramental doctrine, for instance, or ritual, or an Episcopal polity — and claim to be the real thing. The Catholic Church is a supra-national

organization; it is not a "national" Church, like the Church of England, or a "free" — that is, "subnational" — Church, like the Methodist Episcopal or the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. You belong to it, or you do not.

'Henry Adams in this sense was not a Catholic. But I think he approached the life of Catholicism and the power that it has over men, with an affectionate and sympathetic understanding. By that effort of imagination which makes the difference between history and chronicles, he could put himself back into the position of the Catholics of the thirteenth century, and join in their worship of the Virgin, so that at times he thought, spoke, and wrote with a feeling which any Catholic would welcome, and a power of expression which few could equal.'

How much longer the Historian would have yielded in this way to his besetting sin it is hard to say. But Mont-St.-Michel began to be visible, and Henry Adams and Catholicism were eclipsed for the moment. The Artist had seen it before, but the Historian was quite unprepared for the overwhelming beauty of the scene. It was low tide, still ebbing a little, and almost as far as the eye could see there was a level expanse of sand and water intersecting each other in a thousand different patterns. It was a fine, but showery, day, and sun and shadow on the flat sand and shallow water made a miraculous and ever-changing play of color. The shallow water was a strange yellow-green; the deeper pools were a dark blue in the sun, and a steely black in the shadows, while the sands varied from gray through brown to green. Over them gulls, gray and white, never ceased to fly, sometimes skimming low over the surface — sometimes soaring higher toward the ramparts of the Abbey.

'They are the ghosts of the Normans,' said the Artist.

Across the bay could be seen the towers of Avranches, slowly coming out of a shower which still hung over the neighboring hills. Not for one minute together did the scene remain unchanged, yet its unity seemed complete and eternal.

For a long time Artist and Historian stayed, looking across the sands, drinking in the comfort and strength which the sight gave them. At last they turned and went up the steps and up the steep, narrow street which leads to the Abbey.

It is not difficult to imagine one's self back in the thirteenth century; and if you know your Henry Adams, the general plan of the building gradually becomes clear. The Church at the top comes first, chronologically and in order of importance, and no one can enter the nave and walk through its Romanesque arches, looking eastward at the beautiful Gothic chancel, without feeling the truth of Henry Adams's observation that there was a strangely happy marriage between the virile Norman of the nave and the delicately feminine Gothic of the chancel. Yet, beautiful though it may be, neither Artist nor Historian felt the thrill of pulsating life which had been given them by the beauty of the sea and the sand, the sun and the showers.

Leaving the church one is led through the rooms of the Merveille and the few still older parts below the nave. They are all beautiful, and the Salle des Chevaliers is one of the most lovely rooms in the world. It is not hard for the imagination to fill it with the great figures of Norman and French history. Yet here again the Artist and the Historian felt a certain sense of death. These buildings had been alive once; they had been filled with the spiritual life, good and bad alike, of

great men and beautiful women. But now they were empty, and the most that could be felt was the presence of pale ghosts who could appeal to memory but could not stimulate life. It was with a certain sense of turning from the dead to the living that the Artist and Historian stood at some of the narrow windows and looked out over the bay.

In spite of the extraordinary beauty of the architecture, and in spite of the strong sentiment created by the genius of Henry Adams, the Historian felt that he had come to see Art and had stayed to marvel at Nature. He found himself wondering why this was so, and feeling, as he did, that for all its beauty the Abbey of Mont-St.-Michel is dead, the question of Ezekiel came irresistibly to his mind — 'Can these bones live?'

To him at least there was no doubt why he kept turning away from the Abbey and the Merveille to catch his breath as, at the corners of the stairways, and through narrow windows, he again saw glimpses of the shadows moving so swiftly over the sands, and the showers and sunshine passing across Avranches, silhouetted against the sky. It was because spiritually if not intellectually he is a Roman rather than a Greek.

In the history of the religion of civilized men the Greeks — at least the Greeks who made the Olympian gods in their own image — always thought of the gods as the great, beautiful, passionate creatures who ruled the world of things, governed the course of events, and controlled the operations of nature. But the Romans did otherwise. They made no gods: they recognized the marvel of nature, and the miracle of life; and they saw divinity in its smallest happenings. To them Vesta was not a beautiful goddess to whom the hearth was sacred, nor Janus

a strong god protecting the door. Vesta was the hearth itself, with its crackling flame, its strange light and curious shadows; and Janus was the actual door which kept out the storm, the cold, and the unfriendly. Hearth and door were both divine.

So it was that the Historian, on that wonderful afternoon at Mont-St.-Michel, found the Roman element in his blood assert itself, and his heart sang its *Te Deum* to the sands and the showers, to the 'tremor immensi Oceani' rather than to the vaults and arches of the Abbey and the Merveille.

Yet when the Artist was gone, and he had made his way, a little lonely and pensive, from Dol to St.-Malo, he had another experience. He reached that delightful little port just before sunset, and strolled into the cathedral. It is not a preëminently beautiful building, and its modern decorations are a little tawdry. But there was a small group of worshipers around one of the altars on which a dim light was burning, and — herein was the miracle — it was full of life. The chancel at St.-Michel was beautiful — but dead. St.-Malo was commonplace — but alive. What made the difference? Ask any devout Catholic and he will tell you. 'It was the Blessed Sacrament. You could feel life at St.-Malo because God was there. He has been banished from St.-Michel.'

An excellent answer for the Catholic, but what should an Historian, a poor heretic if not a heathen, reply?

The problem was not altogether new to him, but it presented itself now with unusual clearness and difficulty. Was it really possible to continue to assert with such conviction that the Mass is a subjective feeling built on a foundation of myth which has no more historical validity than the myths which were the basis of other sacramental religions, now long dead, such as the cults of Isis or of Mithras? History seems clearly

to show that the sacramental cults of the beginning of the Christian era were all similar in their general religious and theological character, and Christianity from this point of view was one of these. It also shows that each sacramental religion had a 'myth' or story of its own, and none of these myths seems to be really historical. Far the nearest approach to history is the Christian myth, which as found in the Mass tells of the Incarnation and Passion of a divine Son of God, who instituted the Mass in order that his followers might share in the glory which was his. Behind this there is history in the sense that the founder of Christianity lived and died. But not in the sense that he did so in the manner implied by the Mass.

Such at least is the conviction of the Historian. It is therefore always a shock to him when he is violently thrown, as he was at St.-Malo, against the rock of Catholic emotion, and even seems, at least for the moment, to share in the spiritual experience which explains it. Henry Adams himself apparently felt this at some moments, and that is why his last book, *Letters to a Niece*, is so perplexing to some of his admirers.

Feeling a little shaken, and still moving in worlds not realized, the Historian went on, first to London, and then to Paris, and in Paris he went on Sunday morning to Notre Dame. It was a wonderful service in that wonderful cathedral, yet it did not approach the vividness of experience found at St.-Malo. How could it? In place of the Bretons of St.-Malo was a mixed crowd of sightseers, chiefly English and American, most of them obviously ignorant of the order and meaning of the service to which they were listening, though they doubtless enjoyed the music.

The Historian had asked at St.-

Michel whether these bones could live, and at Paris he at least found one way by which the bones can be kept dry. It is by the presence of a multitude of sightseers who 'see with their eyes but do not perceive, and hear with their ears but do not understand.'

And as he thought of all this the secret of the difference between living St.-Malo and dead St.-Michel became clearer to him. It is to be found neither in the place nor in the myth, but in the people. To Notre Dame or to St.-Michel men go to gain a thrill, to see beauty, and to hear music: to some extent they get what they seek. But at St.-Malo they go to the cathedral because to them at least this is the way of life. It is an objective reality which they seek. And therefore to them this is the gate of Heaven, where the barriers of the world are raised, and they find the help which they need for their work, the comfort which they seek for their sorrows, and the purification which they crave for their sins. They find it, and those who, like the Historian, feel the same necessities, become aware of the presence of those who have sought and found. Though we do not see the angels on the ladder, we hear their footsteps, and our foreheads are cooled by the touch of their wings.

But — the question comes back — what about the Myth?

Well, experience can reveal reality. It can show the way 'within the veil.' But it cannot rewrite history. The myth is an explanation given by those who have seen the light. Similarly, in the past, Ptolemaic astronomy was an explanation given by those who had seen the stars. Yet the wrongness of the explanation did not prevent the observation of the stars, of the friendly silence of the moon, or of the flaming ramparts of the sky; on the contrary, up to a point it alone rendered such

observation fruitful. But when at last increased observation rendered the old explanation untenable, the further revelation depended on the rejection of what was false, not its retention because of its past value.

So with the world of immaterial reality. Myths based on sacraments, or sacraments based on myths have been the door which has opened the way to Reality. That is true: but they are not the truth of history; and although the Historian has many sins on his conscience — which perhaps do not weigh as heavily as they should — he cannot admit that historical truth may ever be consciously modified, without committing what would be to him the sin against the Holy Ghost.

For to the Historian it is clear that he cannot and ought not to believe in the Myth. He can no longer share in the spiritual experience of the Mass, or of any other sacrament which is irretrievably bound up with myths — though by a kind of induced current he can still share, as at St.-Malo, in the experience of others. For the dangerous gift of sympathy — sharing in feeling — has always been his, for good and for evil. Yet when he said this to the Artist — for they talked of it at St.-Michel — she did not wholly agree.

'Yes,' said the Artist, 'that is all very well for you. Perhaps you are right that for you to *think* straight is the main thing, to which you must hold on at whatever cost. But, for me, to *feel* straight comes first; and if there be anything which helps me to feel straight, I will hold on to it. If it takes a myth along with it, I will take the myth too.'

'Woman,' answered the Historian, 'you are a Pragmatist, and that, as Bishop Butler said of enthusiasm, is a horrid thing, a very horrid thing.'

'Perhaps it is,' she replied, 'but I

gather from your tone that you do not quite know how to answer me.'

It was the truth. The Historian could have replied that she was confusing a judgment on value with a judgment on fact; but it would neither have suppressed her nor satisfied himself. The problem remains: why should historical wrongness and illusion be necessary for spiritual rightness?

The Historian wonders whether the Artist may not be nearer the truth than he has ever admitted, though not quite in the way which she intended. Is it necessary that the Myth should be believed for it to be efficacious? The Historian is inclined to think that in other religions than Christianity, and even in some circles which exist in the Church itself, it proves possible for a sacrament to be efficacious even though the myth which it represents be regarded as devoid of historic truth, and be treated merely as a beautiful and moving symbol which conveys spiritual life though it does not relate historic truth. To take this view would be difficult for him, or for anyone else who has been brought up to believe the Christian myth and has discovered its nature; but is that not partly because he knows so well that those celebrating the sacrament believe, or are supposed to believe, the historic truth of the story which they are enacting? Would it be so if there was no suggestion of personal belief in the historic truth of the Myth?

The Artist and those like her are enabled to put entirely on one side the question of historic truth. For the Historian that is impossible. Yet, if it were understood that historic truth was not implied, he thinks that he could share equally well in an efficacious sacrament. If that be so, the problem which is before the Christian, and especially the Catholic, Church

seems to become a little easier of definition. To the Historian it is certain that the more it be studied the less historical will the Myth appear to be. If the Church insists, in spite of this fact, on belief in its historic truth, it will prove to have nailed its colors to the mast of a sinking ship. The ecclesiastical theologians will have crucified Christ afresh, though this time by binding him to a myth rather than to a cross of wood. That, even so, the Jesus of history will rise again, the Historian does not doubt, and religion will no more disappear than did the observation of the stars at the breakdown of the Ptolemaic astronomy. But the Church, as an historic institution, will perish, as did the church of Caiaphas; and to the Historian — for whom tradition and profession unite to make him admire and love the story of the Church — few calamities would seem greater than this. He wonders sometimes whether it be not possible, even now, that something approaching the old Modernist position might be accepted, which would frankly admit that the Myth is mythical while retaining and emphasizing the spiritual efficacy of the institutions connected with it. He hopes that it is so: nevertheless, like George Tyrrell, he has to admit that though religion lives, religions die.

The pathway to Reality is not one nor is it simple. The Artist and the Historian were very near it at Mont-St.-Michel, but nearer when they were looking out over the sands, and could feel the vibration of each other's thoughts, than they were in the Abbey. The Historian thinks that he was even nearer in St.-Malo. But in each case the Reality, which is Immaterial, was reached through a Material channel. For the sacraments of the Church are but an image of all life. Throughout our existence we are constantly

tantalized yet encouraged by glimpses of another world in which the separation of personality and the clash of good and evil are overcome. We can see, as at St.-Michel,

. . . that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Or, as at St.-Malo, we are taken into a world where, by offering their lives, men win their souls. To the Historian, the element of sadness is added when men turn their backs on the reality which they have reached, to argue blindly and angrily that by no other means can men reach it than by that which they have used themselves, and even, by a species of idolatry, confuse

those means with the reality itself.

Some days later the Historian was at Chartres. He stood late in the afternoon just outside the open west door, in the bright sunlight. He could see nothing through the door. It was too dark inside. He went in, and gradually the vista of arches and the wonder of colored glass were revealed to him. He went back to the door to the brilliant sunlight. He could see nothing. It was too bright outside.

Which was 'true'? Answer that, and the problem discussed by Artist and Historian is solved. We are all purblind creatures, and those who are outside cannot see the wonders of the dim arches and vaults, and those who are inside cannot face the brilliance of the light of day.

ONE CASE OF THE AMERICAN MALADY

A VERY PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

BY THE VICTIM

The following narrative is quite true.

THE EDITOR.

MR. LANGDON MITCHELL, writing in the February *Atlantic* on the 'American Malady,' has diagnosed the subtle trouble from which a large class of Americans are suffering — whether they know it or not — as lack of spontaneous joy in beauty. I am sure he is quite right, and it occurs to me that it may interest him and some others to hear the true story of a perfectly normal young woman who married into such an infected community, caught

the disease, and suffered from it until something happened which cured her.

This young woman, as I remember her, was one of the most ebulliently joyful young beings imaginable until at an early age she married and went to live in a New England city where society was supposed to be in an advanced stage of civilization.

As a girl she bubbled over in all directions, singing, drawing, dancing, writing poetry, and acting in plays, all with originality and charm. At twenty she found herself the mistress of a pleasant house and the devoted wife

of a rising young professional man, and there seemed to be no reason in the world why she should not be a very happy and useful woman.

I have said that her husband was a rising young man, which means that he worked early and late — so early and so late that, as his wife said, his toothbrush never had time to dry. But he was also a very practical man and soon saw that to be at his best for his work he must get exercise in the open air. Moreover, it did not suffice to take bicycle rides with his wife. He got a more vigorous reaction from a game of golf with other men.

These games were good for him and he came home often a little late for the evening meal, but really hungry and healthily sleepy — so sleepy, in fact, that he almost invariably fell into a heavy slumber as soon as they were settled down for the evening. Mending or reading was then the only possible programme for the wife, and this was what she did on an average of five nights out of seven.

Her daytime occupation was divided between housework, marketing, and returning calls that a dutiful neighborhood had made on the bride. The neighborhood conscience had recently been stirred by the report that a certain young married woman had become mentally unbalanced because no one had come to see her during the two years that she had lived there, so our bride was called upon during the first year by more than a hundred women, who came usually when she was trying to make concentration take the place of experience in getting a dinner for the rising man.

When she was free in the earlier hours of the day, she often tried to persuade some neighbor to play with her, but the others were all very busy women, engaged in conducting children to dancing-school or riding-school or

some other educational luxury beyond their means and taken very seriously with all due consideration of the physical benefits that would ensue. If not occupied in this way, these city mothers were working for some Cause, charitable or political, or hearing a lecture on a proposed governmental reform. They cordially invited the young bride to join them and she did as often as she could bear it. Not that these things failed to interest her, for she loved all right things and went ahead and worked sincerely with the rest, but she began to feel old and she never sang or danced about the house any more. Instead she sat at her desk and kept her accounts straight, because although there were no children, the young husband's salary was small, the golf-club's dues were large, and Causes clamored for contributions. For ten years she marked off lines in a big blank-book and labeled the columns, 'Food,' 'Rent,' 'Clubs,' 'Church and Causes,' 'Amusements.' There were many entries under 'Causes' and almost none under 'Amusements.'

It was toward the end of this ten-year period that a younger brother of an old friend of the husband called to see him one evening. He proved to be very congenial, interested in all the things the young bride used to enjoy, — and found she still did enjoy, — the criticism of books, the writing of poetry, music, and laughter. It did not disturb the husband's nap to have the others talk and laugh softly across the room, and it did help out the evenings for the young wife, no longer a bride. She expanded and grew more attractive with this return to her natural element of joy in beauty. The housework seemed lighter and the suffrage meetings less serious after an evening of exchange of thoughts with a congenial friend.

Then after a winter of such companionship came a spring day and a bicycle

ride together — the wife and the friend — out into the country, where they sat on a hillside and drank in together the beauty on every hand. They could not express their joy in words and the local civilization had provided no normal outlet for it, so they looked into each other's eyes; and from that look sprang, first, the illusion of a quasi-happiness, then disillusion, a woman's loss of confidence in herself, and a resultant self-condemnation which threatened to become a mania in a woman sensitive but inhibited on many sides.

May we ask who was to blame? During all these years this woman had been truly loving her husband as deeply as most young women in their twenties know how to love. Moreover she had neglected no duty that she understood. Her house was always homelike, her meals attractive; sick neighbors were visited, accounts kept, calls returned, causes supported — but there was no place for joy. Once in her early married experience she had been invited to a reception at the house of the intellectual feudal-lord of the neighborhood. Up to that time her spontaneity had not been entirely quenched, and on this occasion it burst out in some observation not based on the local Decalogue of the community, whereupon the elderly sister of the host raised a gold lorgnette and looking the young barbarian over, murmured, 'How extr'ord'n'ry!' Being rather sensitive to atmosphere, the newcomer learned repression from that hour.

A wiser woman will say, 'Why did n't the little idiot find her own group in that big city? Surely there must have been literary or artistic or musical groups in which she would have found an outlet for all that was being choked within her.'

Let me answer that such groups are not easy for a newcomer to find, or having found, to enter. This girl was

not a trained performer; she was only a born rejoicer. If there had been community-singing in her group, how she would have enjoyed it! Some brave soul did start such a chorus and meetings were arranged in the high-school building. The young bride went gleefully as long as it lasted, but after three or four attempts the project faded out for lack of general interest. Everybody was always too busy or too tired. A great many people were chronically tired in that city and there was much sickness. The young bride often wondered why there was not more sickness. What object was there in being well?

Is it not true that in some countries this girl would have found a normal channel for the expression of joy in her everyday intercourse with neighbors? A foreign friend has told me recently that in her country the young people sing in the streets and then get together and sing in groups. In some other lands young and old meet in each other's houses to dance. Who shall blame our thirsty young people if the cup of joy, coming suddenly to them, finds them unable to stop and consider who is offering it?

Moreover, what vision can we take with us, we older ones, who go about in sombre dress to reform the world? Is it safe to go on such a mission without joy and a sense of humor? As for charities, what profits it if we give our bodies to be burned and have not joy to offer in love to those less fortunate? As for our young people, I have heard them say, 'Deliver me from being good like my parents, if it means never having any better times than they do!'

And the cure for the 'American malady?' Humbly let me suggest that it may lie in the belief — if one is fortunate enough to possess it — that God is good and that joy is therefore reasonable. Such a belief is supposed to

be the heritage of Christian people, the gift of that valiant man who, though thoroughly acquainted with the seamy side of life, could say, 'These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full'; and speaking of the light-hearted child, 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!'

I started my story by saying that the young wife suffered from the American malady until something happened which cured her. What happened was that she found the Source of joy, and having found it, she did her bit to radiate it, so that she at least would not be responsible for the crushing out of another's happiness.

Rabindranath Tagore says that 'God woos us with his beauty.' Does He in America?

Julia Ward Howe wrote:—

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you
and me.

Does it in America?

Is it too much to expect of a community which calls itself Christian that it shall cease to crucify its young lovers of beauty and joy? Shall we not rather, if we are genuine followers of Jesus of Nazareth, draw the hearts of young America to Christianity by showing them that one of the fruits of the Spirit is joy, showing them by our example that joy can be expressed through countless healthy channels that bring blessing to all the world and a curse to no man?

Must this matter end in a wordy diagnosis, or will the patient, our practical Uncle Sam, turn himself and live?

WHAT DEATH IS LIKE

BY M. M. G.

SOME years ago I visited a friend who was at a sanitarium. Not until my arrival did I know that the physician in charge was employing hypnotism as a curative agency. That evening he gave a parlor exhibition of his skill. He asked those present—eighteen in number—to form a circle. He passed from one to another in quick succession, pressing his thumbs lightly between the eyes of each person and saying, 'Sleep, sleep; deep, deeper still,' and so on until each went off in a state of hypnosis. With the suggestion to sleep he added other suggestions, such as: 'When I count three you will awaken,'

or 'In three minutes you will come to.' And sometimes he added, 'You will not experience any ill effects from what you are about to do.' As he approached me, I motioned him aside, indicating emphatically that I did not wish him to attempt to hypnotize me.

The feats these persons performed while acting under his suggestions seemed to me remarkable and extremely interesting, but I could not think it ethical to do some of the things he did, more especially in one case where the individual was a lad of sixteen, his nephew. I could not think it good, either physically or mentally, for

the boy to be subjected to the great strain he was forced to endure. The last thing the hypnotizer did was to give a lady of my acquaintance a heaping teaspoonful of red pepper with the suggestion that it was ice cream. She ate it with apparent enjoyment and wanted more. A moment later she came to herself, and I said: 'Do you mean to tell me your mouth does not smart? Red pepper has a physiological effect; there must be some of that red pepper in your mouth and throat yet; how does it feel?'

She answered: 'Oh, I know, from what you say, the Doctor has been up to his tricks, but honestly I would n't know it otherwise.' Then she added: 'I can hypnotize people, too; I tried it yesterday. My roommate started to yawn and I said, "Open, open; wider, wider still," and I added, "You can't close your mouth till I tell you to" — and she could n't! And there she sat, waving her arms at me and trying so hard to close her mouth! She was cross with me about it afterward. Come on to my room, and I will show you how it is done.'

I went with her.

She said, 'I'll hypnotize *you*; that will show you more quickly than any other way. Just lie down on that bed and relax; make yourself receptive to my thought.'

'You can't do it,' I said; 'I know you can't. But go ahead and convince yourself of the fact.'

So she went through the formula of 'Sleep, sleep; deep, deeper still,' and so on. At first her words had no effect. Then I responded. Then she made the startling affirmation, 'You are now going to leave your body; you are leaving your body; you are entirely free from the body; you are not held to it by the faintest tie.'

Because she was a novice in this strange art, she neglected to say, 'In

three minutes you will awaken,' or something on that order.

In obedience to her words, something very remarkable happened. I felt as if an inner spiritual body were being dragged out of my physical body through the head — and with intense suffering. I could compare the process only to tearing out a firmly embedded plant by the roots from the ground. I seemed to have a light, ethereal body, floating in a horizontal position directly above my physical body, perhaps three feet away. And this is what I thought:—

'How strange! How wonderful! I am here, and my body is there! Now I know I have never believed in immortality. I have thought I believed it; I have wanted to believe it; but my astonishment shows me I have never really believed the mind could exist apart from the brain. I have never really believed that the self, the ego, could go on thinking and being, apart from the physical self. This must be death. Never again shall I be afraid of death. How free I feel! How delightful it is to be unhampered by all the limitations that are a part of the body!'

Then I found there was a new state of consciousness; I was aware of the objective world and also of what was going on in the mind of the hypnotizer. Also I was aware of spiritual presences about me; and I wanted to go on with them, but felt I was not ready. These words came into my mind: 'Why — I am an unfinished thing, an abortive thing. I am not ready to go on, and yet I don't want to go back to that dry-goods box' — as I scornfully called my body.

Then my attention was attracted to the behavior of the hypnotist and to her mental attitude. At first she felt only exultation. She exclaimed, 'I've done it — I've done it! I've always wanted to do it and now I've succeeded.' The

minutes passed and suddenly she remembered she had not given the all-important suggestion to awaken at a given time. Then she became anxious, at first commanding me to return, to which I paid no attention. Then the thought passed through her mind, 'I shall have to summon Doctor X, and I don't want to; they will all have to know what I have been doing.' Then a swift and deadly fear took possession of her as she recalled the words of her command, and she thought, 'Why, perhaps she is dead; perhaps she will never come back! Oh, what have I done! What have I done!'

In thinking about it afterward, I noticed that all her thought was selfish. She thought of the situation solely from the standpoint of how it affected her. Presently she knelt at the bedside like one crazed with grief, weeping, wringing her hands, and imploring me to return. A wave of compassion passed over me and more out of good-nature than anything else I determined to return. I distinctly did not wish to return to the body I had been freed from, but with the words, 'I will go back,' with the act of will that those words implied, my spiritual self sought entrance into the physical body, and as I had emerged I entered, and with

similar great suffering — agony, I called it at the time.

Then I awoke and found myself weeping bitterly, uncontrollably; then laughing hysterically, — something unknown to me normally, — then crying again and struggling to gain self-control. When I had succeeded in gaining the mastery, I said, 'Don't be disturbed; that's my body; that's not myself!'

'What happened? Oh, what happened — tell me,' she cried.

'Not now; I can't talk,' I said. 'I am going to my room.' So I left her. The next morning early I took the train for New York. I never saw her again and never wanted to. I felt that she had done a most daring and reprehensible thing and that it might easily have ended in death. I was not blameless in the affair, but I was wholly ignorant of such matters when I went there, whereas she had been a patient there for six months and must have known considerable about hypnotism.

I am perfectly willing to answer questions about this experience. There may be points about it that some one would like to know. Nothing that has ever happened to me in actual life is more vivid than this experience, or more far-reaching in its effects.

REALITIES IN THE FAR EAST

BY WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER

I

It is common knowledge now that informed and experienced officials in Europe had been extremely concerned for several years before the actual outbreak of war there in 1914 over what the general public had not recognized: namely, that the trend of affairs was making war imminent and virtually inevitable.

In that instance, it appeared as though some people were debarred entirely from making a correct estimate of the situation by their aversion to facing the distasteful conclusions to which known facts pointed and by their adherence to prejudices — however idealistic — that did not rest on a comprehensive foundation of realities. While such people seem inevitably doomed to make misjudgments, the open-minded are confronted by a further difficulty in attempting to make a sound estimate of an intricate international situation.

This difficulty comes from the fact that adequate information, essential to any worth-while estimate, is hardly ever available outside of official circles; and that, even when comprehensive information on such matters is available, it is likely to be so complex and technical that sound interpretations from it are to be expected only from extraordinarily able minds, or from those who can draw on a long background of vicarious and personal experience in the responsible interpretation of such data.

It should cause no surprise, therefore, to those who have not been in close touch with comprehensively informed officials of experience in the Far East that these latter were extremely concerned during the summer of 1923 over the imminent portent of certain matters there of which comparatively little was known and even less was understood by the general public.

During the preceding winter and spring there had been a marked development of liberalism in the industrial centres of the Japanese Empire. The theorem that liberalism is anti-imperialistic and makes for international peace would have led some to conclude from this that the prospect for continued peace in the Far East had been improved by this growth of Japanese liberalism. But when it was discussed with many of the best informed and most experienced American, British, Dutch, and Chinese officials — whether in Peking, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila, Singapore, or Java — the virtually unanimous opinion was that it boded extremely ill for the peace of the Orient and, perhaps, of the world.

Such a conclusion was reached by such people, first, because they had detailed information as to certain contemporaneous conditions and daring moves that will be outlined hereunder; and second, because they could interpret this information in the

light of a broad understanding of certain long enduring and major conflicts between policy and practice, a realization of which would seem to be essential to seeing the recent drama and present prospect in the Far East in proper perspective.

II

The American policy with respect to the Far East — with which it has become usual to profess accord — looks to the maintenance of the sovereign independence and territorial integrity of China while providing, in principle, for equality of opportunity for all peoples in their economic activities throughout China.

But those who view this policy with perspective recognize that it is counter to the practice of the ages, which has been that the stronger tribes or nations conquered and sequestered the lands and resources of the weaker. The overthrowing of the Aztec and Inca civilizations, the conquests of the Indies, of Africa, and of Australasia, and the continental development of what are now the United States and Canada are among the results of such warlike procedure by Europeans since the latter began their extensive adventures overseas little more than four centuries ago.

The results of the opportunities won overseas by the British were consolidated by their monopoly of their interimperial trade through the Navigation Acts, which were repealed only in 1854, after two hundred years of operation under them had given the British such an incomparable 'going concern' in intercommunications by sea as to promise them continuance of virtual monopoly. And now that new conditions threaten such control, a plan to strengthen it by a system of interimperial preference tariffs was

agreed to at the recent Imperial Conference in London.

One has merely to visit Java and to note how business is conducted there to appreciate how strongly the Dutch adhere to the doctrine of trade monopoly. It is the same throughout the five million and more square miles the French have conquered during the last fifty years. And, at the present time, a dispute is reported between Sweden and Denmark because the latter insists on monopolizing Greenland's trade.

One of the early breaches in this immemorial system of conquest for monopoly was made by Commodore Kearney, of the United States Navy, when the British were acquiring special concessions from China at the close of the Opium War in 1842, and he secured assurances from the Chinese that Americans would be treated as favorably as any other nationals — after which the British Sovereign said to Parliament: 'Throughout the whole course of my negotiations with the government of China, I have uniformly disclaimed the wish for any exclusive advantages. It has been my desire that equal favor should be shown to the industry and commercial enterprise of all nations.'

Though the British had sequestered Chinese territory for their own uses, Caleb Cushing, in negotiating the subsequent Treaty of Wang Hiya, in 1844, disclaimed any such purpose and insisted merely on the United States being granted commercial opportunities equivalent to those conceded to any other Power.

Thus was born the Open Door Doctrine that looks to equality of economic opportunity for all without any sequestration of territory or abatement of sovereign integrity — a doctrine, be it understood, that would leave every nation free to set up what-

ever import or export tariffs, or other trade regulations, it may choose, provided that these apply to its commerce with all other nations without discrimination.

The United States secured professions of accord with the Open Door Doctrine from the principal European Powers and the Japanese Empire in 1900; and these professions — though frequently forgotten — were strengthened by the still unratified Nine Power Treaty of Washington in 1922. But the recent record of realities in the Far East shows how fundamental and irreconcilable is the conflict there between the policy of equal opportunity for all without sequestration and the persistent practice of sequestration in order to gain exclusive, or at least preferential, opportunity.

III

The indubitable record is that the Japanese Empire has risen to its present status, in the main, through its three decennial wars of 1894, 1904, and 1914, whereby it first completed its hold on the insular barrier to North-eastern Asia, from Kamchatka to Formosa, and then began its expansion on to the continent by taking the Liaotung Peninsula from Russia, and by absorbing the ancient realm of Korea — whose independence and territorial integrity it had solemnly guaranteed less than six years before absorbing it.

Just before the Japanese Empire attempted to monopolize Fukien, Shantung, Manchuria, and Inner Mongolia, and to turn China virtually into a vassal state by the Twenty-one Demands of 1915, the Japanese Premier, Count Okuma, is reported to have said: 'Those who are superior will govern those who are inferior. I believe that within two or three

centuries the world will have a few great governing countries and others will be governed by them, will pay homage to the mighty. In other words, about four or five great countries . . . will be developed, and the other countries will be attached to these great ones. For instance, England, Russia, Germany, and France may be such countries. We [Japanese] should from now on prepare ourselves to become a governing nation.'

As Count Okuma was guiding the policy of the Japanese Empire at the time he made this statement, it would seem reasonable to consider it as an authoritative index of the outlook and purpose of the Japanese Government less than ten years ago.

It has been said, however, that the recent Japanese withdrawal from Shantung was because of a general rectification of policy — induced by diplomatic pressure at the Washington Conference. But in informed circles in the Far East it is known that the boycott the Chinese maintained in many provinces against the trade of the Japanese, so long as the latter held the sacred province of Shantung, was costing the Japanese far more than they could afford or could expect to make out of Shantung alone.

So they withdrew from it in order to regain their trade elsewhere; and — highly important with Orientals — 'saved face' by alleging that their withdrawal was because of a change of heart, induced by what the public has been led to believe was the altruistic atmosphere of the Washington Conference.

Similarly, the withdrawal of the Japanese from their protracted excursion in Siberia has been advanced as another evidence of voluntary abandonment of their practice of extending their sphere of exclusive control over territory belonging to others.

But again the best informed people in the Far East point to the fact that this excursion, though it yielded little, cost the Japanese Government over a billion yen, and that it was seen that a continuance of such a great drain on the Treasury would be a less effective expenditure at the moment than to increase the classes of naval auxiliary vessels unlimited by the Washington Conference.

The case of Northern Saghalien is not cited as showing that the Japanese have embarked upon a policy of restitution of the territories they have seized from others; for they are still firmly entrenched there. But it would not be surprising to have them trade it back to Russia, as it is more than rumored that they have been bitterly disappointed in their expectations of finding there a good supply of fuel oil for their navy.

Nor is the case of Manchuria cited as a reversal of their practice of securing control of the territories of their neighbors; for the Japanese have repelled, with a great show of indignation, the Chinese suggestion of last year that they vacate Manchuria; and, as is well known in the Far East, they are in active process of consolidating their control over it with the aid of its ex-bandit chief, Chang Tso-lin.

In short, the record shows that, since professing accord with the Open Door Doctrine in 1900, the Japanese have not hesitated to sequester the territories and to monopolize the resources of their neighbors in accordance with the militant tenets of Prussian imperialism — except when the direct or indirect costs of so doing have proved to be unwarrantably heavy.

In considering this record, however, we should recognize frankly that such practices were in accord with those common throughout most parts of the world from time immemorial until

very recently, and that such practices have not yet been banished from regions other than the Far East.

Furthermore, we should recognize that it has been principally by such traditional and common practices that the Japanese Empire has been raised from relative insignificance in the world of only thirty years ago to its present stature. Though the reverse of ideal, such methods have been proven pre-eminently practical and profitable to the Japanese. So the Japanese should not be expected to abandon them lightly.

IV

Comprehensive appreciation of the Japanese record, of which it has been possible here only to refer to some of the more salient incidents, gave particular point to the very tense situation that was under the sunny surface of the Orient during the summer of 1923 — a situation that, providentially, was relieved, for the moment, by the appalling Japanese earthquake of the first of September.

As has been suggested above, in the winter of 1923 there was such a marked development of liberalism in Japanese industrial centres that it threatened to get beyond the control even of the Japanese police. Being thus seized with what has been aptly described as an acute attack of 'internal indigestion,' the Japanese Government naturally sought the corrective of 'external exercise.' That is, it sought to create a seemly opportunity for external activity of a promising nature, upon which the attention of the patriotic Japanese public could be focused to the neglect of liberalism — and in order that, in the heat of foreign warlike measures, irreconcilable liberals might be dealt with conclusively by measures more drastic than could be used in times of peace.

In view of the factional strife in China and the disorganization and virtual impotence of the Government at Peking, the simplest procedure would have been to fling some sort of ultimatum, such as the Twenty-one Demands of 1915, before that distraught body, and launch an expeditionary force to carry it out. But memories of how the Chinese boycott over the occupation of Shantung had turned much Japanese trade with China into British and American channels indicated how vast would be the indirect costs of such a procedure. And besides, such crude methods would have belied the rectified rôle the Japanese Empire desires the world to believe it has adopted since having been promoted to the exalted position of one of the four principal Powers in the League of Nations by the 'Big Four' at the Paris Peace Conference.

But if, on the other hand, a situation could be developed in which the United States and the principal European Powers would take the initiative in insisting on an international intervention in force in China, then the occasion would be ideal—from the Japanese point of view. To proposals for such an intervention, the Japanese could object at first, thereby establishing the record not only that the original suggestion for intervention did not come from them, but that, in the interest of peace, they were opposed to intervention.

Yet, if the Americans and Europeans should continue to insist on an international intervention, then, against its officially stated inclinations, it would become incumbent upon the Japanese Empire, as a principal Power, claiming paramount local interests, regretfully to contribute a contingent to the international force aimed at intervention in China.

Such a situation would have been

substantially similar to the international intervention inaugurated in 1918 in Siberia, to which the Japanese were supposed to send not over 7000 troops but to which they insisted on sending far more than all the other contingents combined, and a commanding officer who outranked all others present and who, consequently, took supreme command.

If such a situation had arisen in China, it would have amounted, de facto, to a Japanese intervention, but one brought about by American and European initiative and against the officially recorded protests of the Japanese authorities. So the responsibility and stigma would have been upon us and not upon the Japanese. Yet such an intervention, in which the Japanese surely would have had preponderant forces and the supreme command, could have been developed to serve as the external exercise required to correct the attack of internal indigestion from which the Japanese realm was suffering as a result of liberalism; and such a move would have been especially effective internally if it could have been made through Shantung—to withdrawal from which many Japanese have never been reconciled.

But the initially essential item of an adequate reason why the United States and the European Powers should intervene in force in China was lacking.

It will be recalled that, early in May, a large body of Chinese brigands derailed and held up the 'Blue Express' from Shanghai to Peking near Lin-Cheng, taking from it a score of prominent Americans and Europeans, some of whom were held in captivity about a month. And it may be recalled also that, a few days after this outrage occurred, the American and the British chambers of commerce in Shanghai—with more energy than insight—severally petitioned the American De-

partment of State and the British Foreign Office to intervene in force and to rescue our captive nationals — or their remains.

It was of very great interest to the present writer, on arriving in China early in July, to learn from several authoritative sources — Americans who had made it their particular business to find out — that the Lin-Cheng train banditry had been organized by agents of a certain eminent Chinese, opposed to the Government at Peking; and that he had organized it on behalf of the Japanese with whom he is associated in other matters.

The plan, of which almost all vital details had been uncovered by July, had been double in its purpose. Politically, it aimed to create such a situation that the United States and the European Powers would insist on intervention in force. Thereupon, after objecting *pro forma*, the Japanese would have joined in preponderant force and the resulting invasion of China — upon our expected initiative — would have given the Japanese the 'external exercise' they deemed necessary to correct the 'internal indigestion' that liberalism was causing at home; and this without their seeming to have been responsible for having brought it all about.

'For strategic reasons' it was planned that the Japanese contingent was to have entered through Shantung, putting that province firmly back in Japanese hands — but on our initiative. There was more, however, to the strategic purpose of the plan than that. For by throwing a Japanese force 'against the brigands' north of Kiansu, Anhwei, and Honan provinces, military support essential to the Peking government from those provinces would have been cut off.

And thereupon Chang Tso-lin's forces in Manchuria would have be-

come preponderant and he could have moved confidently against the Chinese capital with what, beyond doubt, would have been exceedingly serious consequences to China.

It was a cleverly conceived plan that promised to satisfy the particular aims of its several Oriental participants. But it was inadequately inaugurated, for we did not rise to the bait and intervene. Also, it was inadequately guarded, for we uncovered it. And meanwhile the pains the Japanese authorities were suffering, due to liberalism in their body politic, instead of being relieved were growing more acute.

V

A careful investigation, made during May and June in the Japanese industrial centres, revealed that the Japanese liberals were so elated over the spread of their doctrines that they were planning a great demonstration, to occur about the first of November, which they hoped would develop into an open revolt against some phases of the Imperial Government.

In July we had for consideration, therefore, the following known items: During the previous winter a comparatively moderate outbreak of liberalism had so disturbed the Japanese authorities that they had gone to the length of inciting the Lin-Cheng banditry outrage so as to create, under the guise of an international intervention, an opportunity for external activity that would enable them to correct their internal ills. The plan had failed to develop.

But liberalism had continued to grow — even to the extreme of planning a revolt for the late autumn. It seemed impossible to avoid the conclusion that, before November, and in order to head off the revolt the liberals were known to be planning, the

Japanese authorities would make some external *démarche* more daring, if need be, than the Lin-Cheng episode.

Indeed that was the conclusion usually reached when, during July and August, this situation was discussed all along the coast down to Java, with some of the people most experienced in estimating such matters; and several emphasized particularly their belief that while a Japanese excursion onto the continent before November seemed inevitable, yet such a move would be counter to the policy the Japanese Government seems to wish to follow at present, and would be made only because the Japanese authorities were being driven to it in order to retain control over conditions at home.

Here it should be realized — as it was realized especially in responsible American circles in the Far East — that if the Japanese had made such a warlike move as seemed to be impending last summer, their action would have presented the United States with a very serious problem and with a unique responsibility. The antagonisms of the European Powers among themselves in Europe, and their commitments in the Near East, in Africa, and in the Middle East were such as virtually to immobilize their forces in those regions and to prevent their playing a part of any considerable effect in the Far East. Consequently, on the United States would have fallen virtually the undivided responsibility of deciding whether merely to file a paper protest and practically to acquiesce by inaction to whatever the Japanese might set out to do — or to endeavor to halt them by a threat of force if need be.

But we knew, and presumably the Japanese knew, that such a threat would have been quite empty. For the rigid economy that we — who least of the great Powers need do so — have

been practising in our naval expenditures has so impaired the efficiency and capacity of our navy as to make it, for the moment, totally incapable of acting effectively in such a situation in time to stop its materialization. In other words, we have deprived ourselves of the force that would be necessary to maintain peace and equity.

It so happened that the broader bearings and possible developments of this entire situation were discussed at great length on the afternoon of the first of September with a particularly well informed group of men. At that very moment, however, the great earthquake had just occurred and Tokyo and Yokohama were in flames — which, as was said after the appalling news came, 'solved the situation for the moment, but only for the moment.'

It may be recalled that the Japanese authorities issued a statement, soon after the earthquake, in which it was alleged that the pillaging that naturally ensued was being done by Koreans previously employed as laborers in the devastated region; that these Koreans had started many of the fires that sprang up naturally among most of the demolished houses immediately after the earthquake; and that they, together with radicals, were organizing an attempt on the Imperial Government.

To this appeal Japanese of all classes responded instantly and virtually to a man. For it focused the patriotism of the public against an alien, and recently subjugated, race now alleged to be attempting to take a quite understandable revenge in the hour of Japanese calamity. According to boasts heard from Japanese — before they realized the un wisdom of such boasts — about fifteen hundred unfortunate Koreans, as well as some Japanese radicals, were slaughtered out of hand

by the Japanese soldiers, police, and populace.

Thus the appalling earthquake disaster was very cleverly used by the Japanese authorities to create a racially external issue, in order to get their own internal situation in hand by directing public emotion against lowly aliens defenseless in their midst.

One would think that the internal effects of the earthquake, on the one hand, and the fact that the Chinese were among the very first to rush aid to the Japanese, on the other, would have ended Japanese activities in and against China for a while.

Word comes, however, that even since the earthquake, the Japanese, indirectly, have been urging that an international police-control over the Chinese railroads is essential to public safety — because of bandits, forsooth! But they are avoiding any appearance of initiating this suggestion; and it is understood that they would refuse, at first, to join in any international police plan, thus proving their aversion to such a move by the Powers.

Nevertheless, if the Powers actually were to inaugurate such a police control over the Chinese railroads, there can be no doubt but what Japanese interests would call for Japanese participation in it; and Japanese facilities on the spot would result in the international control being dominated by the Japanese. So the net result of this move that the Japanese are trying to bring about by indirect means would be the control of the Chinese railroads by the Japanese authorities.

This move since the earthquake reveals an attempt to obtain by indirect means, through the Powers, some of the ends more openly sought, but not attained, by the Twenty-one Demands of 1915. But more, perhaps, than anything else, it shows that, while the appalling earthquake disaster

solved the very tense situation in the Orient for the moment, it solved it only for the moment, because it has not diverted the Japanese from their purposes and practices.

VI

While the matters just outlined were of immediate moment last summer, they also threw light on a broader subject that was discussed in every centre from Peking to Java — a subject of much greater ultimate meaning in international grand strategy.

As is well known, within the Japanese bureaucracy two quite different plans have been contending for preference. What might be called the Japanese Territorialist Plan is sponsored by the Chosu clan that predominates in the army. Naturally this is reminiscent of Prussian thought in its desire to spread direct military, political, and economic control progressively over adjacent parts of the continent of Asia as extensively as possible so that the Japanese of the future may live, in the main, on their economic exploitation of China and of the Chinese.

The development of such a plan, of which we have witnessed the first stages, with its conquests of territories, its overthrowing of governments, and its political and economic enslavement of peoples, is so noisy and obvious as to arouse extensive interest. But its scope ashore is limited by the ability to extend, and the capacity to maintain, police control by means of overland communications; it is likely to be very costly in more ways than can be anticipated — as both the Germans and the Japanese have discovered; and, in itself, it is not as likely to have as world-wide effects of great importance as would a procedure involving extensive maritime operations.

In contrast to this Territorialist Plan is what might be called the Japanese Maritime Plan that is supported by the naval Satzuma clan. This springs from an appreciation of Mahan's doctrines to the effect that the ability to conduct extensive communications by sea one's self, and the power to deny adequate communications by sea to one's opponent has been a most potent and far-reaching factor in the history of peoples — and this because such control over communications by sea gives preferential access to overseas lands, and to their human and material resources, while enabling one to minimize such access to one's opponent in peace and virtually to deny it to him in war.

Mention was made above of the fact that the Japanese Empire 'first completed its hold on the insular barrier to Northeastern Asia from Kamchatka to Formosa.' More specifically, in one way or another, the Japanese have acquired during the last fifty years the Loochoo Islands, the Kurile Islands, the Bonin Islands, Saghalien, Formosa, the Pescadores, the Mariana Islands (except Guam), the Pellew Islands, the Caroline Islands, and the Marshall Islands.

The result is that now, apart from the Aleutian Islands, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, northern Borneo, a few small and scattered American or British islands, and the coastal islands, all the islands of the Pacific north of the equator are in the hands of the Japanese.

One effect of this is that submarines or airplanes, based on islands remote from Japan proper, could seriously impede the advance of an enemy force toward Japanese home waters. Another is that the control of the entire insular barrier to Northeastern Asia makes it possible for the Japanese navy to isolate that region from direct over-

seas communication and to deny commercial access to it from the sea except by a naval force based near enough effectively to break through the barrier and to hold open the breach made.

So when some talk easily of throwing this or that force into China, say, against brigands, it does not seem that they have given due consideration to the control the Japanese might exercise over such operations because of their naval control over the northern part of the insular barrier that lays across the lines of communication to northern China and Siberia.

It was interesting to find that such effects of the control the Japanese Empire already has over the islands of the North Pacific; and over the northern part of the great insular barrier that extends virtually down to New Zealand and into the Indian Ocean, are realized as a matter of course among those in the Far East who are conversant with the elements of international grand strategy and with its Far Eastern factors.

But it was far more interesting to find that the American, the British, and the Dutch circles there concerned with such matters had each arrived separately at further deductions that are so similar to each other as to vary only in minute details.

The substance of all of these three sets of deductions is that the purpose of the Japanese Maritime Plan is to extend Japanese control progressively along the insular barrier down to its southern terminal and around to the Indian Ocean. And it was interesting to find how certain recent Japanese activities in the American Philippines, in British Malaya, and in the Netherlands East Indies have confirmed these deductions.

It was as though three people had been given a formula from which each

separately had plotted a similar projection of a curve, and that, on top of their projections checking each other, supplemental data had come to hand from three separate sources, which data had confirmed all three projections.

A glance at a map should suffice to show that the retention of the Philippines by the United States is the present outstanding obstacle to the Japanese extending progressively their control along the insular barrier. But if Filipino politicians were free merely to grant to the Japanese a certain naval-base site in the southern Philippines, — as there are reasons for believing some would be glad to do, — then the remainder of the task ahead of the Japanese would be easy in comparison to its present difficulties. And this for the simple yet all important reason that the United States, should we so desire, could focus adequate force to stop the Japanese at the Philippines; whereas the British, for politico-naval reasons that are too complex to be outlined here, could not focus adequate force at Singapore to stop the Japanese there if the latter were based on the Philippines and had a secure line of support to such a base.

The conclusion from this situation is that, in deciding on the future of the Philippines, we are likely to be deciding on the future of the Netherlands East Indies and of Australasia — to say nothing of the future of India, of Malaya, of China, and of all for which our civilization may stand in the Orient.

In short, the American, the British, and the Dutch circles concerned with matters of international grand strategy in the Far East recognize explicitly that the guard the United States mounts at the Philippines is essential to the security of Australasia and to whatever measure of peace may be maintained 'east of Suez.'

On the other hand, it is recognized in such circles as beyond question that, if the Japanese could secure merely an appropriate naval-base site in an 'Independent Republic of the Philippines,' they would be able to isolate Eastern Asia from commercial or political or military relations with or support from either Europe or America.

Consequently, the Japanese could set aside that vast region as their own economic preserve, without the trouble of having to police it, by securing merely control over the sea lines of communication to it, in accordance with only a partial development of the more extensive Maritime Plan that the naval Satzuma clan are known to be urging; and by so doing they would reap the bulk of the benefits while avoiding all the turmoil and costs necessarily incident to the Territorialist Plan of the army Chosu clan for the progressive conquest of Eastern Asia.

From this it should be obvious why, on the one hand, the Japanese are not pushing forward into continental Asia as extensively as they might while, on the other hand, they are doing everything in their power, indirectly, to bring about Philippine independence.

VII

The foregoing outline of some of the more important realities that confront responsible people in the Far East may suggest a possible reason why the foreign policy of the United States, during most of 1923, seemed to avoid with particular care any transatlantic undertaking that might impair our capacity to act as we might think best in any transpacific crisis. Indeed, color is given to such a surmise by our Secretary of State having suggested, in December of 1922, that we participate in an attempt to solve the problem of German Reparations; but that

thereafter, so far as is known, the matter was allowed to rest until over a month after the Japanese earthquake — by which time it had become clear in the United States that that horrible cataclysm had relieved the tense situation of last summer in the Far East for the moment.

But the principal purpose of giving here this outline of Far Eastern matters has been to bring out the way in which the persistent practices and apparent purposes of the Japanese Empire are diametrically opposed to the comparatively new world policy for which the United States stands: namely, equality of opportunity for all without sequestration.

Equality of opportunity without sequestration is, and must remain, irreconcilable with sequestration designed to gain preferential or exclusive opportunity. This irreconcilability between the policy of the United States and the practices of the Japanese Empire would be sufficient cause in itself for the known attitude of distrust and antagonism that Japanese authorities maintain toward the United States under a surface of official amenities. But there is more to this situation than a clash between policy and practice.

On our side, we are becoming more and more dependent on selling overseas our surplus products in order to maintain and advance our standard of living. And since 1900 our transpacific trade has increased over a hundredfold: so that now it is nearly a quarter of our total overseas trade, although, as yet, we have little more than sampled the transpacific market.

On the side of the Japanese, we should recognize that their sequestration and monopolistic practices have been vastly profitable to them, and have been in general accord with the traditional procedure followed from time immemorial by virtually all needy

peoples capable of so doing. Their apparent purpose to build a great maritime empire that would enfold Eastern Asia and would command the Pacific holds out to them a brilliant promise of making secure their future as one of the very greatest Powers the world has seen.

It is merely an intelligent application to the geography and other circumstances of Asia and of the Pacific of those procedures whereby capable peoples, throughout the ages, have built empires for themselves — witness the evolution of the British Empire in the last three and a quarter centuries only, or the conquest by the Third French Republic of over five million square miles of new territory since 1875, although, before that date, less than half a million square miles in all were under the French flag.

The Japanese see for themselves, as the reward of astute persistence, a future empire that shall enfold Eastern Asia and command the Pacific — if they can parry interference from the United States and from Russia when that drugged giant shall have returned to potency. But we, on the other hand, see that such a future Japanese Empire would debar us from Asia and could menace our future security.

In this antagonism between interests, between Japanese practice and American policy, there is, however, much more than a material issue. For there is at stake a possible step for us to take toward the effective substitution of equity for force.

It would be interesting to speculate as to how much less war-ridden the past would have been had our comparatively recent Open Door Doctrine of equality of opportunity for all without sequestration been propounded and put into general practice centuries ago by others. It is far more important, however, to recognize the very great

extent to which real adherence to this doctrine by all Powers, from now on, would tend to remove one of the great incentives to wars in the future.

Beyond question the greatest obstacle to real adherence by all to the doctrine of equality of opportunity without sequestration is that some Powers — not to say most — believe that their own interests will be better served if they seek to sequester and to monopolize such opportunities as may come within their reach. As Thayer pointed out in his *Life of John Hay*, some have been shamed into professions to the contrary. But precept and example have failed to deter them from such practices.

More specifically, the evident intention of the Japanese Empire to continue practices that have proved so vastly profitable and are so very promising would seem to confront us with the necessity of choosing between the following courses: —

We should be prepared to offer the Japanese, in convincing terms, a prospect even more profitable than their vision of empire if they will abandon their practices and really adhere to our policy instead of merely professing to do so.

Or we should be prepared — also in

convincing terms — to make their continuance of their practices unprofitable to them.

Or, regardless of our own ultimate interests, we should abandon our half-hearted attempt by our policy to substitute equality of opportunity, equity, and peace for the immemorial procedure of war, sequestration, and subjugation for gain.

It does not appear possible to offer the Japanese convincing prospects of greater profit than they see for themselves through persisting in their usual practices. But it would be possible to make it imminently unprofitable to them to continue their practices of sequestration and monopoly; and this in terms that would carry conviction to them: namely, a navy capable of supporting our policy and our interests in the Far East — a navy within the Naval Limitation Treaty in every specified respect and fully up to the 'treaty ratios' in every essential respect.

In short, realities in the Far East seem to confront us with the necessity of choosing between the maintenance of a force adequate to stop flagrant and dangerous inequity there, or our abandonment of our attempt to substitute equity for force.

THE PROLETARIAT IN POWER

BY CHARLES F. G. MASTERMAN

I

THE Government of the Proletariat has arrived. It has caused, in the announcement of its personnel, some astonishment and some tranquillity. Anything less like the 'proletariat' as imagined in the nightmares of wealthy men could scarcely be conceived. It calls itself sometimes a 'Labor' Government, and sometimes a 'Socialist' Government; but it seems to consist in the main of Labor men who repudiate Socialism and of Socialists who have no claim to speak for Labor. For more than a week I listened to the prophecies of 'red ruin and the breaking up of laws' from the Conservative side in the House of Commons, and to the defiant assertions on the other, that the poor and those who had direct knowledge of the poor were at last coming into their own. Meanwhile, the newspapers outside indulged in a frantic dance of exultation, or almost hysterical alarm, at what would result if this new party came into office, although, from the nature of the division of the House of Commons into three nearly equal parties, it could not — of necessity — come into power.

One class of speakers pictured a rising from the slums; quoted the ferocious attacks on all who lived on rent or investments as 'bloodsuckers' and 'parasites'; on the lawyers with great practices as 'thieves.' There was the vision of lean hands and thin-lipped fanatic faces destroying the 'Capitalistic' system and replacing it by the 'Socialist'

State. On the other hand, those who had indulged in this queer claptrap on the platform announced that the rule of the rich and the lawyers was over, that for the first time those who had intimate and personal knowledge of the life of the poor were coming into their own, and that the domination of the landlord and the private capitalist and the inheritor of fortune and the bourgeoisie had closed forever.

It was in such circumstance and amid such argument that the Government, which had plumped for Protection and lost, was thrown out; and it was with the hopes or fears excited by such oratory that the country awaited a new Government in power.

To paraphrase one famous line of Clough: If hopes were dupes, fears have proved to be liars. In the new Cabinet which has been formed, the 'bloodsuckers' and the 'parasites' are substantially in the majority. One looks in vain, either with disappointment or satisfaction, for the men who have lived for twenty years in slum or garret. The Proletariat Government, with whose advent comfortable, wealthy, and middle-class people have scared their children, and who are supposed to be committed to the overthrow of society, is the most curious Government recently formed in this country. It consists in part of prosperous Trades-Union Secretaries, many of whom for many years have supplemented their Trades-Union salaries by the earning of

considerable sums of money for articles contributed, under their own names, to the great 'Capitalistic' newspapers. It consists in the main of men of wealth, and of others living in comfort in that middle class which Socialism has always denounced. It consists largely also of men who were sometimes claimed as converts and sometimes stigmatized as renegades, recruited from the two great historic parties of the past. There is no particular reason why it should call itself a Labor or a Socialist Government. It might equally well call itself a Government labeled either Conservative or Liberal.

II

To go into more detail, one may examine individuals. The Cabinet consists of twenty of them. The Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, a clever parliamentarian and a man respected by all alike, is the pivot upon which rests the whole machine. It is quite obvious that, if he had to retire for health or any other reason, the machine would fall hopelessly to pieces. He is a Highlander from Scotland who has never known the meaning of poverty since nearly thirty years ago, when he married (in a union which was a real romance), a lady of substantial fortune. He has lived the life of the cultured classes, with a town house and two country houses, with a substantial library, and capacity for unlimited entertainment and travel, and many other of the enjoyments of existence denied to the less fortunate. The Lord Chancellor, who occupies the second most important position, is Lord Haldane, an ex-Liberal Chancellor, who has never forgiven the Liberals for dropping him in the Coalition of 1915. He acquired an immense fortune at the Chancery Bar, and is a great society entertainer, providing perhaps the most

elaborate food, the choicest wines, and the largest cigars, of any host of the West End of London. Lord Parmoor, again, is a convert — or renegade — from the Conservative party. In nearly ten years in which I was a Member of the Liberal Reforming Government in the House of Commons, he used to oppose almost every measure which we were trying to pass for the social welfare of the people. And what was worse than opposition — he used to speak on every subject for at least two hours. Lord Chelmsford, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, an ex-Viceroy of India, who did not particularly impress the Government of that difficult continent by insight or ability, has never declared for Socialism of any kind in the whole course of his career; and has probably never been familiar with the life of the workingman. Mr. Noel Buxton, — a recruit also from Liberalism, — the Minister of Agriculture, inherits a great fortune from one of the most famous brewing firms in London. Mr. Charles Trevelyan, a former humble Liberal Under-Secretary, now head of the Education Department, is the son of Sir George Trevelyan, the famous historian of the American War of Independence, and will be the inheritor of a fortune of many hundreds of thousands of pounds partly derived from rents, partly from cotton-spinning, and partly through his wife, the daughter of Sir Hugh Bell, one of England's greatest iron 'capitalists.' He seems to come lamentably under the claptrap definition of the Glasgow Reds as a bloodsucker and parasite. The Secretary for Air, Brigadier General Thomson, an efficient soldier and member of the Staff College, who will no doubt do his work well, has also, so far as I know, no direct knowledge of the life of the poor, nor has he ever publicly accepted the Socialist position as an economic ideal.

Perhaps the most curious appointment is that of Colonel Josiah Wedgwood as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster — a position I once held in a Liberal Cabinet. Coming of a famous family in the Potteries, which had built up a great and historic reputation and a great and legitimate fortune from the Wedgwood ware, and having shown extraordinary gallantry in Gallipoli — where he was wounded — and in East Africa during the Great War, he is deservedly one of the most popular Members of Parliament. But he is in the very fibre of his being an anarchist, hating state and all other control, and the chief apostle in this country of the single-tax system of Henry George — which is, of course, the antithesis of Socialism. The only man who could claim to be a representative of the Reds is the Minister of Health, Mr. John Wheatley, who has raised himself from humble origin to a comfortable position as a 'capitalist' publisher, and who, after announcing before Christmas that he would oppose Labor ever taking office dependent on Liberal support, has now accepted office in a Labor Cabinet which cannot continue in Parliament for one week without the active and not merely the passive assistance of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons. For if the Liberal Party were merely to abstain in any critical division, the Conservatives, with a majority of something like sixty over Labor, would have no difficulty in turning them out.

If one may classify the Cabinet, therefore, in various groups, he would find, belonging to the wealthy: Lord Parmoor, Lord Haldane, Lord Chelmsford, Mr. Noel Buxton, and Mr. Charles Trevelyan, or one quarter of the whole number. He would find belonging to the comfortable bourgeoisie, who either possess private fortune or have obtained it through their wives:

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Sir Sydney Olivier, Mr. Sidney Webb, — one of the greatest of society's hosts for the last twenty years, — Mr. Philip Snowden, — a journalist of distinction, — and Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, making another quarter. He would find among Members of Trades-Unions who have supplemented their incomes with money obtained from journalism, who live in comfortable houses in middle-class surroundings and have a 'stake in the country': Mr. Clynes, Mr. Henderson (who was for many years a Liberal Agent), Mr. Thomas, Mr. Hartshorn, and Mr. Jowett, making another quarter of this strangely mixed gathering. And of the five remaining in a hopeless minority, you have: Mr. Steven Walsh as Secretary for War, and Mr. Thomas Shaw as Minister of Labor, both representing those Lancashire Trades-Unions which are and always have been essentially Conservative; Mr. Adamson, the Secretary for Scotland, who represents the moderating influence among the Scotch miners, sharply distinguished from such a man as Mr. Smillie who represents the Left Wing and who is not in the Government; Mr. Wheatley, as I have said, a Glasgow 'capitalist' with violent opinions on the platform; and General Thomson, who is not exactly a 'horny-handed son of toil.'

I do not see the pillars of society shaken, or any reason why rich men should not sleep at night, or why the middle classes — who were to be the special victims of Karl Marx and his followers — should feel any trepidation at the coming into office of such a Government as this.

III

An element which was frightening the minds of men was not only that what many regard as the wickedness of spoliation of property might immedi-

ately commence. It was that, even if that 'wickedness' were averted, the eagerness and inexperience of youth might cause the overthrow of society, not so much in definite class-warfare as in sanguine and perhaps violent pressing forward of measures, in the desire of young men for immediate remedy for ancient ills. But this is not a Cabinet of youth. It is a Cabinet of old men and men of advanced middle-age, probably older than the Cabinet which it has displaced. It is encouraging to people like myself, after more than twenty years of political warfare and nearly ten years of office, to realize that if we had been members of this Government we should be to-day almost the youngest of its queerly assorted company. Mr. MacDonald is nearly fifty-eight; Lord Haldane is ten years older; Lord Parmoor is over seventy; Mr. Sidney Webb is sixty-four; Mr. Henderson, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. Stephen Walsh are over sixty; Mr. Adamson is another sexagenarian; and most of the remainder are beyond the half-century of life. I can find only one who appears to be in the 'fortunate forties,' and none younger. This is a Government of aging men, very different from the Cabinet of which I was a Member, and which was so distinguished for reforming zeal — in which, at entrance, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Runciman, Mr. McKenna, Sir John Simon, and myself were all in the early forties or below it, and a man over sixty years of age was a unique and venerable figure, whom we younger and more ardent spirits regarded with the respect due to the weight of his years.

The average age of the new Government is something over fifty-eight: an age normally beyond rash experiment or romantic endeavor. It is probable that the younger Liberals, upon whose support they depend for their existence,

will have to assist in providing the driving force necessary for social reforms.

Something of the same comment can be made concerning the Members of the Government outside the Cabinet. It is true that here, as of necessity among Under-Secretaries, the age is lower. But there is the same quaint combination of Socialist and non-Socialist, of men who have either descended from the heights or climbed from the ranks; and of men of the classes who have been denounced at every street corner by Labor orators, with representatives of the very men who have denounced them. Thus Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is the son of Sir Arthur Ponsonby, who was Secretary to Queen Victoria. He was born in Windsor Castle, was a godson of Queen Victoria, and inherited a substantial fortune, living hospitably in an old monastery converted into one of the most charming country houses in England. Mr. Patrick Hastings, the new Attorney-General, is probably earning the largest income of any of the practising lawyers at the Bar. Mr. Sidney Arnold, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, is a wealthy Manchester stockbroker, who left the Liberal party on the question of a Capital Levy. The Under-Secretary for India is Mr. Richards, a Welsh Professor. The Secretary to the Treasury, Mr. W. Graham, is a distinguished journalist and writer of Edinburgh University. Mr. Slessor, K. C., the Solicitor-General, is a Jew who has become a High Churchman in the Episcopal Church. These are rubbing shoulders with such men and women as Miss Bondfield, for many years a shop assistant, Mr. Ammon, for many years a telegraph messenger and sorter, with Mr. James Stewart, a sixty-year-old Glasgow hairdresser and violent Socialist, and Mr. Lawson, one of ten children of a Cumberland miner, who began work in

the pit at the age of twelve. Perhaps the ablest of this group of lesser officials is Mr. Shinwell, of East London and Glasgow, a Jew who has suffered imprisonment for his opinions, and is now Secretary for Mines. There is a curious combination of men like Major Atlee, Under-Secretary for War, who has a record of distinguished service in Mesopotamia, Gallipoli, and France, and men like Mr. Morgan Jones, Secretary to the Board of Education, who was one of the leaders of the No Conscription Fellowship, who was among the first of the conscientious objectors, who passed through the dreary record of arrest, court-martial, detention, imprisonment, and persecution even after the Armistice, when he was arrested again as a deserter and kept in prison at Aldershot for several months.

Generally one may interpret the test of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's selection as far less one of adhesion to economic Socialism than as a reward for those who assisted in the work of the Union of Democratic Control, in active opposition to the spirit of the people, which maintained a terrific struggle and sacrifice to its victorious close. It was in opposition to such spirit that men like Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Graham forsook the Liberal Party and men like Lord Parmoor the Conservative. And it would be ridiculous to brand such individuals either as possessing the qualification of direct acquaintance with the life of the poor, on the one hand, which would enable them to call themselves 'Labor,' or on the other, with sympathies with the ideas of Mr. Sidney Webb and his supporters, which would enable them to call themselves Socialists.

IV

Another curious and noticeable fact about the new Government is the com-

parative subordination or obligation of Englishmen. England, in population, wealth, and dimensions, bears about the same relation to the British Isles that Prussia does to the remainder of Germany. Yet this Government is almost entirely composed of members of the minority of what is sometimes called the Celtic fringe. Immediately after the general election, enthusiastic Reds from Glasgow announced that if Scottish Home Rule had been granted, the red flag would be triumphantly flying at this moment over Edinburgh Castle. And it is perfectly true that if to-day there were a Scottish Free State and a Welsh Free State, each with a Parliament for its own country, and neither sending representatives to the House of Commons at Westminster, and if the qualification of such representation at Westminster was that each individual member should be a pure-bred Englishman, there would be practically no Labor Party here at all.

Of the Cabinet — Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, of course, is not only a Scottish Highlander, but in appearance and method of thought almost a typical representative of that great and astonishing race. Other Scotsmen include Lord Haldane, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Wheatley, Mr. Adamson, and I think some others of Scottish blood if not of Scottish birth. Mr. Clynes, the new Leader of the House, is the son of an Irish laborer, and Mr. Stephen Walsh is also of Irish descent. Mr. Thomas is a typical Welshman, Mr. Hartshorn is of the same race. Mr. Sidney Webb belongs probably to a more ancient and renowned civilization. Of the twenty Members of its Cabinet less than eight probably, in any case a permanent minority, can claim to be of undiluted English blood. We Englishmen make no complaint at this domination of the races which we once conquered by the sword, and which rule us for our own

good. Nor is this anything peculiar to the new Government, for — so far as I can remember — Mr. Asquith is the only Prime Minister of any party who had any claim to be an Englishman, for the last eighty years. It is interesting, however, to note how much the energy and driving force of any new Labor or Progressive movement comes from Scotsmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, and Jews. How little the great mass of stolid Anglo-Saxons really care for the difficult problems of social organization! How content they are to put up with inequalities and injustices until such inequalities and injustices become intolerable! How much they prefer, in rather happy-go-lucky fashion, to enjoy the simple pleasures of the day — the racecourse, the football field, the cinema entertainment, the happiness of home, rather than in fierce crusade to indulge in the impeachment of those more wealthy or more lucky than themselves, in a sustained effort to overturn present society and build something better upon its ruins.

I have said something of the personnel and the previous career of the members of this strange coalition which is now in office, although representing less than one third of the votes of the House of Commons and considerably less than one quarter of the electorate. In intelligence and experience it certainly compares favorably with its predecessors. For at the end, when Mr. Baldwin and his curious, obscure confederates had managed to get rid of the ablest Conservative parliamentarian in the person of Mr. Austen Chamberlain and the ablest platform speaker in the person of Lord Birkenhead, it was quite obvious that they had nothing left but a rather dismal line of men whose proudest ambition could never — except under such abnormal conditions as prevailed on the break-up of the Coalition — have been legitimately advanced

beyond the standard of an Under-Secretary. In the debate on the King's Speech, at the end of which they were turned out by a Liberal-Labor combination, by a majority of seventy-two, they presented a most pitiful and dismal spectacle: going to the slaughter almost like sheep, with a bleat or a cry but with no real effort to defend their own grotesque strategy or past ignoble record.

I may, of course, be prejudiced; but I can see no particular reason why this present Government should be preferred to a Liberal administration. If the test were to be personal knowledge of the life of the poorest, we should come as triumphantly out of the ordeal as they. For if Mr. MacDonald, for example, was the child of a peasant Highland home, Mr. Lloyd George was reared in the house of a Welsh village cobbler. If Mr. Clynes was the son of an Irish laborer, Dr. Macnamara was the child of an Irish common soldier or private, born in a barracks. And if there are in the new Government men who have studied economics in theory, there are in the Members of the old Liberal Government men who, — if I may be forgiven for boasting, — like myself, have spent most of the best years of their life in voluntary residence in block-dwellings in the slums of great cities, in order to learn and to help the life of the poor.

And if the test be less of that direct experience than one of familiarity and long skillful handling of national and international affairs, the Liberal party is first and the rest are nowhere. Mr. Asquith, Prime Minister for eight consecutive years, in the recent debate once more asserted his acknowledged and unassailable supremacy over all parties in the House of Commons. Mr. Lloyd George was a Minister of the Crown for more than sixteen years, and his name will always be associated, not

only with the winning of the war, but with efforts of courageous and widespread social reform. And one could mention many more: Mr. John Burns, who arose from poverty through his own efforts; Mr. Winston Churchill, with unrivaled powers of oratory; Mr. M'Kenna, who has held almost every high office in the State, and was desired even by the Tories to be their Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir John Simon, who has already refused the Lord Chancellorship and is at least as distinguished a lawyer as any of those now occupying office; besides many lesser lights who could form a Liberal Government of distinction.

The majority at the last election, — of a very few thousands only, — however, put the Labor Party in the position of being second in number in the House of Commons. The Liberals have generously recognized that Constitutional position. And despite all the wild cry of a defeated Conservative party and press that their vote meant Socialism, Bolshevism, and Red Ruin installed in the Executive and Parliamentary Government, they have promised general support to the Administration, in so far as its actual effect of Government is efficient, and in so far as the laws which it introduces are not directly harmful to the credit and social welfare of this little crowded island.

V

There has hitherto been no suggestion advanced as to what this programme is to be. Mr. MacDonald will probably have a difficult task in concentrating so heterogeneous a Cabinet upon any specific and far-reaching change more extreme than that which Liberalism, or a combination of Liberalism and moderate Labor, would itself have introduced, had it been called to power. But parties — and especially

new parties — which enter Government after long periods of opposition are generally very well pleased with themselves. Out of one hundred and ninety supporters he has some sixty whom he can provide with places in the Government itself, and many more who will be candidates for the vast patronage at home and abroad which a Government can exercise. I do not see this particular Labor Government speedily committing political suicide. I think it will be found easily to defy any growlings of those who demand the immediate destruction of the 'capitalistic system' or who have denounced, at every street corner, the wealthy and successful as all criminals.

It is true that these have formed in every constituency the spear-point and driving force of the Labor movement. Some have been inspired by hatred of men more successful than themselves. Others have been inspired by the vision of a great ideal in which poverty and riches will alike disappear, and effort for public service replace the incentive of private gain. These are the men and women who, without any remuneration or reward, in dark days as in bright, in factories and dingy halls and on street corners, have preached a cause with a fiery zeal characteristic less of advocates of political change than of converts to a new religion. How far they will now accept, as a result of their efforts, a Government so largely composed of the wealthy and prosperous, of the aged and the aging, of those who have vested interest in the capitalistic system and have no wish to see it overthrown, remains a question which only time can answer. Four or five of their extremists, at least, have found no difficulty in accepting office in a Government predominantly non-Socialist, and which cannot move hand or foot without support from one of those 'capitalistic' parties, denunciation of

which is the stock jargon of their eloquence. I wonder what my friend Mr. Keir Hardie, who earned in my first years in Parliament the hatred of the House of Commons and the passionate affection of the poor, would have thought of this strange triumph of the 'Proletariat.'

The men who are most trusted by the bulk of the workers and whom they regard with the most conspicuous personal devotion are not to-day found among the new membership of the Government of Labor. Such are, for example, Mr. Smillie, Chairman of the Miners' Federation, who is not only the most transparently sincere but also far the ablest of the working-class leaders with whom I came personally in contact in the work of Government. And Mr. George Lansbury, of Poplar, a well-known Christian Socialist with a character which makes him beloved by all, regardless of his opinion. And Mr. Johnston, the editor of the *Forward* of Glasgow, the most vigorous and alive of all the Socialist papers of England. And Mr. Brailsford, editor of the *New Leader*, the organ of intellectual Socialism, one of the best journalists and most informed European and international minds in England to-day. And there are also other men of the type of Mr. Roden Buxton, who only lost his seat in Lancashire through an unholy combination of Tories and Liberals supporting a glib and undistinguished Welsh 'carpetbagger,' and who has not only devoted all his life, but actually dedicated his complete fortune by trust deed, to the interests of Labor. And men like Mr. Tawney, who passed from Oxford to live in East London among the very poorest, and whose published works have proved an inspiration here—and, I think, in America—to those who are seeking a new way of life and a day of better

things. And I could name many others whose long years of devoted and impersonal service to a great cause would seem to have earned them a position in the first Labor Government more than the services of such men as Lord Parmoor or Lord Chelmsford or Mr. Patrick Hastings or other somewhat too recent converts to what may have appeared in later years to be the winning side. It may be that such men as these were invited to join the Government and have refused. If they refused from merely personal disinclination for office, while at the same time determining to give their support with enthusiasm to the new Administration, that Government is in no danger. But if the refusal is due in any way to the preponderance of the 'moderate' men and men of great possessions, to distrust of its personnel and policy, or if no offer was made to them at all, because of their divergence from 'moderation,' then I can foresee trouble brewing up for those who are now in power. You will have a new Left movement forming, attracting all the youth and ardor and idealism which secured for Labor its present success; and you will have the present Labor leaders either compelled to join with that Liberal and Radical Party whose programme is in fact indistinguishable from theirs, or being squeezed out, as being in character purely opportunist and in membership on the whole lacking in distinction and conspicuous efficiency in the extraordinarily important work of the daily administration of public affairs.

VI

But I do not wish in this article to intrude into the regions of prophecy. My object has been rather description and explanation. Politics have been defined as the passionate pursuit of the second best. Under the

extraordinary circumstances of English parliamentary life at the present, which repudiates alike the two-party system of America, and the group system of Europe, I am convinced that the 'best' would be either a Liberal Government in power or a Liberal-and-Labor combination with a majority which could probably keep so progressive a union in office for ten or twenty years. But I am quite sure that the 'second best' is the advent of the Labor party. Whatever criticism one may pass on them — or rather, on the too extravagant claims made for them — in a contrast with others which cannot be sustained by reason, they represent a body of men intensely in earnest, many who in childhood have experienced the hardships of the life of the cottage in the little struggle for existence in the great towns of England, and all of whom are inspired by an overwhelming desire for the restoration of the peace of the world. All the obstacles which make for the violation of that peace and which form the shibboleths of a Conservative creed have been entirely brushed aside. There is no more talk of raising barriers against international trade. There is no more talk of throwing into the gutter the League of Nations, whose existence and continuous developing power seems to us on this side of the Atlantic the only hope of relief for the tormented family of mankind. There is no more encouragement of French chauvinism, or desire to start again in another mad competition for armaments, or to keep up the silly quarrel with the Government of Russia, or to emphasize the dissensions and possible causes of trouble be-

tween America and the British Empire. The Prime Minister himself, a man of wide culture and learning, has visited almost every country in the world, and is a familiar friend with most of those who are now charged with the government of human affairs. Even those who are purely raised from the position of Trades-Unionists have — largely in international conferences held in the various capitals of Europe, or at Washington — acquired something of the international mind. An administration which includes among its members an ex-Viceroy of India, whose name is associated with the greatest measure of reform ever voluntarily bestowed by a great Empire upon a subject people, is not likely to embark upon any scheme which will bring that now distracted Empire into ruin and despair. A Government containing so many men of property is not likely to advocate or attempt to put into force at this time either the much advertised Capital Levy, or any other scheme which may destroy credit or may frighten investment from the London money-market. I doubt if its action will prove as sensational as those expect who hail the advent of the first Labor Government in Britain, either as the end of prosperity or as the beginning of the millennium. It will do its work according to its lights, without making any great substantial change in the fabric of society. And it will be fortunate if, at the end of its period of rule, it can boast of as successful a series of measures for the amelioration of the condition of the bulk of the people as has been harvested by former administrations which it is now the fashion to despise.

UNKNOWN AFGHANISTAN

BY ARTHUR MOORE

I

I SUPPOSE that of all the dreams that haunt travelers the fairest is to find an undiscovered country. Even the tourist prides himself above all things on getting off the beaten track. If a man go no farther from his home than to visit the next county he will find pleasure in following some scarce visible footpath through the woods, and in pretending to himself that he is a discoverer, voyaging as he did in childhood into some mysterious unknown land where trees and sky, man and beast, custom, commerce, and food are magical with newness and dowered with the unspeakable power of romance and faëry.

Much virtue lies in the quest. Nearly all civilized men and women pursue it in the measure of their opportunity, whether that opportunity come to them but in a day's travel from their own home, or in the gorgeous dreams they find between the covers of printed books in which Robert Louis Stevenson, or some other literary anæsthetist, has precipitated imagination's powerful drug. But one must count one's self fortunate if, after many journeys undertaken not in the spirit but in the flesh, one reach the end of the quest and find even for a brief space the witchery turned to reality.

All this is by way of prelude to explain the feeling that possessed me some months ago when a quite ordinary Indian coolie handed me a yellow telegram in the frontier city of Peshawar.

The telegram was from the Foreign and Political Department at Simla and said that His Majesty, — for since the Declaration of Independence in 1919 he has been translated from a Highness, — the Amir of Afghanistan, had that day in Kabul signified his pleasure that I should visit his country hitherto hermetically sealed against Europeans. As I looked at the telegram, its sprawling black lines on tawdry paper seemed to me the wispy stuff wherefrom romance is spun.

The opening of Afghanistan had begun a month or two before, when the first diplomats from Moscow and from Simla had arrived at the Court of the Amir. As yet no private person had set foot in Kabul. Moreover, there were no telegraph lines in Afghanistan; but by still more surprising magic the Amir's wishes had reached me. For the British minister had thoughtfully taken up to Kabul with him from India a certain instrument, keyed in tune with another instrument in Simla, and had set up in Kabul town two tall poles connected by wire. By this surprising necromancy the Amir's whisper in Kabul had been heard in Simla and flashed thence to me at Peshawar.

II

Bright and early, a few days later, I left Peshawar in the still cool dawn

and set forth on the northwest road into the unknown in a modern fire chariot, made in America by busy factory workers, christened after the old English county of Essex, and shipped East of Suez to pursue relentlessly its mission of driving camels, mules, and hardy pack-ponies off the roads and tracks that for thousands of years they have made musical with sweet bells and gay with their trappings and blue beads and cunningly embroidered cloth. The road to Afghanistan runs through the Khyber Pass, famous in border song and story, the great gateway that guards at this point the northwest frontier of India, and the narrow channel through which Central Asia has in past time poured its warriors and to-day pours its wares into the plains of Hindustan. The Indian Government, which once found advantage in the impassableness of the Khyber, is now, for reasons best known to itself, building a marvelous railway right through it, up to the threshold of Afghanistan. The line winds along the heights that overhang the road, zigzags from side to side, and is forever vanishing into and reappearing from the blackness of tunnels. Gangs of coolies were laboring on it and from above displaced immense rocks which rolled crashing down the hillside, plunged into the roadway and, by God's grace, missed hitting my car. It emerged safely from the bombardment, slid through Landikhana Camp at the western end of the Pass, and much barbed wire, and drew up short on the sacred frontier of Afghanistan. There are frontiers which travelers can cross without being aware of them, but this is not one of them. Barbed-wire trestles block the road, and on a great board is written in large hypnotic letters, in English: 'It is absolutely forbidden to cross this border into Afghan territory.'

But every rule has an exception. Up came an Afghan and pulled the trestles aside; somebody evidently expected me. One soldier showed himself, jumped on the steps of the car, and signaled for it to move forward. Off we went into Afghanistan, with never a word said about passports. It was a gay spring morning, the snows had all melted from the road, and far away on the left hand Safeed Kuh, or White Mountain, showed its eternally snowy head, towering up some fifteen thousand feet into the shimmering sky. We spun along to Dakka without difficulty. Here I changed my soldier for an officer and set forth again upon a tolerable road for Jalalabad, which lies a hundred and twenty miles beyond the frontier. There I slept the night in a palace which, in winter, is a residence of the Amir, but was now bright with the trappings of spring. The gardens were bursting into blossom and all the trees alive with singing birds.

The evening passed with an interchange of formal calls with the Amir's representatives in Jalalabad, and next morning, early, I set forth for Kabul on a road built apparently upon the Coué principle of every day getting better and better. For miles beyond Jalalabad it runs through shady avenues, but the greatest charm of the road lies in the people upon it and, by good fortune, there were many caravans on the move. The merchants and the merchandise of Central Asia lumbered past me on camels, mules, and ponies. The Bokharans were the brightest of all with their robes of crimson and gold and their little caps slashed into colored stripes. Most of the ladies were swathed in garments that came over their heads, covered their faces as with a mask, save for breathing spaces and eye-holes, and descended to their feet. From Jalalabad

to Kabul the run is about a hundred and twenty miles.

Kabul has some fine houses, lit by electric light, and there is a factory with electric power where a variety of goods, including arms, are made. The names, dates, and factory-marks of European models are carefully copied by artisans who, of course, cannot read a word of European languages. Workers of all sorts in Afghanistan wear long robes and turbans. The Government employs a great deal of labor, which is organized on a military basis. Gangs of workmen are marched to and from their work upon the roads in military formation; the whole country resembles a private feudal estate. The Amir's word alone counts.

The young Amir, Amanullah Khan, is one of the most important factors in the future of Central Asia. His father, the Amir Habibullah, was mysteriously shot dead while he slept in his tent, in March 1919. The murdered king's brother, Nasrullah Khan, who was universally suspected of complicity in the assassination, proclaimed himself Amir and succeeded in forcing the rather weak-minded eldest son to stand aside. But Amanullah Khan, the third son, encouraged by the Queen Mother, Ulya Hazrat, opposed himself to Nasrullah, whom he accused of having murdered his father, and had the advantage of the Pretender that Nasrullah was unwisely at Jalalabad whereas Amanullah was in Kabul, where he placed himself at the head of the troops and took possession of the State Treasury. The troops in Jalalabad promptly followed the example of Kabul, made Nasrullah prisoner, and handed him over to Amanullah. The new Amir now not only stood forth as the avenger of his father's murder, but by public proclamation he commended himself to the people as the champion of national independence.

III

Since Britain's second Afghan War, in 1878, Afghanistan had been a closed country, possessing complete internal independence but carrying on her foreign relations with other countries by means of a British Indian Resident in Kabul who was the representative of the Government of India. No Englishman or any other European was allowed within the borders of the country; but Great Britain undertook the protection of all Afghan subjects and interests in foreign countries. During the World War, however, German and Turkish missions had penetrated the country and had made strenuous endeavors to seduce the late Amir from his neutrality and from his loyalty to his treaty with Great Britain. All such attempts had failed with Habibullah, but they had not failed with his Court or with the Afghan nobles and leaders of opinion. To these it had been successfully represented that no State could be truly independent so long as its foreign relations had to be conducted through another Power and that therefore, in effect, Afghanistan was enslaved by Great Britain for her own purposes. After the Russian revolution this teaching was still more vigorously spread by Russian agents.

The treaty made by Great Britain in 1878, and subsequently renewed by successive Amirs, had been designed solely to put an end to Russian intrigue in Afghanistan against the British position in India. The struggle for influence between the two Powers, Russia and Britain, was continuous and open in Persia, but Russia had secured for herself an exclusive position in the Central Asian khanates of Turkestan, and Great Britain felt it incumbent upon herself to check her diplomatic advance into Afghanistan.

By the Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1907, Russia had finally acquiesced in this arrangement, but the Soviet Government sought to bring it into contempt as a pact between two imperialistic governments and, professing solicitude solely for Afghanistan, urged the repudiation of all alliance with Great Britain.

When Amanullah came to his murdered father's throne, the country was in a state of great agitation. Intrigue and conspiracy were afoot against him in several quarters. He seemed to feel it necessary to take some decisive step which should rally the country to his banner. He wrote a letter to the Viceroy of India in which he announced his own accession and, at the same time, used vague language with regard to Afghanistan's independent position. The letter reached the Viceroy when he had just finished writing his reply to a letter from the 'wicked uncle,' Nasrullah Khan, who had previously written announcing his accession as Amir. In Simla it began to look as if Amirs were coming thick and fast! The Viceroy took six weeks to think things over, and then wrote a polite letter to Amanullah wherein he congratulated him and expressed a hope for the continuance of the same entirely friendly relations as with his late father, and said nothing at all about Afghan independence.

It would perhaps have been well if the Viceroy could have seen his way to explain to the new prince, as was the fact, that at that very moment the Government of India was considering how it could most suitably show its gratitude toward Afghanistan for its loyal and very effective neutrality during the war, despite great pressure and inducement offered to depart from it, and was hesitating whether to show that gratitude by increasing its annual subsidy, or by continuing the old

subsidy without any longer asking in return for it that Afghanistan should conduct its foreign relations through the Indian Foreign Office. Kabul was excited, and the young Amir was driven by political necessity. Without further consideration rash action was precipitated; troops were assembled at the Afghan end of the Khyber Pass; Indian territory was occupied, and without twenty-four hours' warning India and the British Empire, to their intense surprise, suddenly found themselves engaged in the third Afghan War.

The war was soon over. The British marched to Dakka, and when an aeroplane dropped bombs on Kabul the Afghans realized that their action had been precipitate. By the end of the summer a peace was patched up at Missourie, a pleasant Indian hill-station; but it was not till the last days of 1921 that a formal treaty was signed in Kabul between Great Britain and Afghanistan.

IV

Foreign policy is a difficult matter for the new independent State of Afghanistan, and for the young Amir. The old suspicions which Russia and Britain entertain of each other continue alive though soviets have succeeded tsars, and an Indian parliament sits in Delhi. Kabul, like Teheran, is the meeting-ground of the antagonists, and so great is their activity that Lord Curzon lately demanded from Moscow the recall of Mr. Raskolnikoff, the Russian agent in Kabul. Mr. Raskolnikoff, who was once a midshipman in the Tsar's navy, and has the open face of a sailor, tells all the world what he told me in Kabul, that nothing would induce him to intrigue against Great Britain. However that may be, the fact is that the British Government has not believed Mr. Raskolnikoff's protesta-

tions, and, whether he is an intriguer or not, he gets the credit of being one. In international politics the dog with a dog name is best left at home for a space, and Mr. Raskolnikoff has left Kabul.

Then there is the very troublesome Bokharan question. The Amir of Bokhara, a cousin of the Amir of Afghanistan, is a refugee at Kabul and a pensioner of his cousin. The Soviet Republic of Bokhara has a diplomatic minister and a Bokharan legation. The death of Enver Pasha, which took place in a battle in Bokhara, in August of last year, — it has often been denied, but the news is true, — was a setback to the anti-Soviet party; nevertheless, though the resistance of bands is now scattered, plots are continually on foot to expel the Bolsheviki from all the Central Asian khanates, and create a federation of Mussulman States of Turkestan in opposition to Moscow. Much of this plotting inevitably takes place on Afghan soil, and inevitably also the Turkomans seek to induce Afghanistan (and likewise Great Britain) to have part in it. That Afghanistan should put itself at the head of such a federation is continually suggested. So far, however, the Amir has succeeded in keeping himself clear of all these complications. His diplomatic corps is lengthening. In addition to the countries already named, France, Italy, China, and Persia have ministers at his Court, and Mr. Engert, lately American chargé-d'affaires in Teheran, has been to Kabul to make a preliminary report to the State Department on the subject of trade openings and diplomatic relations.

The Amir, at State expense, has sent a hundred Afghan students to European countries, principally France, to study Western science, more particularly mining and mechanical engineering, and mathematical sciences, for

which the Afghans appear to have aptitude. Professor Foucher, the distinguished French authority on Buddhist art, has been given special facilities for archaeological work, and hopes to have the privilege of excavating the wonderful treasures of Balkh, the far-famed but still unknown and mysterious lure that makes glow the thoughts of savants whenever Central Asia is mentioned.

Education in Afghanistan is as yet in an extremely primitive condition. Magic, the mediæval forerunner of science, is still supreme in the highest walks. Chemistry among the Afghans means alchemy, and the search for the philosophers' stone and the elixir of life is unweariedly prosecuted. In neighboring countries there is a legend that the secret is preserved in Afghanistan, and many dervishes follow the example of the Persian in de Gobineau's tale of L'Illustre Magicien, who was tracked by his disciple to a mysterious cavern near Kandahar. I have also met Persian mystics, seeking 'the ancient wisdom,' who told me of their belief that it was still to be found in Afghanistan, though others point to the High Pamir. It is not a little curious that the scientific wheel has come full circle, and that the first Afghan students who have come westward find European savants working hopefully in their laboratories at the old problems of transmutation of metals and the renewal of youth. The modern alchemist talks of disintegrating the atom, and the elixir of life has become 'an internal secretion of the glands'; but *plus cela change, plus c'est la même chose*. And the Afghans are catching the modern way.

Schools are being opened up in considerable numbers, and the education in them is no longer entirely confined to the Koran. Most wonderful of all is the success of a girls' school. At

first all Kabul was aghast at this innovation, and, although education was offered free, few parents were found to send their daughters. Harem ladies had hitherto fulfilled their duties without the dangerous knowledge of letters, and it was not considered either right or proper that Eve should be reminded of that unhappy gift of knowledge which she herself had introduced to man and thereby cost him his Eden. But the Amir did not accept this boycott of progress. The Queen Mother became patroness of the new venture, and royal princesses became pupils. The parents of Kabul reconsidered the question and soon the new girls' school was packed to overflowing with some thousand pupils.

V

At a dinner to which I was invited in the Afghan Foreign Office, I had the pleasure of meeting ministers and many of the official world. Dinner except for certain rice dishes was quite *à la Faranghi*, that is, in the European mode; but considerably more courses were served than are now usual in Europe. We sat in a long verandah open to the starry night, while in the garden a military band clad in tartan trews and a close imitation of British scarlet uniform marched up and down playing stirring music. Most unexpected of all were the Afghan pipers, a fine imitation of the real Scotch article, who made upon the bagpipes the true bloodcurdling sounds that all Scotchmen love and about which most Englishmen are polite. When the late Amir Habibullah visited India in 1907 the glamour of the pipes and the brave scarlet trappings of our military bands caught him. He took back to Kabul pipes, uniforms, and a bandmaster, and the good work has been carried on ever since.

Persian is the language of Kabul, and it was in Persian that we discoursed while the Afghan band played Scotch and Irish airs. Nearer the northwest frontier, Pashtu is the language of the people. The Amir speaks Persian, Turkish, and Pashtu, and it is in the last-named language that he talks with Colonel Humphreys, the minister who represents Great Britain for the first time in Afghanistan.

After dinner we drank tea which I was told came from 'Kitai,' in other words from 'Far Cathay.' Caravans carry it to Kabul across the leagues of Central Asia, through remote Kashgar and Turkestan. Real Eastern music was played after dinner. The musicians sat upon the floor and thrummed it from stringed instruments, bursting at intervals into fierce familiar melancholy-sounding song such as one hears in many parts of Asia. The success of the evening was a long eulogy of Amanullah Khan, the reigning Amir.

Finally I played bridge with Ministers. It was not auction but the older bridge, and had two features to me unusual. The first was that the dealer's partner was not allowed to look at his hand until the dealer had decided whether to declare or to leave it to the partner. To allow the partner the possibility of betraying by his face whether he wishes the declaration left to him or not is considered to be trying human nature too far in Afghanistan. The second feature was that a junior diplomat was detailed to keep the score and stood impassively behind our chairs throughout the game. A human marker at bridge struck me as a very odd and Oriental idea at first, but after all I suppose it is no queerer than to have a living billiard-marker.

We played for 'love.' The outward observances of Islam are strictly kept in Afghanistan. We neither gambled nor did we have wine at dinner.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IS IT PRESUMPTUOUS TO BE A FOREIGN MISSIONARY?

'Do you mean to say you think it is right to go to China to make Baptists out of Buddhists?' This was the question put to me the other day by a new acquaintance with more wit than many. But wherever I go I see the same puzzled expression in the eyes of the people I meet, and find the same very human and friendly effort to understand the workings of my oddly grouped brain-cells.

Now this attitude on the part of my compatriots can but fill me with wonder and hope. It is as if these children of Christian America were saying to me, 'Inasmuch as we recognize our own sins and the sins of our country, how can we dare to point out the shortcomings of the Asiatics?' And it is splendidly inspiring to discover that, although our commonwealth may have many notable irregularities to be deplored, our people is, after all, redeemed by a very becoming modesty. Surely this in itself is a most Christian virtue.

But sometimes my mind is troubled by doubt and a disconcerting analogy keeps coming into my head. I am entering the house of a well-to-do Chinese lady to make a formal call. I have just passed through the inner courtyard where the magnolia tree blossoms, white and glorious, against the graceful gray tilework of the wall. At its feet lie old heaps of decaying vegetable-matter and broken pieces of pottery filled with stagnant water. My hostess is saying to me, 'My house is so dirty and yours is so clean.' Now if I had come to China recently and had not

heard this remark before, I should be much embarrassed to know how to answer it. As it is, I smile politely and reply, 'On the contrary, it is your house which is clean and mine which is positively filthy.' This I do, knowing that a lie is a lie only when it is intended to deceive; and that this whole conversation passes not the least judgment on the relative condition of the two houses *vis-à-vis* to a broom. It is merely a national form of courtesy to decry one's own possessions and praise those of others, regardless of what the actual circumstances happen to be.

The real explanation seems to me to lie in this: that America is presumptuous enough to claim Christianity as its own particular little courtyard, that it shows such an arrogance of possession that it can afford to be modest about its religion. It takes it for granted that missionaries go out to teach a kind of spiritual Americanization to the Chinese.

To me, America is not in any way identical with Christianity. I am an American of the Americans, born in Chicago of New England stock. But with due respect to the 'land of the Pilgrims' pride,' I must say that in all my wanderings on the face of the earth I have never yet met an American whom I could have suspected of the ability to invent the Christian religion. It is not in our line. I had almost said, it is contrary to the nature of our American genius. Not only was the Founder of Christianity an Oriental, but He expressed Himself in the terms which could best be understood by an Oriental audience. That such a religion could have been able to naturalize itself

so thoroughly upon this alien Western shore that our people have begun to feel coy about it, is the most astounding testimony to its universal human appeal.

Sometimes it happens that Chinese living in America become Christians without the mediation of the foreign missionary. Once a young Chinese student in one of our universities, a man of great social position and influence in his native city, where I have been living, wrote home to his family that he had been baptized into the Christian faith and urged them to attend the mission church to learn this doctrine. He could not explain very well by letter how this had come about and it caused considerable surprise among the missionaries.

When I came to America this year I took pains to meet this young man and question him about his experience. 'How is it,' said I, 'that after seeing the social injustice, the religious incongruity, and the moral laxness of America, you are yet able to recommend our religion to your family?'

Answered this Eastern sage: 'After investigating carefully the human conditions in this country, I have discovered that the only force which prevents it from slipping into rapid and unmitigated ruin is the Christian religion which still keeps a strong hold on the people. If therefore even Americans can be inspired by this religion, how much the more will our cultured Chinese be profited thereby?'

That seems to me to be a valid point of view, although not especially self-abasing. I wonder if I may thereafter in common justice be allowed to boast just a little about America? Seeing the evils of our country and having a predisposition to extreme statement, we have all too easily formed the habit of disparaging our own institutions. But have we seriously considered the

boarding-house as an emblem of our national culture? I had never devoted much thought to that prosaic convenience until I happened to mention it one day to a group of Chinese ladies. Immediately they were all attention, plying me with question after question.

'Do you mean that in America a private family can rent furnished rooms to strangers? Don't the boarders carry off the bedding and other fixtures? Don't they steal the goods from the other rooms? Can you allow them to open the front door and come in late at night? Do you say a widow with grown daughters can carry on such an enterprise without the family's losing every vestige of reputation for decency?'

Very suggestive those questions, very indicative of the practical working out of a non-Christian society. It made me glad I came from a land where the humble boarding-house is an unquestioned daily miracle.

Whether America would have been better or worse than China if our ancestors had not become Christians, I cannot say. I rather think — worse. It is possible that a wise Providence left their conversion to the last because they did not need it so badly. And when China has become Christian, as we believe it will, whether it will be better or worse than Christian America, I also cannot say. I rather hope, better.

It is not a matter of making Buddhists into Baptists, or even into Episcopalians, which happens to be my own personal *penchant*. And yet we do both of these things. We cannot teach either religion or arithmetic without a form. The important thing is that we are making these people into disciples of Jesus of Nazareth. And we may well leave it to them — and Him — to work out in due Oriental leisure the final form of the Chinese Christian Church.

WHO IS WHO

'Missy mean well but missy no savvy China custom. Missy talkee bargain — missy throw master's money out of topside window by the handful.'

Thus Chang, fourteen years my husband's servant, put me, the bride of two weeks, in my proper pigeon-hole in China.

Neat, complacent, courteous, self-satisfied, he stands before me with an air of suave reproach. His head is shaven clean in accordance with the new fashion since the disappearance of the queue. His black silk trousers are always bound trigly at the ankle with bands of purple satin. His long white uniform fits snugly and is fastened at the throat and down the left side with tiny covered buttons; the sleeves touch his wrists, the hem the top of his silent velvet shoes.

I stand before him guilty and resentful at heart. I had thought he was out of the house before I summoned the lacemaker. But seemingly I am never to have an orgy of purchasing, undirected and unsupervised. Thoughts enter my mind of running away to a distant street and squandering my cash in a joyous splurge of spending.

'Missy chose which piece she likee. Put all one heap. Merchant-man not drink tea bottomside. I take lace missy want catchee and go talkee bargain.'

I am brought back from my mad dream by the sound of Chang's voice. In a flash of memory I recall the light tap on my study door, the entry of Chang, the exchange of greetings between Chang and the lacemaker, the disappearance of the latter down the back stairs. Suddenly I am hot with rage.

'I have made my bargain,' I say coolly, in my best Chinese.

'What money lacemaker talkee?' queries Chang in broken English.

I know I am beaten. My anger will not outlast his patience. I tell what I have said I will pay. He takes my selection of laces and departs kitchenward. Ten minutes later he returns to tell me that he has saved fifty cents. I put the money away quietly.

Another time it is my husband's shaving-brush I would hide, in return for a trick he has played on me. I wrap it carefully in green paper, tie it with Christmas ribbon, and secrete it in his shoe.

In the usual time he returns from his dressing-room to ask if I am ready to go down to breakfast. I am puzzled. My curiosity gets the better of me.

'How did you get shaved?' I demand.

'Shaved?' He is plainly puzzled.

'But your shaving-brush —'

'My shaving-brush! What is queer about my shaving-brush? It was beside the hot water as usual and did its work very well.'

Just then I open a dressing-table drawer to get more hairpins and discover the green paper beautifully folded, with the Christmas ribbon beside it. My husband denies ever having seen the paper or ribbon. Chang, who looks after my husband's clothes as well as the affairs of the house, is heard moving in the next room.

'What about the paper?' asks my husband.

'Nothing,' I respond; 'I just wondered how it got there when I usually put paper in the box in my study. Absent-minded that time, I suppose.'

Our house is built on an English pattern, large, with many bedrooms. The thought comes that I will convert one sleeping-room into a cozy study; the study I have been using is too huge for comfort. I call Chang and

give my orders. I want the bedroom furniture moved to the storeroom, an old desk and two chairs brought from the third floor, two cases of wedding presents opened, and pictures changed. I would do it all in haste and surprise my husband when he comes to tea.

Chang listens with his usual courtesy and goes downstairs. Five minutes pass, ten minutes pass, fifteen minutes are gone. I go to investigate. On the lower landing of the back stairs I find a meeting of all the servants of my household. I interrupt them.

'Why do you not begin work?'

Chang moves toward me and bows. 'Missy, does our master know that you would make this change?'

I have to acknowledge that he does not. No furniture is moved until he returns home.

Again, it is a warm spring day. I decide to take the motor-car out of the garage and go to meet my husband at his office without the chauffeur. The garage-key is kept hanging on a nail in the kitchen. I go to get it and I am asked if I want Lui to take me out. I answer that I will go alone.

'Missy no can go alone through crowded city streets; missy no savvy way of China people. Lookee very bad all neighbors see official man's wife drive car; missy have got motor-man with plenty uniform.'

Chang takes the key. Persistent effort fails to get the key. In a loyal group the servants cling together—the gardeners, the gateman, the coolies, and even the *amah* who does my mending. Then I order a mechanic, who works at the gasoline pump for the day, to break the lock with his hammer. He owes no loyalty to Chang and his confederates. The hammer is raised. Chang gliding swiftly turns the key in the lock.

I drive the car away, leaving the air behind me thick with disapproval.

Under my husband's office-windows I honk the horn gloriously, noisily, freely. I turn my gaze upward and wait for his astonished face at a window. Hat and stick in hand, ready for departure, he comes through the gates while I crane my neck expectantly.

'Chang telephoned me when you left the house so I am ready,' he says smiling. 'The old boy seemed to fear you would n't get the "fire-wagon" down safely.'

Chang has served fourteen years. I have been married seventeen days. There is nothing I can say.

Another time a gardener leaves us suddenly and must be replaced. A neighbor recommends one. His home is Shantung and not Peking, the birthplace of Chang and his associates. Living in Nanking, the geographical difference means nothing to me. The man is a born gardener and gardening is my hobby. Together we plant, pot, and sow. He likes the touch of the warm brown earth and so do I.

A morning dawns when my gardener is gone. He spoke no English and so I never knew what lay behind his weather-beaten brow. We communicated by gesture. Chang informs me that all Shantung men are worthless. He advises, since I know so little, that he select the next gardener—in fact he has a Peking man waiting in the kitchen all ready.

The Peking gardener proves efficient. His wages are one dollar a month less than the wages of the Shantung man. There is no possible cause for complaint to 'the master.'

Each day since I came to dwell in the house I have gone through the formula of housekeeping. I make out menus and lists of duties. If I order fruit-jelly, Chang gives peach pie, pie with a crust which melts in my mouth; when I suggest lamb with mint sauce, I have beef with delicious Yorkshire

pudding; should I think biscuits, I get rolls, crisp exquisite rolls. The mere mention of beginning to clean the west rooms and progressing to the east causes the method to be reversed, but my house is spotlessly clean.

Three such weeks go by, and then the small matter of a Madeira table-centre when I said Irish crochet drives me to ring a bell furiously. The *amah* answers it and informs me that Chang has gone to market.

The click of a golf-ball as my husband practises strokes in the back garden breaks on my ears. I decide I will go and make a clean breast of the whole affair and discover who is who in the household.

But the way to our back garden lies through a bower of flowers and across a smooth stretch of grass. Dew glistens on poppies as they raise their silken petals to the kiss of the morning sun. Larkspurs are spikes of heaven-sent blue. Old-fashioned pinks are gentle and sweet with perfume. A band of late primrose is pure gold. The first bloom of a rose is a sacred thing. My feet can never be made to pass them swiftly, and I am drugged when the odor of new-cut grass mingles with the incense of flowers.

Nature has her way with me. The sudden knowledge comes that life is too crammed with beauty to hold the pettiness of rankled personal feeling. Roast duck or chicken, clear soup or thick, Madeira or Irish crochet—what does it matter who is who? Life is too wonderful for fussing. //

My husband is accustomed to

Chang. He would yield to my wish and try to make things right if he knew that they were wrong; but I resolve not to disturb things. Chang knows his shirts, his socks, his habits; he has served him well for many years. With my decision comes a sense of triumph. In American slang, 'I have one on the Chink.' He no longer has the power to ruffle me.

I cease to fume and begin to rejoice in house, garden, and service. I congratulate myself after another week that my air of superior indifference to mundane things has brought about a change in Chang, because suddenly my slightest suggestion comes to be carried out exactly.

Months later, when it is all so remote as to be a joke, I tell my husband all about it and end up with the sequence that as soon as I rose above hurt pettiness, Chang recognized my virtue and became my 'servant.'

A slow smile plays amusedly about my husband's mouth. 'It is a very pretty tale, — I don't like to spoil it, — but when did Chang's change of spirit begin?'

I think back.

'The morning of the first day of the month.'

'The morning after I settled all accounts with him and told him you were the holder of the privy purse.'

Perhaps it is because I am a lady of superior temperament, perhaps it is because I am Chancellor of the Exchequer; but, whichever it is, Chang is a diplomat of rare ability. He is my *very worthy houseboy*.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

DISCUSSING our relatives is perhaps the most ancient, certainly the most delicious, form of criticism. **Hilaire Belloc** is sensitive to the contrast between the American and the English 'Social Spirit,' and, as brother-in-law of Gilbert K. Chesterton, he has written his impressions with an acute, often paradoxical, distinction that would seem to be a family trait. **Hans Coudenhove** still keeps his tent in the Nyasaland country. It is nearly twenty years since last he touched the outskirts of civilization—to use a term which he would not admit. **H. H. Powers**, lecturer and publicist, will be remembered for his much-discussed 'A Question for Christians,' which appeared in April of last year. **Mary Webb**, a young Englishwoman, has written this, her first story in the *Atlantic*, about a parish tradition such as is all too scarce in the United States.

* * *

Gamaliel Bradford, analyst of souls, believes that some of us will find much that is familiar in the worshipful attitudes of the great Diarist. **Archibald MacLeish**, recently a Boston lawyer, feels, after the poet's fashion, the New Hampshire winds blowing along the boulevards of Montmartre. ¶Now engaged in the work of the National Research Council at Washington, **Vernon Kellogg** was formerly professor of biology in Leland Stanford Jr. University. **Earnest Elmo Calkins**, by profession a master of the advertising art, continues in this issue the adventures of that small deaf boy who in the *Atlantic* of last July had something to say about his reading. **Olive Tilford Dargan** is a poet and woman of letters who has been a sensitive dweller among the mountain folks of Kentucky and the Carolinas. This is the fifth of her 'Highland Annals.'

* * *

Most opportunely **Marian Storm** makes her *Atlantic* début with an article on oilwells which is both rich and above suspi-

cion. **Claudia Cranston**, once of New York, now of Florence, Madrid, and way stations, is the author of fanciful sketches and unusual, imaginative verse. **Kirsopp Lake** is the Winn professor of ecclesiastical history at Harvard where his interpretation of the Old Testament has become a glowing reality. An anonymous Contributor presents, in all modesty, a true account of that prevalent malady which Langdon Mitchell has so successfully diagnosed. ¶Of the many papers which were stimulated by M. E. B.'s 'Death as a Dream Experience,' none, we believe, has possessed a larger significance than 'What Death Is Like.' Its author, **M. M. G.**, writes us: 'The experience was extraordinarily vivid, but it is well nigh impossible to convey to other minds what must be experienced to be fully realized. It was because I felt the inadequacy of my words, and also because of omissions in the account, that I offered to answer questions if any were put. . . .'

* * *

William Howard Gardiner, well known as a serious and penetrating student of naval problems and foreign affairs, may be suspected in his present paper on the Far East of expressing the stern voice of authority. The Honorable **C. F. G. Masterman** is a scholar, publicist, author, M.P., a former member of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet in 1914-15, and always a Liberal. **Arthur Moore**, correspondent of the London *Times* in the Balkans, in Russia, in Mesopotamia, in Palestine, and in Persia here relates the supreme adventure of finding an undiscovered country.

* * *

Mrs. **Ellen Egryn** gives us a glimpse of that struggle which so many have to face in choosing Mr. Traquair's 'Art of Expression' or Miss Marsden's 'Art of Living.'

Claremont, Cal.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Always I have loved children — babies, tiny babies. Always I wanted babies of my own, not

just one or two, but a dozen or two. At least there was a time (a long, long time ago) when it seemed to me that a dozen children would hardly satisfy me, so much I loved them. When I was married I wanted children. But not right away. For I loved music, too. I was studying and I wanted to study a little longer, get a little farther on before turning my attention to babies.

But the babies did not wait. One after another they came into my life, as fast as babies can come. Five of them. Business reverses came too. And I learned to work as I had never dreamed of working. I cooked and cleaned and ironed and sewed and took care of the babies. I finally learned to wash. I remember that the first time I did my family's washing was one of the proudest, if also one of the tireddest, days of my life. I had admired and rather envied women who could do their own washing if they had to. Now I could. And for a while I had to.

I was not strong and I was not the 'natural-born housekeeper' that many fortunate women are. Everything involved effort. Always I was tired, desperately tired. And it is not too much to say, it is hardly enough to say, that never for one moment, night or day, during those first years, was there absent from my mind the longing to go back to my music, the longing to play. I used almost to wish that I could like music, instead of loving it, that I could enjoy it in a comfortable way, as most people seemed to do, instead of in such an uncomfortable way. I almost hoped that my children would not care for it, that they might escape my conflict.

Always I knew perfectly well that I would not give up my husband and babies for all the music in the world. Wifehood and motherhood were more than I could have dreamed. The coming of our first baby was a revelation, the opening-up of an unimaginable world, both to my husband and to me. But that did not change the fact at all that that part of my nature was unsatisfied and crying always for satisfaction.

I used to think that very likely if I had been a genius, my time and strength would have gone to music first, in spite of everything, and my family would have had to get along with what was left. But I know that I was wrong. Even if I had been a genius, my family would have won in the struggle, music would have lost.

Perhaps this struggle, which is a part of many a mother's life, this longing for something that she cannot have and would not have for the price she would have to pay, perhaps this is part of the stuff that her son's genius is made of.

* * *

Would Mr. Sherman, for all his professional authority, have dared to say this to Cornelia?

Yonkers, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In Professor Sherman's profound analysis of the problem novel, in his 'Conversation with Cornelia,' I am arrested by this statement: 'I find myself in pretty thorough sympathy with the current tendency to revolt against the doctrine of the irrevocable as applied by Goldsmith and certain of the Victorians. The early Georgian principle that virtue, in this connection, means to maintain permanent relations with one who is thoroughly agreeable to you begins to sound like orthodoxy, that to maintain permanent relations with one thoroughly disagreeable is vice.'

This recalls a conversation I had a number of years ago with a friend who had lived a great many years in Latin America, and had worked untiringly for the betterment of conditions among the peon class. I heard everywhere of her work and yet, even on her husband's 'haciendas' and in the villages near I found marriage among these people almost unknown. One day I voiced my concern for the morals of the people to this friend. She smiled and said, 'I felt just as you do when I first came down here. A happy young bride myself, I could n't imagine an unmarried relation between a man and the woman he lived with as being anything but immoral — degenerate.

'So I started in to reform the world about me, beginning with the servants in my own house and the workers on the coffee plantation. I offered to pay all expenses incurred in legalizing and sanctifying the relation between each man and his "woman." I felt like a crusader and my husband was as zealous as his manifold duties would permit him to be.

'The men met my proposal willingly enough, but you can imagine my dismay when I encountered strong opposition from the women! I could n't fathom it, for my limited Spanish and their limited vocabulary made ethical discussions difficult.

'Finally, however, an old woman of more than ordinary education and intelligence — really "une grande dame" in her class, solved the mystery for me. She walked ten miles over mountainous country roads from her village to beg me to confine my missionary activities to securing better teachers for the children and vocational schools for the older girls. These she heartily approved.

"But, Señora, do not make my people think it is wrong to live together without the ceremony of a marriage. So long as a woman *consents* to live with a man, he treats her with respect and is faithful to her, and is considerate of the children. When she *has* to live with him, he abuses her, takes the money she earns, and is not afraid to go openly to another woman. And if the children be-

long to him he hires them out and pockets the wages or even sells them. Oh, don't you see, Señora, we women have more freedom and happiness and our men are better when we are not bound to them — when we can pick up and leave them if they don't behave?"

'And,' added my friend, 'all the old Doña said is true of these people. And,' she laughed, 'I sometimes encounter an attitude toward one's responsibilities among my own friends which almost makes me wonder — Oh no!' she interrupted herself, putting up her hand to shield her from my horrified expression, I suppose, 'I still believe in the institution of marriage!'

M. M. B.

* * *

Philistia, after all, is not an unsocial or unsatisfying place.

Bristol, R. I.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your very mournful February number, with Mogleby's diary and the story of bad dreams, was certainly the place for Mr. Langdon Mitchell to have his say. It is very interesting, but why should Mr. Mitchell take it upon himself to say whether or not others are happy — really enjoy themselves? Why should he assume that because a certain person does *not* enjoy something that means a great deal to him evidently — as the theatre, or poetry — that that person is not able to be happy, or to lead 'that larger, freer, more fruitful life'?

One friend of mine is ninety-one years old. He is the *active* head of a big manufacturing company, which he owns, is a chemist, in his industry, known all over the world, has twice been Governor of his State, served the United States as Consul-General at one of the great European capitals for six years. His recreation is not the theatre, but mathematics; he has been working for the last ten years on an astronomical theory. He is one of the most delightful men I know, able to talk on a wide range of subjects. And certainly no one can say his mathematical recreation is unintellectual!

I come under Mr. Mitchell's heading of commercial traveler. I have had twenty-five years of chemical engineering, pretty well over the Western Hemisphere, and have finally gotten 'back home,' on the business side of my profession. But I do not stand on the street corners; I am most decidedly not discontented; and as for having to kill time, as for being bored — why, I always have many things ahead that I am doing for love of doing them. I don't mind going to the theatre, but can remember just twice in my life going to see the play; all the other times were to be with whoever the other person — occasionally

persons — was. I am very fond of poetry, but hesitate to think of Mr. Mitchell's shudder when I say Longfellow is my favorite, with Chaucer, Whittier, Kipling, and Don Marquis *very* close. I was forced to read one of Shakespeare's plays — I forget which — in school, and I never will read and I never have read another! I am fond of music, but cannot even dance decently, because the time means nothing to me, and I will always remember my one evening at the Boston Symphony, where I sat with my watch in my hat, hoping it would be over. But I read a great deal: history, economics, several novels a year, every issue of the *Atlantic*, *Life*, and the *Literary Digest*. I love to talk about what is going on. These things are recreation. BUT, they all pale into insignificance — I have no dictionary handy, and that does n't look right! — beside my Marblehead twenty-one-footer! My ancestors have sailed the ocean for generations, and the salt water is as near Heaven as I ever hope to get. I would rather sail than eat, but I would about as soon work on a boat as sail her. It is n't the joy of creating, for I have built several plants and while I love that, the feeling is not the same; I can't describe it. But Mr. Mitchell will object — if he should ever see this — that there is nothing intellectual in such a recreation. I wonder how much he knows about mathematics, even the simple redesigning of your sail-plan? I really don't care the snap of my finger for any of his pleasures, but I am thoroughly happy all the time. I can hardly say anything about vulgarity.

One more illustration. My brother is a doctor, and — I, at least, believe — rather above the average. He is as fond of the theatre, music, and poetry as I am. His recreations, outside of social meetings, are purely mechanical. He built a beautiful doll-house for his daughter, and I believe derived more pure joy from the building of it than even she has had from using it. He gets out of inventing and installing automatic control for his oil-burning heater the same pleasure that I get from my boat. He is thoroughly happy, and he never has any time to kill!

PHILIP DE WOLF.

* * *

Mr. E. M. Fergusson sends us this epigram 'as a postscript to Mrs. Adams's tonic plea for "The Will to Love."' It appeared in one of Nolan R. Best's editorials in *The Continent* some years ago: —

Love in man for woman and in woman for man is a gift that the wise bestow where it is deserved, and a debt that the faithful pay where it has been promised.

We do not think the following compliment entirely prejudiced.

Cleveland, Ohio.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It would interest me to know more of Elizabeth C. Adams, whose article — 'The Will to Love' — appeared in the February *Atlantic*. Am I prejudiced, I wonder, by the author's name — when I say I think it the best article of its kind which has yet been published in your columns.

ELIZABETH C. ADAMS.

* * *

M. E. B.'s 'Death Dream' has aroused interest far and near. Operations and nocturnal rabbits were the usual causes ascribed for the subsequent phenomena, although one reader, a lawyer, seems to have been swallowed by the identical tiger. For want of space we must reserve for our own and M. E. B.'s pleasure all but the following.

Schenectady, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR, —

I can parallel M. E. B.'s account of 'Death as a Dream Experience.' I was in a prison death-house about to be electrocuted. The dream began precisely at that point and I cannot say aught as to the crime that I had supposably committed. I had no remorse, no fear of death, no speculation about a hereafter. I was simply waiting to be led out. My state was unaffected by the impending event except for wondering somewhat who would be the witnesses and whether I should recognize any.

Presently the march began. We passed through the 'little green door,' which I had once seen during a visit to Sing Sing Prison, the attendants strapped me into the chair, adjusted the electrodes — and I braced myself for the shock. I had once accidentally come into contact with high-voltage electricity and I knew how horrible the sensation is. But though I waited and waited in a growing anguish of suspense, still the shock did not come. My distress relieved itself in anger that I should be kept in a situation of such agonized uncertainty.

My eyes had been closed; but I opened them in the act of voicing my protest to the sheriff, and though my head had been covered, I found that I could see. My bonds too had become loose and my limbs were free to move. My instant thought was that something had gone wrong with the dynamo and that the officers, unwilling to protract the horror of an interrupted execution, had resolved to return me to my cell. The attendants seemed however to be paying no attention to me and when I rose from the chair, no move was made to hinder.

I walked toward the row of chairs where the witnesses had sat. Standing near them were

several men whom I recognized as friends or acquaintances of former years. I engaged them in conversation, marveling that such liberty was accorded to me. One of these men was W—— L——, a boyhood friend to whom I remarked, 'I suppose they'll be taking me back to my cell directly. Perhaps you can come to see me before they really execute me.' His reply was tinged with a sort of grimness as he said, 'You've got another guess coming. You've been executed.'

From this preposterous assertion I vigorously dissented, but L—— smilingly insisted and added that when *he* had died he had not realized it. 'Hardly any of them do,' he added. I turned toward the electric chair, reasoning in my bewilderment that if he were right I should behold it still supporting the body that had been mine. A glance over my shoulder found my eyes resting not upon that ugly oaken frame nor yet upon the walls of the room that I had lately entered. There was bright sunshine and L—— and I were in the open country. We had not gone there by any act of motion. We simply *were* there. We talked, but I do not remember of what. I was conscious mainly of a great sense of exaltation and relief, and I remember repeating many times those words: 'Just to think of it! Dead! Wonderful!'

This sensation of extreme solace and wonder continued until — without any evident provoking circumstance — I awoke. It was still night, but I realized that I had had an unusual dream and so I forced myself wide awake in order to fix it firmly in memory.

At the date of this occurrence, I had had no news of my friend L—— for many years. Students of the occult would probably find it significant were this chronicle to add that on the morrow I received word that he was dead or that he had indeed died on the very night. The truth is not such, however, for he is still very much alive.

E. A. BALDWIN.

And what an awful Pilgrim's Progress this!

East Orange, N. J.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I dreamed I died. Still in mortal form I immediately set out upon man's last journey to his final home. I at once found myself trudging, alone, up a broad, dusty, slightly ascending road filled with myriads of footprints. After negotiating, in my solitude, about a quarter of a mile of this much traveled thoroughfare, I arrived at its apex, staring at an old two-way country signpost, guiding one into either of its two forks — the right-hand finger reading, 'To Heaven'; the left hand 'To Hell.' Just the four words — nothing more.

Perhaps it was the journey upon which I was bent, or it may have been that which in all men dictates to them that only in this earthly life can they fool themselves; at any rate, with the thought 'I know which way my ticket is punched' I turned into the left-hand fork. I had but made the turn when I felt a hand gently laid upon my right shoulder and, upon turning my head, found myself gazing into a face that indelibly impressed itself upon my memory for two reasons: first, its wonderful kindness of expression; second, it was the original of all my childhood pictures of St. Peter. He was robed and sandalled, too, as tradition has portrayed him to us and in his right hand carried his long, crooked staff. In the mild, fatherly voice that could but be his he asked of me simply: 'Have you not made a mistake?' Neither the solemnity of the occasion nor the august presence in which I stood were quite sufficient to down the modicum of humor which had been my only gift in life and I, perforce, did answer, with a dry smile: 'I reckon not.' To my surprise and relief, good St. Peter replied: 'But, you know, there is a way of telling.'

This prompted me to counter-query: 'And how, may I ask?' With that my elderly friend slipped his left hand through my right arm and, turning me around, straightway started for the right fork. The road was wide, even at the top, and the forks were broad, and it took us some minutes to traverse, at a slow pace, the distance we had to go. Upon our way he imparted to me that the footprint of every living human being at the time his journey started was in that road, some taking the right-hand fork, some the left; that he thought we might at least look for mine first in the right-hand fork.

At this moment we reached the entrance of that fork. The kindly old man peered intently, for a brief space, at the many prints which stood out so plainly in the dusty highway to eternity and, indicating with his staff a No. 12, remarked: 'That looks as though it might be yours. Try it!' I raised my right foot and was carefully lowering it to the print in the road when, at the precise moment of indecision upon the all-important question, I awoke, sitting straight up in bed with beads of perspiration standing out from every pore of my forehead.

I submit that from the purely personal standpoint M. E. B. had the most satisfying dream. He knows his finish; I do not.

J. C. WICKLIFFE.

* * *

Initiation fee: As many pages of genial humor as one can comfortably afford.

All letters intended for the Contributors' Column must be short. Two hundred and fifty words is a reasonable limit and briefer communications are much to be desired.

Somewhere in the Carolina Mountains.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

If it is not too much trouble, will you please tell me what one has to do to be eligible for membership in 'The Contributors' Club'? Does it yield any further reward than the honor of appearing in print in such dignified company? I am a hobo by temperament and have had as a result a lot of amusing experiences that ought to make good 'copy.' I have tried unsuccessfully to teach in a New England country school, boarding-meantime in the village. I spent nine months in France, including a two weeks' 'leave' devoted to browsing round the battlefields all by myself. I have slept in a haystack a few miles outside the Baltimore city limits, and have put in a week-end as a guest of absolute strangers. I've been lost in the mountains of North Carolina where I have tramped and motored for miles. (There are places where driving a Ford over the main road is an adventure in itself.) Now, I am helping start a chicken farm in the country in South Carolina, and manning a public service bus on the side. The wolf is sitting in his taxi at our door. He has several times got as far as having the chauffeur take off his bags preparatory to settling himself for a long stay. I'd give anything to be able to turn some of this into amusement for others and bread and butter for the family. Is there any chance?

ISABEL N. FISHER.

* * *

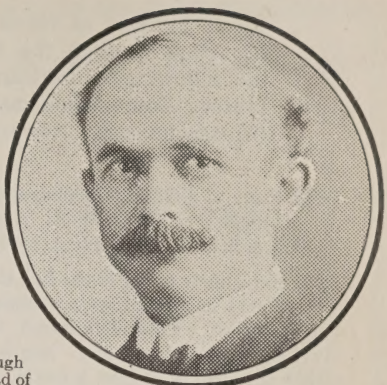
Our stern Readers have come to sympathize deeply with all mothers of straying children. Occasionally in the mail will come a letter announcing that its author is hopefully sending us under separate cover a manuscript. Why letter and manuscript are separate — so very separate — it is hard to say. Each successive mail must be searched for the young hopeful, and only after days, even weeks, of apprehension, can letter and manuscript be united in the embrace of a wire clasp. Then comes the reading, and perhaps the hue and cry have not left the Readers in their usual receptive humor. There is a moral!

* * *

Ladies will please turn to the rotogravure advertising section which graces this month's issue of the *Atlantic*, and consider the really important things of life.

What I Think of Pelmanism

By Judge Ben B. Lindsey



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole modern world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. Years ago his vision and courage lifted children out of the cruelties and stupidities of the criminal law, and forced society to recognize its duties and responsibilities in connection with the "citizens of to-morrow."

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that **preventable** inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learn that Pelmanism had been brought to America by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic, and scientific exercise, and, secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems, and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual, but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

Pelmanism the Answer

If I were asked to set down the principal cause to the average failure, I would have to put the blame at the door of our educational system. It is there that trouble begins—trouble that only the gifted and most fortunate are strong enough to overcome in later life.

What wonder that our boys and girls come forth into the world with something less than firm purpose, full confidence and leaping courage? What wonder that mind wandering and wool gathering are common, and that so many individuals are shackled by indecisions, doubts, and fears?

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its working, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

Pelmanism's Large Returns

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will-power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided, and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(Signed) Ben B. Lindsey.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well-rounded lives. 650,000 Pelmanists in

every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for you.

No matter what your own particular difficulties are—poor memory, mind wandering, indecision, timidity, nervousness, or lack of personality—Pelmanism will show you the way to correct and overcome them. And on the positive side, it will uncover and develop qualities which you never dreamed existed in you. It will be of direct, tangible value to you in your business and social life. In the files at the Pelman Institute of America are hundreds of letters from successful Pelmanists telling how they doubled, trebled and even quadrupled their salaries, thanks to Pelman training.

How to Become a Pelmanist

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting addition to your library.

Your copy is waiting for you. It is absolutely free. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it to-day. It costs you nothing, it obligates you to nothing, but it is absolutely sure to show you the way to success and happiness. Don't put it off and then forget about it. Don't miss a big opportunity. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE
OF AMERICA

Suite 934, 2575 Broadway, N. Y. City.

PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 934, 2575 Broadway, New York.

Please send me without obligation your free booklet, "Scientific Mind Training."

Name.....

Address.....

THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

The Story of a Great Schoolmaster: Sanderson of Oundle, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. 12mo. x+176 pp. \$1.50.

No one is likely to regret the fact that Mr. Wells discovered in an English schoolmaster the one man whose character inspired this versatile writer to pen a biography. Nor is it surprising that the man who thus tempted Mr. Wells to depart from his accustomed paths and who won the author's unique tribute, 'I think him beyond question the greatest man I have ever known with any degree of intimacy,' should have been one who sought new paths in education and who longed to have his pupils inspired with the desire to 'live dangerously.' To the writer and the subject of his biography there was much in common, much that would naturally draw them together in mutual sympathy and esteem.

Mr. Wells has rendered a conspicuous service to the cause of education in picturing so grippingly a leader whose ideals and courage forced him to turn his back unhesitatingly on long-established customs, to break squarely with cherished traditions, and to strike out boldly into new and, in a large sense, untried fields.

What Mr. Sanderson sought to accomplish for education in England will be found, after all, to differ little from what has been often attempted, and with varying degrees of success, here in America. The introduction of the scientific method into all branches of study is something we have heard much about in recent years. The laboratory method of instruction is no novelty to-day. And the effort to rouse in pupils themselves a compelling interest in their work, apart from marks and examination tests, has begotten numerous methods and plans, some of which, at least, are not greatly dissimilar to those evolved by Mr. Sanderson at Oundle School. In his purpose to banish from the minds of his pupils all thoughts of competition and its questionable values, and to replace them with the supreme satisfaction derived from achievement and service alone, this very modern English schoolmaster has emphasized a factor of the deepest significance, something dimly felt by many earnest teachers but not often clearly defined.

To attempt to bring within school bounds the conditions, the problems, and the very atmosphere of the larger world outside is not really a new thing. Few good schools would admit that they do not seek to do this. Many claim this as their chief aim. It is in method mainly that the school at Oundle represents a new departure — though even here there are doubtless those who will dispute the claim of novelty.

But, after all, it is Sanderson the man, perhaps,

rather than Sanderson the schoolmaster that chiefly interests Mr. Wells. And it is Sanderson the man who stirs the interest and admiration of the reader of this biography. Pulsating with life and energy, spurred to constant action by an alert and restless mind, vaguely conscious of great truths which cannot readily be formulated in words or translated into satisfactory achievement, Sanderson of Oundle awakens our interest and stirs our sympathy as we strive with him to visualize the ideal and formulate the methods needed for its attainment. Kindred spirits, these two, it would seem — for has not this eminent biographer himself aroused at times very similar emotions within us all?

ALFRED E. STEARNS.

The Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward, by Janet Rose Trevelyan. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1923. 8vo. x+318 pp. \$5.00.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD was the author of twenty-five novels, and her books found a large and appreciative audience. She died in 1920. Her *Life*, by her daughter, ought to revive interest in her books in those who read them as they came from her pen, and create it in the younger novel-readers; for they were of good craftsmanship and their portraiture of Victorian England was substantial and significant. But truth to tell, it is doubtful if the biography will make a new enthusiasm for Mrs. Ward's novels or quicken an old one. A biography written by an affectionate relative is seldom a great book. In this case the daughter is too reserved — too anxious lest she violate decorum. The result is that three quarters of the book is a dead level, an oft-repeated story of the writer's struggle against family cares, interruptions, weariness, pain. Mrs. Ward's life as here described was an unrelenting round of toil. We used to hear criticisms of her novels as picturing the idle rich. But she did not share the luxuries of her characters. The pages are sprinkled with these phrases: 'At what cost of fatigue of mind and body!' 'There was no time for recuperation; the body was dragged after, a more or less protesting slave!'

Moreover, for years Mrs. Ward was fighting for her own peace of mind, because of the doubts which beset her own life. She was born under the shadow of religious controversy. Her mother had Huguenot blood in her veins and it carried with it a seated distrust for all the works and ways of the Roman Catholic Church. Six years after her marriage to Thomas Arnold he became a Roman Catholic. Nine years later he returned to the English Church. After eleven years he sought again the Roman fold, at the precise

Charles Scribner's Sons



Fifth Avenue, New York

The Price of Freedom

By CALVIN COOLIDGE

The views of the President of the United States upon the fundamental problems confronting the nation are clearly revealed in these selected speeches. Each speech is packed with thought, expressed always with unequivocal directness, in a manner unequalled in simple strength by any other American statesman since Lincoln.

With portrait. \$2.50

Ways to Peace

Edited by ESTHER EVERETT LAPE

A volume containing, in addition to the peace plan which won the prize offered by Edward W. Bok, a number of the other plans which make valuable contributions to the discussion. President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard and David Starr Jordan are among the contributors.

\$2.50

An Intimate Portrait of R L S

By his stepson, LLOYD OSBOURNE

The memories of years of living and working together—a warmly human picture, presented with deep feeling but fine restraint.

\$1.50

Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend

By ALBERT LEON GUÉRARD

Professor at the Rice Institute, Texas

"Here is a book, indeed! Brilliant, fascinating. The work of one who is alert and independent, clear-minded and hard-headed. A book full of wit, humor, understanding, and irony. Built with symmetry and flooded with lucidity. . . . Briefly, I haven't been so struck with a book for years."—HENRY B. FULLER in the *New York Times*.

\$3.75

Critical Ventures in Modern French Literature

By ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

These "ventures" by a grandson of Matthew Arnold cover a little more than a century and touch all forms of literature.

\$1.75

John Citizen's Job

By HENRY H. CURRAN

The job of the American citizen in government as outlined in a series of conversations between John Citizen and the author.

\$1.50

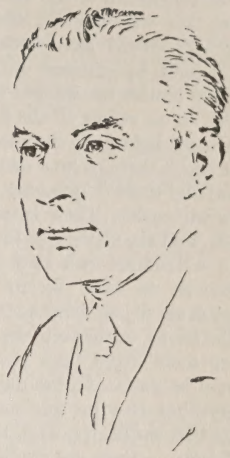


The Three Fountains

By STARK YOUNG

These colorful sketches, studies, and essays, by the author of *THE FLOWER IN DRAMA*, form a book of rare beauty, chiefly Italian in setting.

\$2.00



STRUTHERS BURT'S

The Interpreter's House

"At once elaborately motivated and absorbing fiction. That its sheer narrative charm has the support of poetic feeling and easy elegance of style is no surprise. For while this book is Mr. Burt's first novel, he long since won his spurs as a writer of verse and short stories transcending the obvious. . . . Here is a brilliantly written novel, and one rarely rich in reflective interest."—SIDNEY WILLIAMS in *The Bookman*.

\$2.00

You Too

Are you cutting coupons off your dreams?

A novel by

ROGER BURLINGAME

\$2.00

moment when the change destroyed his prospects for earning a comfortable living. His conversions and re-conversions produced loss in fortune and position, and his daughter shared his pain, though not his peace, in these strange shiftings of the spiritual tides.

Mrs. Ward's great practical achievement was the establishment of the Mary Ward Settlement. Even this was often a theological battlefield. Yet Mrs. Ward gave herself without stint to bring light to children in the sorest need — then an almost unexplored region of service.

But let no reader of the biography leave it in weariness before it chronicles the war. With that shock there came a new way of life to Mrs. Ward and to her biographer. The pages begin to glow with color. There is no more talk about ill health and the slavery to the pen. In December 1915 a trumpet call rang out from Theodore Roosevelt to Mrs. Ward: 'Tell us what the English are doing — in the trenches, in the shops, in the banks, in the factories! There is no human being more fitted than you to do this, and it should be done.' In ten days she had forgotten everything else in this amazing undertaking. Munition works, the fleet, the back of the army in France — these she studied for five breathless weeks. She drove hundreds of miles through cold and snow; she climbed up and down through the mud of dugouts and over the steep ladders of warships. She wrote out her notes in forty-five days of work at high pressure, and sent them off by post in the form of 'Letters to an American Friend.' They were syndicated in many American newspapers, and in a month were published in a book called *England's Effort*. The little book came at the nick of time and its service was incalculable. Four years of life were left for her, and no day of them was without its full measure of devotion to her country. Mrs. Trevelyan's book is well worth having, if only for its last forty pages, with their simple story of a response of the spirit to the call to arms.

HELOISE E. HERSEY.

The Personal Relation in Industry, by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. New York: Boni and Liveright. 1924. 12mo. x+149 pp. \$2.00.

THE addresses which make up the bulk of this volume reveal Mr. Rockefeller at work to improve industrial relations without damaging the social order which gives his powers so much scope. What he has to say is less important than the fact that he says it. Men of affairs will forgive a Rockefeller no end of idealism.

His message, old but none the worse for that, may be summarized in a paragraph. Coöperation through company unions and employee-representation. Intelligent welfare-work. Fair play and good wages. Good housing. Encouragement of stock-ownership among employees. Partnership of capital and labor, both in production and in community development.

Sound doctrine for the most part, and if all industrialists were to follow Mr. Rockefeller

there, many an industrial community would be happier — for a time. However, the evolution of industrial society would not stop there. No industrial constitution can popularize a straw boss or make up for the continued absence of the real boss from the shop. Enthusiasm for the group, though better than no enthusiasm at all, is not quite as satisfying as enthusiasm for the work. Collective pride in output does not altogether make up for the vanishing of personal pride in output. Large-scale business, try though it will, can hardly recapture for rank-and-file workers opportunity for the exercise of that creative instinct which is the taproot of joy in work. Lacking that outlet, human nature is bound to explore all possible substitutes, even those upon which 'Verboten' has been posted by dead hands.

Mr. Rockefeller accepts the industrial clan as contrasted with the industrial proletariat of Socialism and the industrial guilds of the craft unions. But the company union, though its constitution be ever so long, is a feeble forced growth by the side of trades-unionism with its deep rootage in time and its broad spread over space. And you cannot imagine a man dying for a company union, as men have died for Socialism. How, then, shall the company union prevail against these other movements that pay court to the interests and enthusiasms of workingmen? It can do so only here and there by spurts, when enlightened industrial leaders have time and money to spend in creating isles of temporary safety in the face of the inevitable.

To the specific Rockefeller programme, advanced in such good faith and liberal spirit, small exception can be taken; but it is in order to protest against the author's tacit acceptance of a common fallacy. The fallacy is that industrial peace can be achieved by short cuts, disregarding history, politics, education, invention, and the evolution of ideas among a people. The application of Mr. Rockefeller's programme, or something like it, to large industrial groups no doubt would hasten a social progress which proceeds more by trial and error than by plan. But even if his precepts were to be followed slavishly by all contemporary industrialists, — which will not be the case, — the resulting order would be but a passing phase, preparatory perhaps to another order less to the author's liking.

ARTHUR POUND.

The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1923. 12mo. x+93 pp. \$2.00.

NEVER did ashes-in-the-mouth sing a sweeter song; never did the poetry of disillusion pipe a tenderer note than in this small, distinguished volume of lyrics. In most of the poetry books of our twentieth-century versifiers we expect to turn over empty page on page for the sake of the gleanings, the real poem here and there, half a dozen in a hundred pages: 'So-and-so at his best,' we say. But open this little book where you will, and the perfect lyric flashes from the page.

ALFRED A. KNOFF



730 Fifth Ave., New York

MANY MINDS

by Carl Van Doren

In this volume of critical essays the literary editor of *The Century* continues his appraisal of living American writers, discussing our poets, critics and columnists, as he has previously written of our fiction in "Contemporary American Novelists." \$2.50 net

Contemporary
Sociology

The BASIS of SOCIAL THEORY

by Albert G. A. Balz

An authoritative discussion of society and psychology, affirming that all psychology is fundamentally social. \$2.50 net

The ETHICS of HERCULES

by Robert Chenault Givler

The author of this stimulating book puts forward the theory that not only human conduct but our very conceptions of right and wrong are to be explained as reactions to a physical stimulus. \$2.50 net

The ETHICS of JOURNALISM

by Nelson A. Crawford

"A solid piece of work, extraordinarily frank, suggestive and stimulating." — John W. Cunliffe, director of the Columbia University School of Journalism. \$2.50 net



THE EAST WINDOW

by Bert Leston Taylor

Introduction by James Rowland Angell
Illustrations by C. B. Falls

A series of short, meditative essays on art, travel, the theatre, and other topics by the late B. L. T., well-loved columnist of *The Chicago Tribune*. With a preface by the President of Yale University. \$2.00 net

STORIES FROM THE MIDLAND

Edited by John T. Frederick

Fifteen varied stories from *The Midland*, which H. L. Mencken called: "probably the most important literary magazine ever established in America." \$2.50 net

THE PITIFUL WIFE, Storm Jameson's beautiful novel of love and marriage, is now in its fourth American edition. \$2.50 net

In CANADA from the Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto

THE SEA

by James Oppenheim

The collected verse of one of our leading poets, linking together his finest work into one harmonious book of song. A. E. has written of James Oppenheim: "He is a real poet, and one of the few who can write love-poetry." \$5.00 net
8vo, with a portrait of the author.

The Borzoi
Pocket Books

17. The AUTO- BIOGRAPHY of a SUPER-TRAMP

by W. H. Davies

Introduction by
George Bernard Shaw
"An amazing book; I recommend it to your special attention." — George Bernard Shaw. \$1.25 net

18. VENTURES in COMMON SENSE

by E. W. Howe

Introduction by H. L. Mencken
The opinion of all America is summed up here, with sagacity and humor, on subjects ranging from business to war and from politics to love. \$1.25 net

19. The LITTLE ANGEL

by Leonid Andreyev

Fifteen stories by the famous Russian novelist, some of them among the most famous in modern literature. \$1.25 net

OUT OF SILENCE

by Arthur Davison Ficke

Verse by one of our most interesting younger lyricists, notable for his masterly use of the sonnet as a medium for expressing our troubled modern moods. \$2.00 net



THE DIARY OF OTTO BRAUN

Introduction by Havelock Ellis

The collected fragments of the diaries, letters and verse of a German genius prematurely stilled by the war. Havelock Ellis writes: "The music of Adonais seems to sing in the brain as we approach the end of this beautiful book." 8vo, decorated boards. \$3.00 net

Passion's mutability is Miss Millay's absorbing, brooding preoccupation, and the oftener one reads these simple, unpretentious, starkly tragic lyrics, the surer one is that here is no pose, but a clear-eyed, singularly generous acceptance of experience. And always it is not the going of love that she laments, 'But that it went in little ways.' The signal exception to these records of transient emotion is the title-poem, the tragical, whimsical, strange ballad of mother-love, that won the Pulitzer prize for 1922. No fifteenth-century ballad ever moved to a rhythm more inevitable and more naïve, nor told its tale with more elusive magic. None of the old simplicities are lost; modern woof on ancient warp, the Harp-weaver weaves her song.

Two sonnet-sequences complete the collection. A grim seventeen 'Sonnets from an Ungrafted Tree,' each one bound off with an Alexandrine line, the acid, knurly, harsh record of unlovely days beside a deathbed, when love is already dead. And twenty-two sonnets regular in form and celebrating the little book's main themes, 'of a love turned ashes and the breath gone out of beauty.'

The love that stood a moment in your eyes,
The words that lay a moment on your tongue,
Are one with all that in a moment dies,
A little under-said and over-sung.

They sing more than most, these sonnets; and again and again they stand the Shakespearean test of passion saturated with imagination.

This I have known always: Love is no more
Than the wide blossom which the wind assails,
Than the great tide that treads the shifting shore,
Strewing fresh wreckage gathered in the gales;
Pity me that the heart is slow to learn
What the swift mind beholds at every turn.

Among twentieth-century sonnets they are perhaps nearest to Olive Tilford Dargan's love-cycle, commingling as they do passionate imagination and intellectual clear-sight. For Miss Millay is a poet of the mind as well as of the heart. The sombre feeling that wracks her verse is intellectually conscious of itself. But hers is still the subjective genius, bespelled with the age-long tragedy of personal passion. Heartbreak would sing in her songs even though Russia had never had a Revolution and there were no German children starving.

The key to her quest of the heart's disciplines is in a little lyric called 'Feast,' wherein, having drunk at every vine and gnawed at every root, she finds no wine so wonderful as thirst, no fruit so wonderful as want, and cries out,

Feed the grape and bean
To the vintner and monger.
I will die down lean
With my thirst and my hunger.

What shall fill her cup of experience to the brim,
who dare say? It is not a shallow cup.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

Letters of Thomas Carlyle to John Stuart Mill, John Sterling, and Robert Browning, edited by Alexander Carlyle. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1924. With portraits. 8vo. x+312 pp. \$6.00.

THE letters in this book belong for the most part to a portion of Carlyle's life that is of engrossing interest. They cover the transition from the prolonged formative period — ended when he was thirty-seven, in his last year at Craigenputtock — to the years of recognition.

The letters to John Stuart Mill, seventy-seven in number, including two or three to Mrs. Taylor, have only recently become available for publication. They dramatize the relations of two men of antipodal qualities, the mystic and the logician, each the victim of a soul-shaking spiritual crisis, each ennobled by it, drawn together by their 'common recognition of the infinite nature of truth.' Intellectually they meet as equals, interested in the 'friendly conflict of their differences' — 'not differing, except in opinion' as Carlyle once remarked. Otherwise, we have many glimpses of Carlyle's leaning upon the younger man. He entreats Mill for letters, for visits, for books; again and again he sets before him the current phase of his perennial problem: how a writer, dependent upon editors and publishers, is to win a living and still maintain his integrity of soul. In the same spirit he submits to Mill the germ of his idea of a history of the French Revolution, 'the grand Poem of our Time,' and the possibility of residence in Paris, in order that he may visualize his story. Noble are the letters after the loss at Mill's hands of the first portion of the MS. — noble in their effort to stanch Mill's remorse and in the dignity with which his gift of £100 is accepted.

The affection for which he yearned and which the self-conscious Mill was incapable of returning to a fellow man — see his half of the correspondence as printed in Hugh Elliott's volume of 'Letters' — Carlyle received without asking and in full measure from John Sterling. Gifted, eager, frail in health, and soon to be seized upon by fatal illness, he is here enfolded by Carlyle in a protecting spirit of love, admonished and sustained with the tenderness of an elder brother.

The letters to Browning are few in number; the best of them is a ringing call of recognition from one man of genius to another.

Again and again in the letters the magic that is all Carlyle's own, woven by his marvelous faculties of seeing and feeling, puts its charm upon us. Every aspect and mood of Craigenputtock is so rendered; under the same spell we see as if for the first time the beauty of the Gospel of Saint Matthew and the character of Jesus. Essentially the picture that the volume presents is that of a great soul, eager for truth and for friendship, adjusting himself to a stern destiny — that of interpreting life to his fellow men. 'All the victory we look for is the heart to fight on.' But if he suffers, he also loves.

HENRY GREENLEAF PEARSON.

D
M

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

443-449 Fourth Avenue
NEW YORK CITYD
M

Fidelia

By Edwin Balmer

Youth budding into manhood and womanhood at Northwestern University — a dream of beautiful first love — and then the distracting appearance of alluring Fidelia who brought deep experiences into the after-life of Alice and David. **\$2.00**

Adventures in the Near East, 1918-1922

By Lt. Col. A. Rawlinson of the British Army

In the chaotic Near East Colonel Rawlinson went through experiences that fall to the lot of few men. His story is so amazing as almost to defy belief — from the capture of a Bolshevik ship loaded with high explosives to his twenty months in a Turkish prison (at a time when England and Turkey were at peace). 44 pages of striking illustrations. (April 5) **\$3.50**

Woodrow Wilson:
A Character Study

By ROBERT EDWARDS ANNIN

A thoughtful and unbiased appraisal of the man and his record at Princeton, Trenton, and Washington, that will interest Americans of all parties and creeds.

Illustrated, **\$2.50**

Chinese Lanterns

By GRACE THOMPSON SETON

Author of "A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt," etc.

The New Woman in China and her efforts to rise out of virtual slavery forms one of the most interesting sections of this fascinating travel-story of real life in China.

Illustrated, **\$3.50**Diet for Children
(and Adults)

By DR. LULU HUNT PETERS

Author of "Diet and Health with Key to the Calories," etc.

Every detail of the whole subject of feeding children for health, explained by the most popular scientific medical writer of the day.

Illustrated, **\$2.00**Stained Glass Tours
In Spain and Flanders

By CHARLES HITCHCOCK SHERRILL

Author of "Stained Glass Tours in France," etc.

Describing the best examples of old glass in the cathedrals and churches of Spain and Flanders. 16 illustrations and wrapper in full color. **\$3.50**

Psychoanalysis and
Aesthetics

By CHARLES BAUDOUIN

Author of "Suggestion and Autosuggestion," etc.

The author makes a detailed study of the work of Emile Verhaeren, the Belgian poet and through it shows the application of psychoanalysis to the theory of aesthetics. (April 5) **\$4.00**

The King Who Went on Strike

By PEARSON CHOATE

A fanciful little tale of modern royalty whose characters can not be mistaken. **\$1.75**

Seven Times Seven

By MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

Author of "The Melting of Molly," etc.

Empress Eugenie, Jack London, Rabindranath Tagore, and Phillips Brooks are but a few of the celebrities who come into this unusual and delightful autobiography of a woman whose life has been eventful beyond the average.

Illustrated, (April 5) **\$3.00**

Foster on Mah Jong

By R. F. Foster

Author of "Foster on Auction," etc.

The clear, detailed instructions in this book supply the much needed standard manual of scoring and play. For beginner or seasoned player. Fully illustrated. **\$2.00** in cloth; **\$3.00** in limp leather.

On Life and Letters —
Series IV

By ANATOLE FRANCE

The fourth and final volume of those brilliant articles of literary criticism in which this great master offers unerring judgment of outstanding French literature. **\$3.00**

Practical Flower Gardening

By KATHARINE M-P. CLOUD

Complete and simple instructions for the care of all kinds of flowers, annual, perennial, and bulbous, as well as the general care of the garden. Illustrations in color and in black and white. (April 5) **\$2.00**

Love in Children
And Its Aberrations

By OSKAR PFISTER

Author of "Some Applications of Psychoanalysis," etc. A book for parents and teachers applying the principles of psychoanalysis to the upbringing of children. **\$7.50**

The House by the Road

By CHARLES J. DUTTON

Author of "The Shadow on the Glass," etc.

Mystery and crime in a story that will delight readers of detective fiction. **\$2.00**

D
MAt All
Booksellers

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

Publishers
Since 1839D
M

The Midlander, by Booth Tarkington. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Co. 1923. 12mo. vi+493 pp. \$2.00.

MR. TARKINGTON never writes a dull story, but in *The Midlander* he has produced one that is neither convincing nor significant. The background is a rapidly growing Middle-Western city; the theme is the effect wrought on a native son's character and fortunes by his speculation in outlying real-estate. Background and theme are interesting; the background is vividly presented, but the theme is treated in a less satisfactory manner. Dan Oliphant, after graduating from Yale, uses a legacy of \$25,000 in an unpromising land-speculation, borrows as much more money as he can raise in order to retain and improve his real estate, marries a New York girl of certain social standing although he has not a penny of income, brings her to his Mid-Western city and installs her in the home of his parents, where she is wretchedly unhappy and where his completely dependent position troubles him not at all. His brother and his grandmother view with intelligible disapproval his expenditure of time and money on unproductive land; but throughout his speculative tribulations his father and mother bestow on him their affectionate petting and sympathetic condolence and treat him like a spoiled child. The timely death of the aged grandmother, who leaves him thirty-five hundred dollars when foreclosure is imminent, enables him to retain possession of his property; finally, the growth of the city gives it value, and with augmented resources Dan engages in building, manufacturing, and transportation enterprises on a large scale, is elected mayor, and after a period of dizzy greatness becomes 'overextended' and crashes to a fall. His prudent brother, who has looked askance at Dan's ambitions and achievements, sacrifices a large part of his own fortune and thus saves him from dying a bankrupt. But die he does, in the knowledge that his wife has at last, after years of unwilling endurance, deserted him and taken their boy away with her. There is a minor love-story, a middle-aged romance, which supplies a mild note of cheerfulness at the close.

It sometimes happens that an author fails to appreciate the implications of the actions and speeches of his characters. Mr. Tarkington must be charged with just that failure in perceptiveness. In trying to present an engaging, hearty, whole-souled, and resolute hero, he has actually drawn a willing sponger, a fearsome bore, a noisy booster, a Babbitt of inferior mentality. Mr. Sinclair Lewis was not so indiscreet as to make Babbitt—shall we say a graduate of Princeton?

There are some good scenes in *The Midlander*, but unlike many of Mr. Tarkington's other stories the novel leaves the reader in a mood to

dwell on its numerous unrealities rather than on its infrequent verities—in a mood of antipathy rather than of sympathy.

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER.

The Works of Fyodor Dostoevsky, translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1923. 12 volumes. \$2.50 each, \$27.50 set.

A MADDER world this of Dostoevsky's than ever Hamlet knew; unordered, inconsequent, formless, peopled with saints and sufferers and lunatics, a world of exile, imprisonment, disease, and misery. The artist who conceived it was a neurological epilept, mad as Poe or madder; as a writer slipshod, meandering with little sense of form and less of proportion, now impossibly romantic, now realistic with dull and devious detail; committing all the faults that writing is heir to, but with compassion in his heart, and in his brain the very instinct of understanding. There is none we can set beside him. No writer in English can by comparison remotely suggest his novels; none in French, though in the Age of Absinthe strange dreams have been dreamed; none—so far as I know—even in Russian.

In Tolstoi the seer speaks. In Turgenev, the artist; in Dostoevsky, the incarnation of Charity. His 'heroes' are veritable dregs of earth, murderers, dupes, egotists, and in perfect contrast 'simpletons,' with hearts too full of the misery of others to know their own goodness. His most beloved heroine is a woman of the streets whose sins have not soiled her soul. In the Christian code by which Dostoevsky lived, crime is its own punishment and suffering is the world's sin.

These are stories better understood now that General Booth has wrought among us and we dimly apprehend that not poverty but riches make our slums and evil places. So, fortunate it is to have now the whole set of Dostoevsky's novels—familiar through two generations in French and German—complete in English. Mrs. Garnett, perhaps the best-known translator writing in our time and the most competent, has finished the set of twelve wonderful volumes without which no library of fiction or—as this reviewer thinks—of Christian ethics would be complete. In these days when the bulk of woman's work is, by men at least, held in some derogation, here is a monument of intelligent, sympathetic, and capable industry. Twelve volumes—5383 pages! Let anyone who has toiled with pen, dictionary, and a difficult original—the reviewer knows whereof he speaks—consider that. Our congratulations and warm thanks are given to Mrs. Garnett on an achievement which in wide and permanent usefulness outranks all the original work in English fiction for ten years past.

ELLERY SEDGWICK.

These reviews will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston. For ten or more copies there is a charge of one cent per copy.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1924

CORNELIA AND DIONYSUS

Introducing also her husband and some others

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

I

THE smooth order of Cornelia's life was interrupted on New Year's Eve by a distressing occurrence which I — which all of us who possess a rudimentary sense of tact — insist on calling an accident. The circumstance which seemed at the moment to point the accident with a piercing significance, a chilling personal meaning for us, was, I suppose, the mere coincidence that we were arguing in the abstract about just such occurrences when the brutal reality of the thing burst in among us with the effrontery of a bandit in a Pullman car. Of course it admits of the natural explanation which I shall give, leading up to the mishap in the order of my own approach.

Cornelia spends the winter months in the city, in a desirable apartment near the lower end of the Park — an apartment so spacious and so desirable that an old New Yorker once amused himself at my small-town ideas by asking me to guess the annual rental. As her children, Dorothy and Oliver Junior, — the centre of her summer solicitude, — are at their preparatory schools except during the holidays, she

devotes this season to her women friends, to her husband, and to her husband's friends. I group in this way the people whom she entertains, first, because she has no men friends who are not her husband's friends, and, second, because her husband has an endless string of interesting official and unofficial personages whom he gets up — or brings up — from Washington for conferences or for exhibitional or other mysterious diplomatic purposes.

As an ancient admirer — to put it discreetly — who has sunk through the incalculable accidents of life to the level of an educational counselor or referee, I confess that I find Cornelia just a shade more perfectly herself in the country, where she is comparatively alone with the children and Nature and her books, than in the city, where, on my occasional expeditions, I see her but seldom and then usually so beset with husband, friends, and personages that there is little opportunity for the long educational tête-à-têtes of the summer.

In the winter holidays I like to call

on the two of them in their own characteristic setting, for a variety of reasons which will be obvious enough to all those provincials who spend the gray season quietly sitting in silent, snowbound prairie towns and villages, dreaming, like waifs in a Scandinavian fairy tale, of the bright commotion of crowded streets and thronged foyers and Duse and Pavlowa and grand opera and Conrad and Lloyd George and Swinnerton and windows full of new books and golden gowns and cut flowers. I remember once remarking to them, after they had taken me into one of their theatre parties in the grand style: 'Art for the upper classes; morality for men of moderate incomes; religion for the poor.' 'No'; retorted Oliver, with his instantaneous eye for the weak spot in my armor: 'Art for the cities; morality for the towns; religion for the villages.'

We provincials are, it is true, fairly well disciplined to the stoic 'apathy' — a kind of cultivated hardening of the heart toward everything beyond the reach of our hands and the range of our eyes. Through month after month the rosy knuckles of temptation may knock on our hardened hearts in vain. But recent investigation proves that under constant percussion and strain the hardest substances yield — steel girders buckle, flywheels burst, and bridges wear out and give way to a malady known to science as 'the fatigue of metals.' An analogous malady, attacking even the most firmly tempered of hearts, accounts for the popularity of Charles Lamb's 'moral holiday,' that excursion from the moral macadam which nowadays we call a 'detour.' It explains, too, in my own case, the sharp nostalgia for the city which afflicts me annually on the depressing morning after Christmas. On that spiritless day-after, I feel like a wretched silkworm in a glass jar,

which will swiftly perish of inanition if not supplied with fresh mulberry leaves. That explains why I pack my bag and, by the first Limited train, creep to the city — under the pretext of reading a paper before one of the learned associations.

What I am coming to is the rather curious fact that the attraction of Cornelia's winter establishment is perhaps due less directly to her than to her husband, and to the refreshing and, for me, delightfully relaxing air of worldliness which circulates around him. Cornelia wonderfully incarnates the Eternal Feminine, which is supposed to draw us upward. But in the interim between Christmas and New Year's Resolutions one does n't desire to be drawn upward. All one wants is to escape from ennui and suffocation. In the colloquial idiom of our section, one 'wants out.' And Oliver, in the negligee of old acquaintance, is a most agreeable, realistic, and sometimes rather witty Mephistopheles, letting one out of conventional and cloistral habits of thought, and leading one by sharp detours into the heart of 'things as they are.' Clearly, I don't dislike Oliver: I envy him, and, like his other familiars, call him 'Excellency,' a title which I believe few persons except the Governor of Massachusetts have any right to use officially. Nor do I think that Oliver really dislikes me: he pities me, and calls me 'Professor,' a title which he has also conferred, in my presence, upon the learned Greek who polishes his shoes. I tell him that both the Greek and I have a better right to our titles than he, for Oliver is now writing his reminiscences of the war, and has at present no official Washington connection whatever, busy as he seems to be there.

I envy him the variety of his life, the interest and importance of his personal relations, his position inside the façade of public affairs, his understanding of

the huge subterranean dynamos which operate the puppet-show of politics, his familiarity with the little hairsprings which govern the dynamos, his chatter of Wall Street and the Departments and the legations, and his inexhaustible stock of unpublished anecdote. In public he has had the reputation of a strong team-worker, a sound 'administration' man; and in the newspapers he passes as a champion of the common people, friend of the farmer and the laboring man — and the rest. But twenty-five years of more or less public life have not stereotyped his mind. In private, indiscretions bubble from him like water from a spring. He utters the most profane and contemptuous condemnation of major enterprises of his party. In a friendly circle he will even repudiate, with perfect recklessness, the 'asininities' to which he has been constrained by various public considerations to subscribe. I twit him on the essential duplicity of the official character. I call him what he seems to my academic sense to be — 'a tough little Yankee crabapple, coated with the wax of European diplomacy'; 'a hard-shelled individualist steeped in Nietzschean philosophy and merely dipped in democratic shellac.' I insist that there is no more milk in him than there is in a billiard ball; and that he values the plain people as a professional golfer values his caddies.

In revenge, Oliver blandly replies: 'The only trouble with you professors is that you know absolutely nothing about life' — a charge which I always admit; and then pump him for information. He responds with the — I think — sincere conviction, shared by many Eastern statesmen, that we Mid-Westerners are of an unsubjugated alien race, ominously multiplying within the borders of the otherwise united States, and mainly occupied with the propagation of miscellaneous fanaticisms. He has

not yet forgiven me 'the pacifism of the Mississippi Valley when the seaboard was aflame.' He ascribes to me the 'bolshivism' of North Dakota, and is always inquiring solicitously: 'By the way, how did you come out with your investments in the Dakota bonds?' Sometimes he pretends that, as I am from 'Puritan Kansas,' I may have scruples against breakfasting with them 'on the Sabbath'; if I accept, he turns to Cornelia and gravely warns her not to forget 'the Nebraskan's grape-juice.' Or he will ask my permission to light a cigarette, remarking, 'As you are from Utah, I feared it might be offensive to you.' His mocking compassion is often excited by my provincial residence and by my profession. I don't mind his designating me as 'Pascal,' nor his reference to my correspondence with Cornelia as *Les lettres provinciales*. But, in one of his sharper moods, I remember his saluting me as 'Calpurnia.' I asked him to enlarge a little on the idea. 'Oh, it's nothing,' he replied, 'only I hear that nowadays they are dismissing all the men from university faculties and manning them with Cæsar's wives — with persons "above suspicion." I always think of you professors as Cæsar's wives.'

Cæsar's wives? Oliver's immediate implication, I suppose, was merely that the public expects on the part of instructors of youth a quasi-priestly character, a many-sided and inhuman exemplariness of opinion and conduct such as neither the youth in our charge nor their parents require of themselves. But Oliver meant more than that. He meant to suggest the absurdity to the 'realistic' mind — the practical invalidity — of the entire professorial and schoolmasterly point of view, and the utopian insubstantiality of our ethical and social vision. Cæsar's wives! The sting of that quip, which he planted in me last summer, was still rankling a

bit on a gray hungry morning a few days after Christmas, the poison of it being its truth; and a doubt was stealing insidiously into my mind, like the snake into the garden of Eden, whether perhaps the influence of the secular priesthood over the democracy might not be greater if the priesthood abandoned its attempt to appear so supremely untouched by the gross human infirmities of the democracy — when I received a note from Cornelia, and, half an hour later, a telegram from Oliver. For brevity's sake, I give the telegram:

CORNELIA NOTICES YOU SPEAK
HERE SATURDAY STOP DINE WITH
US MONDAY AT EIGHT THIRTY STOP
NOBODY ELSE BUT YOUR NOVELIST
FRIEND VERNON WILLYS STOP
WATCH THE YEAR OUT STOP DIS-
CUSS FUNDAMENTALISM AND BURY
BACCHUS STOP SEMIOFFICIAL STOP
WE WANT MIDWESTERN POINT OF
VIEW STOP REGARD AS IMPERATIVE

I packed my old suit into my old suit-case, slipped into my inside pocket the old club-paper which was to pay my expenses, snatched a book of Gilbert Murray's to read on the train, and crept slowly eastward on the Limited. My diary shows that my occupations during my first forty-eight hours in the city were about as follows: —

(Details at this point omitted by the Editor.)

Mulberry leaves! These details I include in order to indicate briefly how I reduced the unmannerliness of my provincial appetite before I put in my appearance at Oliver's, and, leaving my bag at the office, went up one flight to their apartment. I don't like to seem too eager.

II

As I stepped into the clear soft blueness of the candlelit apartment Cor-

nelia rose, a silvery shimmer, from the settee where she had been chatting with Oliver Junior, and, approaching with Artemisian stride, greeted me with her finished graciousness. The artistic perfection of it might subtly pain a sensitive heart, were it not for the intimate reassurance imparted by the rippling overtones of her voice, which resolves art into intoxication and curiously persuades a man in evening dress, in the heart of the city, that he is standing in the midst of a garden full of flowers. . . . I muse.

Cornelia swiftly explained that Oliver Junior, though festively attired, would not dine with us. That spirited and well-groomed youth would, in a few minutes, drive his sister and two of their friends to a young people's party in Riverdale. After I had asked him a few banal questions about his school, a topic which did not appear greatly to 'intrigue' him, he edged into the adjoining room and diddled with the piano till his sister Dorothy skipped in, looking like an adolescent Bacchante, — she is a little over seventeen, — and they disappeared together.

Cornelia in the meantime had also explained that Oliver Senior was in the library with Vernon Willys. 'I don't like him much'; she added, 'in fact I think him rather horrid. He is very happy to-night over his separation from his wife. He could hardly wait to get inside the door to tell us about it. But I believe you have discovered something precious in his books, and Oliver seems infatuated with him. They have been running around together all the fall. He is doing a political novel now, and I accuse Oliver of sitting for the portrait of the hero. But here they are.'

The two men came in from the library with red buds in their buttonholes. Oliver as usual saluted me with a volley of questions, which he gave me no time to answer, and with an animating smile,

in which I always feel a slightly satirical edge. Willys, whom I had met once or twice before, nipped my arm, smacked his lips, and murmured with a communicative flicker in his eyes that I must be sure to see His Excellency's library before I left. As we moved toward the dining-room, Oliver's quick fire continued: 'Did you get my telegram? Get the point about Bacchus? I'm feeling the pulse of the country on this prohibition business. Willys here has convictions, I find — just as many convictions as you have, but different. I got you two together in the hope of hearing you beat each other's brains out. I hope you'll do it in good style. Give him the Mid-Western gospel. I'll hold the coats. I've arranged the proper setting. But be human, Professor! Be human — just for to-night!'

It is not my intention to describe the dinner in detail. The excellence of a dinner *à quatre*, for any but a quartet of gourmands, is merely to provide a soft-footed ministration of successive felicities to the appetitive nature while the higher faculties, stimulated by the æsthetic accessories of the feast, nimbly engage in the discourse of reason. Of the material details, my memory is as indistinct as an impressionist poet's. I recall only the tall silver of candlesticks on an immaculate whiteness which was doubtless linen; and a soothing greenness which may have been holly; and a dark rich redness which was certainly roses; and a fragrance, mingled, various, which was partly roses and partly — well, I sat at Cornelia's right hand, and in that dazzling proximity — she carries her head so proudly that Time has hardly ventured to touch a wisp of her bronze-gold hair nor to breathe near her shoulder — in that proximity I did not notice, I honestly did not notice till some seconds after we were seated, that in front of each plate was a half-moon formed of three delicate

glasses, glowing with candlelight reflected from the varicolored souls of old vineyards.

Vernon Willys quite audibly drew in his breath, which after the visit to His Excellency's library was a discreet enough thing to do with it. Oliver, glancing at me, repeated: 'Remember, Professor — be human.' Then he raised his ruby-colored glass toward the novelist and said: 'Let us drink to the death of Bacchus.' The two men clinked and instantly drained their glasses. Cornelia lifted hers in my direction, just touched it with her lips, and then replaced it in the semicircle. I was thinking of Ben Jonson's old song, that Anacreontic thing about the thirst that rises from the soul. But what I did with my glass, since whatever I did would grievously offend many persons' notion of the right thing to have done, I absolutely refuse to disclose. That point is of quite subsidiary relevance.

The thing which engaged my attention as a Mid-Western 'ethicist' and one of 'Cæsar's wives' was not the content of the glasses nor the number of times they were filled by the chocolate-colored Caribbean cupbearer. A person of my long practice in the ascetic philosophy actually does not much attend to these matters. I merely — let us say — became aware of Oliver's Machiavellian plot to seduce me. Then what leaped to my sense as worthy of exploration was just the personal feeling, the intimate private attitude of my friends, of precisely this sort of people, toward the ethical question — or complex group of questions — which the alleged death of Dionysus and his active posthumous life have forced into the foreground of our consciousness.

His Excellency, I knew, had publicly advocated the passage of the obnoxious measure, and had given to the press a 'strong' statement on the necessity of enforcing the law. In the intimacy

of friendship, however, and in the circumstances which he himself had arranged, that was only a provocation to my remarking, as he set down his glass:—

‘It is obvious that you support the Eighteenth Amendment, with reservations.’

‘With a diplomatic reserve,’ he corrected, chuckling. Willys, who had penetrated the ‘reserve,’ laughed. And Cornelia, crushing a smile between her lips, entered into a rather needless explanation, of which the intention, I perceived, was to dissipate any uneasiness which a Mid-Western Puritan might be conceived to feel on his abrupt introduction to a ‘wet’ New Year’s Eve.

‘Monsieur — meaning Oliver — is a little naughty,’ she said, ‘and he likes to make himself appear worse than he is. You must remember that he is practically a European.’

‘Oh, nonsense!’ I exclaimed; ‘Oliver a European! Then so was Andy Jackson.’

‘Yes,’ Cornelia insisted, ‘his tastes and habits were formed in the earlier part of his life, when he was almost constantly abroad. His best friends in Washington are men in the legations who are n’t obliged to adopt our reforms. Naturally, when he entertains them here, he does n’t wish to seem inhospitable or absurd, like poor dear Mr. Bryan. We don’t ordinarily have wine on the table for our own guests — I mean outside the semiofficial connection. But just for to-night, as it’s a holiday, and one of you is a pilgrim from the Mid-West, Oliver thought — we thought — you would appreciate it if ambassadorial privileges were extended to you.’

‘I get the point perfectly,’ I said; ‘that’s Oliver’s point of view — or one of his points of view. But please let Janus defend himself. He will need practice before we Puritans are done

with him. But now that the theme is before us, Cornelia, won’t you give us the benefit of your own point of view?’

‘My point of view?’ Cornelia smiled her Mona Lisa smile. ‘I — oh, I am Oliver’s wife!’

‘I have often regretted that,’ I replied with a consciously provincial affectation of urban daring; ‘but knowing your strict old-fashioned convictions about marriage, I stifle my regrets. I can’t quite reconcile your indulgent humor this evening with your rigorously prohibitive principles regarding — well, the moral fluidity of such novels as Willys writes. I had hoped that your conservatism, your puritanism, as they call it, on the marriage question would bring you around to our position on prohibition, and so, in that respect at least, detach you from Oliver.’

‘You are dead wrong, Professor,’ Willys interjected, ‘you are muddled. Prohibition is n’t conservatism. It is radical innovation. It is n’t Puritanism. As you yourself have admirably demonstrated, the Puritans drank like fishes. I am a Puritan. So is His Excellency. We are conservatives. So is our hostess.’

‘You don’t read my articles, Willys,’ I said, ‘as carefully as I read your novels. What I demonstrated was, that the Puritan is a radical innovator. The Puritan of our day says, “Let the dry land appear.” You are not a Puritan; you are a Fundamentalist. You wish to return to the Flood. You are a Diluvian.’

‘Now you are at it!’ cried Oliver gleefully. ‘Go to it!’

‘Excuse me,’ I objected; ‘we have n’t heard Cornelia’s point of view yet. I was about to say, when Willys broke in, that we educators don’t attach any great importance to the opinions of disillusioned politicians and satirical novelists — cynics like you and Willys.

The national culture is in process of fundamental change and regeneration; and you belong to an order that will soon be obsolete, with none to mourn its extinction. The future of the country is in the hands of the young people and such of the rest of us as keep up with them. I am totally indifferent, Cornelia, to what you think of prohibition as His Excellency's wife. In that capacity I doubt if you think at all; you merely accept the situation. I am curious only about your attitude as a parent of the new order — as Oliver Junior's mother. Won't you, for example, psychologize — analyze your feelings and tell us just why you kissed the glass and set it down untasted?'

A hint of rose — pride or some deeper emotion — appeared in Cornelia's face when I mentioned her son. He is her religion — the substance of it. Her husband is the church which she attends from old habit, repeating her belief in him with her lips, like the phrases of an ancient creed. But what she really believes in, with the fervor of prayer and faith, is her son. I suspected that Willys and Oliver would think me guilty of bad taste for bringing into the conversation a subject — as a Restoration hero remarks of his wife — 'so foreign and yet so domestic.' Somehow children seem out of place when one is celebrating a moral holiday! But if one wishes to break down the guard of a woman who says, 'My point of view? I — oh, I am Oliver's wife!' one must risk bad taste. Cornelia's voice glided softly from gay to grave as she answered: —

'I kissed the glass for auld lang syne. I set it down untasted for the sake of the new times and the children. I used to enjoy it — as I used to enjoy being twenty years old. It is n't much to relinquish, is it? — compared with what one has to relinquish.'

When Cornelia talks in this vein

about age, she seems to me, well, just ravishingly young; and I murmured, for our angle of the table only, 'You've relinquished nothing!' She ignored me and continued: —

'As my son's mother, I am very happy, under present conditions, to know that he does n't drink or even feel any temptation to drink. We refrain, my son and I, more as a matter of taste than as a matter of conscience. Besides, he is too young. In my own home the boys had a glass of wine on their twenty-first birthday as a part of the family celebration. And the girls — I can't remember that I tasted wine, except in Italy, till after I was married. Oliver is only nineteen. If, when he is of age, he is at Oxford, — as I hope he may be, — or if he were able at home to have his wine in a natural atmosphere, simply and innocently, with gentlemen, I should not wish to deprive him of what I was brought up to regard as a proper element of social festivity.'

'Bravo!' cried Willys.

'But, alas,' she concluded, 'all that is gone now. And it's all so furtive and mean that I have a horrid feeling. And one hears so many hateful stories about the secret drinking of mere boys and girls, at school and at their parties, treating one another in their cars by the roadside, — and the consequences of it, — that it's odious, just odious. And I — I just sigh a bit for "the age of innocence," and bid it all adieu.'

'Admirable speech!' cried the novelist, as the Caribbean attendant refilled his glasses. 'Beautiful speech: full of sweet reasonableness — all but the conclusion. But why adieu? Watch and wait! I maintain that the prohibitionists builded better than they knew: they have driven drinking out of the barroom and are bringing it back to the home, where it belongs, and where as Burke says, — does n't he? — it loses

all its evil by losing all its grossness, or something like that. You and His Excellency are performing a service to posterity by preserving through this destructive period the purity of a fine old tradition.'

III

I turned to Oliver. 'Oliver,' I said, 'you have been shielded by your wife. Now Willys is apologizing for you. Really, you know, this won't do. You will have to come into the open and speak for yourself. When I go home, my friends will expect me to give them some intelligent account of what is going on here beneath the surface of things. We sit out there among the cornfields with our radio sets and listen to Washington uttering austere words about enforcing the law, and the next morning we read in the papers that there has been a party under the shadow of the Capitol, and that there is no one to see that the law is enforced, because all the responsible people are busy putting away their private stocks. Scandalous, no doubt. But in the ethical sense, how — actually — do you get away with it? Janus, explain yourself.'

'Oh, very well, Calpurnia,' said Oliver, 'yours to command, remembering only that, as Judge Black informs me, what a man entrusts to the wife of his bosom "in the sweet confidences of the midnight hour" she is not permitted to bring into court against him. But shall I explain myself as a friend of the Government, or as the master of my private life? As an ornamental pillar of the Administration, or as the captain of my own soul? Which shall it be?'

'Both, by all means!' Willys exclaimed. 'First one and then the other. First the marble bust and then the man. First the friend of the aspiring people and then the friend of the down-trodden artist. Discuss your public betrayal of your own class and then

your private loyalty to the good old cause. But tell us first why you passed the Eighteenth Amendment. I can't write my next chapter of *Senator Jones* till I have an authentic hunch, the *vraie vérité*, about the fashion in which you and the Professor and the Puritans and the Mid-West and the Anti-Saloon League — in short, the Anglo-Saxon minority — downed the great hearty Teutonic, Celtic, Italic, Slavic, and Hebraic majority — the glad, gay, sinful, eating-and-drinking majority — and put it over on us.'

'My dear man,' said His Excellency in his quietly impressive diplomatic manner, 'don't tell me that you accept that fable. You call yourself a realist! Neither the Anti-Saloon League, nor the Puritans, nor the Professor, nor I had any more to do with passing the Eighteenth Amendment than a butterfly on a steam-roller has to do with building the Lincoln highway, or than a catfish in the Mississippi has to do with irrigating the rice-fields of Louisiana.'

His Excellency 'held the point' by pausing to light a cigarette.

'Well, we are waiting,' someone prompted, after duly respecting his technique.

'*Mes enfants*,' he continued, and then blew a ring of white smoke spinning toward the tip of one of the candles, where it hung for a moment like a nimbus and then dissolved upward. 'My children, let me disclose to you the fundamental axiom of political philosophy — not the orthodox but the esoteric philosophy. Distrust the press and ignore the palaver of the man in the street. I tell you this: you may scold yourself red in the face; you may bleed yourself white; you may shout yourself blue with pietistic, reformatory, and patriotic fervor; nothing of any importance, of any public consequence, is ever accomplished in this

world except by Necessity — by a succession of linked Necessities.'

'The theory is n't entirely novel, Excellency,' I said. 'And now the application.'

'The necessity which put through the Volstead Act was the war; the necessity behind that was the sky-vaulting of wages; the necessity behind that was maximum production; the necessity behind that was a workman sober seven days in the week; the necessity behind that I could make concrete to you by naming the hundred leading corporations of the country that were in the belly of the wooden horse, making his feet track, when the Anti-Saloon League rode on his back into Jerusalem — or, if the figure offends you, into Washington.'

'The figure seems a little mixed at the best,' said Willys. 'But call it Jerusalem — whither the tribesmen go up to liquidate the burden of laying taxes on us. As for your chain of necessities, now that the war is over, that chain is falling apart. The workingman sees the Big Brother in the wooden horse, who bullied him into working six days in the week and into doing, according to Union standards, two days' work in one. He does n't like that. Besides, he knows that his Big Brother's own throat is n't dry, has n't been dry. The injustice rasps him. He wants his beer again. He wants the "poor man's club" again. And he has a jolly good right to have them. What do you say to that?'

'Oh, he has rights enough,' Oliver assented; 'but the poor man's club has passed into the hands of a receiver — a mighty capable one. The poor man's club is now in the hands of his wife. She is in charge now of the Saturday afternoons and evenings. Do you think, when her vote is as good as his, she is going to let him pour his wages into the sink? Rather not. She has

spent them, spent them in advance, for a generation to come.'

'Yes,' said Cornelia. 'Is n't it a pity! Workwomen are the most wasteful creatures. Why, when Margaret —'

'You don't quite get the idea, my dear,' Oliver resumed. 'As I was saying, in war time, while her old man was sober, with money bulging his pockets and nowhere to go, she made him buy her a house and a Ford and a Victrola and savings stamps and baby bonds, and now she's buying a municipal playground along the line of the old grog-shops and a new schoolhouse and a hospital and a couple of movie theatres and a municipal stadium and a municipal swimming-pool and God Himself alone knows how many hundred thousand miles of the finest and most expensive roads in the world.'

'Why, Oliver dear,' cried Cornelia, 'what do you mean?' I don't know anything more painful than to report the occasional fatuity of a woman whom one almost unreservedly admires. But dear Cornelia has not meditated very deeply on the problems of the working classes. And returning to her point, she insisted: 'I'm sure Margaret has n't bought any swimming-pools or hospitals.'

'No, my dear,' said Oliver calmly, 'I doubt if she has. But as I was saying, she has her own ideas of a club — that woman. She is a Progressive. As a big employer in Pittsburgh said to me yesterday, "She has tasted blood." She has dug in, and is going to extend her works. Wages won't go down; they'll be higher to-morrow morning. Why? Do you suppose that new outfit of hers is paid for? Rather not. Do you suppose that the business men are going to continue in business and collect their bills? Do you suppose they know what kind of plain people pay their bills and have money to spend? I fancy they do. Well! The Big Brother is still in the

wooden horse. Maximum production and high wages till the Judgment Day. And prohibition! The only ticket on which any party will hold office. That's my forecast — as a servant of the Government and a friend of the workingman.'

'Heaven help the poor workingman,' cried Willys, 'and spare us a few noble specimens of the idle rich. But now, Excellency, you must cheer our fainting spirits by explaining your point of view as the master of your private life.'

'As the master of my private life,' said Oliver promptly, 'I deny that I am any such Janus as the Professor here tries to make me out. As a private citizen, I still believe that prohibition cannot be repealed. Within this belief, I merely include, as a private citizen, my philosophic certainty that it will never be enforced, except where it is economically necessary. In my case it is not necessary: therefore, it will not be enforced. Its enforcement helps the business of the plain people; it would hinder mine. It adds, on the whole, very greatly to the comfort of their lives; it would detract from mine. The whole case against liquor grew out of the plain people's abuse of it. The whole case of liquor will be improved by my right use of it. There is no "rasping injustice" but a beautiful poetic justice in their losing theirs and in my keeping mine. That does n't express adequately my generosity in lending my hand to riveting the workingman's benefits firmly upon him. Many of the most decorative and not the least substantial pillars of prohibition are men of excellent and experienced palate. I simply cannot understand the Senator who refers to the Volstead Act as an idiotic measure and a failure. It was absolutely necessary: nothing which is necessary is idiotic. And every economist will tell you that it has been a marvelous economic success. It wonderfully accom-

plishes what had to be done, and it leaves undone what it ought not to do. And there you are.'

'And there *you* are!' retorted Willys, 'you and your economic argument. But where are the rest of us? I'm sorry to say that, for economic reasons, I can't follow you. My bootlegger is devouring my royalties. Therefore, as you would say, I have conscientious objections to illicit liquor.'

'I had rather overlooked that possibility,' said Oliver. 'But lean on me — at least until you have finished *Senator Jones*.'

'Thank you,' said Willys, 'I'll do so. But seriously speaking —'

'Forgive me!' Cornelia interposed, with a delightful wave of her hand flagging the onrush of the novelist's volubility. 'Before Mr. Willys begins to speak seriously, suppose we adjourn to the library. You remember that Oliver is likely to lose his temper if I keep him too long at the table fiddling with cigarettes.'

IV

I have never had leisure to examine the books in the library, which range from floor to ceiling. Sargent's portrait of Cornelia at twenty-five hangs above the fireplace. When we had relaxed in Oliver's wonderful library chairs before a real log fire, and had been equipped with an ambassadorial type of cigar, which the elder Carib lighted for us, and had been fortified by the highest potency of a private stock of real Java coffee, we men, at least, were in a position to contemplate the approaching midnight with equanimity. As soon as this change of base had been fully effected, Cornelia, who seldom loses the connection of things, irradiated the novelist with her most hospitable smile. (I sometimes think my feeling for her is pure intellectual respect for her skill in keeping a good topic alive and not

letting conversation die out in small talk.) She smiled and said:—

‘Mr. Willys, you were just about to speak seriously, when I interrupted. Please speak seriously, Mr. Willys. We are all most anxious to have you.’

‘Oh, my point of view, you mean?’ said Willys. ‘Speaking seriously, I can’t—for more or less obvious reasons—take as calmly as His Excellency does the poor man’s loss of his pleasures. I appeal from the tyranny of our recent moral legislation to my constitutional guaranties of liberty and the right to pursue my happiness where I can find it. I agree with the Senator that the whole business is idiotic. It is idiotic impertinence to dictate what I shall eat and drink at my own table, or what I shall brew in my own cellar.’

‘If you had a cellar?’ suggested Cornelia, rather spitefully reminding us of Willys’s arrangements to leave his house in New Jersey to his wife, and his wife to his house. But, as I have said, she is firm on such points.

‘Spare the wormwood, Cornelia darling,’ Oliver blandly interceded. ‘But, Willys, if you have a better remedy for our present discontents than mine, don’t conceal it from the country. Everyone is clamoring for it. Only be sure that it is a remedy. Be sure that it rests firmly on the necessities of the situation. There is no use in talking of anything else.’

‘I’ll tell you my remedy,’ said Willys, ‘when I get done telling you my troubles. I object to governmental regulation of my diet. But I object even more to governmental corruption of my conscience. God knows I need what little I’ve got left, and I’d like to keep it pure. I protest against the creation of crime by Act of Congress. My conscience tells me that moderate drinking is not a crime but one of the few certain solaces in this chaotic world.’

‘I had always fancied,’ said Cornelia, ‘that those who find drink a “certain solace” are seldom very moderate.’ But the cork, so to speak, was out of Willys’s bottle. He flowed on unchecked:

‘I protest against the legislative destruction of old customs which every civilized nation under heaven but ours respects. Your Excellency has seen the vintage in Greece, Italy, France, Germany—Persia, too, have n’t you, not to speak of our Gulf Islands? Consider merely the picturesqueness of it! The romance of it! Blood of the grape! Bottled sunshine! We had a bit of it ourselves, here and there—in the green vineyards of northern California, wild grapes on the Sangamon, moonshine in the Kentucky mountains, mint-julep on the old Southern plantations. Even the cocktail, you know, our own national contribution, had begun to be humanized and to have its tender local associations, as every club of distinction modified its ingredients and christened it with some lovely name: the Chrysanthemum, the Chrysostom, the Golden Girl, and so forth. Does n’t it really stir your imagination a little?’

‘Yes, yes,’ said Oliver, first smacking his lips and then pursing them with mock severity. ‘Yes, we grant you all that. But what, sir, is the *necessity* of it? We are talking of necessities, not of sentiments. We, we midlanders—the Professor and myself—want to know what necessity requires the tolerance of a mere beverage which is so liable to become a beastly nuisance.’

‘Exactly so,’ I said.

‘I’ll tell you the necessity,’ replied Willys. ‘And I’ll tell you, too, that it goes far deeper than your economic theory. You know, I know, everyone with two grains of sense knows that there is something desirous in the inside of a man which even hard roads and baby bonds don’t satisfy. That

something is a primitive and profound need of our elemental nature for excitement and every now and then for something like intoxication. Why, my wife says — excuse me, a lady with whom I was formerly acquainted used to say — “no woman can get along on less than a thrill a day” of one sort or another. It’s rooted in the human organism — this hunger for an occasional escape from humdrum. “Tedium” — what was it you said the other day, Professor? Rather good, you know — “tedium is three fourths of life.” For the multitude, for the masses, the fraction that is not tedium is almost negligible, when it is not positive pain. But — *but*, in that microscopic fraction there must be a few moments or hours of heightened consciousness, a burst of hilarity, a breath of freedom, a little dream, a little edge of ecstasy — or a man will cut his throat in order to feel that he is alive.’

‘It is not done among the sort of people we associate with,’ said Cornelia, whom the argument impressed as rather silly.

‘Perhaps not,’ said Willys, ‘perhaps not. Perhaps you “escape” in some other fashion. But I say His Excellency is wrong in making light of the poor man’s club. It’s his safety valve. Take the poor devil to whom Saturday night has been the only bright spot in a black week. Deny him beer, he drinks whiskey; deny him whiskey, he drinks vanilla extract; if he can’t get vanilla extract, he takes to methyl alcohol; or he falls back on drugs, and takes to theft, burglary, and crimes of violence.’

‘Are n’t you leaning rather heavily, Willys,’ I said, ‘on what you allege prohibition has done to the criminal classes? You can’t expect repeal of prohibition in behalf of thieves and thugs.’

‘As for the upper classes,’ said Willys, ‘I won’t offend our hostess by knowing

anything that simply “is n’t done.” But just consider what everyone knows: the Capuan character of the New York roof-garden, the Corinthian style of current dancing, nice young girls at petting-parties indistinguishable, actually indistinguishable in costume and paint and manner from courtesans, the high spots that can’t be kept out of movies, the chief interest in the novels we’re reading and writing, and then the general domestic smash-up that is following prohibition. There are worse things than a liquor license, Professor, and we’ve got the whole pack of them on our backs by putting in prohibition.’

I quoted my favorite passage from *King Lear*: ‘We make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars, as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on.’

‘Quite pat, Professor,’ exclaimed Willys, whose wits are quick enough. ‘And there is, by George, a divinity in it. I maintain it’s the vengeance of Dionysus! We’ve tried to bind a god, and, by George, he’s getting back at us. See what I mean? Have you read Euripides, Excellency?’

‘Once on a time,’ Oliver said, ‘not lately. Tell us about it.’

‘A great work — his *Bacchae*. Everybody ought to read it. You see, there’s a reformer in Thebes, called Pentheus, a straitlaced, stiff-necked puritan, an out-and-out prohibitionist, a — a regular Mid-Western professor. Well, the young god — Dionysus, you know — comes over into Greece from Asia with his choruses, singing and dancing and swinging the ivy-wreathed thyrsus — and all that beautiful joyous stuff, you know. But this Pentheus makes up his mind that Dionysus is a bad lot, and he locks the god up in the stable —

passes a sort of Volstead Act on him, you understand. But he gets out — the god gets out. Of course he gets out; on the q.t. He escapes into the hills — classical moonshine, classical bootlegging, you see. The women get hold of the stuff and, up there in the hills, begin celebrating “mysteries” — all on the q.t. Attorney-General Pentheus says this must be stopped — law must be enforced. He sleuths up into the hills to spy them out. But the women, his own mother among them, catch him, and literally pull him to pieces, tear him limb from limb and strew the bloody fragments all over the place. That’s the vengeance of Dionysus.’

‘How perfectly horrid!’ exclaimed Cornelia.

‘You know the play, Professor,’ said Willys, ‘of course.’

‘Oh yes,’ I replied, as if I had been intimate with it from infancy. As a matter of fact, Oliver’s telegraphic reference to Bacchus had prompted me to chuck Gilbert Murray’s little book on Euripides into my traveling bag for train reading. That accident enabled me to sustain my bluff by a bit of critical wisdom. ‘The play is curious,’ I said, ‘coming from Euripides. He passes for a progressive, an intellectual radical. You would have expected him to sympathize with Pentheus, of course. But I notice that Gilbert Murray does n’t accept the old theory that Euripides recanted and went back to the ancestral gods.’

‘Well,’ replied Willys, ‘in that case, I think Gilbert Murray is wrong —. Who is this Gilbert Murray? I’ve got the play here — in my overcoat pocket — somebody or other’s translation, of course. You take it with you, Professor, when you go. Read it again and tell me if you don’t think I’m right.’

I had to laugh; and then we both explained how we happened to be reading, or reading about, the *Bacchae*.

Then Willys returned to his argument.

‘When I read this play, you know, it hit me in the eye that this thing is as old as history. This prohibition idiocy is as old as the race. If drinking could be rooted out, it would have been rooted out long ago. All the arguments against it were cheesy in the days of Noah. It sticks because, as His Excellency and I are pointing out, it is rooted in necessity. You reformers, as you call yourselves, don’t know what you are about. You’ve bit off what can’t be chewed. You are attacking religion; and it’s dangerous business. You are trying to kill a god, and it can’t be done.’

‘But my dear Mr. Willys,’ cried Cornelia, ‘it is n’t *our* God. The Church has n’t really defined its position, and of course some of the bishops are very liberal. But don’t the dissenters in this country take a very firm stand in favor of prohibition? Most Americans are dissenters, are n’t they? If so, then I should think you would call prohibition itself a religious movement.’

‘It has long been identified with the popular evangelical churches,’ I said.

‘Don’t talk to me about the evangelical churches,’ cried Willys. ‘The “uplift” has hit the churches till now they are nothing but community-improvement societies, with no more religion in them than the municipal waterworks. There is no more real relation between religion and prohibition than there is between signing the pledge and seeing the Beatific Vision. Wine is as much a part of our traditional religion as it was of the Greek religion. The Jews still drink their Passover wine. Why should n’t they? What do you make of that passage in the Old Testament about the winecup in the hand of God? What do you make of the wine at the marriage feast in the New Testament? Or the wine in the Holy Grail? Or the sacramental wine, drunk by all the faithful, till the

spirit of mystical fellowship evaporated in the grape-juice of that paradox, the *individual communion cup*.'

'But it's much more sanitary that way,' said Cornelia firmly, 'really much nicer. And since everyone knows that it's only a beautiful old form —'

'Oh, you formalists!' Willys ejaculated. 'You formalists are the real atheists. Till the days of frank atheism, we wished our friends Godspeed, we pledged their healths, and we launched our ships with a libation of wine. The central act of religious worship for two thousand years was a kind of sacred intoxication in the blood of the living God. Omit the central act and religion disappears; all you've got left is a lot of unedifying bishops wrangling over the "higher criticism" of fifty years ago. It's the vengeance of the Dionysiac element in Christianity overtaking them. I repeat what I said before — it's just as true of bishops as it is of workingmen: human life can't be sustained without a little edge of ecstasy. If we try it, something will burst. That's my forecast!'

'And your remedial measure?' said Oliver, 'your remedy, rooted in the necessities of the situation?'

'Why, moderate drinking, of course,' replied the novelist, lapsing into the wide arms of the chair, like one from whom all the virtue has departed. 'Teach Americans to drink as the Greeks do to-day: wine everywhere, no one drunk.'

'Not a bad idea,' chuckled His Excellency.

'An idea of startling originality,' I added.

'Our "dry battery" is crackling with suppressed thunderbolts,' said Oliver. 'But,' he glanced at his watch, 'it lacks only ten minutes of midnight and the dawn of a better era for the world. While all the inhabitants of this borough of Manhattan are meditating

on their sins of the past year, and signifying repentance by various acts of atonement, it is fitting that we should not let the hour pass without some appropriate ceremony. Professor, you have n't seen my new set of Casanova — a Christmas gift from the wittiest of my French friends. Let me show it to you. Willys admires it immensely.'

Willys and I followed our host to his bookshelves, while Cornelia idly turned the pages of the new *American Mercury*. But why go into details? Oliver's edition of the *Mémoires*, handsomely bound in full morocco and locked in a glass case, proved to be the mask of His Excellency's 'diplomatic reserve.' From the ingredients of two or three 'volumes' he compounded something which he told us was known in Washington as the 'Gentlemen's Agreement,' because it agreed with gentlemen. As the clock and the bells and the whistles sounded the knell of 1923, Oliver exclaimed, 'Why, Cornelia, where's the Professor's buttermilk!' and he and Willys clinked glasses, and drank 'To the vengeance of Dionysus!'

V

'And now,' said His Excellency, stroking his silvered brown beard and turning upon me the railery of his dynamic dark eyes, 'it's up to you, Professor. You've been sitting here like one of Uncle Sam's "observers" at a peace conference — a chiel a-takin' notes, an' sayin' nothin'. Don't you know that henceforth there shall be no more neutrals? You are our only representative of the great drouthy forward-looking West. Don't you know that the business of a representative is to represent? But Willys and I have got you backed into a corner. I've shown the economic necessity of prohibition. Willys has shown the religious necessity of drink. What is the Mid-West going

to do about it? Which way are you going to break? Break, Professor! But stick, as we do, to the necessities of the case.'

'I am as much a necessitarian as you, Excellency,' I said.

'You'd better be,' chuckled Oliver, 'Caesar's wives, I suspect, had better be necessitarians.'

'But I am as religious as Willys,' I added.

'That's very right,' said Willys.

'And so,' I continued, 'I shall take a middle ground.'

'I see,' said Oliver, 'the golden mean, or temperance. Too little temperance is chronic inebriety. Too much temperance is teetotalism. Prohibition may and must be defended as the only known means to ensure moderate drinking among the better sort of people. Exactly my position!'

'No, Excellency,' I said, 'you don't see. Mine is not exactly your position. The extremes which I have in mind are your economic necessitarianism and Willys's religion — his theory of the necessity of religious excitement. I lay hold of both those positions as firmly as you and Willys; but I reconcile them, instead of making them mutually destructive. Starting from the same premises, I reach a different conclusion.'

'Of course,' said Oliver. 'Of course. But what is it?'

'Before I state it,' I said, 'may I, since I am on the defensive, take a minute to rebut your fallacies and to present, as you and Willys have done, my more intimate personal feeling and private "point of view"?''

'Oh yes,' murmured Willys, rather sleepily, 'that will be very proper.'

'It will be good for you, Willys,' I said. 'I shall not hurt you more than is necessary. And I shall not be half so tedious as I might be if I were not leaving town on the 2.37. Relief is in sight; my taxi will be here at one.'

'At one?' said Cornelia. 'The children promised to be home by one, or earlier. Oliver, could n't you all —?'

'Why certainly,' Oliver said. 'Send away your taxi, Professor. When the Infant comes in with the car, we'll drive you to the station, and then I'll take Willys to his hostelry. But go ahead now, Professor, with your personal narrative of the great drouth in the Mojave Desert.'

'Oh, it's the first forty years without water that's hardest,' I said. 'After that, one gets on nicely. Do you know that, far from being keen for this argument, the entire subject bored me terribly, till you and Willys drenched it again in — in reality. Since my student days, a generation ago, I have hardly even seen liquor enough of all sorts to float an old-fashioned alumni reunion for a single evening. A resident during the latter half of my life in a bone-dry district, I, like most of my neighbors, viewed the annual extension of the dry lands with the aloofest academic interest.'

'Of course!' said Oliver, smiling. 'Of course! But you can abridge that: we all know the quality of a professor's interest in any matter of first-rate importance.'

'It was not till bootleggers were commonly reported to be as ubiquitous as German spies in war time,' I resumed, 'and men began to attribute all the evils of the hour to prohibition, and seriously to argue that the Volstead Act was forcing drunkenness and criminality upon numberless respectable citizens who thitherto had led lives of unblemished virtue — it was not till then that I began to feel a certain curiosity about the facts and, especially, about the mental condition of intelligent and responsible people resident in territory which is still subterraneously wet.'

'Their mental condition, Professor?'

Oliver inquired. 'Why their mental condition?'

'Because I could n't understand, Excellency,' I replied, 'how intelligent men like you and Willys, who have lived abroad, could permit yourselves to attribute the sexually hectic flush of recent literature and life in America to the Volstead Act. All these evils, says Willys, followed prohibition, and he wags his head and mutters, "Vengeance of Dionysus." Suppose, now, I seize the same absurd *post-hoc-propter-hoc* principle and attribute the virginal chastity of French, Italian, and English fiction and private life to the free use of intoxicating beverages?'

'I smell irony, Professor, somewhere,' said Oliver, 'but I grant you that Willys's logic slipped a cog there. We'll have to grant you that America dry is no more sex-obsessed than Europe wet.'

'And then,' I went on, 'I was a little troubled by Willys's plea that with the general decline of drinking in America, something of real poetic beauty is passing out of our lives. I honestly can't feel that he speaks realistically about that. I know the Anacreontic tradition, the literary romance of nut-brown ale and blood-red wine, perhaps as well as Willys does, and in the bookish imagination of youth used myself to revel with those that "gloried and drank deep." But when I had an opportunity to compare the Bacchic frenzy of an ancient Greek or Persian or Elizabethan, as represented by the poets, with the Bacchic frenzy of an American citizen howling drunk—I declare it was one of the major disillusiones of my life. The actual beauty of the real thing has come at last to impress me as very nebulous, like the amours of Thomas the Rhymer with the queen of the fairies. The lover is too often left "alone and palely loitering," with a crumpled shirt-front, with his hat in

the gutter, by a green lamp-post—"where no birds sing."'

'Oh green grapes!' stuttered Willys. 'What can you make of green grapes! What can you know about it, Professor? On your own showing it's twenty years since—'

'True, Willys,' I replied, 'true. But the pathos of distance ought to lend a glamour to one's memories. One has, you know, one's memories. Even a Mid-Western professor has his memories; and in the deep interval of twenty years all that is ugly in them should have faded out, should have been gathered into the blue mist of oblivion, leaving the soft contours of the Bacchic landscape bathed in pure beauty. I don't find it so. I see—' I hesitated. In a company like this, it is a bit awkward to talk on the killjoy side of the question. But Oliver rallied me forward.

'Tell us what you see, Professor,' he said. 'Life or death, give us only reality. Show us the sad pictures in the prohibitionist gallery of disillusion. We'll try to look interested.'

'Well,' I said, 'Willys's praise of this beautiful old custom of getting drunk, now and then, did press a button in my gallery of memories and light up a few old pictures. They are relevant only because I did have, in my earlier years, about the average American's chance to feel the æsthetic value of this vanishing phase of our popular culture. I see pictures. As Whitman says, "The shapes arise."'

'Whitman was a priest of Dionysus,' said Willys.

'So was Emerson,' I said, 'and so, according to my lights, am I. The shapes arise. I see a strayed reveler, with no vine leaves in his hair,—with only a shirt, trousers, and suspenders,—lying on his back, and shouting children towing him by a rope attached to his foot, through the main street of an Arizona town; the reveler grins and

plucks feebly at the rope and says, "Now, boys." This picture is thirty years old. I see a driveling swaying figure in a crowd at a street corner in Los Angeles, trying to give away the contents of his pocketbook. I see a Vermont farmer in his haymow, surly and maudlin with the unfreezable alcoholic element of frozen apple-cider: he jabs his cow with the tines of his hayfork. Returning from a mountain camp at midnight to a Massachusetts village, I see in the road before me a dim mass reeling through the moonlight and entering a cottage in the outskirts, and two minutes later I hear a woman's voice shrieking, "Murder! murder! murder!"

'Yes,' yawned His Excellency, 'I have always insisted that the peasantry and the proletariat were nasty in their liquor — serves them right to lose it.'

'Don't interrupt my vision,' I said. 'The shapes arise. I see in a New England city a trolley car full of sick college students scrambling for the rear platform — one of them lies at full length in the passage; he is a little trampled. I see a fellow student regularly soaking his shredded-wheat biscuit in whiskey; he carries his flask to morning chapel. I see another, stepping — without vine leaves — into the open shaft of an elevator; no god bears him up. I see other youths of the better sort in large numbers in a smoke-heavy place of midnight refreshment, after a football victory, treating to hot whiskey weary-looking painted girls in black — Stephen Phillips's "disillusioned women sipping fire." I see five professional men on a moral holiday, seriously approaching the task of consuming three quarts of Scotch and Bourbon before morning. I see groggy alumni embracing one another in tears, hugely pleased to be drunk with men to whom they never speak when they are sober. I see derelict artists and novelists and law-

yers, quietly slipping away from professional life to settle down in a rustic hermitage to drink themselves to death. I see a group of permanent class-secretaries in secret session, running through the long list of alumni in every college who never report and never turn up; the secretaries know why, but they publish no report.'

'Good heavens, Professor,' groaned Willys, 'His Excellency and I were not born yesterday, and doubtless even our hostess knows there are some casualties. Whiskey is n't buttermilk. Knives have edges, and are dangerous. Everything that's good for anything is dangerous. But really now, what is the point of all this?'

'It has a point,' I replied, 'it has a point at both ends. It bristles with points, and all of them are dangerous to you and your remedy for our discontents — your moderate drinking. The first point is this: that customary drinking in America, whatever it may be in Greece, has been and is, on the whole, not beautiful but ugly, disgusting, and destructive. The second point is this: that customary drinking in America is so inveterately intemperate that your proposal to institute a custom of temperate drinking is really far more visionary and impractical than prohibition. Your remedy is not conceived with an eye to the essential facts in the case.'

'And these are —' prompted His Excellency.

'These are,' I said, 'that Americans of both upper and lower classes are temperamentally hard to stop when they are started. Ninety out of every hundred Americans feel a curious pride in "seeing the whole show," on "going the whole hog," on "sticking the thing out," on "going the limit," on "getting results," and on "getting there first." This temperament shows in their drinking as in everything else. They

care nothing for taste or bouquet. They value their liquor in proportion to the quickness of the "kick." "I can let the stuff alone," they say, "but when it speaks to me, I want it to speak with some *authority*."

'The first really sensible thing you've said this evening,' said the novelist.

I was tempted to mention his perfectly callous consumption of Oliver's choice Spanish wine as a case in point; but I restrained myself and said:—

'A Frenchman sits down at a table on the boulevard with a single small glass of light wine; and sips, and rolls it under his tongue; and sips, and studies a cloud in the sky; and sips, and holds the glass up to the light; and sips, and looks at the river, and quotes a couple of verses of Ronsard; and sips, and considers what he was doing in April a year ago; and lifts the glass, and puts it down, and counts his change; and so on for half an hour or an hour; while the Yankee traveler at the next table selects a bottle of the most expensive wine on the list, gulps it down like ice-water, and sighs for an American cocktail. We were born whiskey-drinkers, high and low, men and women.'

'I adored wine but I abominate the taste of whiskey,' said Cornelia. 'I detest the very odor of it.'

His Excellency relieved me of the obvious duty of saying that her taste in that, as in all things, is exceptional.

'The Professor,' he continued, 'overdraws it a little; but there is much in what he says. Historically considered, we have, as a people, rather taken to extremes: George III or pure democracy; abolition or a thousand niggers; the book of Genesis or Robert Ingersoll; for better for worse, till death do us part, or Brigham Young and his twenty-eight wives; the town wide-open or the town bone-dry; milk-shake or whiskey neat. It hangs together. You'll have to admit, Willys, that moderate as you

and I are, as a people we insist on going in for a kick. It's rooted in what you yourself called the "primitive and profound necessities" of our national temper.'

'It's rooted,' said Willys, 'in the artificial "necessities" created by our national puritanism. It's rooted in the artificial necessity of being ashamed to drink at home, and having to live, like a false little Sunday-School god, in the eyes of a sanctified wife and puritanized children.'

'Really—Mr. Willys!' Cornelia exclaimed.

'It's the truth,' insisted the novelist. 'It is rooted in the necessity thrust upon a poor devil by the surrender of public opinion to the prohibition bullies—the necessity of carrying a portable kick in his hip pocket, or, in the old days, of standing up with his foot on the rail and taking it quick and getting out before his neighbor—came in for his.'

'No, cynic,' I said, 'it is rooted in a deeper necessity than that—and a real one, which can't be essentially changed. I mean, that our national custom of whiskey-drinking was rooted, like all bad things,—according to His Excellency,—in the Mid-West, rooted through a thousand miles of the richest corn-land in the world. Do you know that if the Atlantic Ocean were pumped dry and we Mid-Westerners applied our resources to it, we could fill the basin with corn whiskey every year? That is the real reason why a kick-loving people would, in America, always be a whiskey-drinking people. And that is one of the real reasons why we Mid-Westerners have maturely decided to feed our corn to hogs.'

'A-ha!' cried Oliver. 'Striking into your argument at last! Economic theory of morals! My argument! I "get" you, as you midlanders say.'

'Yes, Excellency,' I assented, 'you get me very well. As a "friend of the

plain people," you get me very well. I accept the whole of your economic argument for the necessity of prohibition. I accept every word that you say on the expensiveness of the reconstructed workman's club, on the expensiveness of his wife's post-bellum tastes, of the long future in which we may expect high wages, of the continued necessity for maximum production. But you hardly scratched the surface of the argument. You have hardly glimpsed the expanding expensiveness which the average life in America is soon going to exhibit. We are headed straight and hard for an era of broad, inclusive, expensive popular culture. The plain people whom we've been feeding for a hundred years on the skim-milk and fragments of old morality and religion are developing an appetite for comfort, for health, for knowledge, for recreation, for variegated pleasure, for style, for art, and for beauty, which is the most expensive thing in the world. Prohibition — and the average man knows this, even the moderately intelligent workman knows this — prohibition has its tap root of necessity in the imperative choice of our entire society between "booze" on the one hand, and, on the other, beauty, art, style, pleasure, knowledge, health, and comfort — which he knows, and you know, are the real tangible substance of modern upper-class religion.

"Oho," cried Willys, 'getting around to my argument at last! But it does n't sound much like what *I* mean by religion.'

'Religion!' cried Cornelia. 'Why, it is n't religion at all!'

'What is religion, my dear Cornelia?' I asked.

'Why, religion,' she replied, 'is what the bishops agree are the fundamental teachings of the Church.'

'It is not!' I retorted with the intimate discourtesy and dogmatism of an

old friend who is also an old puritan. 'My dear Cornelia,' I hastened to add, 'that is theology — not religion.'

'Tell Cornelia,' said Oliver, whom the high Anglican tendencies of his wife rather amuse, 'tell Cornelia, Professor, what religion is.'

'Your religion,' I responded, 'is what you actually believe in, whatever that is. My religion is what I actually believe in, whatever it is. The religion of the average American is what he actually believes in, whatever it is. What *do* you actually believe in, Cornelia?'

'I believe,' she replied firmly, 'in the Apostolic Church, in the communion of saints —'

'His Excellency, for example, among them?' suggested Willys, saucily enough.

'Really, Mr. Willys!' said Cornelia. I felt the air cold on my cheek. I doubt if it lowered the temperature of Willys. He merely said, 'I am a realist,' and lapsed again. Cornelia repeated: —

'I believe in the Apostolic Church,' and this time I interrupted.

'The average American,' I said, 'does not — at least, he does not believe in it with any such fullness of faith as he accords to baseball.'

'The tone of this conversation is becoming decidedly distasteful to me,' said Cornelia. She picked up a copy of *Vogue* and buried herself in it, pretending to lose all interest in our discussion.

'I'm sorry,' I said, 'but I too, like Willys, am a realist. I have learned much from the master realists of my time — I mean the salesmen. I have learned, when I wish to make a religious appeal to a man, to appeal to him on the basis of the things in which he really believes. If a man's real belief is small and mean, you've got to begin mean and small. If he believes only in his pocketbook, I must appeal to his pocketbook. If he believes in his

children, I can appeal to him through his children.'

'Excuse me,' said Cornelia, rising, 'it's nearly time for the children to come home. I will telephone down to the office to have them send away your taxi.' When she returned from giving the message at Oliver's desk-telephone, she picked up her *Vogue* again, and seated herself outside our circle, near the tall windows looking on the street. We readjusted our positions by the fire so that our backs should not be turned to her, and I continued:—

'The real business of religion is to reconcile us to our necessities. According to the powerful drive of Oliver's economic argument, the outstanding necessity to which the average American has now got to be reconciled is prohibition. That is a rather hard selling-proposition. I don't think it can be put over except under pressure of some sustained religious emotion, or as Willys calls it, "excitement." Now don't you see how important it is to know what the average American sustains a religious emotion about—what he really believes in?'

'Yes, that's all right,' said His Excellency. 'What next?'

'Well,' I said, 'if the average American registers no emotion about the Apostolic Church, we can't use that in a case like this, can we? We've got to fall back on our really common bonds of union like our common belief in modern plumbing, health, youth, the athletic life, education, publicity, automobiling.'

'Popular elements, anyway,' said Willys. 'Automobiling as a substitute for which of the Thirty-nine Articles, Professor?' I glanced to see if Cornelia were listening; but she was plucking at a holly-wreath in the window, and seemed intent on the street.

'It is a vital element of our popular religion,' I insisted, 'and by no means

so absurd a substitute as you suppose. One has got to take together, you see, this whole group of genuine popular beliefs. Next one asks every honest average man if he does n't agree that these things are what he wants and believes in, and that the group of them expresses what our modern civilization wants and believes in. Then one turns on the average man and says: "This, sir, is your effective Shorter Catechism; and you've got to junk whiskey as your national drink because it is just flatly incompatible with the general distribution of the objects of your religion." That's the way his religion reconciles him to his necessity.'

'I had a hunch, Professor,' said Willys, who had long since grown weary of serious argument, 'that automobiling and drinking went together.'

'They have hitherto,' I said, 'but —'

VI

My speech was cut short at that point by Cornelia at the window, calling out rather sharply:—

'Oliver, why do you suppose the children don't come?' Almost in the same breath she sprang to her feet, and pulling aside the curtain, cried:—

'Oh!— Oh! Oliver, what's that?' And an instant later, 'Oh! Oh! Oh! How dreadful! Thank God! Thank God! Oh, thank God, it's not the children!'

'Of course not!' soothed Oliver, with his arm about her shoulder. 'Of course not. What was it? Tell us about it.'

We ourselves had heard, not indistinctly,— the apartment is on the second floor,— the prolonged steady screech of an automobile horn, and, in response to Cornelia's cry, had rushed to her side, expecting, I suppose, to see the fire department clearing its right of way up the avenue.

'Oh, there's been a dreadful acci-

dent,' cried Cornelia. 'That poor little boy — Oh, that poor little boy! They were driving like mad — to the hospital, I suppose. I saw two policemen standing on the running-board of an open car coming up the street, and another sitting on the front seat by the driver. Then, for just an instant, as it flashed into the bright light under the windows, I could see that the policeman in front was holding in his arms a little boy — seven or eight years old — with his head, face upward, hanging over the edge of the car — bright red with blood — absolutely one bright red disc of blood — and streaming. Oh, it was horrible! You have no idea how horrible! And then, as it went past, I could see that there was a woman crumpled over in the rear seat, and an old man trying to hold her up.'

'It must have been a shock,' Willys offered; and I added something equally helpful, as one does on such occasions.

'Well, my dear,' said Oliver, as we returned to the fireplace, 'accidents, you know, do happen. Are you calmer now?'

'Yes,' said Cornelia, 'yes, I guess so. I'm trembling still. You've simply no idea how it shook me.' She sank into a chair, then recovered herself sharply, and said with a smile: 'I'm sorry. Forgive me for making such a fuss over it. I'm all right now. I suppose it's horrid to be so selfish — but, O Oliver, are n't you glad it was n't the children? Are n't you?'

'Certainly, my dear!' said Oliver, in such a droll matter-of-fact tone that we all laughed quite spontaneously. 'And now shall we talk of something else? Or do you wish me to telephone to the Infant that their mother has been anxiously expecting them for at least five minutes?'

'No, don't telephone,' Cornelia protested. 'It's really only just after one. I'm sure they will be here in plenty of

time for the train. And please don't change the subject. I heard what you were saying. You were talking about automobiles and automobile accidents. That is what made me so "jumpy," I suppose. I'll not be silly any more. What were you going to say about automobiles when I interrupted?'

'It would be hard,' I said, 'to avoid "improving the occasion" a little. Heaven knows I did n't get up the accident to illustrate my argument — and there's no reason to suppose that it does illustrate my argument exactly. These people may all have been perfectly sober. But if this thing, just now, had happened in a story, like that, we should have felt that it was contrived and artificial — I don't recall just where I stopped, but what I was about to say was — the gist of it was, that you can make a live argument based on our automobiling civilization, with almost anybody in the United States, because almost everybody in the United States has some sort of vital interest in a car; and so the argument, as we say, comes home to him.'

'That is sound enough,' said Oliver.

'Yes,' I said, 'the things that people have in common are the things that hold them together and enable them to act together. Cars are a much more expensive cultural and social amalgam than, say, abstract fraternity, or a belief in the Apostolic Church, or even than an old family Bible. But the fact remains that cars are at present far more widely diffused and almost infinitely more used among our fellow countrymen than any of the older and less expensive amalgams. I doubt whether there is any other subject whatever upon which our people possess so large a fund of common knowledge and experience. Consider: we have fifteen million cars. That means that perhaps one out of every six or seven men, women, children, and babies in this

country actually drives a car. That's what I call practical belief in an article of the popular religion. And you see — if you think — that it's the garage and the filling-station that crowd out the saloon, at every few blocks in the city, in every town and village, at every crossroads from Florida to Montana. It's one — just one, mind you — of the expensive new clubs of the plain people, of the average man.'

'Yes,' said Oliver, 'there's something in that.'

'There's a good deal in that,' I persisted, 'both for economic necessitarians like you and me, and for religious enthusiasts like Willys. For Willys, you remember, the essence of religion is a kind of dangerous and exciting Bacchic escape from humdrum into a few hours of heightened consciousness and mystical fellowship — through the national drink. Well, Willys, when the half gods go, the true gods arrive. The national car does everything that *you* ask of the Holy Grail: it provides the average American with an emotional discharge; it provides him with danger, excitement, the intoxication of speed, heightened consciousness, and a mystical sense of fellowship with the owner of both the Rolls-Royce and the Ford roadster; and it provides these things not on Saturday night only but every day in the year. As you will concede, there is a kick, the possibility of a kick — especially in our national car — for every day in the year. And there's one more thing about the religion and ritual of the car.'

'Oh, at least that!' said Oliver. 'But what is it, Professor?'

'It's a thing,' I said, 'that knocks into a cocked hat His Excellency's private argument for privately nullifying the Eighteenth Amendment. Of course His Excellency did n't invent the argument — I mean that hoary old bore about personal liberty and private con-

science and so forth. All the "wet" newspapers pull it out of the pyramid of Cheops seven times a week. All the "wet" city newspapers count the German and Italian and Slavic noses in their constituencies, and then get off that tedious drip about the "puritan minority" and its attempt to bully these honest European consciences, which, being European, are free from sanctimonious scruples against befuddling their wits with liquor.'

'*Quo me rapis, tui plenum* — where, O Mid-Western Bacchus,' cried Oliver, 'where dost thou drag me at the tail of thy car? I feel the thong going through my heels and the rope running up to the axle of your Ford. Crank up! Drag on!'

'Why, don't you see, Excellency,' I persisted, 'that the car hauls the whole argument clean out of the gumbo of "personal liberty," clean out of the slough of "private conscience." We don't know how this accident out here in the street took place; but in our Mid-Western metropolis we killed some seven hundred people last year with cars, and, according to the papers, there was more than one such accident as this one from drivers who were drunk. With one out of every seven men, women, children, and babies in the United States driving a car at from twenty to forty miles an hour, along crowded streets and thoroughfares from Maine to California, we have simply got to prevent drivers from being drunk. It's in the necessity of the situation. We are all private engineers nowadays. That's what we want. Very well. If we all want to be private engineers, we've got to submit to the same regulations as governed — long since — engineers on the railways. Our job is not less hazardous than theirs, but more so. A railway engineer who drinks is fired by the railroad and, I understand, by his own union.'

'I'm as stiff on that as you are,' said His Excellency, 'a man who drives his car when he's drunk should be strung up to the nearest telegraph pole.'

'Oh, no,' said Willys, 'you're a little hard on him. You can't stop a man drinking because he occasionally drives his car, drunk. Give him a good fine and take away his license. Or if he is very drunk, put him where he can sober up.'

'That would n't,' I said, 'quite straighten things out, would it? for the occupants of the car that went by here?'

'Oh, but Professor, you are so unrealistic,' said Willys, as he rose and clapped a hand over his mouth in order to eject a yawn which he could not swallow. 'You are hopelessly unrealistic. If a man does n't drive when he's drunk, now and then, how in the dickens is he going to get home? What time is it?'

'It's half-past one,' said Cornelia, who had also risen at the first opportunity. 'And there's the telephone. See what it is, Oliver — quickly, quickly. But nothing could have happened to them — my son is such a careful driver.'

VII

Oliver stepped to his desk and removed the receiver. There was an inevitable moment of suspense. Then tossing to us with a smile — 'It's the Infant — they're all right,' he turned again to the telephone and listened for nearly five minutes, during which he said 'Yes' several times, 'What's that?' once, and concluded with 'I'll come immediately.'

Then he faced us with a curious smile, meant to be reassuring, and, with that promptitude of thought and action which idle Americans in Europe are understood to exhibit on the outbreak of war, said too swiftly and decisively for debate: —

'Oliver has been arrested for speed-

ing. I'll have to go and bail him out. They are letting the girls come home. They will be here any minute. Willys, will you go downstairs to the office and tell them to send a taxi here at once? Professor, you go, too, and meet the girls downstairs. I want to have a word with Cornelia. If Dorothy comes before I join you, keep her there a minute. Yes, put on your coats — we'll not come back. Willys and I will look after this business; the Professor will go on to his train.'

In the face of a real little emergency Cornelia's nerves never betray her. As soon as Oliver began to give orders, she became the source instead of the recipient of reassurances, as if her only anxiety had been for a gracious leave-taking. She did it extraordinarily well.

The rest of my impressions of that night I shall drastically telescope because this is not a story, but a conversation, and my impressions relate merely to the incident which had intruded with such coincidental force upon the conversation.

I recall that the first moment in which my imagination began to link the talk and events of the evening vividly together was in the elevator, descending to the ground floor, when Willys, casually thrusting his hands into the pockets of his overcoat, and muttering something about His Excellency's being a little fussed, fished out his copy of the *Bacchae*. As I transferred the book to my own coat, somehow association shot a link from the Greek tragedy and its gory scene in the hills to the red face that Cornelia had seen under the city lamps.

While Willys occupied himself with accelerating the arrival of a taxi, I went out on the street and stood on the curb, waiting reflectively enough for the appearance of Dorothy and her girl friend. Five minutes later they were driven up. With the notion that my

function was to shut off a 'scene' of any sort, I instantly remarked, in the quiet tone of a man who understands all about the situation, that Dorothy's father was explaining the thing to her mother, who was a little agitated, and that he desired them to wait downstairs till he came down. Both girls looked as if they had been crying, but they were calm now, and seemed indisposed to talk to me. When I had drawn them aside out of observation from the office, and saw no hysterical signs, I ventured to ask why they had been driving so fast. The other girl, whose name I did not catch, said that they had not been driving fast but had skidded. Before I could utter my natural question, Dorothy turned on her young friend, and said: —

'That is not so. You know it is not so.' Then she did a queer thing. She asked me if I was leaving town that night, and when I said that I was, she slipped from under her fur coat a small light oblong parcel wrapped in a man's handkerchief, thrust it into my hands, and whispered with singular intensity: 'Take it with you, please. Take it away and pitch it — pitch it where no one will ever find it!' I dropped it discreetly into my overcoat pocket. Then Oliver entered from the elevator, questioned Dorothy for a minute, and sent the two girls up to Cornelia.

Oliver, Willys, and I then entered the waiting taxi and drove away. Oliver sat with his back to the driver, facing us two. I itched to ask him why the other girl had told me that their car had skidded, and why Dorothy had denied it. But it seemed a good time to let Oliver speak first. He sat for a few moments in a frowning concentration, almost as if we had not been there. Then he ejaculated, still as if we had not been there, 'My God, what a mess! My God, what a mess!' Willys rallied him on making such an ado over a fine.

Then Oliver hurled the whole thing between our eyes, just as he himself had got it, standing there so gaily in the library, smiling histrionically back at us from the telephone: the Infant — he still referred to him as 'Infant' — had been arrested on a charge of manslaughter and driving a car while drunk. He was n't drunk, but he had been drinking a little at the party, as the other boys had. He had somehow lost control and hit some people, a woman and a little boy, he thought, just a few blocks from home.

Well, that is the gist of the incident.

As I look back now on that trip to the police station, I am shocked to remember how self-centred we were, all three. I can't recall that it occurred about the load of broken humanity that had gone, an hour earlier, to the hospital. Our sole concern seemed to be, lest a couple of physically uninjured boys should spend a few hours of the night in jail. And just before the taxi stopped at the police station to let His Excellency and Willys out, I know that I myself was actually wondering about this remote point: how it would affect Cornelia, and whether she would not suffer more in the injury which her son had inflicted upon others than if he had himself been injured. But what I was actually saying was, that I thought young Oliver did not drink; Cornelia seemed so sure of him. Oliver Senior exclaimed 'Oh rot!' And then he added: —

'Why, the Infant and the furnace-man made a keg of raisin wine in the basement of our own apartment last Easter. He told me about it just yesterday. I asked him why he had n't told me at the time, since we two were on the square with each other. He said that he was afraid of setting me a bad example! Oh, the poor little devil! The poor little devil!'

Willys said it was 'a damn shame,' and that they must see what they could do to get the charge of driving while drunk withdrawn and the charge of exceeding the speed limit substituted. Then we shook hands. Oliver and Willys got out, and I went on to the railway station. I hated not to stand by and see the thing through. But Oliver had assured me that I could n't really do anything *but* stand by; and as I had a speaking-engagement in Ohio on the next day, and my college work began the day following, I surrendered to the necessity of the situation. My holiday was over.

I started westward with little eagerness — with an odd sensation of repletion and fatigue mixed with cerebral excitement. 'The starved silkworm,' I muttered to myself, 'has had his feast of mulberry leaves.' I was not sleepy and did n't wish to spend the small hours of the morning tossing in my berth. I went into the vacant dressing-room for a smoke. As I hung up my overcoat, I thought of the parcel that Dorothy had entreated me to 'pitch — pitch where no one will find it.' Poor pathetic, distracted little Dorothy! It was only an empty silver flask, wrapped in her brother's handkerchief and neatly engraved with his monogram. Poor little distracted Bacchante — apparently it had n't occurred to her that the breath of whiskey still strong in the silver flask was doubtless giving even stronger evidence elsewhere.

The thing hurt me, and I put it away. Everything that I tried to think of, however, hurt me. I wanted to escape from too much sensation. But my mind was in that state of fatigue-intoxication in which one seems to be simply an observer of a succession of pictures which form spontaneously there. I was conscious of wishing to reflect consecutively on a certain idea, namely,

whether Willys was right in declaring that one can't kill a god. But the moment that I began to grip the idea and ask myself whether in the course of history many terrible old gods and dynasties of gods had not utterly passed away under the pressure of that Necessity which encompasses the gods and is stronger than they — then pictures began to form: Bacchanalian women dancing in the hills; Willys's humorous torn limbs of Pentheus strewn 'all over the place'; Cornelia's terrified picture of the gory head hanging over the car; and — the young Bacchus at the police station.

Sometimes one manages to escape from the persecution of such pictures by reading a book. I had nothing available but the copy of the *Bacchae* that Willys had lent me. When I found it impossible to escape from its suggestions, I decided to face them. I read till the gray morning crept into the car and extinguished the lights. The last lines of the tragedy moved me deeply, with a kind of strange solemnity, a haunting beauty.

O the works of the Gods — in manifold wise they reveal them:

Manifold things un hoped-for the Gods to accomplishment bring,

And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign not to fulfill them;

And the paths undiscerned of our eyes, the Gods unseal them.

I looked out at the window. Another day had come. We were thundering through wintry cornfields — a hint of snow on the withered brown stalks. I rose, and passing through the silent sleepers to the deserted observation-car at the rear, I went out on the platform and pitched the empty silver flask as far as I could pitch it into the wind. I seemed to hear from the corn a remembered godlike voice crying: 'O celestial Bacchus, drive them mad!'

THE COMMONWEALTH OF THE ATLANTIC

BY RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

I

'We should study maps of the seas, with the lands which lie round them, not maps of the land.' This was the advice given many years ago to his students by an inspiring and imaginative teacher. It embodies a view of history and indicates a line of thought which is useful in reconstituting the past, and which may even be of immediate value in considering our politics of to-day and their probable extension into the future. A shape alters according to the view which we take of it, and a new point of view may help us to see the real shape of some of our present problems. All our lives we have looked at them from the land; let us now look at them from the sea.

The ordinary atlas shows us maps of countries — America, Great Britain, Germany, France, and so on. They are shown as separate entities, isolated from one another, and so we are led instinctively to think of the countries themselves as isolated, separate from one another and capable of independent action with relation to one another. Yet we know that this is not the case. At present in particular we have cause to know that a rumor in Berlin may reverberate through the markets of Chicago or Montreal. It requires a map of all Europe to show us that the countries of Europe are interdependent; it requires a map of the Atlantic to convince us that Europe and America are not unconnected and that the

old-fashioned globe is, after all, the best instrument for world politics.

To what extent and in what manner the countries of the world are necessarily connected with one another is, of course, a matter for discussion. To help us in this, a slight historical retrospect may be of assistance.

The older historians were accustomed to derive our present civilization from Egypt and from Babylon. Here, in the great river valleys of the Nile, the Tigris, and the Euphrates, have been found the remains of civilizations which long preceded the earliest signs of that Greek culture upon which our own is founded. So it was only natural to conclude that Greek art, literature, and thought took their inspiration from these older people. The fit was not very good: Greek culture was patently different from that of either Egypt or Mesopotamia; but this was easily attributed to the transforming power of Greek genius, which could change the clumsy temples of Egypt into the Parthenon.

So our European culture was thought of as beginning on river banks, thence advancing to larger countries, transferred from land to land by sea voyages increasing in length and security until the Atlantic was bridged — but still founded on land, where people lived. We speak of the culture of Greece, of China, of India, and look sometimes for a new culture of North America.

Culture was — and is — thought of as rising out of a land.

But since the beginning of the twentieth century the story of a Mediterranean people as old and as civilized as either the Egyptians or the Babylonians has been literally dug out of the island of Crete. Sir Arthur Evans, who excavated the remains of the city of Knossos, has shown beyond doubt that here was a civilization contemporary with the earliest dynasties of Egypt, extending back to some four or five thousand years before our era.

Earlier explorers had found remains at Mycenæ and Tiryns in Greece, at Hissarlik, the site of ancient Troy on the Hellespont, and at many other points on the shores of the Levant. These remains were evidently older than classic Greece and they refused to fit into any reasonable scheme of development. There were golden cups, fragments of jewelry, traces of buildings, and strange domed tombs. They had evidently some affinity with Greek art, yet were not Greek. So, in the ignorance then prevailing, they were associated with the Homeric poems and regarded as 'primitive Greek.'

We know now that these 'Mycenæan' remains were not Greek at all. They are the remains of a civilization which held the Ægean sea long before the Greeks first appeared in history. This was a civilization of merchant and pirate kings, whose rule centred in Crete and whose colonies lay all round the coasts and through the islands of the Ægean. It has been named 'Minoan,' and it was founded on a sea.

The evidence is already strong, and is becoming stronger every day, that the cultures of Egypt and Babylon did not deeply influence that of Greece, and so have not a very great importance for us to-day. Babylon and Egypt were hemmed in by land;

neither of them had free access to the sea nor were their people ever seafarers. So their civilizations, like those of China and India, were doomed to stagnation. The greatness of Crete has been hidden in her ruins for some three thousand years and it is hard to readjust the historic views of many centuries, but it is becoming more and more evident that the culture of Greece owes more to Crete than to either Egypt or Babylon. The long-lost Cretan seafarer is our own spiritual ancestor. He nourished Greece as Greece has nourished us. European civilization begins as the civilization of the Ægean Sea.

II

The Greeks never formed an empire: they were too individualistic to form any such rigid organization, but they formed a very distinct culture. They were Hellenes when all other outer people were barbarians, — babblers, — and their culture was that of the eastern Mediterranean. A look at the map shows that the Mediterranean is divided into two basins: a western, bordered by the shores of Italy, France, Spain, and Barbary; and an eastern, from Italy and Sicily to Egypt and Syria.

It was on the shores of this eastern basin that the Hellenes lived. In Asia Minor they founded Miletus, Samos, Ephesus, and many another splendid city. In Italy and Sicily were Sybaris, Croton, Syracuse, and Acragas; in North Africa, Naucratis and Cyrene, though here, in the south, traded their mercantile rivals, the Phœnicians of Tyre, Sidon, and Carthage. Beyond this basin, Greek colonies stretched out into the western Mediterranean at Pæstum, Marseilles, and Naples. To the east they spread through the dark Euxine to Heraclea

of the Chersonese and to the wild lands of the Scythians.

We are apt to think of classic Hellas as the modern country of Greece; but historically Hellas is the eastern Mediterranean and the lands which lie about it. Although their literature ignores it, yet the Greeks were a trading people. The vases which Greek merchants exported from Athens four hundred years before Christ are still found in central Italy; their ships ranged the inland sea, along with those of the Phœnicians from whom they had learned their letters. Hellas is the name of a sea rather than of a land.

Twice in classic times do we find efforts to found great land-states to stretch from the Ægean to India. The empires of Darius and of Alexander were founded on land. Both were of short duration; both fell to pieces from their own sheer weight. They were not founded on the security of a sea, or even of a river, and they could not last.

It is perhaps worth noting that the Persian art of Darius borrowed from rather than gave to Hellas, and that the empire of Alexander spread Greek art-forms widely through Asia. A great deal of nonsense has been talked about the immemorial wisdom and ancient culture of the East, that is, of Asia. There was, of course, give and take on both sides; but our European civilization goes back to some four or five thousand years before Christ and we gave of our wisdom and of our art to Asia quite as much as Asia gave to us.

As civilization expanded, it seemed for a time uncertain whether Rome or Carthage would predominate on the Mediterranean. For with larger and swifter ships, the sea was growing too small for two great mercantile powers. Carthage was but two days' sail from Rome; Sicily with its Carthaginian colonies was but one: much too close for comfort. So Rome and Carthage

fought and, once she reigned supreme on the Mediterranean, Rome could grow. By the beginning of the Christian era the Roman Empire had reached its greatest power and it was the Empire of the Mediterranean. Britain and Northern Gaul were outlying provinces to be dropped on the first signs of weakness; the strength of Rome lay in her command of the Mediterranean or, more truly, Rome *was* the Mediterranean; for Egypt, North Africa, Spain, and Greece were as Roman as the City of Rome itself. Classic Rome was the Mediterranean Sea with the lands round about it. Rome inherited the earlier Græco-Phœnician culture of the Levant; she gave it to us, and she gave us our religion.

The oft-repeated view that Christianity is an Oriental religion is worth just a moment's investigation. Palestine at the time of our Lord was a Roman province deeply tinged with Greek culture. The Jewish religion had grown up on the shores of the Levant, and is as true a product of that sea as is the art of Greece. Paul, the great apostle, was a Hellenized Jew and a Roman citizen; his letters are full of Greek philosophical terms. It was in Rome that Christianity attained its position as the recognized religion of European civilization. In its development, as in its origin, the Christian religion is a product of Mediterranean civilization and it is quite unnecessary to postulate for it any Oriental origin.

So in the third century of our era the civilization of Europe, its laws, its art, and its religion are founded on the Mediterranean Sea.

III

When this culture fell before the inroads of the northern barbarians, there followed a long period of darkness and re-formation. When next we can

see Europe clearly we find two cultures: that of the south, still Mediterranean though weakened by the irruption of the Moslems into Africa and Spain; and that of the north, centring round the North Sea. The distinction between northern and southern Europeans is a valid one. Anthropologists speak of Mediterranean man as different from Nordic man. So they may well be, for they live on different seas.

A map of mediæval Europe shows how much the north was dependent on the North Sea. Across it from Denmark and Friesland came the Angles to colonize England. Later from Norway and Denmark came the Norsemen to conquer northern France and their earlier-arrived kinsmen in England. Round the North Sea lay the great mediæval ports: London, Norwich, Hull, Leith, Dundee, in Britain; Paris, Rotterdam, Bremen, Hamburg, Antwerp, on the Continental coast. The prosperity of mediæval England was largely dependent on the trade of the North Sea. Let those who doubt the unifying power of the sea consider that Orkney, Shetland, and Caithness in the north of Scotland are more akin in race and tradition to Norway across the sea than they are to Perthshire, but a few miles distant across the land. Northern France is more akin to southern England than it is to the Midi. The native of Hamburg or of Denmark is more akin to the Englishman than to the Bavarian. The lines of culture follow the seas.

But mediæval Europe was growing too large for these small seas. The Crusades may be regarded as efforts to regain control of the Mediterranean. They failed, unfortunately for Europe, and to-day we are still paying the penalty. The Turk is still in the Mediterranean. That he was not long ago expelled or absorbed is probably due to the timely discovery of a new

sea. The break we make in European history in the sixteenth century coincides with the discovery of the Atlantic.

Early traders had of course crept through the Straits of Gibraltar and around the western shores of Europe, but, until the sixteenth century, Europe was bounded on the west by ocean without end. By 1520 men knew that the Atlantic existed, a sea with land lying around it. They began to colonize the shores of that sea. Columbus really discovered the Atlantic.

IV

The shores of the new sea were settled by Europeans: Spaniards, Portuguese, French, and English, with a smaller Dutch and Scandinavian element. As was natural, looking to their geographical position, the Spaniards were the leaders of this emigration and colonized farther south. The causes which led to the eventual English domination of the North Atlantic hardly come within the scope of this article, though it may be suggested that both Spain and France are too closely associated with the Mediterranean ever to become great Atlantic Powers. It was rather North Europe which required a new and a larger sea.

This Atlantic colonization, of course, led to the rise of new and important ports. England had to right-about turn in order to face the new sea. Bristol, Liverpool, and Glasgow became more important than Leith or Hull. London, Rotterdam, and Hamburg direct their traffic through the Channel. Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Quebec, and Montreal rise on the western seaboard. Progress since the sixteenth century has lain in the extension westward of the American seaboard, until now all America is occupied by Europeans who still look to the Atlantic as their home sea. This

statement may require to be modified later, but it will be acknowledged that the Eastern seaboard of America still dominates its culture.

To-day then we, whether we call ourselves Americans or Europeans, really live on the Atlantic. A great deal is sometimes made of the three thousand miles which separate America from Europe; but those three thousand miles are sea, and by all historic precedents seas unite people — they do not separate them. The Atlantic is to us to-day an inland sea, very much what the Mediterranean was to Rome.

We may illustrate this by comparing the size of the two seas by the only true standard, that of travel-time.

The speed of Roman sea-commerce has been reckoned at from four to five knots; that of our own to-day is about twelve. In other words sea distances in miles are to-day one third to one half of what they were in Roman times and probably about one quarter of what they were in Greek times.

Pliny tells us that a merchant ship would pass from Messina to Alexandria in six days, with favoring winds. That means that Egyptian corn, at quickest, took about seven or eight days to get to Rome. To-day Canadian wheat takes at least a fortnight to get to England. But a passenger can pass from America to England in six days, and a message in as many minutes.

So the Atlantic to-day is, for merchandise, about twice the size of the Roman Mediterranean; for passengers, about the same size; and for news, very much smaller. The comparison of Roman Mediterranean with modern Atlantic is more than mere fancy. The sense of national unity was indeed much stronger in the Roman sea, but such a sense does already exist in the Atlantic and it will probably increase with increasing civilization and in obedience to practical necessities.

To-day the Atlantic is more unified than it was in the sixteenth century. When Columbus first crossed it there were three cultures on it: that of Europe, strong and vigorous; that of Africa, weak; and that of the American Indian, midway between the two. To-day the American cultures of the Aztec and the Red Man are matters of archæology; the Negro has adopted the culture of his masters, and European culture is supreme. It would almost seem as though two different cultures could not live together on the same sea, although of course many nations may if they are of the same culture. This community of Atlantic nations has as yet no name. Its essential unity has not yet been recognized sufficiently clearly for that and it has been torn by family quarrels. It is not an empire, for that suggests unity of rule as well as of culture. We may perhaps call it a 'commonwealth,' the Commonwealth of the Atlantic — for the weal of each nation in it affects all the others.

V

This reading of history suggests an interpretation of recent events. Before the war, Germany had two dreams of empire — the 'Drang nach Oesten' and the 'Hegemony of the Atlantic.' The outward manifestations of the first were the penetration of Turkey and the Bagdad railway. Its ultimate purpose was the creation of an empire reaching from the Rhine to the Euphrates. Alexander the Great attempted this and failed; Darius tried it and failed; nor does it take much intuition to prophesy that, even with the aid of the railroad, any such empire would fall to pieces in modern times quite as fast as it did in the days of the great Alexander.

The second dream was typified by Emperor William's announcement of

himself as the 'Admiral of the Atlantic.' This was indeed a claim and it had a reality in geography. Indeed, the real cause of the war was possibly not the attempt of Germany to get a place in the sun, but to gain the chief place on the Atlantic. Between her and her sea stood France and Britain, and it was against those Powers that she hurled her strength. When for a moment it seemed even faintly possible that Germany might dominate — not Europe but — the Atlantic, the war became the active concern of the other great Atlantic Power. The United States entered the war, not to help France or England, but to hold the Atlantic.

The questions of 'coöperation,' 'participation,' and 'interference,' which seem so urgent at the moment, must also be regarded from this point of view. The old tradition of American isolation is based on the idea that the ocean separates America from Europe. So long as a voyage across the Atlantic took weeks or months, this was true. So long as the States of the American Union were weak, the doctrine had at least a value as an act of self-defense. It applied, of course, only to political rule; for no one would pretend that Europe, in sending thousands of emigrants to America, was not interfering very actively with this country. Now, however, when the Atlantic is only six days wide and the American States are as strong, or even stronger, than those of Europe, the attitude of noninterference is purely imaginary. Every disturbance on either side of the Atlantic sends its waves across to the other. America and Europe to-day both belong to the Commonwealth of the Atlantic whether they happen to know it or not; for, like all real unions, it first creates itself and only later is recognized. A policy of complete inaction on the part of America, of utter noninterference, will have just as active

an effect on Europe as the most active policy of coöperation.

Indeed one often feels a little impatient with leagues and conferences, with disputes on coöperation and the opposite, on America helping Europe, on entanglements, for all these ideas involve the idea of separate entities. Surely the overruling fact in our politics to-day is that we all live on the Atlantic, and that automatically we do form a community of Atlantic nations. This community must live together somehow, and it is the business of our statesmen to see that it lives together comfortably. Indeed at the present moment two of our Governments are negotiating a treaty dealing with twelve-mile limits and similar arrangements for living together comfortably on our sea. In time we shall probably have a great many more such agreements.

VI

To-day the Atlantic is an inland sea, the seat of a culture which began in the Levant some five thousand years ago. There remains yet another sea, the Pacific. It is not yet enclosed. Enormously larger than the Atlantic, it still separates America, Australasia, and Chino-Japan. But as travel becomes more rapid the Pacific will become smaller, so that it too may some day become an inland sea, the suitable home for a new culture. To say what that culture will be would be to adventure too dangerously into prophecy.

But a survey of the coasts of this sea shows us one fact very clearly. The mass of the population, the best ports, and the most fertile lands are all upon the western side, from New Zealand and Australia in the south, to Japan on the north. The American coast is but a narrow strip between the mountains and the sea.

The real division of America is, of course, not along any imaginary forty-seventh parallel from east to west. That is only a political division between two Atlantic nations. It is along the Rocky Mountains and the Andes, from north to south. Every traveler from Montreal to Victoria must have felt the sensation of stepping into a new world. China, Japan, and Australia, which in Montreal are far-distant, unreal countries, suddenly come into the world at Victoria. The railroads indeed join Montreal and Vancouver, but the interests of East and West are different.

This American Pacific coast not only is very narrow, but has few good ports. From north to south are Vancouver, Seattle, San Francisco, Lima, and Valparaiso. America really faces the Atlantic and these few cities are to be regarded rather as colonies of the Atlantic planted on the Pacific. Like all colonies they retain a sentimental affection for their mother sea (or land), but their interests are necessarily different. Oriental immigration is of much greater interest to them than any European politics. They have their own Pacific difficulties and cannot be interested in the Atlantic ones.

Some foretell an eventual war between the two cultures which at present occupy the Pacific shores. We may, however, remember that Greece and Phœnicia lived for centuries at peace on the Levant. It is true that Rome and Carthage fought, but the Pacific is large.

VII

And now some reader may protest that this argument is indeed all at sea, and that America's real future is in America after all. Such is indeed possibly the case. There is a freedom of choice. We know that in ancient Egypt, in India, and in China great civilizations were founded on river

banks surrounded by land, and we know too the characteristics of such riverine cultures. They may rise to considerable heights of administration, science, and the arts, but they are cut off from the world and so tend to become ultraconservative, stagnant, and eventually dead. There is, of course, room for such a self-centred civilization in North America and the map will show its natural boundaries. It is the valley of the Mississippi and her tributaries. It may be regarded as stretching from the Peace River in the north to New Orleans in the south. It is bounded on the east by the Alleghanies and on the west by the Rocky Mountains.

Here is the opportunity for a great land State, concerned with no seas, thinking of no matters beyond its own mountain boundaries. Is there any whisper of this in our present day politics?

If this is to be the line of America's future development, then New York, Boston, Montreal, must all sink into marginal villages where stern-faced officials will stop all foreign immigrants, all foreign merchandise which might possibly penetrate into the hermit State of the Mississippi Valley. Foreign trade must cease, immigration must cease, St. Louis and Winnipeg must become the capitals of the new land State. Is there any whisper of this in our present-day politics?

I hope not, for I believe that the future of all America is on the Atlantic. America is a part of that great community of nations whose ancestors for five thousand years have lived on the sea, and I cannot believe that she will now change her path. The Commonwealth of the Atlantic is the fulfillment of our history; it is the greatest power that the world has yet seen; it exists even if we do not see it; and in it is our future.

FROM A COOK'S POINT OF VIEW¹

BY ANN ALDERTON

I

HISTORY relates that after a period of experimental asceticism the Lord Buddha decided in favor of a normal diet and conferred some special spiritual honor upon a damsel who appeared most opportunely with a bowl of rice; and I have read that at one time in Turkish lands the professional cook had the rank of the second admiral of the fleet. Except for these two instances, however, there seems to be little honor, mundane or spiritual, for the people who prepare three, or even six, meals a day, for seven days a week, all the year round, year after year. The kitchens of Gil Blas and of the Court of King Arthur are not entirely the outcome of wild imaginings, or representative of a bygone age.

There are some people who like to feel themselves on such a high plane of existence that they don't notice what they eat; so, chafing secretly because they cannot live on fairy pancakes of yellow tide-foam, they snub their meat and potatoes. The majority of people seem to eat, and to eat what they like, because they always have done so, and they enjoy it, and it never occurs to them not to do so, although universities are teaching the science of nutrition and preaching on the psychological aspect of meals. Later on we may arrive where Buddha was

thousands of years ago, and consider the spiritual significance of meals, those important events in the perpetual re-creation of the body. Then perhaps we shall study our own needs and our economical maintenance as seriously and intelligently as we now study those of automobiles and farmyard animals. Then the work created by these needs may be respected as a service requiring spirit and intelligence as well as physical energy unrelated to any abstract processes.

A profession is necessarily an echo of a conviction: it is usually a faint echo reaching us across the cries of the market-place and made discordant by them; but the original music is there for those who desire to hear.

If a lesser teacher seeks inspiration and knowledge he can turn to the greater teachers; they are the creative impulse behind all that is good in education and behind the profession that sometimes conceals them; they unify ideas and ideals; they possess at the same time a power to concentrate and diffuse.

Many of the manual occupations are potential professions but they lack centrifugal force; they are organisms without a nucleus; they are not even organizations; they are a hotchpotch consisting of the relics of slavery and feudalism (preciously guarded by the employer), the work and influence of an occasional artist, and the products, good and bad, of various strikes.

¹This article is contributed by a cook in actual service who enjoys unusual advantages of education and a background less Celtic than usual. — THE EDITOR.

Anyone who has been a professional wage-earner has consciously or unconsciously possessed certain privileges connected with his work — the possibility of appeal to tradition and history, access to definite sources of knowledge, and social tolerance. But to attempt to be a cook and to grasp the situation as a whole is like trying to read a book by the light of street lamps which are few and far between and often very dim. High standards of skill and artistic conscientiousness must be sought in one place, scientific knowledge in another, and social ideals in yet another.

Universities have got as far as producing trained dietitians, but you have to be very tactful, not to say roundabout, when telling them that you are a cook. On the other hand, if you want work as a cook, it is unwise to let your possible employer know that you have ever seen the inside of a university; you are liable to be condemned unheard as being utterly incapable with your hands; even when you have experience you are looked upon with suspicion.

'You've got something at the back of your mind, and I can't make out what it is,' I was told by the employment secretary of a large concern of eating-places; and she would not put me in the kitchen on the ground that I was too intelligent! This, however, was not a difficulty which I encountered at the outset.

Considering the outcries now raised against the exodus of women from kitchens, it is rather extraordinary to recall the difficulties I had in getting into them, and, judging from what I have seen, I should think it would be more difficult for a woman to achieve an acceptable profession for herself as a cook than it has been for her to fight her way into the ranks of doctors and lawyers.

To begin with, there is a social stigma attached to the work, and one is fighting for something considered valueless even by those who possess it. A Norwegian kitchen-maid I worked with said to me, 'If I could speak English like you I would not work in a kitchen.' This illustrates the fact that the kitchen is the most unpopular place on the market, and many of the people who work in one are there because they know nothing of commercial value, not because they know anything about food or because they desire to learn a skilled occupation.

It is not merely the underlings who complain. I do not know of one good cook who would put his own children to his own trade.

'I have a sister, and if she wanted to be a cook I would cut off her hands!' a French cook declared to me, and, however exaggerated, it is typical of an attitude that is not difficult to understand.

'No one will know what you are doing,' I have been told as an inducement by people who were trying to persuade me to accept some work.

When I first insisted on being a cook I rather distressed a charming elderly lady who had befriended me. 'My dear, have you ever thought of nursing?' she said.

I had thought of nursing, and how much I should dislike it, for of all occupations it surely must call for the performance of the most difficult tasks, and the endurance of continuous strain. Yet not so very long ago nursing was as 'unthinkable' a profession as cooking is to-day.

The worst of the work of a cook is not necessarily disagreeable; there is a great deal that is pleasant when the conditions of employment are good, and the work of the responsible person in the kitchen requires a fine combination of hand-work and head-work; yet the possibilities of the occupation are un-

recognized by hundreds of bread-winners in overcrowded kinds of employment, and there is perpetual discussion of the vexed problem of the domestic. This is a discrepancy easily accounted for by a great many of the conditions of employment, but not necessarily caused by the occupation itself.

II

My first experience as a 'real cook' was in the family of a Canadian fruit-grower in Ontario. I had been spending the summer in that neighborhood and obtained the work through the Government employment bureau in a large town, from whom I received notice of it.

The worst of this place was that in all probability it was one of the best of its kind. In some ways my employer was surprisingly friendly, but details of the conditions in which I was expected to live are fit only for a report to a sanitary inspector. I will, however, give one instance of a minor atrocity.

As a rule, milk was not sold at this farm, but a cow was kept for the household. My employer always insisted that when the greater part of the milk had been skimmed, the rest of the cream should be blown from the pan into the receptacle for cream. On one occasion she had been in bed for a week with a bad bronchial cold. Almost as soon as she came downstairs she spat into the kitchen fire, called for the pan of milk I was skimming, and blew violently till the last particle of cream had gone. Then she turned to me and said with great pride:—

'There! Now if you ever have a farm of your own you'll know how to manage the milk, won't you?'

I reported conditions there to the Government Agency, but they said they could not afford to make investigations and evidently took no responsi-

bility for the conditions of employment offered by them.

After I left the farm I was constantly in touch with the secretary of the Y.W.C.A. employment bureau. She was persuaded that the cause of most 'domestic' dissatisfaction was the unwillingness to work of the present generation of young women. At that time I was thinking of going to a Domestic Science college. The employment secretary opposed this, as she said that cooking ought to be learned in a kitchen under a good cook. This should certainly be a strongly emphasized part of the training; the great difficulty seems to be to find any kitchen where the scientific side of the work is respected, or any school where the actual conditions and the daily routine of a kitchen are represented. In short, there is no system of apprenticeship and no training school where theory and practice are adequately balanced.

One employer, who ran a large dining-room in connection with an apartment house, consented to take me into her kitchen if the cook would consent; but the cook declared that she had had to learn herself and was n't going to teach anybody else.

After one or two efforts which were failures on account of my inexperience, I landed in a small restaurant where the Government was feeding the unemployed, and where a great many students came to eat regularly on the meal-ticket system.

My experience here was valuable only in so far as this place was probably typical of the small eating-houses that spring into existence in great numbers wherever there are crowds of people who can afford to spend only as little as possible on what they eat.

My employer, who directed two dining-rooms and occasionally visited this one, had consented to take me because I seemed anxious to learn to cook; she

was a good-natured but incompetent woman, who quite frankly thought I was mad.

I did all sorts of kitchen odd-jobs in this place. The reigning cook was a kindly old crone who used to put most of the saucepans on the floor, so that it was difficult to walk about without falling into pots of soup or vegetables. She had seven sons and a lethargic husband who did the carving. They used to come and sit about the kitchen and eat pie.

The dishwasher here regaled me with stories of the ex-chef, a Chinaman, whose great accomplishment had been to cut flies in half with the carving knife he happened to be using.

One day one of the seven sons tried to commit suicide because the waitress was flirting with somebody else. He did not succeed, but the family party was broken up, and the cook departed. She was followed by a woman who was a good plain cook and very clean; but the establishment was so poorly managed that there was practically nothing to cook with.

This woman made one remark which showed plainly her contempt for her own standing, and which I thought would have been a suitable climax for a play of Ibsen's on democracy.

'Them wot comes 'ere ain't no better than wot we are,' she declared firmly, speaking of the customers. *'If they was, they would n't come.'*

Soon afterward I answered an advertisement for a scullery maid in a hospital kitchen. The dietitian who interviewed me seemed interested in my experiment and allowed me to put in what hours I could in the kitchen while taking a course of cookery at a school in the town.

The chef was an Irishman and a good cook. The work of the scullery-maids was to wash the pots and pans and a

few dishes and to prepare vegetables for from two to three hundred people. There were usually three scullery-maids.

I found this experience very useful because I learned ways of handling large quantities of food and had practice in doing so. I do not know of any school which could have provided this amount of training.

I will go into a few details of this hospital experience because I have since heard that deplorable conditions exist in many hospital kitchens, and because it convinced me at the very outset that only a part of the problem of kitchen sanitation is being solved by the training and the employing of dietitians. If the cook had a certain amount of scientific training with which to supplement his craft, and had also the standing of the dietitian, the outlook might be more hopeful; but at present the conditions of kitchen employment keep out the fastidious type of employee, and the available types help to make kitchens what they are; so there is a vicious circle.

In the hospital where I worked most of the maids lived in a house near by, under the supervision of a very nice clean Irishwoman of the 'uneducated' type. I think I am right in saying from memory that there were from forty to fifty girls living in this house, and that there were only two bathrooms. At any rate the conditions were such that the supervisor when talking of the accommodation said, 'No wonder the girls are sick!'

The bedrooms were very crowded, and the night cook, who finished her work about three o'clock in the morning, had to share a room with a day worker, so that both occupants suffered.

After working in the scullery for about two months I was the night cook in this hospital, but I did not live in the maids' quarters. I was allowed

ten dollars a month extra to find an outside room for myself.

If I had had to accept the conditions offered to the maids I should not have stayed in the place, and I cannot feel that it was surprising to find in the kitchen scullery-maids who blew upon the food, and used tea-towels to wipe their hands and hot foreheads. From the point of view of kitchen sanitation I think it would be interesting to have a record of the women who buy the most expensive and, presumably, the most sanitary food for their children, yet congratulate themselves that they employ the cheapest possible 'kitchen help' to handle it.

In New York I wanted to find an entrance into kitchens where there were fine workmen, and I thought it might be possible to work in a hotel kitchen in the way in which I had worked in the hospital kitchen, taking courses in subjects that would supplement the manual work I was doing.

An employment agency had been recommended to me by a reliable source and I went to see the man who ran it. He was extremely discouraging. He said that he knew all the hotels and restaurants in the city from A to Z, and that there were only two or three kitchens in which it would be at all possible for me to go. He said that the kitchen was the last place on earth in which he would want to see any of his 'women-folk,' and that one who worked there must have the 'hide of a rhinoceros' and a few other similar protections.

Finally, by extreme good fortune, I was allowed to visit, as often as I pleased, a restaurant where there were a great many French and Italian cooks. The chef was an Austrian under whose management the working of the kitchen ran like a beautiful machine; he saw everything and said little—but he could say very effectively whatever he

wanted to, and with equal ease, in German, French, and English.

I have never met with greater generosity or courtesy than I did in this kitchen, neither have I seen more skilled workmanship than I did there. This was a matter partly of inheritance and partly of long practice.

'You'll do it all right when you've done it three or four hundred times,' the cooks would declare when I was allowed to struggle with a pastry bag or a slippery fish, and, 'It's all right after the first ten years!'

All the same they tried very hard to persuade me not to think of becoming a cook. 'Go out into the streets about eight o'clock and watch the doors open, and you'll see the cooks come out,' they said; 'they are all so big . . . and they walk like this. . . .'

In this kitchen the simplest operations were performed with the skill and rapidity of a conjuring performance. The fillets of fish were cut with two or three movements of the hand, and the fillet bore the perfect imprint of the bones from which it had been separated; each dismembered part was as symmetrical as the entire fish had been. It was worth a long journey to see an onion cut up, and the sound of the activities was an education in itself.

Running tea-rooms, just now, is a very popular occupation and perhaps may help to change the attitude toward kitchen-work. At the same time, the management of them seems to be the chief attraction, and as far as I know them they are managed by women who could not take the place of the people they employ to do the necessary manual work. If the preparation and serving of foods is to be a possible profession for women it seems a pity that they should not seek some sort of apprenticeship under the best and most experienced workers. If they leap at manage-

ment before they have learned to handle tools they will only arrive in a field from which are missing the aristocrats and artists of the profession.

It is quite true that good clean food may be served without the highest degree of skill; but if a despised occupation is ever to become attractive it seems foolish to eliminate from it its most artistic possibilities; and these are not to be found merely in pink and green dinners, but are more closely bound up with the dexterity of hand that can come only from 'a long patience.'

I have worked in the kitchen of a cafeteria that is very admirable and flourishing. The social ideals there are as praiseworthy as the food; and this is a compliment to both. The arrangement of hours and the conditions offered to workers are little short of ideal; there is, in fact, so much that is good that it is perhaps exacting to desire more. Yet I found the kitchen disappointing after the fine workmanship and the ingenious management I had seen in the other kitchen. It was under the supervision of very nice young women whose only drawback seemed to be that they had had no training under first-rate people of their own profession. This showed itself both in details and in the general management; their knowledge of the handling of their tools was elementary, and the general arrangement was unnecessarily inadequate. The pot-washer had no light over the sink; there was no place for the collection of plates that had been used in the preparation of food, and these were often scattered about in the limited space required for the next piece of work; no definite plan had been made concerning available space and the arranging of prepared food, and the consequence was that the kitchen was clogged and uncomfortable while there actually was room elsewhere for the

overflow. The manager merely said, 'A kitchen will be higgledy-piggledy.' A good chef would have made short work of her.

The worst faults of this kitchen were those of amateurs; and so long as schools and universities teach manual occupations not as ends in themselves, but as supplements to some non-manual wage-earning profession, the desire to manage without training will probably be prevalent, and the worth of those things given by schools will be undervalued by all except graduates.

In the very early stages of one's mathematical efforts one learns that the whole is greater than the part; and while there are many kitchen-problems that must be worked out by an educated mind with organizing ability, there is much that can be learned only by daily contact with workers of long experience. The subject is not treated as a whole by those whose grasp should be the most comprehensive. There seems to be so great a gulf between schools and kitchens that an attempt to cross it must be a leap in the dark. It is not a leap to be made by refined young women who feel that they would lose caste by eating in kitchens and being called by their first names.

III

The position of the cook in a private house is fundamentally worse than that of the cook in a business concern. As a result of much agitation the hours of the workers in hotels and restaurants have been limited within reason. I believe fifty-six hours a week is the maximum, and one free day is given. One of the cooks in the restaurant I visited told me that he had been on strike five times because of the conditions he worked in: at that time the cooks stood for fourteen hours a day over a red-hot coal-stove, and even after that were

liable to be called upon for night duty. The men who struck against these conditions were considered unreasonable because of the amount of pay they received.

However, there is still no protection for the worker in the private house, and conditions exist there that actually are criminal, and would be legally criminal in any institution of a public nature.

Two women-employers may say with equal truth, 'I give my maids one afternoon a week off, and every other Sunday afternoon.' (I have heard this said as if it were an extraordinarily gracious concession.) Yet the routine of one household may be such that the servant can lead a more or less reasonable existence, while that of the other may be such that the worker has to leave her position or undermine her constitution because of her daily life.

The demand for definite hours is not a demand for less work; it is a demand for properly organized work; and until there is a readjustment — or rather a revolution — which establishes housework on a business basis, arbitration on other issues is vapid.

I worked for some months in the kitchen of a very rich family, where there were about twenty other servants. I kept a record of my working-hours for two weeks which were typical. During one week I was on duty just over eighty-four hours, and during the other just over ninety-four. The eighty-four-hour week was the week in which I had 'one afternoon off' and Sunday afternoon. The 'afternoon off' began after nine hours' continuous work, with the exception of about ten minutes for breakfast and about fifteen minutes for lunch. The Sunday I was not off I was 'on' for little short of fifteen hours.

Under other employers the conditions may be better, but in the absence of legislation such conditions are possible, and are, I believe, frequent; for the

average servant feels the kitchen situation to be hopeless and turns to some other branch of domestic employment or seeks work of another kind. I have frequently heard the demand in employment agencies, 'Give us anything but the kitchen!' And it is not to be wondered at.

In a house of the type in which I was employed, it was quite impossible for the kitchen workers to have the proper amount of out-of-door exercise; even if freedom could be obtained for one hour, or a little over, during the afternoon, this occurred after working on one's feet from 6 A.M. to 3 P.M., and it required a great effort to change one's clothes and drag one's self into the fresh air.

On the walls of an employment bureau I noticed a set of regulations for women employees in certain institutions. I think it included factories and shops and eating-places. Among other conditions demanded, the hours of work and times of employment were limited, sufficient time for meals was to be allowed, chairs were to be provided and the workers permitted to use them. If these conditions were universally accepted the servant problem might begin to dwindle. It was merely conditions that I found impossible.

The work in itself was not too hard, and a great deal of it was very interesting. There was nothing that a woman of average strength and health should not have been called upon to handle. At the same time, in a kitchen one is working under a nervous strain, fifteen hours a day (with ten minutes off 'to wash your face'), for many continuous days. It is not a mode of life that can be endured by any but the roughest type of woman, and not always by her. It was not a leisurely fifteen hours, either. As the kitchen-maid I worked with said, 'When you walk you must run, and you must never sit down.'

At the end of three months in this house I was obliged to give up the work because it was a physical impossibility to continue it. I was advised by a doctor to spend half the day in bed and the other half out of doors for at least two weeks.

I cannot feel that any amount of money could compensate for the life of a kitchen worker (either the chef or his assistants) in that household. My wages were certainly not good, considering the hours of work required and the money that had to be spent to recover from the effects of the strain and the long hours.

I wondered whether I found this work such a strain because I had not had a very long experience of the conditions I was living in. I asked the chef if he considered there was any work in that kitchen which an 'educated' woman could not do because she was educated. He said that there was not, and that there should be at least one other woman employed there. I also asked the doctor whether she thought that education made women less able to do physical work, and if that accounted for my inability to stand the life in the kitchen. She considered the long hours sufficient to account for a breakdown. I was interested to find afterwards that the other kitchen-maid, a large Norwegian woman, had also been obliged to find employment elsewhere. A little later the laundress, also a Norwegian, had to stay three weeks in a hospital as a result of overwork and rheumatism which the doctor attributed to the conditions of her employment.

One of the chambermaids who had at one time worked in a large kitchen, in either England or Scotland, said that she had been obliged to give up the work because of ill health. She had had to spend a great deal of time kneeling on damp stone floors which she was

cleaning, and the doctor whom she consulted considered her illness the result of the work she had been doing.

I was very fortunate in the chef under whom I worked, and it was only because I valued the training under him that I stayed as long as I did in that household. After I left the house he allowed me to go and watch him work whenever I liked, and was extremely patient about answering questions, and very generous in his attitude. He quite realized the general feeling of contempt for manual workers, and I think was somewhat astonished to find anyone with an admiration for his work; he would not on any account have his children trained to be cooks.

IV

The most pleasant opening for anyone who likes to cook is to be found with employers who are willing to give definite hours, and sometimes these can be found through the advertisement columns of leading newspapers. I know of only one instance where definite hours were given to resident workers. The demand for them is very unpopular among employers. Their introduction presupposes a real organizing ability and a willingness to experiment. Most of the employers who have given definite hours have considered the arrangement a success on the whole, and are unwilling to revert to the usual indefinite system, which cannot fail to keep out of household employment the more intelligent type of woman and drive into it the very type whose shortcomings the housekeeper is the first to bewail.

The commercial side of the question is a very complicated one. If the employee is to 'live out,' she must have higher wages to support herself. I think that it simplifies matters sometimes if she has her food as part of her wages, for as a rule it does not cost the em-

ployer the amount that it would cost the employee to buy and prepare, or to buy ready prepared.

This is a difference that has to be allowed for and adjusted according to individual preferences, but if the employer is anxious for a new type of worker, new conditions must be offered, and they must be worth while financially.

'She ain't generous, and she don't know; I don't think we shall ever make anything of her,' was the criticism I once heard of an unpopular employer. And even though generous employers do exist, it is doubtful if there are any who can be said to 'know' even as satisfactorily as the average business woman with a position of responsibility over other women. The housekeeper has rarely had the same type of experience as her servant; she has not gone into another woman's house as a paid employee, and would probably be insulted at the very idea. Even the most amiable are apt to confuse the expressions 'shelter' and 'home.' Those who have ideals about service leave the word servility out of their vocabulary, but expect it in their daily lives.

Housework is too often, for the servant, a perpetual readjustment to moods, unpunctual habits, and untidy ways of living on the part of the employer.

'They are the livers; we are the existence!' was the slogan of an Irish cook I once knew — literally saintlike in the way she bore with a kind-hearted but preposterously difficult employer who left all orders until the last minute, and changed them frequently after they were given, and yet was proud of her housekeeping.

It has been said that 'reforms begin at the top, revolutions at the bottom';

strikes might be the swiftest cure for the unsatisfactory conditions of the household worker, as they have been the mitigation of some of the ills of other occupations of the manual laborer. If, however, the reform could come from the top in this particular instance, it would be a greater sign than has yet been given of woman's capacity to deal with matters of public import.

Indeed, in writing on 'The New Generation of Women' (*Current History*, August 1923), Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman makes a woman's attitude toward such affairs the touchstone of her mentality.

'It may fairly be said,' she writes, 'that so far the woman's mind does not manifest in the same degree the qualities of individual initiative and of creative power that we are accustomed to consider peculiar to the man's. That some instances do exist, however, shows that it is not a sex-distinction. *Perhaps another century or so must pass, with great development in the belated household trades*, and an ennobling specialization in child culture, before it can be authoritatively stated that there is any essential difference in mental qualities: whether, in short, there is sex-distinction in the brain.'

If the feminist agitations have been part of an evolution, and not a mere by-product of the times, the administration of those concerns which are naturally a woman's will predominate in her public life. This will not happen so long as the 'belated household trades' are so beyond the social pale as to be fit only for some far-away and unreal servant-class and out of the question as a means of employment for women of intelligence and training.

THE MYSTERY AND POWER OF LIGHT

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

ALONG in the early seventies of the last century there was a boy who herded oxen through the long summer nights on the plains of Serbia, and all unconsciously he put himself through as severe an intelligence test as we can well imagine. Having the gift of vision, he looked at the stars, and he saw something. Bearing in his mind the ringing poetry about the firmament, which his mother repeated from the Psalms of David, — the Psalms of Saint David I believe they say in the Eastern Rite, — his proper and wholesome youthful curiosity was aroused, and he asked himself the question, What is Light? He then set himself the most far-reaching problem in physical science, one that still remains unsolved; and to this day he and many others who live in enlightenment are diligent in the great quest. Incidentally he has given us such discoveries as long-distance telephony, important features in radio-transmission, and other inventions, besides a life of inspired teaching. I refer to Professor Michael Pupin, now of Columbia University.

That is the way of Nature. She is not at all interested in us, but she is amazingly rich and lavish in her gifts. Whoever is able to keep his precious endowment of curiosity, — which most of us lose at school or in college, or allow through weakness of will to become strangled by the stupidities of our daily toil, — who has a mathematical sense of proportion, and enjoys diligence in research, is almost certain of a reward.

He is sure to find something worth while in response to his inquiries of Nature, even though the most cherished goal remains hidden from him.

I

Light, as Sir Evelyn de la Rue has said, is our nearest visible approach to infinity. Its velocity is the greatest known. It dashes through space at the rate of over 186,000 miles a second, and it seems to be 'beyond numbers,' for it remains constant from an approaching or a retreating body. That is, if we add to it, it does not increase, and if we subtract from it, it does not grow less. Does not this partake of the nature of infinity? We shall soon reach another instance in which arithmetic at first glance seems to be wrong, but not in so confusing or bewildering a measure as this curiosity in regard to the velocity of light.

Experiments in physical science point to the conclusion that all matter, whether in the heavens above, the earth beneath, the waters under the earth, or anywhere else — in the substance of all the stars and planets and moons and satellites and meteorites throughout the universe, is composed of positive and negative charges of electricity — and of nothing else. The ninety-two chemical elements, of which we know all but four, differ from each other only in the number and arrangement of the positive and negative charges in their atoms or smallest particles.

Toward the end of the last century it was found that every atom of hydrogen gives up on electrolysis a single negative charge of electricity; one single negative charge and no more; we call it an electron, or the unit of electricity. Electric currents consist in a drive or push of electrons. When this negative charge or electron is given up, the hydrogen atom becomes a hydrogen ion; and the hydrogen ion is a single positive charge of electricity, which is also called a proton. The atom of hydrogen is the lightest and smallest of all the atoms, and consists of one positive and one negative charge of electricity and nothing else.

If we arrange all the elements in a row according to the comparative weights of the atoms, beginning with hydrogen — which is the lightest of all — as No. 1, setting down helium, which is next in order of comparative weight, as 2, and so on, with lithium 3, beryllium 4, boron 5, carbon 6, nitrogen 7, oxygen 8, and right on substantially as the atomic weights increase, until we come to uranium, which is the heaviest of all and therefore 92, we have them numbered from 1 to 92, and these numbers we call the atomic numbers of the elements.

Shortly before the Great War it was discovered by a student at Cambridge University that the atomic number tells us how many free protons or positive charges there are at the centre of the atom, and also the number of electrons that surround it. Every atom is neutral: that is, it has the same number of positive as it has negative charges; the same number each of protons and electrons.

This discovery demonstrates, for instance, that the atom of nitrogen — which is No. 7, as we have just observed — has seven free protons or positive charges concentrated in the nucleus, and seven electrons whirling

about it. Carbon has six of each, oxygen eight, and so on.

The name of the gifted young discoverer was Mosely. He was killed at Gallipoli. His loss is, for science, one of the tragedies of the war.

II

There being 92 different elements, there are 92 different varieties of atoms, and much attention has been paid of late to their respective structures. The more generally accepted theory is that they resemble very minute solar systems, in which the electrons follow their orbits as planets revolve around the sun. These systems become exceedingly complex as the higher numbers are reached, much as a solar system with ninety-two planets would be very complex.

Atoms are small, remarkably small. If on a winter's day at sea level we were to change all the atoms in a cubic foot of air, in which the atoms are bound mostly in pairs and bobbing about free, like so many balloons — if we were to change every atom into a grain of fine sand that would pass through a sieve of 100 mesh to the square inch, how much sand should we have? We should have enough and to spare to fill a trench three feet deep and a mile wide from New York to San Francisco. Four fifths of these atoms in the air are nitrogen, element No. 7. Hydrogen atoms are much smaller. And of course there are atoms which are much larger, although the volume of an atom does not necessarily increase with its mass.

The mass or weight of the atom is due principally to the proton, the electron being only $1/1850$ of the positive charge, whereas the volume of the electron is much larger.

Another point to bear in mind is that even this almost infinitely minute mass

of the electron, this $1/1850$ part of the lightest atom there is, is due principally to its velocity in circling about the proton.

A commonplace — but fortunately not an everyday — example may add emphasis to this observation. I have the misfortune to weigh about 225 pounds. If I were to stand on a high table and to step from it to your shoulders and balance myself as you walked about, you would be carrying a mass of 225 pounds.

But suppose I were to ascend to the roof of a six-story house and were to jump down, landing on your shoulders as you stood on the ground. Then the impact would be much more, and this distressing jolt of my mass on your suffering shoulders would be due in part to the velocity of my fall. But this is misleading, because at such a velocity I should still retain a mass of 225 pounds; whereas, if I were to fall upon you at infinite velocity, we should enter into a new system of weights and measures, and we may at least be certain that neither of us would be in a condition to discuss the matter. Perhaps we had better drop the subject now.

We do not know of such a thing as an electron at rest. If such a condition exists, has the electron any substance — as we understand substance? Is an electron a whirl of energy and nothing more? I do not know.

Excepting hydrogen, the atoms of all the elements have, in addition to free protons in the nucleus of each and free electrons whirling about it, hydrogen and helium atoms packed in the nucleus, packed in very tight and staying there. But this does not alter the fact that all atoms of all elements are composed of positive and negative charges of electricity and nothing else, for that is the substance of the atoms of hydrogen and helium, as well as of the others.

III

Let us consider these electrons in the atoms as revolving about, each one in its orbit and at great velocity. True, the orbits are small, but the velocities are such that it takes fifteen figures to record the number of revolutions per second. Fifteen figures is at least 100 trillions, and it takes about 3,000,000 years to tick off 100 trillion seconds.

We cannot always see, to believe.

The electrons on the outside of atoms are, like all inanimate nature, constantly striving, as it were, to reach what is called maximum entropy, or run-down-ness; to arrive at the most permanent available condition which requires the least energy to maintain it; to find, so to speak, the easiest available job. Thus water tends to run down hill; metals tend to combine with oxygen or sulphur and to reach the more permanent form of ores. And if an electron on the outside of an atom is brought into contact with another atom in which there is an easier orbit available, an orbit in which less energy is required to maintain the electron in its giddy whirl, it will jump from the one to the other, from the higher to the lower, from the harder to the easier.

These jumps of electrons from one atom or group of atoms to another constitute the whole of all the chemical phenomena found in Nature. They do not always jump from the higher to the lower. We can sometimes force them from lower to higher if we supply the energy, as we often do, in the form of heat. Sometimes we inject a little energy to start the reaction from higher to lower, and then the process goes on of itself, as when we light a fire on the hearth. There are certain set ways of electrons in the presence of positive charges, as, for instance, their tendency

to form pairs or groups of eight — octets — so that the wanderings of electrons become a study of great complexity. But that need not worry us here. Suffice it to say that whenever we see any change going on in the nature of a substance, any chemical change, it is due entirely to a shifting-about among the outside electrons of the atoms which compose it.

The presence of currents of electricity indicates a swarm or drive of free electrons, and since all electrons are alike in force, it stands to reason that atoms give them up and take on others; that there is a great deal of this changing of electrons going on all the time; and that every electron is, so to speak, trying to find the easiest available job within reach — the orbit that requires the least measure of energy to maintain it. When, then, an electron jumps within an atom from one orbit to another, from one that requires more energy to one that requires less, the difference in energy required to maintain it in its first orbit over that required to maintain it in its second, is given off. Now this difference is always the same. It is called a quantum of energy, and it is the basis of the Quantum Theory. The quantum of energy is also proposed as the unit of light. Light is a manifestation of energy, and — evidently — of electrical energy.

IV

Some time back we referred to a second apparent irregularity of arithmetic which we were to meet. It takes the substance of 16 hydrogen atoms to make one of oxygen: 8 free protons in the nucleus, and 8 electrons in the space outside, and there are either 8 more hydrogen atoms or 2 helium atoms packed into the nucleus. It requires the substance of 4 hydrogen atoms to make one atom of helium: 2

free protons in the nucleus, 2 electrons outside, and 2 more hydrogen atoms in the packing. Now the weights of these atoms are comparative, oxygen being 16, helium 4, but hydrogen, instead of being 1, is 1.008. Why, then, is the mass of the helium atom, which is 4 times 1.008, not 4.032? Why is not oxygen 16.128? But they are not. Helium is 4 and oxygen is 16. Is arithmetic wrong? No; it appears that when hydrogen is consolidated into helium the fractional mass — the eight one-thousandths of each hydrogen atom — is transformed from matter into energy! We are no longer definite and cocksure as we used to be, about the distinction between matter and energy. When we thought atoms were solid granules we had everything down pat, and could be very much more glib about it. We had a working hypothesis which was the result of observation, and we mistook it for a fact.

Einstein has opened this great gate for our study and consideration: energy and matter are interchangeable. And these changes from one to the other are constantly taking place. Matter is a manifestation of energy.

Spectroscopic analysis shows us all the elements contained in the sun, and we know that it contains vast quantities of hydrogen and helium. If, then, one tenth of the hydrogen which we know to be contained in the sun were resolved into helium, this fractional mass, the eight one-thousandths of the hydrogen atoms, would, by such a transformation, yield solar energy to last for a thousand million years! Please consider the significance of this: the sun no more a ball of fire as we know fire, but rather a vast synthesis of matter: creation going on to-day even as it was going on when this earth was hurled forth as a gigantic clod into space.

And let us carry this farther: in the

earth and in planets and moons and meteorites are the heavy radioactive elements, too complex to be permanent, and giving off constantly out of their atoms — what? They give off alpha and beta and gamma 'rays' the while they degenerate into lighter elements, as radium, thorium, and uranium degenerate into lead. Now alpha rays are protons in pairs: the nuclei of helium atoms. Beta rays are electrons. And gamma rays are of the nature of X-rays, only much shorter than those ordinarily produced, and these partake of the nature of light. In other words, as these heavy elements degenerate to those which are lighter, from uranium back in the scale toward hydrogen, they give off into space positive and negative charges of electricity, while the energy required to maintain the protons in the nuclei and the electrons in their orbits is set free as gamma rays, which are of the nature of light.

Thus we have what seems to be an endless cycle of creation and disintegration of matter. The protons and electrons shot forth by radioactivity are too light to be held by gravity — and so from every planet and moon throughout the universe they fly away and away — whither? After æons of time to organize themselves again to hydrogen atoms and so on, from hydrogen to helium, and then to lithium and beryllium and carbon and nitrogen and oxygen, down the list of elements to make a new sun? Or to feed an old one? Who knows?

V

We cannot tell yet what light is, but it is evident that it partakes of the nature of electrical energy. Sir Isaac Newton proposed that light was due to the drive of infinitely minute particles through space, and he called those particles corpuscles. Then followed the wave theory, which has led the fashion

for many years. We can measure the length of the impulses of light, or the waves, as we like to call them. And since we like to call them waves we naturally ask the question, Waves of what? We can't have waves of nothing. So we postulate the ether of space, which must be infinitely elastic and have other properties equally remarkable.

To be the medium in which waves are propelled at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, the ether of space must be dense, very dense. It has been calculated that it must be 800 times as dense as lead. Then when we sit opposite one another at table and engage in discourse we are surrounded by something 800 times as heavy as lead. We, the table, everything we regard as matter, must consist principally of holes in the ether. Of course it is n't impossible, but it is disturbing. And it is the best we can do if we insist on light as waves.

We need the ether of space as a working hypothesis, and at times we don't know what to do without it; but it always is, in a way, puzzling. Sir Oliver Lodge declares this ether to be the abode of departed spirits. But if spirits can do all the things that are attributed to them, one wonders why they need the ether. Perhaps we need it more than they do.

We have spoken of the disposition of all things inanimate to run down, to get into the most permanent condition possible, to get along with the least measure of energy. In life the tendency is the opposite. We pump water uphill, we separate metals from their ores, we are in constant opposition to inanimate nature. The presence of life reverses the rules. Instead of running down and giving off energy in the process, we living things must take on constantly a supply of energy from the outside. We starve to death without

fuel—that is, food. And we get substantially all our energy from the sun. Every green leaf of every tree and plant contains great numbers of cells. In every cell is a minute quantity of an enzyme or organic catalyst called chlorophyll, which is produced by the plant. Into these cells drift carbon dioxide and the vapor of water, and the rays of the sun coming through space for 90,000,000 miles strike that leaf, and there they develop the energy they carry: develop it as heat. Under heat the cell closes, the chlorophyll changes the water vapor and carbon dioxide to formaldehyde, giving some oxygen back to the air, and the formaldehyde to sugar, to starch, to gums, to lignin and cellulose, which—with a few minerals drawn from the earth—make up the tree.

When we cut a tree down and burn it in the fireplace, we use as much oxygen from the air as was given off when the wood grew, and this combines with the substances of the wood to form water vapor and carbon dioxide again—for white smoke is usually steam. And the heat which was developed from the rays of the sun when the wood grew we get back again as we warm our fingers and toes by the open fireplace—another great cycle of nature! The steer eats the grass that grew by the power of the sun, and we eat the beef, whereby we too live by the power of the sun. The same power that produces our coal raises water for the waterfall; in short, it is from the sun that we derive substantially all the "energy required for life and work.

There is a record of early Persian kings who flourished before the days of the Chaldeans from whom Abraham sprang, and of these ancient wise men it is written that they said: 'We worship God and God only. We regard the sun as his symbol, because from it come both light and heat. Moreover, in it

are contained all the elements of the earth!' We children of men have been neglectful of the precious fruits of knowledge passed on to us in the course of our long, unwritten history.

VI

All the energy we get from the sun is of the nature of light. We stand, as it were, on our tiptoes, trying to peer over the outer rim of knowledge of this very thing, and seeing as yet very little. The firefly develops great luminosity but little heat, and here is another secret. As light passes undisturbed through space it leaves space dark. It develops only on contact; develops as energy, whether as light or heat or both. And of the vast measure which it develops, only a minute fraction is used to maintain life. Nature is not interested in life, and is not economical in conserving it.

Now let us be very practical and say that, since the price of gasoline has gone up, we are resolved to use the energy of the sun, which shines free for all, to propel our motor cars. We can do it, provided the prohibition enforcement officer does not forbid us. We plant corn, cultivate it intensively, harvest it, change the starch to sugar by means of a diastase, and then ferment it into beer. From the beer we distill alcohol, and we have an excellent fuel, a cleaner fuel than gasoline. We have used the light of the sun for about ninety days to grow our corn, and we have developed from each acre of our land the equivalent of about two fifths of a ton of coal. This we achieve with good weather-conditions and the best practice of husbandry.

But suppose, instead of the comfortable slow method of Nature, we were to discover more than we now know in regard to the nature of light. Suppose we learn more about the quanta of

energy, demonstrate them to be units of light, and go as far ahead as we have gone with the chemical elements. Or learn to control them and resolve them into foot-pounds, as we do with currents of electricity. Suppose someone like Sir J. J. Thomson or Einstein or Planck or our own Michelson of Chicago or Millikan of Pasadena or Wood of Baltimore — or who shall it be? — were to devise an apparatus to intercept the blast of energy we get from the sun and to transform it into the equivalent of heat or electrical currents or foot-pounds? It would make us look rather small with our little crop of corn!

The while we have been planting and hoeing and harvesting and finally getting the equivalent in alcohol of two fifths of a ton of coal to the acre, there has been delivered to that very acre of land by the sun, during the same ninety days, the equivalent of about 1500 tons of coal. By means of agriculture we have been able to use no more than $1/2000$ of the energy delivered to us. The rest, so far as our specific purpose of getting fuel for our motor cars is concerned, has been wasted.

It is not irreverent to try to beat Nature. That is our business. We should still be wild people in the woods if we did not try constantly to do this very thing. If we could get the equivalent of 1500 tons of coal from one acre

in three months, we should get four times that measure in a year, for already we have made allowance for rainy and short days. We should then have from that same acre of land the equivalent of 6000 tons of coal instead of two thirds of one. With such an invention, fifty plots of land of two square miles each would furnish all the power we need in the United States, without the need of any coal or falling water.

Now look at the picture. Our foolish and wasteful way of mining and transporting and burning coal would be a thing of the past, for, of course, we should cook and heat by electricity. There would be no more chimneys or ugly smokestacks. No soot in cities or smoke anywhere. No quarrels between nations about resources of coal and oil, which would become chemical raw materials with plenty and to spare. No more trouble about fuel for our ships. Nobody would need to be hungry or in physical want of any sort, provided always we had the understanding and the intelligence — and, above all, the character — to meet such a day of light.

Perhaps it will be better if several generations go the way of all flesh before this great discovery is made, because we are hardly worthy, in this present year of grace, to wield such power. It might spoil us. We are still little children compared with what we may become — if we try!

A PIANOFORTE RECITAL

BY FREDOON KABRAJI

A KEYBOARD.

Fact everywhere,
An atmosphere, too, of Fact.
She came.
The keyboard lay stretched supine.
The atmosphere closed upon her every movement,
Defining her sharply in the light —
Just those forms, just that life, just that warmth,
Color, glow, flesh — precise, mathematical.
The atmosphere etched her arms,
Bare, perfect, live;
Arms lax, drooping by her sides,
Poise erect,
She sat, still, by the keyboard.
The audience sat up.
Fact spoke clearly
Of mahogany, gilded walls, upholstery,
Dress suits, satin, lace, silk,
Backs of heads, bare shoulders, and stiff collars.
The keyboard lay stretched,
Supine, black, white — ivory.

II

Suddenly,
Like a branch of the willow
Lifted on a breath of the wind,
Stooping low, low, down to the stream,
Her arms lifted in air,
Gently to bend, bend down to the keyboard:
And the keyboard woke
And ran music
Like the stream!

A PIANOFORTE RECITAL

Like a flower
 That bends upon her stalk,
 She bent her head
 Lower, nearer, nearer,
 Breathed, and spoke
 To her white prancing palfreys —
 Her fingers — galloping the ivory surf,
 And the notes rushed and leaped,
 Danced and whirled and scurried
 Like nymphs to the water's edge:
 Ran before her chasing fingers
 Down the scale,
 Up the scale,
 Round the gilded walls,
 Up the straight backs of men,
 Up the stiff backs of women and chairs,
 Ruffling the dignity of Fact!
 Down the veins of rheumatic old gentlemen,
 Down the capillaries of old Lumbago,
 Up and down, laughing and trilling,
 And skipping and screaming and
 Thundering!
 Ruffling all the dignity of Fact,
 Unfurling worlds within worlds of Truth!

III

She ceased.
 The atmosphere was filled
 With the flying débris of Fact,
 And the sprites of Truth
 Still danced and made merry.

The Audience sat up
 And clapped, sat up and clapped —
 Clapped the elves away!
 Truth gathered up her faëry worlds
 And fled,
 The dignity of Fact was restored.

THE FOG

BY ARTHUR MASON

I

'KEEP the foghorn going, and your eyes open,' said the master of the Racing Wave.

'Aye, aye, sir,' answered the mate, and he passed the word forward to the crew.

A heavy voice roared back in a jagged tone: 'What's yer eyes fer? Cain't ye see out of them?'

The mate looked in the direction of the voice, from underneath thick eyebrows whose hairs drizzled fog-beads to the deck. He could just see the huge outlines of Keelhaul Harry, trouble-maker and forecastle bully, as he stood by the starboard fore-rigging, his arms folded, and his chin resting on his chest.

'Looking for trouble, are you?' muttered the mate through his teeth. 'Always the same.' And a ridge of muscle simmered along his jaws as he walked aft to where the captain stood searching a gap in the sea-fog wall.

On the forecastle head a sailor cranked a Norwegian foghorn. A long blast belched out of it. Sails slapped against the masts; the barque rolled unhindered, with scarcely any steerage-way.

'Never seed it like this afore,' mumbled the foghorn sailor.

He blew another long blast, then cocked his ear to listen. Glassy bulbs, like fish-eyes, hung on the rigging as the fog swept in on the Racing Wave, filling her with misty, smothering cargo.

In the forecastle the nut-oil lamp looked squeezed by its crowding, colored halo. The watch below were

restless; the bunks squeaked when they turned their bodies over; and when, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the ship's bell rang eight times, the men rose noiselessly, like wraiths, to take their places on deck for the two hours of the dog watch.

Keelhaul Harry went below for his two hours with the relieved watch.

'It's going to be a helluva night,' said the foghorn sailor, hanging up his coat.

'Whadya know about it?' interrupted Harry, as he turned up the nut-oil lamp in the obvious hope that the increased heat of it would drive the fog out of the forecastle.

'I know enough about it,' replied the sailor angrily. 'It ain't your kind that can tell me anything about lee shores or fogbanks. Jest because you're a bully, that ain't meaning that ya know much. I ain't afeard of you. Ya have everybody under your thumb on the ship. That ain't meanin' ya got me —'

His voice trailed off into silence, the current of his words dried by the concentrated heat of Keelhaul Harry's gaze, as it looked out from the ring around the light. Set in a frown, it was, of concentric angry wrinkles; framed in lank and black hair whose straight lines jailed the eyes that sought vision from within. Eyes of the dog who has been always kicked, they were: not originally unkind, but angriified — knowing what to expect.

The whole man was uncanny as he stood there, tall and broad, his outlines

seeming to flow into the mirrored mist: a creature of great strength, evidently, grown aware and self-possessed through the experience of self-defense, and become dreaded among his shipmates through the reflex power of his resentment.

He walked over to the bench by his bunk, took off his shoes, and pulled off his sweater with hands so coarse that the flimsy fabric seemed to shrink from the touch of them.

The foghorn wailed another blast at the behest of another human lever, and an unconscious silence filled the fore-castle. With the common instinct for danger, shared by those whose life depends on ocean moods, they listened as if with one ear, to satisfy themselves that no sound came from that sightless world outside.

Then, silently, they resumed their domestic duties. A bearded sailor went on nailing a heel on a blucher boot; another, with a wooden mallet, pounded hardtack in a canvas sack, preparing a cracker-hash treat. Keelhaul Harry rolled into his bunk and gave his usual watch-below order: —

‘Keep quiet, you fellows, while a man gets his rest.’

They looked at each other and puffed at their pipes with fiery eyes, but no one was so brave as openly to defy him. He spread the blanket over himself with his feet, and all hammering stopped.

But they dared to look at his six feet of stretched-out length, and to whisper about the bad man, and how life was not what it had been for decent sailors before he came aboard the *Racing Wave* at Panama.

II

On the after part of the ship the captain and the mate were in consultation, and both wore worried looks. Night-

seeds were sowing in on the fog, which seemed to be painlessly smothering the universe with its layered motility, faintly hissing as it enveloped spars and rigging in succeeding arabesques of mist. There was not enough air stirring to steady the barque; as she rolled, the sails snapped like whips, and rain, like fine sand, fell out of them and wet the decks.

The Captain spoke nervously to the mate: ‘Mr. Turner, clew up and make fast the royals, haul down the staysails and flying jib — snug her down for the night. If we have to wear or tack to get out of the way of a ship, we’ll be better off without quoits. Call all hands, and do it quickly.’

‘Aye, aye, sir,’ and the mate walked off the poop and forward to the fore-castle.

‘All hands on deck and shorten sail!’ he shouted.

The watch below pulled on their coats obediently, growling a bit, for it was near the hour for their supper. All but Keelhaul Harry, who merely pulled the blanket over his head, as token that he was not going to be disturbed in his watch below.

‘Roll out, roll out!’ again shouted the mate.

When they came up on deck he missed Harry.

‘Where is that big brute?’ he asked.

‘In his bunk’ — they all seemed to answer at once.

The mate ran into the fore-castle.

‘Get out of there — do you hear me?’

Harry looked at him over the bent corner of the blanket.

‘You get out of here,’ he snarled, ‘and get out quick. It ain’t blowin’ and you don’t need all hands to take in the royals.’

The mate ground his teeth and walked out. He was afraid of Harry — afraid to prod him to anger. ‘I’ll turn him over to the old man,’ he thought, as he walked aft.

'Harry refuses to turn to,' was all he said to the captain.

The captain scratched his iron-gray hair, walked to the compass, listened to the squeaking halyards and clew-line blocks. He pulled off his long oil-skin coat, and threw it angrily on to the wheelbox.

'Keep a sharp lookout for her,' he told the man at the wheel.

'Aye, aye, sir.'

The captain walked off the poop. The foghorn blew its sea-cloud call, the crew, some aloft and some busy on deck, talked loudly in sailor talk. Staysails and royal halyards sprang from their coils like live snakes, squeaking as they ran through the blocks. In the confusion of men and mist the Captain passed forward into the fore-castle unnoticed.

He pulled the blanket from Harry's face, swore at him, and struck him on the jaw.

'Get out of there, you lazy cur!' His voice trembled with emotion.

Harry rolled out of his bunk with the clumsiness and swiftness of a dislodged boulder. His wide and long stockinged feet clamped the fore-castle floor; the upper half of him swayed for position. Bending forward with outstretched arms, he grabbed the master of the Racing Wave and gathered him in like a harrow. He raised him to arm's length and pitched him to the floor like a thudding piece of pig iron. Then, tightening the belt around his dungarees, he gave an indifferent glance at the insensible man huddled at his feet, took a long draught of the thick, wet air, and still in stocking-feet, without coat or hat, walked out on to the deck — conqueror.

III

The foghorn on the fore-castle head tingled his set muscles; he looked up, and could barely see the outlines of the

sailor there. The wind from the lee of the slapping foresail gripped his long hair and sent it against his face like fine whips. Unheeding, he walked aft. As he reached the foremast, there came suddenly from the port quarter of the ship the short belch of a steamer's whistle. He stopped, and grabbed the rail, his nostrils wide and snorting. Somewhere farther aft the mate's voice rang out: —

'Hard down your helm, jib sheet, weather main-braces. Lively, men, lively!'

Too late — the stem of a steamer, like a black sword with the power of the ocean behind it, struck the Racing Wave. The noise of riving timbers was clean and clear like the heavy slap from a sharp broadaxe, and from the stricken ship a thousand voices seemed to set up a wail.

'The boats, the boats! She's sinking!' came the added human cry.

The Racing Wave listed over to windward, rammed forward of the mizzen chain-plates. The steamer had a mouthful of the barque's ribs in her prow.

The mizzen topmast fell on to the poop and part of it across the wheelbox; the helmsman sank and lay still.

Those of the crew who were aloft, making fast the fore and main royals, swooped down the backstays like black vultures. The foghorn sailor jumped off the fore-castle head and ran aft, screaming. The signal bell on the steamer's bridge rang in violent jerks its command to the engine room: —

'Full speed astern.'

She made a rasping, nervous noise as she backed out from the hole she had dug in the barque's quarter.

The mate's shriek fell like hammer blows: 'Stand by us! Stand by us!'

'Aye, aye,' came an answering roar, and the steamer, like an apparition,

disappeared into the blend of the night, leaving in its place the river-sound of gurgling waters as they rushed into the hole in the barque.

Still Keelhaul Harry gripped the rail, his nostrils wide, his mouth puckered as if in sorrow, his eyes seeming to swing in his head like anchor lights baffled by land winds.

He inhaled and exhaled the thick air in rough gulps, like the hunted deer that strikes an open place in the timber, and pauses there, visible to its pursuers, before it again plunges into shelter. He heard the call to man the boats of the sinking ship; men like bats flitted past him; tackles squeaked; voices of men, unrecognizable from one another, burst out into profanity or calling on the saints for aid, came to him, while the crew labored frantically to get the boats away.

The mates, unable to maintain discipline, cried that every man must look out for himself, and the absence of the captain passed unnoticed. The fog grew even thicker, and it was the time of year when night pulled down its curtain with a jerk.

Suddenly tense muscles relaxed in Keelhaul Harry's arms, and action seemed to flow through them in smooth ripples. Fiercely he tossed the hair back from his eyes, as with a steel-spring bound he leaped for the starboard side of the ship, knocking men like gnats to the right and left in his irresistible rush for safety in the boat.

Down the boat-falls he slid, and took place in the stern, his bulk seeming to outcrowd the shoving fog. The banging of boats against the ship's side changed from the lighter noise of emptiness to the dangerous bump of overladen craft, striking new terror into the men. As they got out their oars and rowed away, their breathing struck the moist air in deeper gusts of steam.

IV

There are occasions when the speed of a comet seems slow to time; and again, in the dreary dregs of life, the pulleys seem scarcely to turn. To the captain of the sinking barque it seemed but a moment since he had entered the forecandle, yet the time that bridges life and death had passed over him.

As he rolled over on the forecandle floor, the haze outside seemed to have seeped into his mind. Then came a clear thought — Keelhaul Harry.

'He'll suffer for this!' he swore.

He tried to get up on to his feet, but the left hip and shoulder refused to obey his thought.

'Hi, out there!' he shouted, 'Some of you come here!'

Not even an echo reached him. He wondered desperately what had happened, and listened. He heard the waves slap sluggishly against the bows, the way they do when a ship rides at anchor.

'She's caught aback,' he thought.

The odor of the forecandle lamp and the musty smell that oozed out of the sailors' bunks made him expand his lungs for all the pure air he could get to breathe.

'Hello, out there!' he called again. 'Won't some of you come here? I'm hurt, I tell you.'

There was no answer.

'God!' he moaned, 'Is she deserted?'

He realized that the foghorn was not blowing, and his eyes grew wild. He felt an uncanny feeling creeping over him. The roll of the barque was labored; she vibrated to make an even keel.

'She's sinking!' His voice filled the forecandle.

Like a crippled lizard, he crawled on his belly out on to the deck. He must do something. He thought he heard the waves wash over the after deck.

'The foghorn, the foghorn!' raced through his mind.

Worm-like, he pulled himself up to the fore-castle head. Faintly he turned the crank. The foghorn let out a soft sound. The captain rested.

V

Keelhaul Harry stood in the stern of his boat, commanding, by the might of his instinct for self-preservation, the ten men who formed its crew.

'Row, damn yous, row!' he shouted, with the full strength of lungs that seemed to expand out of his open blue shirt, making his hairy breast with its diamond fog-pendants protrude like some Visigoth's breastplate.

For all his uncivilized energy, for all his selfish strength, it seemed that he was more nearly attuned to the infinite than any other in that boat, for to him alone came the faint sound of a foghorn, borne direct to his straining ears as through a tube in the besetting fog.

'Did yous hear that?' he asked them. 'Stop your oars.'

'Hear what?' they asked. 'We did n't hear nothin'.'

As the squeak, squeak, of the oars recommenced, the hunted look left Harry's face, giving way to more human lines of anxiety. For another; and for himself, — in the superstition of ignorance, — lest he ignore the call that was meant just for him.

His brain raveled like the end of an unwhipped rope, and words came out of his loose lips that formed his resolution: 'The captain,' he whispered, 'not dead. How can I get him off?'

He looked at the oarsmen, and he knew that he could never induce them to row back. Then his invincible stubbornness dominated him and bent his strength to cunning.

'They shall go back — they shall!' he muttered. 'And him there on the

foc's'le floor, and God A'mighty knows what a-callin' me with the foghorn. They shall go back!'

The oars told their heavy strain. The blades dripped water, and splashed on the waves. Like a thief, he pushed the tiller hard to port.

'Pull, men, pull!' he cried, his voice sounding strange in its anxiety, even in that lair of fog and night.

'Where are you going?' the men asked, as they felt the boat turn around.

'Pull, pull!' he roared; and they pulled, till the sound of slapping sails reached their ears, and they lay down on their oars.

'You are crazy, Harry, you are crazy! Why, man, you are running into the Racing Wave! Here — give one of us that tiller.'

Keelhaul Harry yanked the tiller out of the rudderhead, and swung it high.

'Pull!' And this time his voice was low, and clear, and dangerous, 'The first man who refuses is going where there won't be no waves get him no more. The captain's on that ship, and I'm goin' to get 'im, if she leaves me the time to get there. Yous is goin' to get me there, and wait for me there! Row, now, row!' and he towered over them like some huge monster from the deep. 'Row, or I'll pull out the boat plug and sink yez where ye ride!'

He reached to where the plug held fast in the bottom of the boat — and so they rowed him back into the danger from the suction of a sinking ship, back into the path of the awaiting steamer, back; and by comet-time the time they had been away was nothing at all, and by pulley-time, to the listening ears of the wounded captain it was a century, for the hull of the Racing Wave was nearly submerged, and only now when she bobbed to breathe did the golden letters of her name identify her with other floating things.

'Way enough on your oars,' came

the command from Harry, as the boat glided up to the bow of the ship. He caught the martingale guy, and swung himself up to the forecastle head. Then turning to the boat's crew, he spoke:—

'Lay away from danger. If she goes down, don't risk your lives.'

'We'll wait, Harry,' they shouted back, with the rugged loyalty that is inborn in the worst of us for those who are brave.

Keelhaul Harry found the captain alongside the foghorn, and gently, with tears running from his eyes, gathered him up in his big arms.

'I just had to come,' he said, "'cause I—I—'

'That's all right,' said the captain; 'it might have been worse.'

As the bows of the *Racing Wave* started to go up for her last plunge, the boat took them in, and pulled away.

Harry placed his hands around his mouth: 'Ship ahoy!' he called. 'Ship ah-o-o-y!'

Away on the starboard bow came the fog-call of a steamer's whistle, and in that coop-caved ocean not even a gull could see the expression of joy on Keelhaul Harry's face.

A BOY'S IDEAS ON RELIGION

[*The writer, a boy of seventeen, is a pupil in a well-known secondary school.*—THE EDITOR]

CLOSE and constant relationship with other boys, who like myself are preparing for college in a famous boarding-school, has suggested to me the possibility of presenting through the *Atlantic* to a wide circle of intelligent, and I trust sympathetic, people a boy's ideas on religion. I am convinced of the need among older people for a better understanding of the boy's viewpoint on this vital subject, and to present as best I can our side of the matter is the purpose of this article. Personally, religion means no more to me than it does to thousands of boys just like me. My parents are devoted to my welfare, and I have been given every advantage for mental and spiritual growth. I was sent to Sunday School when I was smaller, and I go to church now. I have absolutely no intention of studying theology, or of ever regarding religion otherwise than from the lay-

man's point of view. In other words, I believe my opinions to be as far as possible unbiased, and my ideas representative of a large group of boys. Otherwise I should not attempt to discuss the matter.

Most boys hate to show their feelings on religion. It embarrasses them to talk about it. They will discourse on football, or politics, or camping, but if the conversation is turned to religion they retire within themselves, fortified by an adamant barrier of reserve. Why is this? Perhaps because they are afraid of being laughed at, or because they don't want to be thought prudish. At any rate, religion among boys is rarely, if ever, discussed, except by small groups of exceptionally deep-thinking fellows or between very intimate friends.

Now the unjust conclusion drawn—perhaps naturally—by many older

people is that the boy, because he never says anything about religion, never thinks of it: that he utterly ignores it except when he has to go to church, and that he has no personal feelings on the subject.

Here is the secret. Deep within himself a boy may have a strong and fine religious sense. He may be just as truly religious in his own way as the minister is in his, but he shrinks from the thought of exposing it. His religion is his, and his alone. He is unwilling to share or display it, but he treasures it nevertheless. He merely lacks the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace. To a boy, all religious manifestation 'goes against the grain.' The minister in clerical clothes could not sound the depths of a boy's religion as well as a minister in flannel shirt and overalls. A boy dislikes all the visible trappings of faith. Again, why? I can answer only that it is part of a boy's nature, which no one can explain — a temporary feeling perhaps, but very intense.

According to our present social system it is the proper thing to go to church. Accordingly, we boys in school, who are being taught by our elders to do the proper thing, are made to go to church. Some of us do this reluctantly. Now I shall not be so unreasonably radical as to condemn compulsory church- or chapel-attendance for boys of my age. I should merely like to point out, if possible, some of the reasons why we don't altogether enjoy it. Being no longer of Sunday School age, we cease to be thrilled by the story of David and Goliath. We are no longer interested in Joseph and his brethren. We wish Moses had stayed in the bulrushes. Neither have we bridged the gap between childhood and maturity sufficiently to enjoy the serene faith of older people. We are in a state of religious adolescence.

Boys of my age are extremely critical. For us the dignity of a church service may be entirely lost through the unfortunate mannerisms of a minister or of someone in the choir who is singing amusingly. I know from my own experience how the boys in our church time the minister's prayers with great accuracy, their chief interest being in whether or not he will break his previous record of endurance. They know exactly what is coming. The Lord is thanked weekly for the beauty of the morning, the singing birds, the sunshine on the hilltops, and so forth. One Sunday the minister began his usual 'thank you' category, this time specializing in plants, the swelling buds and so on. He ended by asking God's blessing on 'every blooming thing,' and naturally the boys, in spite of agonized efforts at self-control, exploded.

I once asked a fellow if he said any prayers at night. He told me that since he had stopped saying 'Now I lay me,' he had substituted no other prayer, realizing that God in his goodness knew better than he did what was best for him, and would provide. Another boy of sixteen once told me his own daily prayer, which I know came from his heart. It was: 'O God, help me to be this day in every way a man; to govern my thoughts and actions according to the highest standards of unselfish manhood; to do nothing of which I should be ashamed to have those dear to me know; and to ever keep before my eyes the goal of a life of service, and of fitness to serve.' Surely this is more to a boy's taste than that which few boys desire, 'to live a godly, righteous, and sober life.' Still another boy, condensing his prayer in favorable contrast to the long-winded minister, told me these few words, his daily message to his Creator: 'Dear God from whom all blessings flow, I trust in Thee; thy power I know.' That is faith.

It is hard for a boy to realize that he can get as much good from going to church as he can from taking a walk or ride in the hills, or some place where he can be alone and think things out for himself. Church is called 'the Lord's house,' but He did n't build any churches. He did make the hills and valleys, however, and it seems to the boy that in loving Nature he can come closer to his God. He realizes, however, that if he had never gone to church he would n't know enough about God to think that he could get closer to Him by taking a walk in the country, rather than by sitting in the family pew.

A boy does n't always believe all he hears in church, but Nature's interpretation of God is never disturbing to him. I once asked a fellow what he thought about going to church. After a second he said, 'I suppose it is a good thing.' 'But,' I said, 'do you believe everything you hear there?' 'No,' said he, 'I try to remember only what seems good to me, and let the rest go.' Of course if that boy had never gone to church he would n't be able to discriminate for himself between 'what seems good' and 'the rest.'

In spite of their critical attitude toward comparatively unimportant things, boys on the whole are more tolerant in a religious way than the majority of their elders. They may belong to distinct denominations, but they do not condemn another fellow who belongs to a different sect, or feel in the least that they stand a better chance in the next world than he does. A boy is not devoted to the particular division of the Church to which he and his parents may belong. To him the important thing is his own private relations with God, which take place within himself. Consequently he considers the various explicit forms of belief, the dogma and the ritual in the usage of which denominations vary,

of little importance in comparison with the personal religion which he has formed for himself, and to which he clings. The boy regards another fellow who belongs to a different denomination in much the same way that he might think of him if he went to another school or college. He has different cheers, a different atmosphere, and slightly different teaching, but he is there for the same purpose, so what he calls himself is of small matter.

After all, what is the greatest thing we boys can hope to achieve in this life? It is to live so that at the end of our lives we may confidently say that we have 'fought a good fight,' and that the world was in some way, no matter how small, improved by our having lived in it. Pudd'nhead Wilson said 'It is a noble thing to do right.' If we can do right, — not always, for that is too much to expect, — but if we can always try to do right, we shall have no pangs of regret when the time comes for us to sum up our lives, and see what we have done, and what we have left undone. At present we boys are being taught so that we may live rightly when we become men, and it is because religion helps us to do what is right that we are given religious instruction.

If, then, we seem to our elders to be lacking in appreciation of the value of religion, I would respectfully beg them to realize what I have tried to explain: that a boy's real religion is deeply personal, and that he does n't like to show it. I believe that I am speaking for a large group of boys of boarding-school age when I say that at heart we mean to do what is right. We may put buttons in the collection-plate, or occasionally take the name of the Lord in vain. But at heart we have our finer feelings, our personal religions; and when the time comes for us to bear the torch, we shall not fail.

THE PREACHER'S HANDICAP

BY HERBERT W. HORWILL

ON a recent Sunday I found myself in a city where I learned, from the announcements in the papers, that the pulpit of one of the local churches was to be occupied by a preacher whom I had long wished to hear. I availed myself of my opportunity and at eleven o'clock punctually I was in my seat. The service began with a prelude on the organ. This was followed by a hymn, the recital of the Apostles' Creed, a prayer, an anthem, the responsive reading of a Psalm, the offertory (during which there was a violin and organ duet, consisting of the barcarolle from that well-known masterpiece of sacred music, the 'Tales of Hoffmann') the presentation of the offering while the congregation joined in the doxology, a second hymn, and a second anthem. Thus, although there was no lesson, the programme included ten items in all before the preacher gave out his text. By that time it lacked only five minutes of twelve. It was not until I had waited for nearly an hour that I was able to fulfill the desire that had drawn me to the building.

Now, if it had been a lecturer instead of a preacher, he would have begun to address his audience either immediately it assembled or after only a few minutes occupied by a chairman's introduction. There is no preliminary period of involuntary detention if we go to hear a musician or to see the performance of a play. If we take up a magazine and the contribution that attracts us happens, let us say, to be sixth in order in the table of contents, we are not compelled

to work our way through the five preceding articles, stories, poems, or what not, before we are permitted to read it. If we visit an art gallery in order to examine a picture whose catalogue number is 146, there is no necessity for us to scrutinize numbers 1 to 145 before we may approach it. It is the preacher, and the preacher alone, against whose contact with the people whom he hopes to influence there is erected any sort of barricade.

In fact, the only way in which we can get a sermon 'neat' is by reading it, in the event of the preacher's being able to persuade some publisher to issue it in printed form. And everybody knows that this is not by any means the same thing. When reproduced in cold type, any variety of oratory, sacred or secular, forfeits much of its effectiveness. We lose the caressing or stimulating tones of the voice, the play of the facial expression, the appeal of the gestures, in short, the magnetism of the personality of the speaker. The late Dr. J. H. Jowett used to emphasize the importance of what he called 'the wooing note' in preaching, and his own pulpit utterances admirably illustrated what he meant when he gave his ministerial brethren this counsel. But in his published sermons this 'wooing note' largely failed to exercise its charm. In one of his obituary notices it was truly said that 'the style of Jowett was a living thing, and could not be transferred to print without losing its thrill and power.' When a preacher publishes, he ceases to be a preacher and becomes an

author. Thereby he submits himself to quite different canons of criticism from those which apply to the spoken word, and he has to employ a medium other than that by which he can best express himself.

What is the reason for the practice of debarring us from listening to a preacher unless we first take part in — or, at any rate, are present at — a series of preliminary exercises? Custom and tradition — nothing else. The only imaginable excuse that can be advanced for it is the theory that the whole service is essentially of one piece, and that you cannot divide it into: (1) worship and (2) sermon without ruining each section of it. It seems to be taken for granted that the two parts are so closely allied in the very nature of things that neither of them will retain any vitality if they are separated. The worship, it is held, is necessary in order to create a proper 'atmosphere' for the preacher, and the sermon is equally required to bring the worship to a climax.

This theory, I maintain, is entirely mistaken. The facts are against it. Nowadays, what precedes the sermon is seldom, in any real sense, a preparation for it. It fails to produce in the members of the congregation the mood which best fits them to derive the maximum benefit from the preacher's discourse. In the days when the typical worship consisted mainly of fervent prayers and hearty congregational singing, and when the typical sermon was an emotional appeal, it may have been otherwise. The whole service was then more homogeneous. But a change has passed over each part of it. In most American non-Episcopal churches, at any rate, the first part now approximates a concert. As a musical entertainment it may reach a high standard of excellence and may be quite enjoyable, but as a spiritual tonic it is naught. The element of display is much too

prominent for that. The attitude of mind that it engenders is inevitably that in which we listen to a performance. Even where there has been no departure from the ideals of worship, the character of the preaching that modern congregations expect makes the transition from the first part of the service to the sermon an abrupt one. The present-day sermon that is worth anything demands mental activity on the part of the hearers as well as the preacher. There must be mental activity, of course, in any true worship also, but not of such a critical type. In worship there is no call for the exercise of the judicial faculty — for the balancing of arguments pro and con, for the weighing of evidence, for the decision whether or not what the preacher is advancing is based on sound reasons. Once upon a time the occupant of the pulpit spoke with unquestioned authority. He was laying down the law — the Divine law — and it would have been presumptuous, almost irreverent, not to accept his dicta. But in these days he no longer speaks *ex cathedra*. We conceive ourselves to have not only the right but the duty to bring the sermon to the same intellectual tests as we apply to the speech of a lawyer pleading a case in court or to the appeal of a politician addressing an election meeting.

I believe, indeed, that, if we are candid with ourselves, we shall recognize that our personal responsiveness to the different types of spiritual stimuli supplied by the two sections of a complete service is by no means constant and uniform. Sometimes we are conscious of a need that is best met by the provision the Church makes for us in its accustomed ritual and by the opportunities it gives us for devotional meditation not as isolated units but as members of a congregation. When that is our dominant mood, it is often with

a sense of disturbance, not to say irritation, that we switch away our attention to the hearing of a discourse, which, in any case, breaks in upon our train of ideas and may happen to deal with a topic entirely irrelevant to the thoughts that have just been occupying our minds. So far from intensifying the impressions already made by the worship, the sermon may actually dissipate them.

At other times, we feel that our participation in united worship would be little more than perfunctory, and that our religious appetite at the moment craves especially such sustenance as it would derive from some message from the pulpit. But the meal that is offered us when when we go to church is always a table d'hôte, and a table d'hôte in which we are expected to partake of every dish on the menu.

We must not forget, too, the difficulty that arises from divergences of creed and ritual. An orthodox church-member, let us say, would like to hear Doctor Crothers or some other distinguished Unitarian preach on some topic that involves no questions of controversial theology. But this opportunity is denied him unless he is willing to be present at a service where some of the prayers and hymns — not so much by what they say as by what they omit to say — are likely to be so discordant with his own most cherished beliefs that he feels himself to be not a fellow worshipper but an unsympathetic outsider. The same unwelcome experience, of course, is likely to befall a Unitarian who visits an orthodox church. The sense of difference does not obtrude itself so forcibly when an Episcopalian attends a non-Episcopal church, or a Methodist or Baptist is present at an Episcopal service; but in either case the unfamiliar ritual may cause at least a feeling of strangeness, or even annoyance, which has to be set over against

any benefit derived later from the sermon and which is certainly anything but a happy prelude to it. The visitor is not 'at home' in this kind of worship, and the sense of being a sort of alien or intruder disturbs his peace of mind. It is not agreeable to realize that one is present as a spectator only, on an occasion when one's neighbors are expressing their deepest and most earnest religious aspirations.

Obviously this difficulty hampers even more seriously the attempt of a Roman Catholic to listen to a Protestant preacher or a Protestant to a Roman Catholic. I have known instances in which the freedom exercised by individual ministers in matters of ritual has caused divergences even within a single denomination. One of the leading preachers in London today is a Congregationalist of quite unusual type, who has incorporated in the worship of his church many ceremonies that have hitherto been considered distinctively Roman, and whose sermons boldly challenge conventional opinion on the relation of Christianity to the existing social order. It is commonly said that one half of his congregation endures the sermon for the sake of the service, and that the other half endures the service for the sake of the sermon. This is, of course, an exaggeration, for many of his hearers are equally appreciative of both; but there may be an element of truth even in an epigram, and it is easily credible that every ritualist is not necessarily a socialist, nor every socialist a ritualist.

While I am writing this article, the daily paper brings me an illustration of my point that a single service, by uniting the worship and the sermon, may sometimes involve the linking together of two elements, one of which attracts while the other repels. Dr. Henry van Dyke is reported to have given up his pew at the First Presbyterian Church

of Princeton because he can no longer put up with the 'bitter schismatic and unscriptural preaching' of the stated supply, which, in his judgment, is 'a dismal bilious travesty of the Gospel.' There is not the slightest hint that Doctor van Dyke is dissatisfied with anything at the First Church except the preaching. But he objects to that so strongly that, having to take both parts of the service or neither, he decides to stay away.

It will thus be seen that the existing practice handicaps the preacher in many ways and subjects him to disabilities from which other public speakers are exempt. In the first place, he is never allowed to address an audience that brings to him the mental freshness and alertness which he deserves to find in his hearers. Some of them are irritated by the preliminary series of exercises; more are wearied or bored by it. All of them, especially when it is protracted to the length of an hour, have suffered a certain diminution in their power of concentrating attention upon what the preacher has to say. If they came to the sermon direct from the street, they would be able to listen to it more intently and with less wandering of thought. The situation thus tempts the preacher to attempt a more sensational style than is wholesome. The congregation has to be aroused from listlessness. Its flagging attention has to be whipped up. A premium is accordingly set upon a type of preaching that is *outré* either in ideas or in expression, and that assimilates the exponent of spiritual truths to the journalist who makes readers sit up and take notice by means of a scare head. There must be 'pep' in the sermon, or it will fall flat.

Then there is imposed upon the preacher himself an unnecessary strain which makes against his efficiency in the pulpit. He has come to the church

with a message to deliver — a message which has presumably been prepared at great pains and which he is anxious to deliver in such a way that it will make both an immediate and a permanent impression. The more completely it dominates his whole mind at the moment, the more likely it is to achieve the desired result. But when he reaches the pulpit the way is blocked by the interposition of this worship programme, in the conduct of which he may, or may not, himself be required to take the leading part. In the former instance there is a diversion of attention and thought, which inevitably takes away something from the physical, mental, and spiritual energy that he is able to give to the delivery of his discourse. In the latter, his attitude is that of more or less impatient waiting, in circumstances that naturally produce considerable nervous irritation. (Actually the best immediate preparation for preaching would be an opportunity for private, rather than public, devotion. The ideal arrangement would be one which allowed the preacher to seclude himself — for the period preceding the sermon — in an adjoining room, from which he would be summoned into the pulpit at the last possible moment.) In either case, when the time comes to give out his text, the preacher, like the congregation, has begun to be tired. He has already sacrificed something of his vitality. He has lost, in considerable measure, whatever freshness of spirit he brought to the beginning of the service. In such conditions it is unreasonable to expect him to be at his best.

The time limit imposed on the sermon when it is made only one item in a long programme is a further handicap to the preacher's efficiency. If he is dealing with a big subject, he has no chance of planning out his discourse on an adequate scale. One of the most

frequent complaints made of contemporary preaching is that it is not sufficiently educational. It gives a congregation no systematic instruction on the most important questions to which the mind of man can apply itself. There is no real exposition either of the individual books of the Bible or of the main doctrines of theology, and no sufficient discussion of the great problems of ethics. In the realm of religion people are left to pick up a suggestion here and an item of information there. But what else is possible when a sermon is nothing more than a twenty-minute or, at most, a thirty-minute addendum to a service that has already consumed nearly an hour? Accordingly, the restriction of time compels a preacher to avoid altogether those topics that it is not worth while to touch unless one can handle them in a manner suitable to their importance. It is absurd to say that congregations would not listen to discourses of an hour in length. The demand for short sermons is a reaction from long ones that come at the end of a diet of worship in accordance with the existing custom. When hearers complain that they are bored by a sermon that lasts as much as thirty minutes, one is reminded of those victims of indigestion who attribute their malaise to the final dish on the menu when the cause of the trouble is really that the meal as a whole was much too heavy.

The preacher is handicapped further by the narrowing of his opportunities of influence consequent upon the absence of persons to whom the preliminary service is a barrier. His message can reach no one who is not willing to work his way to it through a programme of introductory exercises with which he may happen to be unsympathetic. Some unconventional people, it is true, cut the knot by arriving late, but no solution of the problem can be considered satisfactory that involves encour-

aging the American's besetting sin of unpunctuality. He misses the chance of addressing those potential hearers who would occupy the pews in front of him if it were permissible for them to come for the sermon and the sermon alone.

In thus pleading for the isolation of the sermon, let me not be misunderstood as in any way disparaging public worship. Far be it from me to cast any slight whatever upon the cultivation and expression of the devotional life by meetings for praise and prayer. Such services would, indeed, acquire a new dignity by being relieved from the risk of being regarded as mere preliminaries to the sermon. There would be no danger of treating worship as a subordinate thing when men and women were invited to assemble for that purpose and that purpose only. As the sermon would gain by the separation, so would the rest of the service. There would be possibilities of developing it which are out of the question when a place has to be found in the time-table for the subsequent delivery of a discourse. The worship-service, like the sermon, would become all the stronger by being compelled to justify its independent and separate existence.

What, I shall be asked, are the practical proposals to which my argument leads? I have no cut-and-dried scheme to offer in substitution for the normal practice. In case, however, that any minister who accepts my contentions as sound is disposed to try an experiment in this direction, I would suggest that the usual morning service be formally divided into two parts, so as to enable anyone to choose between them, while not imposing a double journey upon those who wish to attend both. The announcement might run something like this: 'Divine worship from 11 to 11.50. Sermon at 12.' During the ten-minute interval, persons who did not

intend to stay for the sermon could leave the building, while those to whom the sermon was the attraction were finding seats. Again there might be in the afternoon a service for worship only, and in the evening the delivery of a sermon, with no preface except an invocation. Or, of course, there might be a sermon in the afternoon and a worship-service in the evening.

Although what I suggest would introduce a new system into the general order of the churches, it would not really be so much of an innovation as might be supposed. I suspect that, if the matter were thoroughly searched into from apostolic times downward, the convention of tying worship and sermon together would be found to be a comparatively modern practice. And at any rate it is possible to quote occasional precedents of quite recent date for their separation. It is no new thing, for instance, for people to meet together for praise and prayer without an address, though this plan is more frequently adopted on weekdays than on Sundays. Precedents may be quoted, too, for a sermon that does not follow a considerable period spent in worship. The University sermon preached every Sunday in term-time, at St. Mary's, Oxford, is preceded only by a hymn and a 'bidding prayer.' The time-table of the Thursday morning services, held for so many years by Dr. Joseph Parker at the City Temple, London, was so arranged that he would usually be giving out his text not later than ten minutes after the hour of assembling. And certainly neither at St. Mary's nor at the City Temple does actual experience lend any countenance to the belief that, where there is a man worth hearing in the pulpit, people will be deterred from attending through the knowledge that there is to be nothing but a sermon for them.

When there is a man worth hearing in the pulpit — I have mentioned that as a condition. The reform I propose would in itself contribute largely toward making the fulfillment of this condition less infrequent. It would tend to weed out the incompetent, who are at present tolerated in the pulpit because the benefit derived from the service preceding is considered sufficient compensation for the tedium of listening to their sermons. It might lead to a more specialized and therefore more efficient ministerial system, wherein men — and women — endowed with a gift for preaching would be encouraged to develop their powers, while those whose qualifications were of a different order would give themselves to those administrative duties which most 'born preachers' have always regarded as a burden.

It is usual, I believe, for the members of a legal firm to divide their tasks, the partner who is most successful in impressing judges and juries being set apart for pleading in the courts, while his colleagues concentrate their attention upon the work of the office. Is there any good reason why the Christian Church should not similarly turn to the most profitable account the diversities of talent and equipment that are to be found among those who have responded to an inward call to spend their lives in its service? The activities of the Apostolic Church were much less varied and complicated than those of the Church of to-day, yet even then it was recognized that function should depend upon aptitude. 'He gave some,' wrote Saint Paul to the Ephesians, 'to be apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ.'

THE EXTRANEOUS ADVENTURES OF A WHALER

BY CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES

I

A LITTLE before noon one February day in 1869, the New Bedford whaling barque *Gazelle*, Captain David R. Gifford, sighted a boat on the open sea off the headlands that mark the end of *Geographe Bay*. This was not, however, the surprise to her captain that one might suppose it would be: indeed, when the *Gazelle* had run down to the boat in answer to signals, he called one of the three men in her by name and took him aboard his ship for the journey to America — a runaway convict from the English penal colony near by.

The convict was a young man named John Boyle O'Reilly. Three years before, while serving in the 10th Huzzars, then stationed in Dublin, he had joined the Fenian Brotherhood and had participated in plotting against the British Government.

Together with intellectual gifts and a vigorous constitution, young O'Reilly had inherited the quality of patriotism, and all his early environment had nourished its growth. His maternal grandfather had distinguished himself in the Irish Rebellion of 1798 and, later, in the French Legion — a family tradition of love of country which was daily augmented by Irish music and poetry. Thus it was that he passed from boyhood into youth; quiet, studious and affectionate, he dreamed always the Irish dream of setting Ireland free. As he grew up he saw his country oppressed politically and de-

populated by famine and by the emigration of those who could only have starved at home; small wonder, then, that at eighteen he enlisted in the army for the very purpose of recruiting among its ranks more members to the Fenian Brotherhood. In his own words: 'They said, "Come on, boys, it is for Ireland" — and we came.' By the time set for the Rebellion, fifteen hundred British soldiers were enlisted as revolutionists.

But the plot was discovered and, on the charge of 'having, at Dublin, in January, 1866, come to the knowledge of an intended mutiny in Her Majesty's Forces in Ireland, and not giving information of said mutiny to his commanding officer,' O'Reilly and several other conspirators were arrested, court-martialed and sentenced to death. This sentence was commuted to life imprisonment and, after a series of prisons under whose horrors two of the Fenians died, the little group remaining were sentenced to penal servitude in Australia and were carried thither in the prison ship *Hougoumont*.

There, in the penal colony at Fremantle, they were set to work making a road through the almost impenetrable bush. O'Reilly was a quiet and law-abiding prisoner and in the course of his first year there he even earned by good behavior a certain degree of liberty. But existence in the colony was nevertheless intolerable and he determined to escape into the bush

—a wild scheme, for a runaway was almost sure to be recaptured, and if he did by the grace of God evade the trained native trackers, he faced death from thirst and starvation. A prisoner at Fremantle dwelt, with singular literalness, between the Devil and the deep sea.

One day in the late fall, he confided his plan to Father McCabe, the one priest in all that hundred-mile parish of convicts and ticket-of-leave men.

'It is an excellent way to commit suicide,' the father replied. 'Don't think of that again. Let me think out a plan for you.'

For months O'Reilly waited and at last in despair he determined to try his own efforts; then in December a man named Macguire appeared at work near the colony, with a secret message from Father McCabe. In February the whalers used to touch at Bunbury and the good priest had arranged with Captain Archilaus Baker of the barque *Vigilant* of New Bedford to take O'Reilly on board, provided O'Reilly would get himself outside the three-mile limit.

It was nearly two months before O'Reilly saw or heard from Macguire again, but early in February he appeared and details of the plan were agreed upon. On the appointed night O'Reilly walked down the road and into the woods — there were few locks or guards at the penal colony for there was thought to be no possibility of escape; besides which, O'Reilly had, as we have said, more freedom than most of the prisoners. He had got himself a pair of freeman's shoes, the better to baffle identification of his tracks, and in them he set forth. Almost immediately he realized that he was being followed. But the man behind him was himself an ex-prisoner, now a mahogany-sawyer, and when he knew what O'Reilly was doing he wished him

good luck and promised to put the authorities on a false scent. On went O'Reilly and at the appointed place he hid in the woods beside the road until he heard whistled the opening strains of 'St. Patrick's Day,' the signal agreed upon with Macguire. Another man was with Macguire, both on horseback, and with a horse for O'Reilly; together the three rode for hours through the night till they reached the shore, put to sea in a rowboat, and, after a detour that took the boat nearly out of sight of land, reached, in the afternoon, the headland where they were to watch for the *Vigilant*.

They saw the whalers standing out to sea, and pulled out to meet them. In their haste to escape they had forgotten both food and water and they suffered greatly in consequence. But they pulled strongly and in all possible haste to overhaul the *Vigilant* and, when they had come near enough, made frantic signals for help. For a time she seemed to be bearing down toward them, but as a matter of fact she had not sighted them; she tacked, before their unbelieving eyes, stood out to sea again, and soon left them far behind.

The other two took O'Reilly ashore and, hiding him in a remote little valley, left him until they could arrange a new plan for his flight. Search revealed no water he dared drink and at last he caught and killed an opossum and ate some of the meat.

The next day, so bitter his impatience, he rowed to sea alone in the merest shell of a rowboat, and sighted the *Vigilant*; but again, although he got near enough to hear the voices on deck, he failed to catch the lookout's attention, and only by rowing all night did he succeed in regaining the shore.

During the three days and nights that followed, O'Reilly slept almost continuously. Before they went back

to Father McCabe, Macguire and his companion had arranged to get food and water to him; now they returned and next morning the three once more rowed out to sea. Captain David R. Gifford of the *Gazelle* had agreed with Father McCabe to pick up O'Reilly, and had accepted ten pounds to bind the bargain.

The rowboat soon sighted the whalers (the *Clarice*, also of New Bedford, was gamming with the *Gazelle*) and was shortly afterward sighted by them, and by the end of the morning O'Reilly was aboard the *Gazelle* and bound for America.

II

Now O'Reilly's escape in a New Bedford whaler made no great stir in the world, but it suggested a later project on a scale so large that it commanded attention on both sides of the Atlantic. When those young Fenians were sent to Australia, one of them, named Wilson — who had defiantly pleaded guilty to treason — appealed for help to John Devoy, an ardent Irish patriot who had fled to America. The possibility of royal pardon kept hope alive among the prisoners for several years, O'Reilly's escape giving it added strength; but in 1870, when a general pardon was granted to all political convicts in Australia, those were excepted who had been in the army at the time of their offense. When the Queen assumed the title of Empress of India, an appeal was made for the pardon of these remaining Fenians, but it was rejected. Then Wilson wrote again to John Devoy. But it was five years before any definite plan took shape.

At last in pursuance of this plan Devoy came to New Bedford in February, 1875, to find a whaling vessel and a whaling captain. Henry C. Hathaway, third mate of the *Gazelle* when

she rescued O'Reilly, had become a captain in the New Bedford police department, and to Hathaway O'Reilly sent Devoy, and he, in turn, took Devoy to John T. Richardson, the whaling agent.

Now there was in New Bedford at the time one Captain George S. Anthony, who had recently married Richardson's daughter and retired from the sea after a relatively brief but successful career as master. Captain Anthony was growing impatient of his job at the Morse Twist Drill works, and Jonathan Bourne, for whom he had sailed ten years in one vessel, had persisted in offering him a ship.

Meeting his father-in-law one day, Captain Anthony said, 'I'm tired of this. Go down and see Mr. Bourne and ask him if he will let me have a ship.'

'Wait a few days; I have something better for you,' Richardson replied.

The next evening, in Richardson's store at 18 South Water Street, with the lights out, a little group of men — Devoy and other members of the *Clan-na-Gael* — told Anthony the story of the Fenian convicts and proposed that he sail from New Bedford, ostensibly on a whaling voyage, meet the convicts off the Australian coast, on a day to be appointed, take them on board, and sail for home. He met the committee for the second time, twenty-four hours later, and promised to go.

Acting as agents for the committee of the *Clan-na-Gael* — which names did not appear in the affair — Richardson and Anthony bought the barque *Catalpa* on March 13, 1875 for \$5500. She was a whaler that had been sold into the merchant service, and they were obliged to make extensive alterations and repairs, of which one was remarkable: the carpenter removed from under the foot of the mainmast the riding keelson, which had rotted, and so skillfully replaced it with a new piece, that

from the beginning of the voyage to the end the rigging did not settle.

To represent the committee, one man, Dennis Duggan, shipped as carpenter and sailed in the *Catalpa*. For his first officer, the captain chose Samuel P. Smith, a capable whaler from Martha's Vineyard, in whom he had great confidence; but besides Captain Anthony, Duggan was the only man on board who knew the purpose of the voyage when, on April 29, 1875, the *Catalpa* put to sea.

With orders to cruise some six months in the Atlantic, then, shipping home from Fayal any oil that he might take, to sail for Bunbury, West Australia, where he was to arrive in the spring of 1876 and wait for the Australian agent of the committee to communicate with him, Captain Anthony left his baby and his bride of a year on the exact anniversary of his wedding.

III

There has been, probably, no other whaling voyage like that of the *Catalpa* in '75. Whaleships have sailed from New Bedford, ostensibly for the whaling grounds, on voyages that have had no concern with whaling; but Captain Anthony, who carried in his head an international conspiracy, cruised in good faith for whales and took eight before he touched at Teneriffe for fresh water. His troubles, though, had been various: in fitting a key to his chronometer he had so changed the rate that his observations, taken when he was several days at sea, showed the *Catalpa* to be in the interior of the State of New York, and a second chronometer, which he brought from Captain Crapo of the barque *Osprey*, proved also to be unreliable; Captain Anthony himself, going ashore at Flores with a boatload of fresh fish, was arrested for smuggling; at Fayal he dis-

charged three sick sailors, and nearly all the others deserted; and before leaving Teneriffe, whence he was to sail on the long voyage round Good Hope to Australia, he was obliged to tell his first officer the true purpose for which the owners had sent the *Catalpa* to sea.

Calling the mate into the cabin, when they were a few days out from Fayal, he said, 'Mr. Smith, you shipped to go whaling. I want to say to you now, before we get to Teneriffe, that the *Catalpa* has done about all the whaling she will do this fall. We're bound to the west coast of Australia to try and liberate six Fenian prisoners who are serving a life sentence in Great Britain's penal colony. This ship was bought for that purpose and fitted for that purpose, and you have been utterly deceived in the object of this voyage. You have a right to be indignant and leave the vessel at Teneriffe. You will have the opportunity when we arrive there, and if you go, I can't blame you.

'But this ship is going to Australia, if I live, and I hope you will stay by me and go with me. God knows I need you, and I give you my word I will stand by you as never one man stood by another, if you will say you will remain in the ship and assist me in carrying out the plans.'

After asking a few questions and sitting for a few moments in silence, Mr. Smith replied, 'Captain Anthony, I'll stick by you in this ship if she goes to Hell and burns off her jib boom.'

Sailing from Teneriffe on November 25, the *Catalpa* took three small whales on December 19, crossed the Equator on December 25, spoke the barque *Platina*, Captain Walter Howland, of New Bedford, about the middle of February, and on February 26 spoke the English barque *Ocean Beauty*, from Liverpool bound for New Zealand.

It was an amusing coincidence that the master of the *Ocean Beauty* had

been captain of the *Hougoumont* in 1868 when she took to Australia the very men the *Catalpa* was to rescue; and in reply to Captain Anthony's questions about the coast, the unwitting Englishman gave him the very chart by which he had sailed the prison ship.

At ten o'clock, March 28, 1876, the *Catalpa* anchored in Bunbury harbor, at the head of *Geographe Bay*, and the next morning Captain Anthony received the following telegram:—

TO CAPTAIN ANTHONY, —

Have you any news from New Bedford?
When can you come to Fremantle?

J. COLLINS.

He replied, —

No news from New Bedford. Shall not come to Fremantle.

G. S. ANTHONY.

J. Collins, whose real name was John J. Breslin, was the agent of the *Clanna-Gael*, as Captain Anthony had suspected. Breslin was a man of keen ability, striking appearance, grace of manner, and great personal charm. Having long before proved his capacity for such daring adventure, he was made the head of all land operations in this projected rescue. He sailed from San Francisco in September 1875 for Australia; associated with him was Captain Thomas Desmond, and in Australia they were to meet one John King. These three were the active agents of the escape by land, Breslin being in charge. Arrived at Fremantle, Breslin separated from Desmond and assumed with his new name the character of a man of wealth, in search of investments. He was soon established in the pleasantest of social relations with the Governor, and meanwhile he made the acquaintance of an ex-prisoner through whom he was able to notify Wilson (whose appeal to John Devoy had originated the whole plan of rescue) how matters were going

forward. Two other Irish revolutionary agents volunteered their services and agreed to cut the telegraph wires after the escape.

IV

It was Breslin's plan that with a whale boat Captain Anthony meet the escaping prisoners at Rockingham, some twenty miles south of Fremantle, on a day to be appointed, and take them out to the *Catalpa*, which should lie far enough off the coast to attract no attention. Captain Anthony went to Fremantle and Rockingham to see how the land lay, and, having arranged with Breslin a code for communicating by telegraph, returned to Bunbury.

After a series of accidents, which nearly wrecked the plot, Captain Anthony sailed on Saturday, April 15. On Sunday afternoon, in a boat manned with a picked crew, and with a supply of food and water, he left the *Catalpa*, and shortly after dark he landed on the beach at the appointed place. He did not know until daylight next morning that, by the scantiest possible margin, he had escaped wrecking his boat on an outlying reef.

At approximately eight o'clock in the morning, Breslin with two traps, each with a team, was waiting a little less than a mile from the prison, when the convicts to be rescued came in two groups of three down the Rockingham Road. By good conduct the six had earned the rank of 'constable,' which permitted them to communicate with one another, and they were working outside the prison walls. There was a seventh Fenian prisoner at Fremantle who had offered, on being sentenced for treason, to betray others of his fellows: him they intentionally left behind. The fugitives leaped into the wagons, covered the prison uniforms with big coats that Breslin had provided, and drove

like the devil down the long road to Rockingham.

On Rockingham beach one Thomas Brennan drove up to Anthony with his horse at a dead run. With singular perversity Brennan, himself a member of the *Clan-na-Gael* in America, had insisted on joining the *Catalpa*, against the orders of the others, who desired to take no chance of arousing suspicions by the presence of several Irishmen on board the whaler. At New Bedford Brennan had planned to stow away, but had arrived too late. He had followed the *Catalpa* to Fayal, but Anthony had hastily left, to escape him. He had sailed from Fayal to England and from England to Australia, where he made himself known to Breslin and insisted on having a hand in the escape; and at last, like the bad penny of the proverb, he turned up on the beach, to make one more passenger for an overloaded boat.

Finding Captain Anthony in conversation with a stranger, this wild Brennan demanded to know who he was, and would have shot him, had not the captain intervened.

From the trap that he drove, Brennan began throwing valises and bags. The mail steamer *Georgette* was in the offing, and haste was urgent. At this juncture King rode up on horseback and, comprehending the peril in which the approaching steamer placed them all, dashed off to urge the others to greater speed.

Soon after, the fugitives drove up in breathless haste, with pistols showing under their long coats, whereupon the boat's crew leaped at the notion that Captain Anthony had been smuggling, and in their eagerness to defend their skipper from arrest, nearly wrecked the whole plan by attacking them.

In wild confusion they loaded their belongings into the boat and scrambled in, the prisoners stowed on the bottom,

Breslin, King, and Desmond in the stern, and Captain Anthony at the steering oar. As Anthony roared at them in good whaling language, the men at the oars grew steadier and settled into the long pull.

When they were half a mile from shore, a detachment of mounted police and native trackers appeared on the beach. At five o'clock in the afternoon the boat passed the outer reef. A storm blew up, washed their provisions overboard, and carried away the mast. They rigged an oar for a jury-mast, lowered the centreboard, and held aft the sheet of their makeshift sail. All that night, nearly swamped, they bailed for their lives, and once more fortune saved them, for the gale subsided. At sunrise they saw the *Catalpa*, and made for her under oars and sail.

But an hour after sunrise they saw the *Georgette* steaming out of Fremantle.

Down came the sail. They dared not even row, but shipped their oars and lay flat on the bottom of the boat, which, being so heavily laden, was low in the water and rolled like a log. Thus it came about that the *Georgette*, though she twice passed the whaleboat on her way to and from the *Catalpa*, did not sight her either time.

When the *Georgette* was a safe distance away, bound for Fremantle, the crew of the whaleboat once more pulled toward the *Catalpa*, which had not yet sighted them. Alongside her was a craft which they thought was a fishing vessel, until Desmond cried out:—

'My God! There's the guard-boat, filled with police. Pass out those rifles.'

They loaded rifles and revolvers with fresh cartridges, and fighting off their exhaustion, rowed as if the Devil were behind them. Then the lookout at the masthead of the *Catalpa* sighted them, and the barque swept down on them with all sail set.

At that the police made sail and set men at the sweeps. But with the fugitives lying flat on the bottom and the crew straining at the oars, the whaleboat shot alongside the Catalpa, and the mate ordered all sails thrown hard aback. The men seized the swinging tackles, and passed them to the second mate and to Captain Anthony, who themselves secured them. The prisoners scrambled up the side. With the captain still aboard her, the whaleboat swung to the davits.

And then the guard-boat crossed the bow of the Catalpa.

The whaler sailed slowly on but, soon after, the wind failed completely and she lay becalmed until daybreak next morning, when the *Georgette*, with a detachment of soldiers on board, came out to her. Once a British gunner sent a shot across her bows, and Captain Anthony, fearing lest the British colonel send a boat to board the Catalpa, armed his men. But neither the mail-steamer nor the guard-boat had authority to board an American vessel in defiance of the captain's refusal to admit them; so, although there was a mighty exchange of verbal shot and shell, the engagement never progressed beyond a war of words.

'May I come aboard your ship?'

'Not by a d——d sight.'

'You've six British prisoners aboard.'

'You're mistaken; they're all free men.' And so on.

V

On August 19, 1876, when the Catalpa landed her passengers at New York, Richardson, agent for the vessel, telegraphed Captain Anthony to leave the vessel in New York and come home. He reached New Bedford on a Sunday morning, and thousands of people met him. His hair, which had been black when he sailed, was gray; he

had lost thirty-seven pounds in weight.

The committee that had sent out the vessel settled with the crew according to an average of the oil taken by other vessels that had sailed the same season; and to Captain Anthony, Mr. Richardson, and Captain Hathaway, they gave the Catalpa herself. The expedition cost besides the money raised to give the escaped convicts a start in their new land, approximately \$30,000.

The affair made a great to-do in its day. The Catalpa had been decidedly the aggressor in her brush with England, and the Fenian convicts were indeed lucky to get out of their scrape so well. Angry leading articles in British journals did them no harm, and even from the point of view of many Englishmen, who believed that the government should in any case have pardoned the six Irishmen, the outcome was not, perhaps, wholly unsatisfactory.

Probably to Irish and to Irish sympathizers everywhere Breslin's farewell was in every sense the last word in the affair:—

ROCKINGHAM, *April 17, 1876*

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE BRITISH GOVERNOR OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA;—

This is to certify that I have this day released from the clemency of Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, etc., etc., six Irishmen, condemned to imprisonment for life by the enlightened and magnanimous government of Great Britain for having been guilty of the atrocious and unpardonable crimes known to the enlightened portion of mankind as 'love of country' and 'hatred of tyranny'; for this act of 'Irish assurance,' my birth and blood being my full and sufficient warrant. Allow me to add that,—

In taking my leave now, I've only to say
A few cells I've emptied (a sell in its way);
I've the honor and pleasure to bid you good-day.
From all future acquaintance, excuse me, I pray.

In the service of my country,

JOHN J. BRESLIN.

THE BRIDE OF A GOD

BY L. ADAMS BECK

I

TWO HUNDRED years ago in India, many happy people dwelt in the little town of Krishnapur — happy because their belief was fixed and immutable and it brought them gladness; for in all innocence and devotion they worshiped Krishna the Beloved, the Herdsman of Brindaban, Lord of Love, whose name their little town carried like a jewel of price.

And certainly the God had gifted it with beauty. The terraced houses climbed the ways of a hill deeply wooded with tamarind and pippala trees, and down a deep ravine ran the little Bhadra River, falling from great heights to feed the blue lake below. The place lay in the sunshine, clear and bright as a painting on crystal brought by the Chinese merchants, and by the favor of the God a delicate coolness spread upward from the lake among the clustered houses. In its midst was a very small island, with a little temple lifting its shining gilded roof and spires among the palms. In this he was worshiped as the Flute-Player, an image of black basalt, very beautiful — a youth with the Flute forever at his lips; and there were devout men and women who declared that, in the midnight silence, sounds of music comparable only to the music of Indra's heaven had been heard among the palm trees and mingled with the eternal song of the river. This report and the beauty and quiet of the fair little town brought a few pilgrims to bathe in the lake, crowding the

broad low ghauts that led down to its pure waters with their flower-hued garments and the strong chanting of their prayers.

Many legends haunted the town of Krishnapur.

Now the Pandit Anand Das was a man learned in the Vedas and all the sacred books, and his heart glowed with a great devotion. Since his son, who should have inherited his learning, was dead, and it could not flow in that beloved channel, he resolved that, slight and frail as a woman's intellect must needs be, he would instruct his daughter Radha in the mysteries of the Holy Ones, as far as possible. He had named her Radha from his devotion to Sri Krishna; for Radha is the heart's love of the God, and in bestowing this name he had made offering and prayed that he might live to see her as beautiful, as true in devotion as the Crowned Lady. The prayer was answered.

Beautiful indeed was Radha, an image of golden ivory, with lips like a pomegranate bud before its sweetness is tasted, and great eyes dark as the midnight and lit by her stars. Beautiful the soft moulding of her rounded chin, and the shaping of the flower-face poised on its stem like a champak blossom that all the bees of love must seek, and the silk-soft brows and the heavy sweep of shadowy lashes. Flawless from head to rosy heel as the work of a mighty craftsman who wills not that

his name shall perish, so was Radha; and when the people saw her as she passed along the little street, they gave thanks to the Beautiful for her beauty. Fairer than fair, wiser than wise in all the matters of the Gods, she lived her quiet days among the palms and temples, and each day laid its gift at her feet.

Now the Brahman, her father, having, as it were, devoted her to the God, rejoiced to see that in her, *bhakti* — which is faith, love, and worship in a perfect unity — was a steadfast flame in her heart; nor was there any word to utter her burning devotion. As a child she would leave all play to sit before his feet and hear as he read of the divine Krishna, —

The story of the Lord of All
Beginneth with a Pastoral, —

and her child's heart lived among the meadows of Brindaban with the marvelous Child whose very name is 'He who draws or attracts.'

And thus her learned father taught her.

'This Krishna is the true incarnation of the Preserver who upholds the universe. "For in him," says the Mahabharata Santeparva, "the worlds flutter like birds in water"; and of him did not Maheshwara the Destroyer say: "The divine and radiant Krishna must be beheld by him who desires to behold Me." Thus in Sri Krishna is all Deity sheathed in flesh, that the soul of man may dimly apprehend his glory. A Child — yet thus in the Holy Song does the Prince Arjun cry to him: —

"God, in thy body I see all the Gods,
And all the varied hosts of living things,
The undivided Thou, the highest point
Of human thought."

'Can such a Being be approached by mere humanity? No, he is too far away — the ear of man may not hear,

and the eye of man may not see. How if he were born among us, if we might touch his feet, and show him in simple human ways our devotion? How if he would turn the common earth to beauty by breathing the air we breathe?

'And because it is so desired, it is done, and Krishna is born, the Herdsman of Brindaban, the Beloved of India.'

So reading day by day, he instructed her in the lovely story of the Childhood, and, with the ancient Pastoral, took her to the forests and rich cattle pastures where Jumna River flows wide and still to the sea. The people are kind and simple, the sacred cows are driven out at dawn to feed, and brought back in the brief glow of evening by the fair women who tend the gentle beasts; and this is Brindaban, the home on earth of the Lord of All, the utterly Adored.

So much a child! But when floods of rain threatened to sweep away the herds and their keepers, he raised the hill Govardhan on the palm of his small soft hand, and sheltered them from the torrents and the fighting winds. And, as she sat at his feet, the Pandit showed his child Radha pictures of that other Child, darkly beautiful, who could poise the world on his shoulder.

II

As she grew older, the story widened and deepened with her years. But as she came to girlhood, her anxious mother, Sita Bai, ventured with trembling to doubt if it were well to draw her heart yet closer to the radiant manhood of the young God; for now the story is to be mystically interpreted and read by the light of the wisdom of the old and learned.

'Was there not Mira Bai, who went mad for the love of him and could not leave his image or his temple, and dreamed of his sweetness night and day

until she wasted to a shadow and died? And, my lord, is not his great temple as Jagannath, Lord of the World, but ten miles from us at the great town of Chaki; and is it not filled with bands of *devidasis*—the dancing girls? Would you have your daughter as one of them—sacred but—vile?’

She caught the word back on her lips and looked about her in terror. Then added passionately:—

‘O my lord, is it well to kindle such a passion in her heart, and she little more than a child?’

‘Better be possessed by that love than by the follies and wickednesses that haunt the hearts of women to their ruin and ours. Woman, I know what I do. Be silent!’ was all his answer.

So she was silent, and daily the story went onward and filled the soul of the girl. For now, as Krishna grew to manhood, beauty came upon him, irresistible, heart-compelling, the world’s Desire, and on the banks of Jumna was sung the Song of Songs—the Lover, dark and glorious, to whom the souls of all the women of Brindaban, whether wife or maid, cling passionately, forgetful of self and of all but him. And the deepest symbol of the adoration of Krishna is the passion of man for woman and woman for man.

‘Walk warily here, my child, if you would understand,’ said the Pandit; ‘for we move among pitfalls made by the mind of man fettered to his senses—the mind of man, that coin bearing the double superscription of spirit and flesh. Yet the story is plain for him who has ears to hear!’

And Radha, speechless, with dark eyes filled with adoring love, listened—listened, with no heart for aught else.

‘Tell me more, more!’ she said.

And he, seeing the divine Passion, the trembling of her lips, the fluttering of her heart, told on, imparting the desire of the God.

And when, as at this time, a marriage was spoken of for her with the son of the rich Brahman Narayan, she shrank from it with such shuddering horror that for very pity her father put it by for a while. But her mother watched in great fear.

And every evening, when the light was calm and golden and her father laid his books aside, she would sit before him, putting all else aside that she might drink in the sweet nectar of his words.

And now he told of the Herd-maidens bathing in the clear ripple of the river where the trees hang in green shadow over the deep pools.

Their garments lie on the bank, forgotten in the joy of youth and life, as they sing the praises of the Beloved, until at length one remembers and looks, and lo! some thief has stolen the vesture, and they stand ashamed in the crystal lymph, their long locks gathered about them.

Who has so bereft them? For no man or woman should bathe uncovered; and they have sinned—they know it!

And then a voice calls from the world of leaves above their heads, and there sits the Desired, shining like a star caught in the topmost boughs, and before him are rolled the stolen garments, and when, all shamefaced, they entreat for their restoration, the Voice exhorts them:—

‘And if it is for My sake you have bathed and purified yourselves, then come forth fearless, and receive your vesture from my hands.’

And he laid in her hand the picture of the Gopis fearing and adoring as they leave the lustral water, some shrinking in humility, to receive their vesture from the Beautiful, who sits smiling far above them.

‘And this, my daughter, is a very great mystery!’ he said gravely. ‘And its meaning is this: “Thy *Thou* is still

with thee; if thou wilt attain unto me, quit thyself, and come.”’

And she said, —

‘Father, surely the Self is withered into nothing when this dear worthy One calls. What were life, death — anything in the Three Worlds, compared with beholding his blissful countenance?’

And he replied, —

‘Even so it is’; and laid aside his book and fell into a deep musing on the Perfections of the Lord; and Radha sat beside him.

So that night her mother said timidly, —

‘Lord of my life, the girl is possessed by the God. I fear for her life. In her sleep she speaks aloud of him and stretches empty arms to the air, moaning. The color fades in her lips, her eyes are fixed on dreams. She has no peace. Should we not seek an earthly lover for her own, that she may forget this Divine that is all the world’s?’

And he replied sternly, —

‘Woman, lift up a grateful heart to the God that this girl is not as the rest, but consumed by the love of the Highest. I have a thought unknown to you. All will be better than well.’

And she desisted in great fear and obedience; but the very next evening the story told of Radha — heart of the God’s heart, the Beautiful whose name she herself bore! And she listened in an ecstacy.

It was a very still evening, the stars shining large and near the earth, the moon a mere crescent, such as when Maheshwara wears it in his hair and dreams on the mountain-peaks of Himalaya. They sat in the wide verandah, supported on wooden pillars bowered in the blossoms of the purple bougain-villæa and the white and scented constellations of jasmine. The wide transparent blinds of split cane were raised to admit the faintly perfumed breath of the garden; and by the Pandit’s el-

bow, as he sat on his raised seat, burned a little oil lamp, that he might read the sacred pages.

Radha sat on her low cushion beside him, the *sari* of Dakka muslin threaded with gold fallen back from her head as she looked up.

“‘In the passion of their worship, the women of Brindaban are drawn out into the forest, each grieving if he do but turn his calm immortal eyes upon any other than herself. Therefore, only in the secret places of the forest is there now any joy. It has left the little houses and gone out to dwell by the river. They must follow, for they bear the world’s wound in their heart, and he is its Balm.

“‘For a time his eyes rest on Radha the Beautiful, and she, transported with the pride of love, entreats that he will carry her in his arms. He stretches them to her with his mystic smile, and even as they touch her, he vanishes, and she is alone in a great darkness.”

‘Here again, my daughter, is the parable clear,’ the Pandit interrupted the reading to say. ‘Here is no room for spiritual pride and exclusive desire. Learn your place, proud soul! It is at his feet until he, unasked, shall raise you to the level of his heart.

“‘So at the last she falters and falls, stunned with grief, the herdmaids weeping beside her, and — Suddenly the Light shines. He has returned. He speaks: —

“‘“Now I have tried you. You have remembered and thought upon me.

“‘“You have increased your affection like beggars made newly rich.

“‘“You have chosen my service, abandoning the world and the Scriptures.

“‘“How can I do you honor? I cannot reward you enough.

“‘“Though I should live for a hundred of Brahma’s years, yet I could not be free of my debt.”’”

III

She sat in silence; and breaking upon it, they heard the soft tread of a man stop by their gate, and voices, and the servant who guarded the gate came in haste.

'Great Sir, here is the holy Brahman who is chief at the altar of great Jagannath in Chaki, and he would speak with you.'

'Bring him instantly hither. Stay! I go myself!' cried the Pandit, rising. He had forgotten his daughter.

'Father, have I your leave to go?' She drew the sari about her face.

'Daughter, no. This is a wise man and great. Be reverent and humble, and stay.'

She stood, trembling with fear to see one so holy. Surely it was a portent that the servant of the God should come on their reading. Yet she quieted her heart, and when her father, attending the great guest, placed him on his own seat, with the image of the wise Elephant-Headed One wreathing his trunk behind him, she bowed before him and touched his feet, for to her he was as Brahman and priest, an earthly God.

He was a man in middle life, tall and dignified in spite of a corpulence which gained upon him, and his features clear-cut in the proud lines that denoted his unstained ancestry. He knew himself the superior of kings. He would have spurned with his foot a jewel touched by the Moghul Emperor of India. Yet more. Had the Rajput Rana, a king of his own faith, sun-descended, royal, cast his shadow on his food in passing, he had cast it, polluted, away. So great is the pride of the Brahmans.

'Namaskar, Maharaj! What is your honored pleasure?' asked the Pandit.

'I am on my way to Dilapur on the divine business,' he answered, with a

voice like the lowest throbbing notes of the bronze temple gong. 'But I would have a word with you, Brother, as I go.'

'Has my daughter your leave to depart, Maharaj?'

'Certainly, friend, though it is of her I come to speak. May I behold the face of the maiden? A Brahmani has no need to veil it. They are not secluded like the Toorki women.'

'Unveil before the Presence, my daughter Radha.'

The guest started at the name so familiar to him in his devotions.

'It is singular, in view of my errand, that you should have given her this holy name, Pandit-ji.'

'She deserves it for the devoted love that she bears to Sri Krishna,' returned her father. 'Of her face I say nothing, but her heart is flawless.'

'It is well!' said the priest, Nilkant Rai, and turned gravely to Radha.

Many were the *devidasis*, the nautch girls of the God, in the Temple of Jagannath. His eyes, deep and glowing, were no strangers to beauty, for the fairest were gathered like flowers to adorn the altars of the God, to dance and sing before his divine dreams, in all things to abide his will.

Six thousand priests serve Sri Krishna as Jagannath, Lord of the Universe, at Chaki, for great is his splendor. The Raja of Dulai, royal though he be, is the sweeper of his house. More than twenty thousand men and women do his pleasure, and of the glories of his temple who can speak?

But never had Nilkant Rai beheld such beauty as trembled before him then — darkly lovely, whitely fair, the very arrows of desire shooting from the bow of her sweet lips, half-child, half-woman, wholly desirable.

His eyes roved from the wonder of her face to the delicate rounding of her young breasts and the limbs exquisitely expressed, yet hidden, by the sari.

He looked in silence, then turned to the Pandit.

'Surely she is an incarnation of Radha in face as in name. Brother, she has my leave to go.'

Yet, when she had fled like a shadow, Nilkant Rai did not hasten. The other waited respectfully. *Pañ* — the betel for chewing — was offered in a silver casket. A garland of flowers perfumed with attar of roses was placed about the guest's neck. Refreshments were served and refused.

At length he spoke, looking on the ground.

'Brother, it is known to you that the God makes choice when he will of a bride, favored above all earthly women. Beautiful must she be, pure as a dew-drop to reflect his glory and return it in broken radiance, young, devout — Surely, even in this land of devotion, it is not easy to find such a one!'

'It is not easy, holy one!' returned the Pandit, trembling as he foreknew the end.

The other continued calmly.

'Now it so chanced that the priest Balaram passed lately through this town, and going by the tank to the temple, he beheld your daughter, and returning, he came to me and said: "The God has shown the way. I have seen the Desire of his eyes."'

'Great is the unlooked-for honor,' said the Pandit, trembling violently; 'so great that her father and mother bend and break beneath it. But consider, Holy One — she is an only child. Have pity and spare us! The desolate house — the empty days!' His voice trailed broken into silence.

'If this hides reluctance!' Nilkant Rai began sternly. 'If you have given a foul belief to any tale of the Temple—'

'I, holy Sir! I have heard nothing. What should I hear?' The old man's voice was feeble with fear. 'Do I disparage the honor? Sri Krishna forbid!

No, it is but the dread of losing her — the empty, empty house!'

'And is she not at the age when marriage becomes a duty, and would she not leave you then? Unreasonable old man!'

'Holy Sir — Maharaj, I tremble before the honor. But if the girl married, she would bring her babe and make her boast and gladden our hearts. But thus she is lost to us. Have pity! There are other Brahmans rich in daughters. Take not the one from my poverty.'

Nilkant Rai rose to his feet with majesty.

'I go. Never shall the God be rejected and ask twice. But when your daughter, old and haggard, looks up at you, answer that it was her unworthy father who kept her as a drudge on earth, when he might have raised her to a throne in heaven.'

As the old man stood with clasped hands, Radha broke from the shadows and threw herself before him.

'My father, would you hold me back? What joy, what glory in all the world can befall your child like this? The bride of the God! O Father!'

The tears were running down her face like rain. They glittered in the lamplight. He could not meet her eyes. Nilkant Rai stood by, silent.

'She is beautiful as a nymph of Indra's heaven!' he thought. 'Not Urvasi and Menaka, the temptresses of sages, were more lovely!'

'The maiden is right. She is worthy of the God's embrace. Is there more to say?'

'Maharaj, I worship you!' said the old man submissively (and still he had not looked at his child). 'It is well. What orders?'

'Let her be perfumed and anointed daily. Let her food and drink be purer than the pure. Let her worship daily at the temple of Sri Krishna. The bridal shall be held in a month from this, that

time being auspicious. The Car of her Lord shall come for her as the Queen she is, and all envy the Chosen.'

He turned to Radha, still at her father's feet.

'Farewell, happiest Lady. Joys earthly and celestial await you. Rest in the knowledge of the favor of Sri Krishna. Hear of him, dream of him, until the glad truth slays all dream.'

He moved slowly toward the steps. Her father pursued him.

'Maharaj. Forgive, forgive! I neglect my manners. Thanks a thousand-fold for the honor you have condescended to bring us this happy day. Your commands are ever before me.'

The words poured forth. He could not say enough.

'It is well, Pandit-ji. It is well. Say no more!' said the great guest, striding onward to the gate where two other Brahmans and his *palki* awaited him.

She stood in the shadows as the Pandit returned.

'Father, beloved, did I do wrong? Have you not taught me all my life that there is none like him — none?'

'My pearl, what is done is done. He cannot be resisted. It is well your heart goes with your feet. Now sleep.'

She passed in silently, and sat by the small cotton mattress laid on the floor all night. How could she sleep?

Nor was there sleep for the Pandit. Sita Bai needed little telling, for she had listened behind the curtains; and now, with a livid pallor upon her, she confronted him.

'Lord of my life, what is there to say? You know — you know!'

'I know,' he answered heavily.

Sita Bai was too dutiful a wife to reproach her husband with anything done; but his own thoughts returned to the long evenings spent in contemplating the Perfections of the God. He replied to his own thought.

'Yet had she never heard his name,

it had been the same. Nothing could have saved her from the temple of Jagannath.'

'Saved.' He caught the word back from his own lips in deadly fear, and added in haste: 'Whom the God honors cannot set his Grace aside, and there is none who would. None in heaven or earth.'

'None,' echoed the woman faintly. Then, in a whisper scarcely to be heard, 'Whom Nilkant Rai chooses' — and steadily averted her eyes.

They dared say no more of this even in whispers to each other; for if this were reported, grief, ruin, death were the sure end.

One word more did Anand Pandit breathe: —

'She must keep her joy. It is the God's. If he love her, he yet may save her. Let no word be said.'

She touched his feet in token of submission. All night they sat in a bitter silence.

IV

Next day, all through the little holy town, bathing in its glad sunshine beneath the swaying palms, had run the news of this honor. Sita Bai, with a mask of gladness fixed on her face, visited the wife of the goldsmith, and begged her sympathy with the divine event. The gold bangles rang as she joined her hands; for she had come clad in splendor, and her sari was of purple silk of Paitan woven with strands of gold.

When Radha went with her mother to the temple, crowds of the simple people had gathered by the lake beneath the neems and tamarinds to behold the beauty beloved of the God. True, they had seen it before, but to-day it was strange and new. Her throat rose like the stem of the lotus above the snowy folds of her sari, and like the purity of the lotus was her face with its

downward eyes hidden in heavy lashes. She moved already like a bride, a little apart from her mother, to whom she had clung hitherto.

A voice shouted, 'Jai Krishna!' (Victory to Krishna), and many voices took up the cry. A woman, quivering with eagerness, flung a garland of wet marigolds about her neck. Flowers were strewn before her happy feet. Never before had a Bride been chosen from Krishnapur. It might well seem the benediction of the God.

A beautiful woman, in a sari of jade green and silver, pressed up close to her and whispered, —

'Pray for me, O Beautiful, when you lie in the arms of the God, for me Ramu, wife of Narayan the Sahoukhar, that I may bear a son. Surely he will grant it for a wedding gift!' She stooped to the feet of Radha to worship her.

'I will pray,' the bride answered, pacing gently onward.

Petitions poured in upon her as she moved through the dappled light and shadow of the trees, beside the melted jewels of the lake. A great gladness possessed her. It was as if the air upbore her light feet; and the people followed in crowding joy until she made the *ashtanga* — the great prostration before the Flute-Player, the Alone, the Beautiful, who moves through the world scattering joy and love with the far music of his Flute — He to whom all and none may draw near.

When the people were gone and the sun had set, and quiet breathed from the gray garments of evening, she entreated her father to read to her from the Song of Songs, written by the sweet-voiced singer Jayadeva, who has sounded all the secrets of love.

At first he hesitated, then with a strange look upward, he read.

"This is the story of the anguish of Radha.

"For Radha, jasmin-bosomed, beau-

tiful, waited in vain for her immortal Lover, by the banks of Jumna. This is the Dark Night of the Soul, for the face of the Beloved is averted in eclipse. In her sight, joyous and joy-giving, he lingers on the banks of Jumna with the happy herd-maids, while the *koels* flute their soft *koo-hoo-oo* in the deep green shade. And the poet makes the invocation: —

"“Krishna, Lord of Love, stoop from thy throne to aid us. Deign to lift up our hearts for the sake of this song that is the cry of all who shed the tears of desertion as Radha shed them.’

"And Radha cries aloud in her despair: —

"“Wind of the Indian stream,
A little, O a little, breathe once more
The fragrance of his mouth. Blow from
thy store
One last word, as he fades into a dream.’

"But he, far away in his Heaven, is lost in the Infinite Bliss; while she, deceived, beholds him playing by the river. Yet, because the soul, fevered with illusion, cannot soar to him, he forsakes his throne, sending his messenger before him, thus to plead with her: —

"“The lesson that thy faithful love has taught
him
He has heard.
The wind of spring, obeying thee has brought
him
At thy word.
What joy in all the Three Worlds was so
precious
To thy mind?
*Ma kuru manini manamaye,*¹
O be kind!’

"He pleads, as it were, for forgiveness, the Divine reasoning with the soul and justifying his ways. And all is well, and joy leaps over the horizon like the sun that drives the dark with arrows of victory. For he comes.

"So then, Jayadeva writes of the

¹My proud one, do not indulge in scorn.

high close, the mystic nuptials of the soul and her Bridegroom.”

The old Pandit paused, his voice trembling, with the dark eyes of his Radha fixed upon him. Then read on:—

“Enter the House of Love, O Loveliest!

Enter the marriage bower, most Beautiful,
And take and give the joy that Krishna grants.”

Again he paused, the words choking in his throat, and she laid a soft hand on his.

“Then she, no more delaying, entered straight;
Shame, which had lingered in her downcast eyes,

Departed shamed. And like the mighty deep
Which sees the moon and rises, all his life
Uprose to drink her beams.”

He laid the book aside and extinguished the little lamp, so that only the moonlight was about them.

After a while, he said, —

‘My daughter, the God leads you in strange ways. Yet, whatever the hearts of men, he is true. Offer him your heart in all purity, and in the end it shall be well with you. We will speak of this no more.’

‘But, Father beloved, do you not share my joy?’ she said tremulously.
He was silent.

V

The days went by very swiftly to the time of the divine marriage. Messengers came and went between the mighty temple of Jagannath and little Krishnapur, bearing gifts and jewels. Casting half-contemptuous glances, they passed by the little shrine where the Bride worshiped daily; but all contempt died when they were admitted to see her face.

‘The God has chosen well!’ they said, and looked at one another with meaning.

So the great day dawned in a passion of sunlight, and with flutes and drums and shouting the great Car of Jagannath

waited for the Bride; and as she came forth, the pomegranate-blossom flush of joy rising in her golden cheek, her parents bowed before her and touched her feet in worship—no longer their daughter, but a goddess.

Ankleted and zoned with gold, clothed in woven gold so supple that it yielded to every breath, the sun-rays dazzled back from her upon the adoring crowd until they put up their hands to veil the splendor. And so she sat, a Radiance, for all the world to see, high on the Car wreathed and hung with flowers, the image of the Bridegroom beside her.

Oh, wonderful, terrible greatness for a woman! And so, with songs and triumph they bore her to her bridal.

Mighty is the Temple of Jagannath, where by the eternal sea the people crowd all day to worship the Lord of the Universe. In little Krishnapur, he is the Beloved, the Herdsman, the Beautiful. Here, he is far removed—too great for love or fear. Human thought quails before his Vastness.

The temple is in itself a city, and no feet but those of worshipers may pass even the strong outward walls. Very glorious are the carvings that adorn it. Terrible figures of Gods, many-headed, many-armed, bending giant bows, trampling giant enemies, brandishing awful weapons, dandling on their knees great Goddesses with slender loins and full breasts that overweight their swaying grace. Very awful are these figures, with clustering hair and crowns above their long eyes, and suns and moons rising and setting on their brows, and the symbols of their might scattered about them.

But it was night, and it was among the wildly tossing lights that the Bride approached the home of her Lord; and the temple was dreadful, for it was dark and all the intricate ways lit with

flickering points of light like the eyes of beasts; and, lost among strangers, her heart turned to water; for it resembled a great cave of blackness, and she could see but the naked bodies of worshipers and giant images of the holy Gods hovering through thick air laden with incense fumes and burning *ghi* and the dung of the sacred animals and the pungent smell of rotting marigolds. And there were cauldrons with flames fed by wild worshipers from the hills, and these crowded about the *palki* wherein they brought her through the temple, and touched it with hands that made her tremble, imploring her prayers as she lay in the breast of the God. Bats hung from the roof or swooped in the gloom. Their sourness tainted the air, and men, dim as ghosts, slunk about the fearful ways.

Thus dwell the Gods.

And suddenly terror submerged her like an ocean wave, and she sank back and the world left her.

When sense and memory returned, she lay in her *palki* in the great Hall of Dancing — a mighty hall supported on many pillars; and around her stood in motionless bands the *devidasis*, the dancers of the God, chosen to delight his senses for their grace and beauty.

And, seeing her stretch her hands for help, the wild and flying dance began. They lifted her from the *palki* and she stood among them, shimmering in gold, and about her they wheeled, advancing and retiring, linking and unlinking like dancers in a dream. And they sang the marriage song she had heard in the quiet of her home; but now it was terrible as it burst from hundreds of throats, gonged and cymbaled, with clashing and a thunder-beat of drums.

'Enter, thrice-Happy, enter, thrice-Desired,
And let the gates of Hari shut thee in.
Tremble not. Lay thy lovely shame aside
And love him with the love that knows not fear.
Give him the drink of amrit from thy lips.'

She stood like one clinging to a surf-beaten rock as they tossed about her with wild hands and eyes, the whole world mad with noise and dance and color; then, dropping on her knees, she covered her eyes in terror.

And thus the servants of the God welcomed her to his arms.

VI

Night, and a great quiet. A chamber of gold set with jewels glittering in the moonlight that came down some secret way, borne on a cool breath from the sea.

She lay alone in the golden place, and the jewels watched her like eyes. Was it terror, was it love that possessed her? A thousand images blurred her closed eyes — He, the Beautiful, with peacock crown, with eyes that draw the soul, with lips of indescribable sweetness. It could not be that she should lie close to the heart of the God. How dare flesh and blood aspire to that mystic marriage? Must they not perish in the awful contact? And, if it could be, how return to earth after that ecstasy?

'May I know and die!' she prayed. 'Oh, let me not pass unknowing! Let me know and die!'

And as the minutes dropped by, this prayer was all her thought, and it possessed her being.

Then, dividing the darkness, she heard the voice of a Flute very far off. Like a silver mist, it spread vaporous, a small fine music, but growing, drawing nearer, and, as it strengthened, clear drops of music fell through this mist like honey from the black bees' comb. It crept about her brain and steeped her eyes as if in poppy juice, so sweet, so gliding, most infinitely wooing as it grew and filled the air with peace.

And in this high marvel was a blissful safety beyond all words, more sweet

and delectable than any man may tell. The grace of his Childhood, of the dearworthy passage of his blessed Feet among men, returned to her with a joy that melted her heart with love. And so she rose and stood upon her feet, as one called, trembling with blissful longing.

Far down the long ways, passing through pools of moonlight and dark, came One whom the music followed. His face could not at first be seen; about him was a leopard skin. Naked but for this, beautiful and slender, his silent feet moved onward. Like one utterly alone in a great forest, he came, — slowly, — lost in some unutterable thought, made audible in sweet sound.

The Bride, the Lover, and between them, the music and the moonlight only. She would have knelt, but her feet were fixed; and he drew near with unseeing eyes — O Beautiful, O wholly desirable, to draw the hearts of men! And still the face divine was hidden.

But as he drew near and would have passed, she cried aloud with a passionate glad cry, 'My Lord indeed!' rejoicing suddenly.

And he turned and looked upon his Bride with heavens in his eyes. And as she saw what no words can utter, she fell upon his feet and lay, slain sweetly with a bliss more keen than any pain.

But the Brahman, Nilkant Rai, waiting behind the pillar to seize his

prey, had heard, had seen nothing of the Glory.

As she fell, he sprang like a tiger on a fawn, and lifted the fair dead body, and stumbled in the trailing hair, and knew his vileness conquered. And in that moment the Eye of Destruction opened upon him the beam that withers worlds and hurls them like shriveled leaves into the Abyss.

And he dropped her and stumbled screaming into the dark, a leper white as snow.

But when they came in the dawn to implore the will of the God from the happy lips that his had blessed, the Bride lay at rest on the dim straight golden bed, and between her breasts was a Flute set with strange jewels that no man could name. Nor shall they ever; for when they laid her body on the pyre they left this Flute in her bosom.

And when Anand Das heard what had befallen, he said this: —

'When did the Herdsman sleep on his guard or the Beloved fail the heart that loved Him? It is well, and better than well.'

And he who tells this story ends it thus: —

"Meditates the Herdsman ever,
Seated by the sacred river,
The mystic stream that o'er His feet
Glides slow with murmurs low and sweet," —

'and breast to breast with God, the soul that adores Him.'

SILENCE

BY MARIE BLAKE

SHE whom I seek?

One lovelier than beauty,
Rarer than rapture, muted as a sigh,
Timid as spray that flees from falling water,
Hushed as the moon that dreams along the sky.
She can be startled by a tired petal
Drifting in perfume to its lovely sleep,
She will draw back if snowflakes clash in falling,
Or stately tides turn, chanting, to the deep.
All quiet things find sanctuary with her:
Night, and the clouds, the cedars' ancient hush,
Lost lakes that sleep forgotten in the moonlight,
Hilltops that hoard the sunset's fading flush.
Silence her name is, and the limpid cadence
Echoes the chiming music of her eyes,
Silence, whose touch is comforting as shadow,
Silence, whose look is starry as the skies.
When she is near, rapt memories come floating
Like silver moths across a summer dusk,
While down the wind there stirs a far-off fragrance
Of mignonette and rosemary and musk.
Only with her will you hear long-stilled voices,
Tender with love and crowning with sweet praise,
Or catch the rolling drums that beat to duty
Through anguished nights, or dull but dauntless days.
Only with her there moves that sister shadow,
Friendly yet strange, familiar yet unknown,
Whose eyes you seek in troubled contemplation,
Till, faltering, you know them for your own!

So keep I watch for her, my best companion,
Where, on the roads of time, she wanders by:
Timid as spray that flees from falling water,
Hushed as the moon that dreams along the sky.

TAD LINCOLN'S FATHER

BY JULIA TAFT BAYNE

I

ONE bright windy day in March 1861, my two brothers and I were sent to play with the Lincoln boys. At my mother's first meeting with Mrs. Lincoln it came out that my two brothers were about the ages of Willie and Tad Lincoln. 'Send them around to-morrow, please, Mrs. Taft,' said Mrs. Lincoln; 'Willie and Tad are so lonely, and everything is so strange.' But instead of going to the front door and asking for Mrs. Lincoln, as our mother had directed, we went in by the little gate near the Treasury. Assuring ourselves that things were outwardly unchanged under the new administration, we entered the office of Mr. Watt the head gardener, our good friend, who called up the stairs: 'Here, Willie, Tad — is somebody to play with you.' No answer; but we went up into the conservatory and there stood the boys by the water-lily tank, watching the goldfish. Such nice quiet shy boys, I thought. In five minutes the four boys had disappeared and I saw them no more. My brothers came home at dark looking, as our yellow girl Larney said, 'like dey done bin huntin' coons in de bresh,' but they had 'had the best time; been all over the White House; Mrs. Lincoln said we must come every day and bring Julia; and Mr. Lincoln, I mean the President, — she called him Mr. Lincoln, anyway, — jounced us on his lap and told us stories.'

Early next morning Willie and Tad appeared, guided by one of the gar-

deners, and spent the day exploring our house and premises and the neighbors' — including the back alley where the servants lived. Thus began an intimacy which continued until Willie's death. My brother Horatio Nelson Taft, Jr. — never called anything but 'Bud' — was twelve, a year older than Willie Lincoln. Both were light-haired, pleasant, rather quiet boys. Thomas Lincoln — 'Tad' — and my brother Halsey Cook Taft — 'Hally' — were dark-eyed, lively, mischievous lads of eight. The resemblance of the two pairs of boys was often remarked. Willie Lincoln was the most lovable boy I ever knew, bright, sensible, sweet-tempered and gentle-mannered. Tad had a quick fiery temper, very affectionate when he chose but implacable in his dislikes. A slight impediment in his speech made it difficult for strangers to understand him. They were two healthy rollicking western boys, never accustomed to any restraint, and the notice which their father's exalted station brought upon them was very distasteful. Willie would complain: 'I wish they would n't stare at us so. Was n't there ever a president who had children?'

A few days after this first visit I went with my brothers to the White House and was kindly received by Mrs. Lincoln, who placed me by her on the sofa, and I was showing her my new hat when the President came in.

'Well, who's this, Mary?' he said.

'This is Julia Taft, Bud's sister,' Mrs. Lincoln answered.

'So this is Bud's sister.' He came up and put his hands under my elbows and lifted me toward him, and I was so afraid he was going to kiss me! He looked so big and dark and different from the men I was accustomed to see. He perceived I was a bit frightened, and put me back by Mrs. Lincoln with a few friendly pats.

After we were better acquainted I was not afraid of his kisses. He always called me 'July' — not the French 'Julie,' but 'Jeu-ly.' He named me a 'flibbertigibbet.' I have never been clear in my mind as to what kind of creature this was, but I fancy it resembled a girl very small and slight for her age, with long curls, a ruffled white frock, and blue sash, who flew from one place to another instead of walking.

One day the President came in the sitting-room with a handful of photographs — 'cartes de visite' they called them then. He held them above my head, saying, 'Do you want my picture, July?'

'Oh yes, sir, please,' I said, dancing on my tiptoes.

'Give me a kiss and you can have it.'

I was shy about kissing anybody, but I reached up and he leaned over and I gave him a peck on the cheek, when he swept me to him, saying, 'Now we will pick out a good one,' which we did, rejecting several.

As a regiment with a band was passing the White House, we all climbed on to the window seats and leaned over to see. The President saw us and pulled us in — his two sons and my two brothers with little ceremony; but he lifted me down and said, 'Do you want to break your neck, honey?'

Sometimes when he met me he would put his hand on top of my head and rotate it rapidly, causing my curls to stand out in all directions. This seemed

to please him better than it did me. Several times he stepped over me as I sat on the family staircase reading, dropped a kiss on my head, and told me to go to the sitting-room to read. I was not allowed to read, and if Tad saw me he would tell my mother: 'July was reading nobbils books at our house.'

On one occasion we were in the attic and Tad demanded his doll, Jack, which was sent to him from the Sanitary Commission Fair in New York. I volunteered to find the doll. I went downstairs and, opening a door, before me was the President lying stretched out in a large chair, his head laid back, but with such an utterly weary sad look — his eyes were closed — that I softly shut the door, and went up and told Tad: 'Your father's just going to sleep and he is dreadfully tired and Jack is under his chair.'

'Huh!' said Tad. 'Come on, Hally — we'll go down just as still, and give our Indian war-whoop; that'll wake him up!' They went down stairs as still as a load of bricks, and we heard their wild whoops below.

Every little while this doll, Jack, was solemnly court-martialed by the boys, found guilty of 'sleeping on post' or 'desertion,' and sentenced to be shot. The firing squad was Tad and his cannon. Then they had a grand military funeral, quite ignoring the fact that condemned soldiers are not accorded military honors. The grave was dug among the choice roses on the south side of the house.

Mrs. Lincoln one day said, 'Why are the boys making that dreadful noise, Julia?' I replied, 'That is the Dead March; they're burying Jack.' 'Oh yes,' she said; 'and Mr. Watt says they dug holes among the new roses. Go and tell them they must not, Julia.' I went, though I knew they had been told several times before. Mr. Watt was there

scolding and showed me several places where Jack had been buried and later disinterred.

'Look here, Tad,' said the head gardener, 'why don't you have Jack pardoned?' The suggestion was enough; the four boys clattered up the stairs to the President's private office and demanded a pardon for Jack. Mr. Lincoln heard them gravely, took a sheet of his official note-paper and wrote:—

The doll Jack is pardoned.

By order of the President

A. LINCOLN

Tad brought this to me, saying in his peculiar speech, 'Here July, you keep this; no more buryin's in de groun.' But not more than a week passed before poor Jack in his handsome Zouave uniform was hanging by the neck from a bush in our garden. Tad said, 'Jack was a traitor and a spy.'

II

I think it was in May, 1861, that Mrs. Lincoln went to New York to select some carpets and curtains for the White House. She wrote a note to my mother, asking that Bud and Hally might live at the White House the week she was to be gone. My mother consented, with some misgivings, and Willie and Tad arrived on the heels of the messenger in a pouring rain, under a large dilapidated umbrella, which Tad said they had borrowed from the cook. The four boys departed joyfully, Tad calling over his shoulder, 'You bet we're going to have a good time!'

A relative was brought from camp sick, and my mother was busy with him. After a few days she wished to send some fresh blouses to the boys, so I went, with Larney carrying the parcel. As we approached the White House I was conscious of a smile on

the faces of sentries, messengers, orderlies, and doorkeeper. I followed that smile to the attic, where Tad rushed at me with a bottle that looked like shoe-blackening in his hand, calling excitedly: 'July, come quick! We're having a circus and I have got to be blacked up and Bud's bonnet's stuck and Willie can't get his dress on.' Willie was struggling with the train and flounces of a lilac silk of Mrs. Lincoln's, while Bud had a ruffled white negligee pinned round him in billowy folds and a hat of Mrs. Lincoln's stuck firmly sidewise on his head. I said, 'Does the President know about this?'

'Yep,' said Tad, 'Pa knows and he don't care neither; he's coming up when those generals go 'way.'

They had two sheets pinned together for a curtain, beyond which was a motley assemblage — soldiers, sailors, orderlies, negroes, everyone who had five cents might go up the back stairs and see the show.

I took the bottle of blacking away from Tad and made him up with some burnt cork, — to the detriment of my white dress, — then I pinned Willie into the lilac silk. Mrs. Lincoln wore the Victorian décolleté: she had a beautiful neck and shoulders. Willie handed me a bottle of 'Bloom of Youth,' saying 'Put some of this on Bud and me.' I swabbed them both with the beautifier. Tad was singing at the top of his voice:—

Old Abe Lincoln

Came out of the wilderness.

I had had quite enough and made my escape. In the lower hall I met the President, who took my hand and said, 'Here is July come to the circus; having a great time up there!'

'Yes, sir,' I said: 'they are making a dreadful noise, and they have Mrs. Lincoln's things on, and they look horrid.'

He threw back his head and laughed heartily, 'Come, July, we will go up

and see them.' But I said, 'Oh, please — I don't want to,' and eluding his hand, I ran down, while he continued on his way to the attic, still laughing.

The boys formed a military company called 'Mrs. Lincoln's Zouaves.' She gave them a flag and they were reviewed by the President. The Secretary of War promised to furnish light — condemned — rifles, but I do not remember whether it was ever armed or not, for the company dwindled until it was like Artemus Ward's — 'all officers.' Willie was colonel, Bud major, and Hally captain, while Tad refused every rank but drum major. The officers had old-fashioned swords, given them, I think, by General McClellan.

Mrs. Lincoln was always kind, anxious to 'let the children have a good time.' She was especially good to me. She would ask me to play my 'pieces' to her and stand by to the last note. I never practised if I could help it, but she offered me a beautiful copy of Colonel Ellsworth's Funeral March, — which the elder Sousa dedicated to her, — if I would learn it, and with the aid of my music-teacher, my mother, and Mrs. Lincoln I did learn it to the last *dum, dum, dum*. She said once, 'I wish I had a little girl like you.' She told me about the boy they lost, between Robert and Willie. She almost always told me to go down to the conservatory and tell the bouquet-man to make me a nice bouquet for my mother when I went home.

My brother Bud adored Lincoln and was always happy to serve him. He often carried messages between Mrs. Lincoln and the President. One day Lincoln said, 'Bud, go out and get me a pair of rubbers.'

'Yes, sir,' said Bud, 'what size?'

Mr. Lincoln looked down at his feet with a doubtful smile. 'Never mind the size, Bud; just get me the biggest pair you can find.'

Bud looked around the stores for some time before he found a pair of suitable dimensions, not mentioning the fact that they were for the President. When he paid for them, the man said: 'Your father must have the biggest pair of feet in Washington, son.'

Once Willie asked Bud, 'Why do you call pa "Mr. President"? You don't call ma "Mrs. President."'

'Oh,' said Bud, 'it is n't proper to call presidents by their names. Your mama is just Mrs. Lincoln, only the servants call her "the Madam."'

Once Willie asked my mother, 'Mrs. Taft, ought Tad to sing that song?' Tad was caroling a campaign song about

Old Abe Lincoln, a rail-splitter was he,
And that's the way he'll split the Confederacy.

'I don't care,' said Tad. 'Everybody in the world knows pa used to split rails.'

'But is n't that song disrespectful to pa?' persisted Willie.

Mama explained why it was in bad taste, and Tad, who was kicking the chair, as he did when reproved, said, 'Well, I s'pose I can sing John Brown's Body, can't I?'

Early in the spring, when for some days and nights Washington lay undefended, with rails torn up and wires down, the provost guard brought six loaded muskets to our house, 448 L Street, and stacked them in the bathroom. There was fear of a mob or a raid by the Baltimore 'Plug-uglies.' My father, Judge H. N. Taft, was Chief Examiner of the Steam Department of the U. S. Patent Office. A New Yorker, a Democrat, appointed by Buchanan, he was from the first a strong Union man. My father's life was several times threatened, hence — I suppose — the muskets, which remained in our bathroom till early fall, when Tad and Hally succeeded in firing

one out of the window. It chipped a piece off the corner of the house — next door — of our neighbor, Mr. Bartle, of the State Department. His old black mammy looked up and said, "Pears like dese yere boys 'll kill somebody's nigga yit."

The President and Mrs. Lincoln attended the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, and we went to the Fourth Presbyterian — Doctor J. C. Smith's.

The boys usually went with us.

One day the President asked me, "Why do our boys like to go to your church, July?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lincoln, "They won't go to Doctor Gurley's at all unless Bud and Hally go too."

"Why," I said, "I reckon our church is livelier."

"Do you think it is livelier, Willie?" asked Mrs. Lincoln.

"Oh, yes," answered Willie. "A lot of those folks are secesh, and when Doctor Smith prays for the President of the United States they get up and go out and bang the pew doors and slam the church door after them."

"Yes," said Bud, "but last Sunday the provost guard came, and the Lieutenant said that anyone disturbing the service, or leaving before the service was ended, would be put in the guard-house, so maybe they wont do it any more."

"Yes, pa," said Tad, "and July said, "See the Lieutenant, how still he sits"; and I said, "I bet he would n't sit so still if a bee stung him"; and she said, "Yes, he would." Do you think he would sit so still, pa, if a bee was stinging him?"

"Yes," said the President, "I think he would, Tad." But he did not laugh with the rest of us, and he went off gravely to his office.

On one occasion, when the flags were all out for a victory, a scandalized

neighbor came in to ask if we knew that a 'rebel flag' was hanging on our piazza. It was the flag that Colonel Ellsworth was pulling down when he was shot, in Alexandria: it was stained with his blood. It had been sent to Mrs. Lincoln, who put it in a bureau drawer upstairs; but Tad delighted to display it. Mother had already sent him home with it twice. Some time later he sneaked up behind his father while the President was reviewing some troops from the White House portico, and to the horror of some of the spectators and amusement of others, waved it, till his father pinioned both his naughty son and the rebel flag together in his strong arm.

One afternoon I was curled up in a window of the family sitting-room, looking at a large book, when the President came in. I jumped to my feet — we were strictly enjoined to rise when the President came in. He said, "How is July to-day? Sit down, child." I was glad to do so, for the book I was clasping to me was heavy. He took it from me, turned over the leaves, then gave it back, saying, "Such a big book for little July." Resting one hand on my shoulder, he placed the other on the window above my head, and looked long and earnestly over the Long Bridge into Virginia, and sighed heavily. Then he walked up and down, up and down the room, his head bent and his hands behind him, sighing now and again. He seemed so sad and lonely I wanted to cry, and I slipped out and left him in the darkening twilight, and ran home, telling my father that the President was worrying about the War.

In the fall of 1861 Mrs. Lincoln had a schoolroom fixed up in the White House, and my brothers studied with Willie and Tad under a tutor, my father insisting on paying half the salary. The boys were doing well — though the younger pair were a little unruly —

when my father suddenly lost his office. It was found that some of his original backers were in the Confederacy. I think my father had not considered this contingency, he was so busy looking after the soldiers. All his time out of office-hours he spent in the hospitals or in carrying baskets of apples or onions to the camps. My parents kept open house for soldiers. We had two convalescents with us at this time. My father had an offer from New York for a higher salary, but the President and Mrs. Lincoln did not wish the family to leave Washington. Mrs. Lincoln told my mother, 'You must not go. We can't let you go.' The President wrote a strong letter asking for the reinstatement of Judge Taft as a personal favor, and Mrs. Lincoln wrote several, which she sent with large bouquets. They tried in vain for some time; but at last my father received another office and we remained. It might have been at this time that Lincoln said he 'had very little influence with this Administration.'

III

In February 1862 came the dreadful blow of Willie Lincoln's death. He called for Bud and he was with him most of the time. The President would come in and stand awhile at the bedside, then turn and go out without speaking. Once he laid his arm across Bud's shoulder, and leaning over, stroked Willie's hair. It was late and he said, 'Better go to bed, Bud.' Bud said, 'If I go he will call for me.' One of the servants afterward told my mother that the President, coming in later, picked up Bud who had fallen

asleep and carried him tenderly to bed. About noon of the twentieth of February my mother brought word from the White House that Willie had held Bud's hand and seemed better. He died at five o'clock. Mrs. Lincoln wrote my mother, 'Please keep the boys home the day of the funeral; it makes me feel worse to see them.' The President, however, sent for Bud to see Willie before he was put in the casket. Bud had to be carried from the room and was ill for some days afterward.

My mother naturally waited for some word from Mrs. Lincoln before allowing the boys to go to the White House, and very soon she took us North to put us in school.

I was in Washington during the winter of 1864-5 and accompanied my sister-in-law to Mrs. Lincoln's Saturday afternoon reception. Mrs. Lincoln greeted me affectionately, but when Tad saw me he threw himself on the floor in the midst of the ladies, and screamed and kicked till he was carried out by the servants. Mrs. Lincoln said:

'You must excuse him — you know what he remembers,' but it was a most distressing scene. I was glad to get away, and I never saw Mrs. Lincoln or Tad again.

These are my girlhood memories of Lincoln. Slight and trifling they seem, but these 'little truthful stories, simply told,' may cast a ray of human softness over the sad stern face of that strong angel of the Lord who was among us unrecognized: lonely, sad, un comforted, save as seeing Him who is invisible.

MARRIAGE

BY NATHALIE SEDGWICK COLBY

'I PROMISE to love, honor and obey,' says the girl. 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' the man answers, substantiating her vow. It is the eternal duet of the heartstring and the pocket nerve. The biological adventure is transformed into the journey of life — this is no episodic undertaking! 'Till death us do part,' says the priest, and down the years the long road stretches, the road of consecrated integrity — into the gates of oblivion. The Bishop blesses the couple, smiles at them the subtle smile of the celibate who has seen so much life flow past his barred windows. 'You have just agreed to the most difficult contract in the world,' he says by way of parting advice.

It is a contract made in desire and ratified in self-sacrifice. She has promised to love him, whether he supports her or not, and he has sworn that he will support her, whether she loves him or not — and every day he may become less of a hero and she more of an expense! He has promised to love, too — but hunger is now his headmaster, for it can kill love, but love can only create more hunger.

If warnings could teach youth, marriage would be approached with caution, for the marriage failure is the basis for most of the modern drama, the movies, and the latest novels.

Fifty years ago the theatre took the fairy-tale perspective of marriage. 'He married Her, and they lived happily ever after' was the climax of most of the early nineteenth-century plays. The winning of a lady was so fatiguing

there was no energy left for the record of her keeping.

The younger Dumas rescued woman from the romantic subterfuge in which she had been hidden for half a century and made marriage the dramatic setting for the eternal conflict between desire and duty. His ideas passed to England, and the problem play began. It did not have Gallic candor, but the accent was shifted from mid-Victorian morality and placed on circumstance.

The new novel came across the Channel. Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope receded before the one universal and insoluble topic. No matter how brightly a book began, it ended on the minor note, which left the reader still searching for the chord.

There is little help for the individual in all this frank discussion, except the satisfaction of feeling that his case is always before the public. One lays down the modern novel with the feeling that sex has been treated too sectionally; there is a protest — an 'arrangement' even in the anarchy of modern emotion; it is the fairy-tale technique again!

Russian literature has more of a vista for the personal reader. The Russian interprets rather than creates. There is no 'pattern' in his representation. It leaves one with the feeling of the vastness of life and the futility of the human protest.

This larger view, which is a spiritual substitute for happiness, is literature's great consolation: it is the echo of the ancient cry, 'Lift me to the rock that is higher than I.'

There is no mending of shattered love, but there are many ways to avoid the shattering. Manners are perhaps the chief ingredient of married happiness, and the closer the relation, the more they are needed. They are the smiling façades behind which our changing moods can rearrange themselves. They are the technique of Christianity — the daily symbols of domestic interchange, stamped with the highest impulses of the heart. They are the high tribute to the dignity of others and the servants of the spiritual aristocrat, that enable him to sit calm and unmolested in his sanctuary.

'Honored Sir' and 'Honored Madam' may have saved many a situation from coarse violence. They were the customs of people who knew that sincerity was only sometimes a beautiful thing. Formality preserves intimacy, and independence is a bond for entwining.

The French have a saying: 'Unhappy the wife who watches the door'; unhappy the man who unlatches that door! There is nothing so exhausting as relativity. Some women spend their lives looking wistfully through the windowpanes — like Penelope. They might remember that, although Ulysses occasionally visited his home town, his prow was always pointing toward the Sirens.

The sense of always being waited for is fatal to the adventure of life. There is a wild rider to far horizons in every man. Woe to the woman who holds the bridle — she will be dragged; and if she tethers him like a ruminant, he will break the rope and not come back!

There is nothing so exhausting as the weight of a merging personality. Why should a man come for refreshment to a carbon copy of himself?

Last month a man was arrested for desertion after twelve years of faithful

married life. He said that he had been coming home as usual, that he had seen his wife and his children through the window, that he had seen them every night, and that he could n't bear it. A fine coerced him back to his setting — but he conveys a lesson: Crime is often a common impulse, magnified and sustained, and his impulse was self-preservation. He was escaping from a supplementary picture of his own conformity. He said, 'Your honor, if she'd only have hit me, I never would have left her.'

Man's peculiar menace is the menace of the good housekeeper. Law and order are good things, but they must be watched; they have a tendency to develop into machinery! A machine house moves by the fuel of many personalities, each intent on adjusting one to its perfections. Its master cannot become part of its activity except at stated moments, without upsetting its entire organization. Any temperamental dash on the part of its owner endangers its delicate adjustments. I have seen a rich man waiting for dinner in his own house, as if it were an incoming express train with a recurrent twenty-four-hour opportunity.

If he is too late, he tiptoes to the Club, for it requires too much courage to draw a piece of toast from its underground sources. A chop is not a mere chop, it blooms like an orchid above deep interlacing roots; and a cup of tea passes by a chain of ascending power to the surface presentation of a silver salver.

In this remoteness of source lies another danger. It deadens the patriarchal feeling in the family. It is hard to convert one's bread and butter into a fighting father; the road is too long!

A woman's greatest danger is marriage with an egoist — he is fatal in a home, and the credit of his rapid disappearance is due to the modern woman. He must have invented the term 'wife,'

deriving it from the verb *vibrare*, to tremble.

There was only one melody in the household of the trembling wife: the melody of the master's voice. There were no discords — but there were no harmonies; fear was the great solvent of divergence. Modern marriage has been lifted to the requirements of an art — for there must be art in polyphonic harmony, and long habits of harmony bring, through their golden intricacies, the glory of the finale.

Of course there cannot always be harmony — that would be insipid; but at least the cigarette has placed the family quarrel on an equal basis. A few years ago a man took his deadly aim during the moment of inhalation, and a woman could only stammer before his deliberate front. Now she has her moment of preparation, and the round is a fair game.

No dispute was ever settled according to logic: the solution of a difference lies far deeper than its inherent justice. It is not the unanswerable premise, but the flavor of a dinner, or the mood of an hour, that brings harmony. And harmony is better than justice, for a woman who is always right is apt to be tiresome, and it is pleasant to be able to love one's wife for her follies. The foolish wise woman is recorded in the new Irish literature, always irrational

and illogical; she is better than right — she disdains to be right, and she is never wrong!

A woman's best quality is her ability to respond to demand. She can sparkle with a thousand facets, or be flattened to the surface of a gray marble slab, according to the face that looks at her.

That is why it is so important for her to avoid an egoist, for an egoist is a smotherer.

He has the heavy hand of possession, and he is always moulding his wife to some preconceived idea. His self-consciousness about her is abnormal; he cannot bear to see so intimate a part of himself outside his own jurisdiction. 'Conformity, my dear, conformity,' he says, not knowing that all the dynamics of life lie in divergence. Who has not seen them, these pale listless women, developing not according to their innateness but for the dominant eye of the master.

The French say a woman's charm lies in her *au delà*. Let a man not domesticate his 'Princesse Lointaine.' Her feet may walk beside him, but he must not clip her wings for soaring; and he might remember that in every soul there is a volume of music, and a true leader calls forth the strains one by one, until in a full harmony they rise and fall and are gathered to his gesture.

WAR-TIME RELATIONS OF AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN

BY CHARLES SEYMOUR

I

THERE is no historian who does not appreciate the perils involved in a discussion of the history of day before yesterday. Try as we will, we cannot escape a certain uneasiness when deprived of our historical perspective, which, as E. T. Raymond points out, the unkind Philistine is apt to regard as nothing else than immunity from contradiction by some person who happened to witness the event described. 'When effective contradiction becomes by the nature of things impossible,' Mr. Raymond goes on, 'we have not necessarily attained truth, but we have achieved what is called "historical perspective."' It is because the historian wants to have all his eyewitnesses dead, we may assume, that it takes anywhere from fifty to seventy years to secure adequate historical perspective.

Not all of us will agree with this point of view, which is not without its elements of humor, but there is this to be said for a critical review of recent events: that the opportunity for contradiction is at least presented, and that the fable which men may later agree to accept as history is subject in its earlier youth to the suspicious scrutiny without which the legitimacy of its birth can be questioned. A frank surrender of the immunity offered by historical perspective will sometimes provoke such dissent as may open new sources of information likely to establish some-

thing approaching the truth before the lie can be crystallized.

So much of justification, perhaps, there is for discussion of events that fell within the administration of the President who led this nation during the fateful years of the World War, and to which our attention has again been drawn closely by his death. President Wilson's place in history will rest chiefly upon his attempt to achieve a revolution in international relations that might guarantee to the world a greater chance of tranquillity and might inaugurate an international code of morals not unlike that of the civilized individual. He was a great political prophet. But he was also a war president, and the eyes of historians will turn to his conduct of America's war effort, not merely in the organization of a war-machine in the material sense, but in the realm of diplomacy as well.

There were two salient aspects to our war-time diplomacy. It sought to secure the maximum coördination with the war efforts of our associates, so as to strengthen the military attack upon the enemy; it sought also to break down his morale in order to weaken Germany's military defense. Few, perhaps, realize the degree of coöperation established in 1917 and 1918 between the United States and the Entente Powers. Many, certainly, are confused as to the issues raised by Mr. Wilson's plan to drive a wedge between the German

Imperial Government and the German people, which admittedly played a rôle of importance in the final German collapse. The two topics should be considered in sequence; for only through the understanding with the leaders of the Entente, especially the British, was it possible to use as effective propaganda Wilson's appeals to the German people.

II

It must not be imagined that this understanding with the British resulted naturally and easily from the fact that we were facing a common danger. Even in moments of acute peril national particularism persists. The difficulties between Great Britain and France in the matter of unified command indicate the degree to which nations are slow to surrender complete power of decision in the interests of logical coördination. The two and a half years of American neutrality had been, we may now freely admit, characterized by serious differences with the British, which seemed to offer a poor basis for satisfactory coöperation after we entered the war.

Previous to 1917, as the published state papers and the letters of Mr. Page indicate, the main issue was always the use made by the British Government of a naval power that permitted an interpretation of maritime conventions and usages supposedly favorable to British war policy and trade interests, and detrimental, in many respects at least, to the interests of neutrals. Naval power, with all that followed in its train, was the only effective defensive and probably the chief offensive weapon of Great Britain against Germany. There are few who cannot understand the warmth of public sentiment and the force of official determination which existed in England for the utilization of this

weapon to its full capacity. And those Americans who in the early days of the war sympathized most definitely with the desperate efforts of the British to save themselves from defeat could appreciate and perhaps approve the irritation of John Bull's petulant shrug of the shoulders as we joggled his elbow with a note of protest, and the impatience of his 'Go away, don't bother me. I'm busy with something really important.' It is a point of view very clearly expressed in the letters of the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

But there were many others in the United States, less sympathetic and, along the northern Atlantic seaboard, not so articulate, who were none the less constant in the pressure which they brought to bear upon our Department of State for the protection of American commerce. Nor could that Department, even had it so desired, have disregarded their protests. American mails were seized, American ships held in British harbors, American trade restricted by a blacklist imposed and enforced by a foreign Government. Our Government protested, at first mildly, then with some acidity, and finally with a vehemence that was characterized by an American diplomat as approaching the verge of boorishness. With the utmost desire for friendly relations on both sides, the position taken by each seemed to indicate an *impasse*.

It is unnecessary to exaggerate the tension that resulted, but to remind ourselves of its reality we may recall that the British Ambassador in Washington, referring to a note of protest the verbiage of which was altered shortly before going upon the cable, remarked that had it not been changed the British Government would have had little choice but to break diplomatic relations. On the other hand, an

American of long diplomatic experience asserted that if Great Britain had been fighting France and not Germany, or even if the German Government had played the game decently, refraining from its attack upon the rights of humanity through the submarine campaign, it was quite within the realm of possibility that the United States might have been found in the camp opposed to the British.

From such a disaster the two nations were rescued largely through the fortunate stupidity of the Germans themselves. By their ill-advised propaganda in this country and by the inhumanity of their naval methods they effectively barred themselves from capitalizing, for their own advantage, the dispute between the British and American Governments.

The problem of preserving cordial official relations between Washington and London in the face of British trade regulations was, furthermore, rendered less difficult because of certain personal factors which proved to be of the first importance. Those in charge of foreign affairs under the Asquith Government were profoundly grateful for President Wilson's Panama tolls policy. It had convinced both Sir Edward Grey and Sir William Tyrrell that close coöperation with the United States must henceforth become the basis of British world policy. They believed that the two Governments ought to 'speak the same language,' politically as well as in other respects. This conviction was strengthened by the personality of the American Ambassador. Mr. Page had captured the affections of the British public and, by his scarcely concealed bias, after the war broke out, he had saved some shred of the British popular estimate of Americans during the period when they were supposed to be too proud to fight. As President Wilson remarked, Page out-Britished the British, and they

could not help liking it. The manner with which he presented American notes of protest may not have increased their chances of effective accomplishment, but it served to smooth troubled waters.

Of equal or greater importance, because he was known as the personal representative of President Wilson, were the visits which Colonel House made in England in 1914, 1915, and 1916. The purpose of those visits, conceived even before the World War began and never forgotten, was, as we learn from Mr. Page's letters, to arrange some compromise basis upon which Germany might consent to coöperate with the Anglo-Saxon democracies for the peace of the world. In early June, 1914, Colonel House talked over with the Kaiser the possibility of arranging a plan of naval disarmament, or, rather, immediate limitation, which might tend to slacken the tension between Great Britain and Germany. He found plain indication in Berlin that the naval and military groups were prepared to run away with the situation; but from the Kaiser himself he received encouragement to proceed to England, where his plan was heartily endorsed by Sir Edward Grey and Sir William Tyrrell. Of this fact Colonel House sent direct word to the Kaiser. But before more definite steps could be taken the latter left for his Norwegian cruise, whence he was recalled by the crisis resulting from the Austrian ultimatum, only to find that the determination of events had passed from his control.

During the autumn of 1914, Colonel House was in frequent consultation with both the German and British ambassadors in Washington, seeking, under the direction of President Wilson, to make certain that no chance of ending the war by American mediation was overlooked. Early in the following spring, and not without encouragement

from Germans as well as British, he crossed the Atlantic again. But he found the prospect of fruitful negotiations unpromising. The Germans had recovered from the despondency caused by the defeat of the Marne and were embittered by the British food-blockade; the temper of the British, on the other hand, was aroused by German submarine methods and especially by the use of poison gas. Peace was out of the circle of practical possibilities. This much, however, Colonel House was able to suggest: Germany should stop the use of poison gas and cease her submarine warfare upon merchant vessels; in return Great Britain should permit staple food products to go to neutral ports without question. Such a compromise would dispose of the most vexatious of the problems of neutral America, and it would allay somewhat the bitterness of feeling in belligerent countries. Sir Edward Grey agreed to use all his influence to arrange the compromise. But the Germans refused.

III

Once more, early in 1916, President Wilson scanned the political horizon for a possible rift in the clouds of war, and again Colonel House was sent to London and Berlin. 'Was there any point,' asks Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, 'in these terrible years at which, with greater wisdom and humanity on either side or on both, the war could have been terminated in such a way as to prepare that durable peace which all professed to have as their main object? . . . With this point historians are not likely to deal faithfully. When a war has ended with victory, history is hypnotized by the event just as contemporaries are. And it is supposed that because victory crowned the war, therefore victory was the best ending, and was worth the cost at which it was

attained. In truth, however, with regard to this war and to all wars, the most important of all questions are these: Was it necessary that the youth of the world should perish year after year? Could the result desired be attained in no other way? Did the result, when attained, justify the sacrifice?'

Such questions must be answered by the German and Entente statesmen of 1916. Perhaps, when the entire story is told the efforts of Colonel House may be shown to have come close to success. But at the critical moment a German submarine sank the *Sussex* and destroyed the chance of a peace arranged in time to save the lives of millions and preserve the world from economic disaster.

The negotiations of Colonel House were not, however, without their value. The personal contacts which he formed in England and the intimacy with which he discussed all problems of foreign policy with British statesmen had effects of tremendous significance. So long as he exchanged views orally or in frequent letters with leaders both within and outside official circles,—with such men as Grey, Tyrrell, Balfour, Cecil, Bryce, Loreburn, and Plunkett,—President Wilson was far from isolated or without wise counsel. In view of such relationships it was certain that our official dispute with Great Britain over her trade regulations, despite the exchange of acrimonious notes, would not be allowed to approach the danger point. Of still greater importance was the foundation thus laid for whole-hearted coöperation with the British when, after the failure of all efforts to end the war, we were finally compelled to enter it.

Of such coöperation there was, of course, dire need. We may remind ourselves that in 1917 France was very tired, her man-power resources seemed to be approaching the verge

of depletion, her desperate attack on the Chemin-des-Dames proved a fiasco; Russia had already collapsed as a beligerent, although the fact was not universally apparent until the close of the year; Italy was not far from Caporetto. The continental Powers of the Entente could see the end of their steel, their ships, their food, and, most sinister of all, their money. Upon Great Britain and the United States the burden of finance and supply, at least, must largely rest until the war was won. Great Britain was still hale, perhaps, but no longer hearty. American resources were no mere luxury. They were a necessity of the most vital sort, and they must be applied at once scientifically and hurriedly. How to build up a coöperative system that might meet the situation?

Existing diplomatic agencies could not, apparently, be utilized effectively. Neither the American Ambassador at St. James, nor the British Ambassador in Washington could become the centre of such a coöperative system. Mr. Page was in England, while the centre of the system must be in the United States from where, as Lord Northcliffe insisted in the summer of 1917, the war must be won. Furthermore Mr. Page, despite the great services he had performed in the cause of Anglo-American friendship, was, as his published letters indicate, continually at odds with the American Department of State and often in thorough disagreement with the President's policies. Careful study of Mr. Page's papers reveals the fact, also, that he stressed almost exclusively purely official and high Tory opinion; there is no hint in his letters that he recognized, as political factors, the existence of the *Manchester Guardian* or the Labor party. That function of an ambassador which consists in concentrating and transmitting home all currents of

opinion, was apparently one that he did not attempt.

In Washington the diplomatic situation seemed, perhaps, even more discouraging. The British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, was a cultured diplomat of long and successful experience. He was a gentleman of scholarship and charm. In times of peace unquestionably he would have become a worthy successor to Lord Bryce. But his health was shattered and his nerves were frazzled by the war. It is a fact not devoid of tragedy that, unlike Page, Spring-Rice did not live to see the final triumph of Allied arms. During the period of American neutrality he had been worried by exaggerated fears of German plots and propaganda, and he was intensely troubled by the refusal of our Government to deal more drastically with Germany in the matter of submarine outrages. His personal affiliations were largely with members of the party opposed to the Administration. Both the qualities and defects of Sir Cecil were recognized in England as they were in Washington, and it was presumably felt by his Government that except for the imperative necessity of the most cordial personal relationships, new and special arrangements would not be demanded. The necessity, however, was imperative and it was hardly to be hoped that through Spring-Rice the perfect coöperation essential to unity of war effort could be attained.

During his visit to the United States in the spring of 1917, Mr. Balfour, British Foreign Secretary, discussed with those in charge of American policy all the problems which the two Governments must face together, and with a frankness that cut through red tape and diplomatic etiquette. Could he have remained, there would have been little doubt of the immediate establishment of some working system which

might have met the main problems of finance and supply and hastened the advent of ordered American assistance. No British statesman understood the American spirit better than Mr. Balfour and for no one had President Wilson higher respect. But the Foreign Secretary could not be spared from England. How could the frank intercourse which he had inaugurated be made a regular and daily procedure?

IV

Even before Balfour's return the British Government decided to send a special war mission under the leadership of Lord Northcliffe, and the summer of 1917 was spent in the first attempts at coördination in the vital problems. In this task the Napoleon of British journalism displayed an energy and a selflessness which were later to bear rich fruit. When the history of the Northcliffe mission comes to be written, the number and the complexity of the tasks which it undertook cannot but awaken wonder. Of itself, however, it was not enough. There was needed a British official of high rank, with all the prestige of a special ambassador, and with the technical experience that Northcliffe himself lacked, sufficient to enable him to settle the financial questions that lay at the root of all problems of coöperation.

The Entente Powers were dependent upon the United States for financial assistance and the demands which they made were naturally heavy. There is every indication that our Government was prepared to respond cordially and there can be no question of the extent of the advances that it hastened to make. The demands of our associates in the war, however, were presented in uncoördinated form; there was even at times some question as to whether credits were not being used to further

national plans quite apart from immediate war necessities. Mr. McAdoo insisted that, if American aid were to be scientifically applied, there must be coördination in the presentation of European demands; he asked for what was ultimately to be developed, an Interallied board of experts able to regulate and harmonize all requisitions made upon America. He also asked for a British representative of high rank and endowed with complete authority to settle outstanding financial problems with the American Treasury. For if the Treasury were to advance the money of American taxpayers to our European associates, it must be able to offer as justification of such advances the opinion of Allied experts that they were essential to winning the war. But the British held back, during the early summer of 1917, both on the suggestion of an Interallied council to coördinate requisitions on America and that of a special British commissioner to the United States such as McAdoo and Lord Northcliffe demanded.

It had happened that toward the close of the year 1916 a young British baronet, Sir William Wiseman, who had been gassed while on active service, was sent to Washington in connection with the intelligence work of the British Embassy. Colonel House had at once come into close touch with Wiseman, and discovered in him a man who cared nothing about the difference between Democrats and Republicans, about English parties, or red tape, who, during most of his waking moments, was willing to forget whether he was himself English or American, so long as the all-important coöperation were obtained. He insisted upon nothing except the vital fact that Great Britain and America united could save the victory, and that that was the only chance. It was precisely the conviction of Colonel House himself, and to

him Sir William opened his political soul. Through him, moreover, it was possible to impress upon the British Government an understanding of the factors in America that might help or hinder American assistance.

Wiseman was on terms of intimacy with both Spring-Rice and Northcliffe. The latter once said of him, 'Wiseman is well named. He understands all the numberless delicate situations which arise here from week to week.' He was furthermore one of the few who had constant access to the ear of President Wilson through Colonel House. With Wiseman, House, and Northcliffe working together, especially after Sir William returned to England early in the summer of 1917 to present the American situation personally, the chances of developing a close understanding that might lead to real coördination were greatly enhanced.

Concrete results appeared without delay. Early in the autumn of 1917 the British Government dispatched a special mission under Lord Reading, who combined the qualifications upon which Northcliffe had insisted — financial capacity of a high degree and political prestige sufficient to satisfy the demands of the United States Treasury officials. Through Reading the more immediate financial problems were settled. Later, upon the retirement of Spring-Rice, he became Ambassador and an intimacy of personal relations with American leaders developed which proved of inestimable value.

Of greater importance yet, perhaps, was the building-up of Interallied co-operation through the American mission which was sent to England at the end of October, 1917, under the leadership of Colonel House. President Wilson had been very slow to approve American intervention in the strictly political and military councils of the Entente Allies with whom, as he al-

ways maintained, we were merely 'associated.' The insistence of Lord Reading that an American delegate should participate in the Interallied council that was to be convened in the autumn of 1917 finally led him to yield to the demands of the British and French Governments. Colonel House had been named by both as the envoy whom they regarded as most likely to succeed in working out with them a coöperative system.

V

It is difficult to overstate the importance of the Reading and House missions, particularly the latter which included American representatives of the outstanding financial and supply boards. At the Interallied conferences held in London and Paris the demands of the Entente, especially of Great Britain, were coördinated, and for the first time the Americans were able to construct a scientific programme of priorities. On the other hand, the British learned exactly what they might expect and approximately when. It was also of importance that Colonel House thus happened to be in London at the time when the Supreme War Council was proposed. Through his close contact with the British he was able to appreciate the necessity of American participation and it was apparently through his influence that President Wilson was brought to approve the Supreme War Council and to appoint an American delegate to sit upon it. It is likely that this action helped to save the life of the Council in the storm of criticism which broke out in England against it in mid-November, 1917. For this was a period when a word from Wilson had tremendous effect abroad.

Complete unity of plan was, of course, never achieved in matters of detail. The problems involved were

too vast and the organization that developed was too hurried. And yet in matters of general policy it may be said that, during the course of 1918, the American and British Governments came to act almost as a unit. Where they disagreed, they did so as two departments of the same Government might disagree; the factors of disagreement were fully and frankly discussed, and the motives which actuated each Government were explained in detail.

The situation is summarized in a dispatch sent from the United States to England by an able British correspondent: 'This country is not in formal alliance with any Power, but her relations with Britain are rapidly developing into the same close friendship on equal terms which unites the rest of the English-speaking world. The bond has no political expression, but in naval and military matters and in finance it is woven more firmly every day. Really there is little to distinguish the present and prospective coöperation with you of the United States from the splendid assistance rendered by Canada and the great dominions.'

The nerve-centre of the system, if such a name may be given to personal intercourse devoid of all formality, was apparently to be found not in London but in the United States. In New York City, on East Fifty-Third Street, in the same building, Sir William Wiseman and Colonel House — who at this time may be fairly described as President Wilson's *alter ego* in matters of foreign policy — both had apartments. Every day they spent long hours in conference. Here they were frequently joined by Lord Reading, whose habit it became to lay before them both the information and the problems of the British Embassy. From Colonel House's apartment ran a private telephone wire to Washington. A message

from the President or Mr. Lansing could be telephoned to New York and, by way of Wiseman's cable to the Foreign Office, it could be placed without delay on the desk of Sir Eric Drummond, Balfour's secretary. Conversely, news of importance might be sent as easily from Whitehall to the White House. The system made possible a continuity of intercourse and a degree of frankness between representatives of different Governments, probably unprecedented in history. It also ensured a minimum of red tape and a maximum of speed. One keen-sighted British diplomat had said in the summer of 1917 that Germany's greatest asset was the 3000 miles that separated London from Washington. By the intimacy of relations thus established, that distance was annihilated.

Certain results of this state of affairs may be noted, entirely apart from coördination in matters of finance and supply which led directly to German defeat. Close contact with the British made possible the working-out of plans for the League of Nations, during the summer of 1918, on a basis of constant interchange of views; this fact as much as anything else, perhaps, enabled the committee of the Peace Conference to draft the first Covenant in February 1919 with the rapidity achieved. It was also largely the intimacy with the British, and the clear mutual understanding of the position taken on both sides, that led Mr. Lloyd George, in the pre-armistice conversations, to withdraw his fundamental objections to a discussion of the 'freedom of the seas,' and to accept Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points with only mild reservations, as the basis of the pre-armistice convention.

Let us note also that close association between British and American leaders during the final months of the war permitted a frank interchange of

opinions upon the delicate topic of naval competition between Great Britain and the United States. From this, we may assume, resulted the British decision that they would not regard the increase of the United States navy as a danger to themselves, nor would they enter upon any race in naval armaments with the United States. Here, perhaps, was laid the firm basis upon which, later, the Washington Conference was able to build.

To Colonel House who, like Mr. Page, always insisted that the future stability of civilization depended upon the close friendship of Great Britain and the United States, these two questions — the 'freedom of the seas' and the elimination of naval competition — seemed of the first importance. It was inconceivable, he believed, that a serious quarrel between the two nations could ever arise over any other question. But in the restrictions that Great Britain claimed to impose upon neutral commerce in time of war, and in the naval rivalry that was threatened by the American programme of 1916, he saw political dynamite. Hence the insistence which House laid in the pre-armistice conversations upon the need of a general reconsideration of maritime regulations and the law of blockade, and the hope which he cherished that the British would yield something of their claims to interfere with neutral

commerce as advanced in 1915 and 1916. He pointed out constantly to Lloyd George the peril that lurked in this problem; the latter never perceived it, as had Lord Grey, although it was to be fully emphasized by such an authority as Admiral Consett.

Colonel House talked very plainly to all his English friends on this subject during the armistice negotiations, and told them that the United States would never permit any nation to interpret for them the rules under which American commerce might cross the high seas or approach neutral ports. The British took his warnings in excellent part and, although the discussions led to no final agreement, since Mr. Wilson did not raise the problem at the Peace Conference, they unquestionably prepared the way for the informal understanding upon the yet more vital matter of naval competition.

Coöperation with the British, furthermore, made possible the dissemination of Wilsonian doctrines in Germany. Under Northcliffe's direction British airplanes carried into the enemy's country millions of leaflets containing the essential parts of Wilson's speeches. Naturally the question arises, How far did this contribute to the shattering of German morale, and to what extent did Wilson incur a responsibility to the German people which was disregarded in the Treaty of Versailles?

(In a further paper Professor Seymour will discuss President Wilson's negotiations with Germany preceding the Conference.)

THE FRIGHTENED FARMER

BY BRUCE BLIVEN

I

FOR the past three years even the most casual reader of newspaper headlines has been aware that the farmers of the Middle West are profoundly discontented and distressed. No national question has occasioned more discussion than the state of agriculture. Nothing else except the oil scandal has been on the front page so often or so voluminously. Statesmen have risen to power, or have been hurled into outer darkness, because of what they have promised or failed to promise to do for the harassed tillers of the soil.

Yet despite all this publicity it is, I think, almost impossible to realize the seriousness of the question without visiting the regions affected. Certainly the writer found this the case when the exigencies of his profession forced him to make an extended trip through the Middle West a short time ago. Though he had followed the public discussion of the subject with some care, he found the distress, and the psychological and social conditions which have resulted from it, far more acute than he had imagined possible.

It is true that the situation in general is steadily getting better. At the peak of prosperity, the total farm income (cash) was fourteen billion dollars. When the boom broke it was cut to seven billion, and it has advanced for the present crop year to nine billion. Of this increase of two billion, perhaps five hundred million is to be credited

to the present year, three hundred and fifty million of which is for cotton. (The Department of Agriculture estimates the year's increase in total crop value as over a billion, but more than half the total production never leaves the farm. There is also reason to believe that the Department estimate is too high.)

The improvement, of course, is far from uniform; in fact, it is impossible to speak accurately of 'the condition of the farmer.' There is one such condition among the wheat raisers of the Dakotas, another in Kansas, still another in the corn and hog belt, others for livestock and cotton. Average figures taken for the whole country are therefore highly misleading. The present high price of cotton ensures substantial prosperity in the South, though the price per pound is less important to the planter than the yield per acre, and the depredations of the boll weevil are a serious matter. In the corn belt, the farmer who chose to ship last year's crop to market as corn has done fairly well, but if he elected to feed his corn to hogs he has not. The wheat farmers are still as badly off as they were in 1922. The livestock men are no longer doing business at a net loss, but they have not yet recovered from the ruinous position in which they were placed by the collapse of the market more than two years ago. An exception should be noted in the case of those who buy cattle and fatten

them for market. They have had a good year.

In generalizing on this subject it is also necessary to distinguish among farmers who own their land clear, those who hold it under mortgage, and tenants. The men who own their land have come through the crisis fairly well, tenant farmers have suffered, and the man with a mortgage has been penalized worst of all. However, if present conditions continue, the great majority of all the farmers in the country can undoubtedly continue to hold their land, and keep their families fed and clothed.

II

Wheat represents the most serious problem. The wheat acreage has been reduced about twelve per cent in the last year, but is still too high. Before the war we raised 47,000,000 acres, which in 1919 had been increased to 75,000,000. The figure has now shrunk to 58,000,000 — which, however, ought to be reduced to 50,000,000 if we are to raise only enough wheat for our own population. Many authorities believe this will be necessary, and that, barring abnormal conditions such as war, we shall never again be able to produce wheat cheaply enough for the world market.

It is the exportable surplus, the price of which is made at Liverpool, which determines the domestic price, subject (when world supply does not outrun world demand) to our domestic tariff. Unfortunately, that condition now exists. The world production of wheat is in excess, if not of the world's normal consumptive capacity, at least of its ability to buy. For 1923-24 this world production is estimated at 3,400,000,000 bushels, an increase of 300,000,000 bushels over the preceding year, and 500,000,000 bushels more than the

pre-war average. This increase more than makes good the deficiency occasioned by the loss of part of Russia's pre-war annual export of about 164,000,000 bushels, and the decrease in Indian production.

During the war the people in many countries were taught to eat less wheat, and the habit thus established continues. Mixing with substitutes is still required by law in some places. Most serious of all, the depreciation of currency in several European countries makes it impossible for their populations to buy wheat and other food products abroad, particularly in the United States, which has the most adverse exchange rate.

The catastrophic break in the price of farm products, which occurred at the beginning of 1921, was, of course, part of a world-wide movement. Farm prices, made internationally, decreased more rapidly than those of manufactured articles. The movement was accelerated because European purchasing power had almost disappeared. Quantitatively, crops were excellent, making certain that the 'exportable surplus' could not be consumed at home. In fact, our own per-capita consumption had diminished.

Not only did agricultural prices come down fastest and farthest, but they have stayed down and are still out of all proportion to the prices of other things. In January 1920, the wholesale price index of all commodities stood at 247 (1913 equals 100). By June 1921, it had fallen, for all commodities except farm products, to 154, while the price of the latter had sunk to 114. Food prices have risen substantially since then, but are still much below the general level.

What matters is not, of course, how much money the farmer receives, but its purchasing power. According to the Department of Agriculture, an average

acre of crops in 1921 had 52 per cent of the purchasing power it had in 1914. By 1922 it had risen to 67 per cent, and it is now somewhat higher though still less than 100 on nearly every item. The Department estimates that in 1922 the farmer's purchasing power, expressed in terms of axes, was 58 per cent of 1914; in barbed wire, 77 per cent; in coal, 61 per cent; in fertilizer, 91 per cent; overalls, 65 per cent.

III

A bitter controversy is now raging and will, no doubt, continue for some time, as to the part the Federal Reserve Board played in this deflation. The agricultural community, including some of the local bankers, firmly believes that the deflation was the result of a deliberate, rigidly enforced policy of the Board, which called in its loans suddenly, and to an impossibly high percentage of the total outstanding at a moment when the farmers could not, except by a miracle, meet their obligations. Those who defend the Board maintain that there is a confusion between currency deflation and credit deflation, and that practically none of the latter has taken place. The farmers' suffering, they maintain, is the result of world-wide causes with which the Federal Reserve Board had nothing to do and they point out that the slump in prices was just as bad in the Argentine Republic, Australia, and Canada as in the United States. The subject is so complex, and so much affected by hidden and variable factors that it is difficult to dogmatize about it with any certainty. It is the writer's judgment, after reading the evidence on both sides, that a serious decline in agricultural prices was inevitable, but that the action of the Federal Reserve Board in advancing the rediscount rate and contracting its loans was

certainly too sudden and too drastic, and thus served to make a bad matter decidedly worse.

The incident has left a scar which will be long in disappearing. In the Middle West I talked with men, bankers of good standing and conservative farm-owners, who firmly believed that the Government and 'Wall Street' had worked hand in glove to destroy the agricultural community. The animosity engendered thereby has had, and will have, important political results.

A serious factor in the farmer's plight, though one of which too much is frequently made, is speculation in land at high prices. The war brought the largest prices agriculture had known in two generations; and while these had to be balanced against correspondingly high costs of production, farmers were in general more prosperous than they had ever hoped to be. A great deal of land changed hands at the top of the market, much of it being bought 'on a shoestring.' When the crash came, and the loans were called, the new purchasers lost their land, and with it, in many cases, their savings of a lifetime.

In considering this situation one must remember that the price of nearly all land in the chief agricultural states west of the Mississippi is, and for many years has been, higher than is justified by its earning power. In the long run, the farmer makes his money not out of his crops but out of the increase in land value because of the influx of population. For this reason, the cash rent of farm land — based directly on its annual earning power — is absurdly low in proportion to its estimated value for sale or for mortgage purposes. In Iowa in 1920 this rental value was only 3.2 per cent of the land value, whereas in Ohio, which has passed its pioneer stage and settled down, it was 5.6 per cent.

IV

In addition to these general reasons for farmer distress, there are four specific causes for the farmer's present economic plight. First of these is high industrial wages. The agricultural districts, including, as they do, one third of the total population of the country, are heavy consumers of manufactured goods. The farmer has to pay high prices based both on high wages to industrial labor and on high freight rates in which wages paid to railroad men are a factor. I am not saying that either of these groups is overpaid; there is excellent reason to believe that they are not. The fact remains, however, that with the farmer's curtailed purchasing power he is forced to pay high prices, plus freight rates 60, 75, or 100 per cent higher than before the war. At the same time the freight rates on farm produce are increased by 45 to 75 per cent and this increase is deducted from what he receives.

Increased taxation bears heavily on the farmer. State, county, and local taxes increased between the fiscal year 1913-14 and the year 1921-22, for the whole United States, by 226 per cent. In Iowa, South Dakota, and Minnesota, three of the states hardest hit, the increase was 220, 292, and 246 per cent respectively. In Iowa, the average tax *per acre* is now \$1.49. You have only to compare this fact with the statement of the Department of Agriculture, based on reports from 5300 farms, that in 1922 the average profit was \$2.43 an acre on corn, while the loss per acre on wheat and oats was \$1.89 and \$1.65 respectively, to see what a burden taxation has become. In the whole country, in 1922, the average farm paid out in taxes \$174, not including income taxes or indirect levies. This taxation is to be compared

to a total cash income of \$1972 and a total cash expenditure of \$1257.

The tariff is another important factor in the farmer's cost of living. I realize that I tread on highly controversial ground; but I cannot in honesty fail to state that in my judgment the Fordney-McCumber tariff was a colossal swindle perpetrated against the farmer. The farm representatives in Congress were persuaded to vote for high tariffs on manufactured goods in exchange for high tariffs on farm products. But we don't import food-stuffs; we produce a surplus of them for export; and, in consequence, the tariff laid on hypothetical inbound trade has no effect on the prices the farmer gets (except as regards a small amount of high-grade hard wheat). On the other hand, the prices of many things which he buys have been increased because of the tariff, either directly through duties imposed, or indirectly because of the general upswing of all prices.

Finally, the farmer is struggling under a heavy load because his indebtedness was incurred in dollars of a certain value, and now must be discharged in dollars of far greater value—about fifty per cent greater, on the average. This means that, even if every other factor were normal, the farmer who borrowed \$10,000 in 1919 or 1920 must now pay back the equivalent of \$15,000—plus interest. It is this fact which has brought about the demand in some parts of the Middle West for reflation of the currency to the degree which existed when most of these loans were made. Every economist knows, of course, that the proposal is fallacious and would not bring the farmer the relief he imagines. You cannot inflate the farmer's dollar without inflating the wage-earner's dollar as well. Industrial wages would go up, prices of manufactured articles would go up,

freight rates would go up, and the farmer would soon find that his plight was as serious as before.

V

Whatever the reasons for the economic plight of the farmer, its results have been deplorable. In 1923, the Department of Agriculture found that in the leading fifteen corn and wheat states four per cent of all farmers owning their land have lost it through foreclosure or bankruptcy proceedings. Four and a half per cent more have turned over their farms to their creditors without taking the trouble to go through legal forms. An additional fifteen per cent are actually bankrupt but are continuing in possession of their property through the leniency of their creditors. This leniency is not altogether philanthropic: the lenders, many of whom are banks, have made loans on land at greatly inflated valuations; and if they were forced to reveal this fact by compelling bankruptcy of their debtors, they might themselves go under. Bankers in Minnesota and the Dakotas have, in fact, been in terror lest the farmers, in large numbers, should take advantage of the bankruptcy laws to evade their obligations. The desperate measures for emergency relief which have lately been taken by the Government through the War Finance Corporation for the support of banks in these sections are too well known to require comment.

Among tenant farmers the Department of Agriculture's figures show even more serious conditions than among owners. Seven and two-tenths per cent have been forced out by formal foreclosure or bankruptcy. Another 7.8 per cent have moved out without legal proceedings, and 21.3 per cent are being carried by their creditors although actually insolvent. These are

average figures, which of course do not represent accurately the condition in any locality. The percentage of farmers who have lost their land since 1920 varies, for example, from six in the five East North Central states to nine in the seven West North Central states and twenty in the three Mountain states.

But cold figures do not tell the human story of suffering and loss. In 1922 Secretary Wallace estimates that 1,200,000 people left the farms for good and all. Of this total number ninety-one per cent claim they were forced out by financial pressure. In the old days a farmer came to town to spend his declining years after he had acquired a competence through years of exertion; nowadays it is the young men who are leaving; and the diminution in the farm reservoir of man power is thus even larger than the figures would imply.

In the heart of Iowa's rich corn and hog belt I was told recently that 'pretty nearly everybody,' not tied to the land by ownership or other obligation, is leaving. The agricultural colleges, while the size of their classes is not greatly diminished, report an increasing percentage of graduates who are looking for salaried positions in farm bureaus, agricultural extension work, and so on, instead of going back to the farm. Of all habitable farm-houses in the United States 4.7 per cent were vacant in 1920, 5.7 per cent in 1921, and 7.3 per cent in 1922. Because of the housing shortage not all such houses are occupied by farmers, many being used by workers who commute to near-by cities. The farm occupancy decreased during the years noted from 89 to 86 per cent.

VI

While it is important to know why the farmer is in his present situation, it

is far more important to know whether he can get out, and if so, how. Turning to this aspect we find that there are nine main proposals for relief of the farmer which deserve discussion. They are:—

First:—Reduction of acreage. This is suggested particularly in the case of wheat, where, as I have indicated, the total acreage is still 25 per cent above the pre-war level, although the former export market has been largely eliminated.

Second:—Diversification of crops, so that a disastrous slump in the price of any one of them will not spell ruin. This also is proposed especially for the wheat farmer who, as a rule, raises little else.

Third:—Coöperative marketing, whereby the farmer may free himself from the grip of the middleman, holding his produce in jointly owned elevators and warehouses, and putting it on the market through the year on terms most advantageous to himself, and at prices which represent an increased proportion of what the consumer pays.

Fourth:—Arbitrary fixing by the government of *minimum* prices on leading products such as wheat.

Fifth:—Revision of the immigration law in order to encourage the entrance of agricultural laborers, both to provide more man power and to bring down agricultural wages. It is also proposed to encourage industrial immigration in the hope of reducing factory wages and the prices of manufactured products.

Sixth:—An increase in the tariff on wheat. This was secured on March 7, 1924, when President Coolidge, acting under the 'flexible' provision of the Fordney-McCumber law, increased the rate on wheat from 30 to 42 cents a bushel and on flour from 78 cents to \$1.04 a hundred pounds.

Seventh:—Purchase of the surplus

wheat crop by the Government to hold it off the market, create an artificial domestic scarcity, and thereby raise the price. One form of this proposal would have the Government buy a large part of the entire production and become the actual middleman in distributing it at home. Another plan (which has secured the support of Secretary Wallace) provides that the Government shall form an export corporation which shall finance the sale of the surplus wheat abroad, at a loss if necessary. It is believed that, were the tariff wall maintained, the domestic demand would outrun the supply and the price would go up. The loss on one year's export business would be charged back to the individual farmer against the next year's crop, each man contributing in proportion to the amount of his wheat sold. It is supposed that thereby the danger of an increase in acreage to take advantage of the Government's assistance would be avoided.

Eighth:—There is some support for the simple proposal that the Government buy the surplus wheat at a high price and sell it to the American consumer at the market rate, taking a loss and paying the deficit out of taxation.

Ninth:—There is, of course, a widespread demand from the farmer, that freight rates come down, both on the products which he ships and on those he buys, into the cost of which freight enters.

One or more of these underlying proposals is to be found at the basis of every piece of legislation introduced in Congress, and every effort to help the farmer by activity in the purely economic field. Are they practicable? Is it likely that any of them will be made effective?

Here, of course, we enter the realm of prophecy, where it may be argued that one man's guess is as good as

another's. I must, however, record my reluctant conviction that not one of these measures except reduction of acreage is likely to be put into operation in the near future in any such way as will bring the farmers relief.

Reduction of acreage and diversification are going on now, under the whip of necessity. They are, however, a slow process. Much of the wheat land, for instance, is ill-suited to other crops, and the farmer feels that in view of his investment he cannot let it lie idle. To shift from one crop to another frequently needs special machinery, the purchase of seed, and so forth, requiring expenditures which the farmer cannot undertake and for which his local banks are not in a position to provide funds. The Government has approved the creation of a \$10,000,000 corporation to make loans for this purpose. The Norbeck-Burtneiss bill authorizing a Government fund of \$50,000,000 for the same purpose was defeated in the Senate in March. If passed it might have brought a substantial degree of relief to the wheat growers. It could not, of course, aid the farmer who is already producing diversified crops and who in 1921 and 1922 suffered quite as seriously as the wheat farmer is suffering now. Moreover, the moment the price of wheat goes up again, the temptation to return to this high-value cash crop will be irresistible.

As for coöperative marketing, we might as well recognize plainly that the American farmer is not ready for such an enterprise on a big scale. Coöperation has succeeded in the case of special crops, usually in single localities; but such a huge problem as is involved in marketing wheat, corn, or livestock in this way can be solved only by years of patient educational work, and even then will probably need to grow from small local beginnings. In the long run

coöperative marketing is the farmer's best hope; but it will work no miracles. It cannot, for instance, solve the problem of high American costs of production as compared to these abroad.

Government price-fixing seems to the writer a fantastic proposal. The war experience showed that even when patriotic emotion is at its height, people disregard these laws in so far as they feel there is a personal advantage to them in doing so. Since consumers of foodstuffs outnumber producers two to one, no Government is likely to put through a law which to a large majority of the people would seem to legalize profiteering by a minority. The same objections lie against the proposal to bring in additional immigrants. When a surplus of agricultural products is being produced, the last thing the country needs is more farm-workers. This suggestion, and the scheme to import industrial workers and break factory wages are both politically impossible even if there were not other grave objections to them.

As for the hope which has been based on the tariff increase, the economic fallacy involved seems plain. A tariff cannot increase the price of a commodity of which we produce more than we consume, exporting the surplus which is sold on the world market at a world price. The former thirty-cent rate failed to benefit the farmers substantially. What the present increased rate will do is suggested by the fact that on the second trading day after President Coolidge ordered the change, the price of wheat *fell* two cents a bushel!

The suggestion that the Government buy the surplus, or even the whole wheat crop, is one which must be taken seriously. Economically, it is feasible if the Government has the funds. For Uncle Sam to become a middleman in the marketing of any large part of our

total agricultural production is probably too big an order; but it would be possible to buy the surplus and sell it abroad at a loss, if we wished to do so. Such action would raise the domestic price; and it would not be impracticable to charge this year's losses back to the farmers to be paid out of next year's crop. But here again the fundamental objection is political. Is Congress likely to pass a law which will raise the price of bread for two thirds of the population in order to benefit one third? I think not. If it were done, I believe the law would be repealed as soon as the people saw how it worked.

There is also the serious question of the retaliatory measures which might be taken by the European countries upon whom our surplus was dumped. Great Britain, in particular, would not be likely to stand by and with complacence watch America ruining the British market for Canadian and Australian wheat.

The demand of the farmer for lower freight rates is of course a familiar one. The reply of the railroads is that they cannot reduce freight rates while they are forced to pay present wages. Whether this is true or not, substantial relief to the farmer in this quarter is extremely unlikely. So is inflation of the currency in order to restore the 1919-20 scale of values and allow the farmer to pay off his debts with money actually worth no more than that which he borrowed.

When the Russian famine was at its height, American farm conditions were particularly bad and some relief was experienced through the purchase of a total of about \$70,000,000 in American foodstuffs by the Government and private relief organizations for the Russian people. The distress in Germany which has reached such alarming proportions is again putting a demand upon the American people

for assistance, which will have some effect on agriculture, though not of importance.

VII

The reader who has followed me thus far may well ask, If none of these remedies is to be effective, by what means shall we rescue the farmer?

In my judgment, by none. I do not believe any political panacea can help agriculture. The stock formula is that the restoration of Europe to prosperity will repair our market, since eighty per cent of all our exports are of foodstuffs, and Europe used to take eighty per cent of these. But the facts indicate that even such a restoration would be only temporary in its effects. Europe is more and more growing its own grain or depending on foreign sources where production costs are too low for the American farmer to be able successfully to compete.

This is especially true with such high land-prices as exist even to-day after the depression. In view of these prices, plus American labor costs and the standard of living of the American farmer, it is impossible, as I have said, to produce wheat in the United States for sale on the world market when that market is normal. I have already referred to the fact that the farmer in the newer states in the Middle West has been primarily a land speculator and has made his money in that capacity. To-day it seems probable that the upward movement of land values in those states has come to an end. Certainly this is true until new methods in agriculture are introduced which will increase the number of persons employed per square mile. The farmer suddenly finds himself compelled for the first time to look for his revenue solely to his crop production, and is awakening to the fact that this is impossible as long as his selling prices

are created on a world market in competition with other lands where the standard of living is far below his own.

While this is true, it is only temporarily so. The population of the United States is steadily increasing, and steadily turning more and more from agriculture to industrial activity, as is shown by the constant increase in the proportion of urban dwellers. Herbert Hoover has estimated that within ten years we shall have no more wheat for export, and shall begin to import for the needs of our own population. If the farmer can tide over his present troubles, his future is fairly certain after, at most, a few years.

Unfortunately, the wheat farmer is unable to wait. As everyone now knows, the situation of both farmers and financial institutions in the northwest is precarious. Five hundred bank failures have occurred in the past two years; many more institutions are unsound and will require support either from the Government or from the big institutions of New York and Chicago to carry them through. Over limited areas for the next year or two it may be necessary for us to reconcile ourselves to direct subsidization of a type and on a scale for which nothing in the American tradition prepares us. Such effort may properly be regarded as part of the cost of the war — quite as much so, certainly, as the million dollars a week which we are now spending on our 'emergency' fleet of vessels — most of which were built after the Armistice.

VIII

As I have already said, it is impossible to realize what the situation of the farmer means in human terms until you go out through the territory which is involved and talk to the men who are struggling to keep a roof over their

heads. The psychology in those sections which have safely weathered the storm is not noticeably different from that existing where the future is still faced with the gravest apprehension.

Throughout the Middle West the farmers have been terribly frightened. All their lives they have believed the copybook maxims to the effect that hard, intelligent work should enable every American to keep his family and himself at least beyond the fear of actual want. Since 1920, they have suddenly and catastrophically found that the copybooks are wrong. Those who have managed to save their farms, as well as the thousands who have lost them, have been the victims, not of indolence or stupidity, but of economic processes as vast and terrible as the laws of the physical universe. Add to this the fact that many of these men sincerely believe some of their suffering was deliberately engineered by Government agencies, and it is small wonder that the West is sending to Congress to-day a group of radicals who, whatever else they do or leave undone, may be relied upon to tell the nation that the farmer is in distress.

At heart, there is no more conservative individual on earth than the land-owning American of the Middle West. He is blood-brother to the man on Main Street, with all his horror of cults and isms and new-fangled notions. The farmer's radicalism is exactly the radicalism which threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor. It is an outraged sense of injustice and a burning determination to leave no stone unturned to secure what he regards as redress. When he gets what he wants, I predict that the radicalism of the farmer will disappear so quickly that overnight people will wonder how they could ever have supposed that the agricultural regions were anything else than safe and sane.

AFTER FIVE YEARS

BY H. H. POWERS

FIVE years ago began the great controversy regarding the League of Nations. Prejudiced from the outset by the personality and tactics of its chief exponent, the proposal was rejected by the American Senate and with seeming greater decisiveness by the American people.

I made my own little contribution to that decision — all the contribution of which I was capable. To-day I am reconciled to the League. I believe that my experience is that of some millions of my fellow Americans. It is this belief that prompts me to reopen for myself a 'closed issue.'

Not that I objected to coöperation in principle. I despised the argument that participation in European affairs would cost us money and get us into trouble. As well object that to rescue a drowning man you are liable to get wet. I am and always have been ready to have my country help to the limit of its capacity and at any cost to itself which would not destroy its power to help. That is what our money is for, what we are for — 'to spend and to be spent'; and if we have not learned the satisfaction of such spending, it is time we did. Throughout the period of controversy nothing tried me so much as the plaudits of those whose slogan was: 'America for itself; the Devil take the rest.' I remember with satisfaction having granted my frank permission to some of these would-be sympathizers to go to their own place. I had no words for them.

And it is not they whom I am ad-

ressing now. They have not changed their attitude; or if they have, it is for reasons which they are more competent than I to set forth. I speak for those who accepted freely the principle of international coöperation in the interest of world peace and progress, but who did not believe that the League of Nations, as then proposed, would contribute to the end sought. We had our misgivings and our definite objections.

Here again, however, there is need of a disclaimer. Not all the objections urged against the League were ours. For instance, no sincere believer in coöperation ever urged the notorious six-to-one objection. The proposal that in this congress of Babel our own race, those committed to our ideals, should have a relatively large representation, was not one to disturb any friend of coöperation. It was rather a consummation devoutly to be wished, and the marvel was that we had found a satisfactory excuse for securing it. That this representation was chiefly British rather than American was inconsequential, or, if open to objection, it was as nothing to the objection that we had a whole bevy of Caribbean satellites whose action we were in a position to influence if we chose, as Britain could never influence the action of Canada and Australia. It was clear from the first that this objection was urged by those who wished to defeat the scheme rather than to safeguard it. As such, it always seemed to me disingenuous.

But the friends of coöperation had their objections to the proposed League none the less — objections to features which they believed would destroy its efficiency and discredit the cause which they had at heart. Has the experience of the last five years justified or dispelled their fears?

In the first place, we doubted the feasibility of anything like formal and binding joint-action on the part of all the nations. They were too diverse in size, in power, in wealth, in intelligence, in diplomatic experience. The great Powers would never submit to be bound by the small Powers, nor the small by the great. It was not a question whether they ought to feel that way; they did feel that way, and we were — or tried to be — realists. And if the great and small could not trust each other, still less could the great trust the great. Expostulate all you will, there is the patent fact. The skeptic has but to recall Spa, Genoa, Cannes, Brussels, London, Paris.

The framers of the League did not reassure us at all by their devices to remove this very obvious objection. There was the famous five-to-four arrangement, which Mr. Taft assured us guaranteed in perpetuity the control of the great Powers. Five was more than four — we could all see that. But suppose one of the great Powers should refuse to play and should go and flock with the little ones. Would not five be more than four in this case as well? Then there was the requirement of unanimity in certain cases where we were especially sensitive. Surely no one could do anything to us if they had to wait for our consent. No; nor could we do anything if we had to wait for theirs. We could not all of us see safety in the prospect of universal deadlock. Taking everything as it stood, it seemed to us that an association of all the nations offered a large

opportunity for deliberation, persuasion, and influence, but very little hope of acceptable or wise control.

But our enthusiasts wanted a league 'with teeth.' Some — and among them men usually accounted sane — would go so far as to substitute for the armies and navies of the nations an international force under the control of the League. I have never been able to understand how intelligent men in this age of the world could be so unconscious of the psychological requirements of military loyalty and discipline or of the incitement to international intrigue and to individual ambition, which this proposal implies. But as the proposal never reached the point of serious consideration by the nation, it does not call for it now.

In lieu of this Prætorian Guard, the League was obliged to content itself with the vague implications of Article X and the economic boycott. We were to 'guarantee' all members of the League — ultimately, of course, all nations — against the violation of their frontiers. Just how and who and when in each case was not and could not be specified. Plainly, however, it was not to be left to our own individual national discretion, for that would have left us just where we were; and if war was not the means intended, it obviously might prove the means required. It was an opportunity for the imagination to run riot and our imaginations were not reassuring. We pictured ourselves summoned from Geneva to repel an invasion of Poland. We did not like that. Or Germany perhaps commissioned to drive Argentina out of Paraguay. We should n't like that. Or Germany authorized to drive the Reds out of Poland. For a quite different reason we should not like that. Indeed we could scarcely think of any acceptable commission under Article X.

But we were assured that this would

never be necessary. The economic boycott would settle all that. This weapon was much lauded as both easy and safe. It could be applied by Government edict in an hour. Its pressure would be tremendous and in the case of any advanced nation would be unendurable.

Let us imagine a case. Germany will most easily serve our purpose. She breaks bounds and must be coerced. The edict goes forth from Geneva that Washington must sever relations with Berlin, that our Government must have no dealings with Germany or with Germans, and that our citizens must have no dealings with Germans at home or abroad. Let us be concrete. Germany is our second largest customer for cotton. The price is thirty cents. The boycott will knock the bottom out of the cotton market in five minutes. Millions of bales bought by dealers on a market basis are dumped on the market and sold below cost. Planters and dealers are ruined and the disaster is propagated by the 'sympathy' of the market to the whole line. What will these men say about it? do about it? What did they do in 1917, when it was announced that cotton, like wheat, was to be subjected to a maximum-price limit? Through their spokesmen in Congress they angrily declared: 'What we demand of this administration is the assurance that its policy is to be *hands off cotton*.' It was hands off cotton. Easy, oh yes, and prompt; but there will be some hesitation in shooting with a gun that kicks like that when fired.

The objection to all this is not that it is illogical or even unreasonable, but that it is impossible. The sufficient reason why we should not promise all this is the certain fact that we would not keep the promise. You can't make a people fight a war without a war psychology. They will not fight unless they are mad or scared. They will not make great sacrifices unless under the

influence of great emotions. Mr. Wilson thought the mood of 1919 favorable to the launching of his scheme. It certainly was, if it was only a question of launching. The world would have launched anything, even the least seaworthy, in its mood of utter war-weariness. That was a very good reason for waiting. The appeal was like that to a young couple drawn together by a brief emotional experience: 'Better marry now. If you wait till to-morrow you may not feel like it.' Then for heaven's sake, wait till to-morrow.

This, in brief, was my objection in 1919, and under like conditions it would be my objection now. The nations of the world were utterly unprepared and are still unprepared to exercise the powers which it was proposed to confer upon them. They lack the intelligence, the cohesion, the disinterestedness to adopt the principle of majority rule and to exercise coercion under majority sanction. Qualify and disguise as we please, there can be no coercion under world mandate as yet. There may be emergency combinations of great potency and even permanent predilections toward joint action in certain connections, but for the nations as a whole, under whatever covenant or device, the possibility of joint coercion is still remote. Whether the time will ever come is an academic question.

Why, then, is the League of Nations acceptable to-day as it was not in 1919? Simply because it has shed its teeth. During the past five years the League of Nations has begun to take real form. Political institutions are not manufactured; they grow. Written constitutions and covenants are merely forecasts of the form which this growth is expected — or desired — to take. The inscrutable forces which determine growth reckon little of these paper preliminaries — so little indeed that they

seldom stop to revise them in accordance with vital achievement. The British Cabinet, the most powerful governing body in the world, does not exist in law and is mentioned in no British statute. On the other hand, in theory British laws still derive their authority from the 'royal assent.' It would be a strange observer, however, who would ignore the one or heed the other in his inventory of political Britain.

This suggests the nature of our problem. The League of Nations is no longer a theory. It is a fact. It has had a brief but momentous existence and there is no mistaking the verdict of experience to date. It is unnecessary here to repeat the familiar facts as to its organization: the big Assembly where all meet on equal terms, the Council where the chosen few exercise their more potent influence, and the Secretariat which, by its mastery of facts and its unlimited command of expert services, is the potent dispenser of destiny. It concerns us chiefly to know these in the flesh.

Opinion seems to be unanimous that the League has been fortunate in its initial personnel. The nations have sent of their best and the spirit of coöperation is pronounced. Most conspicuous of all these appointments is that of the Secretary-in-Chief, Sir Eric Drummond, to whose initiative is doubtless due the atmosphere of welcome and helpfulness which pervades the headquarters of the Secretariat at Geneva. This is apparent to the most casual observer. It is possibly due in part to this atmosphere that the representatives of the different nations seem unconsciously to think of themselves as members of one body rather than as representatives of distinct and rival nations. We may call this the League consciousness, as contrasted with the diplomatic consciousness which is the

inevitable result of working from separate national centres. There seems to be nothing of the sparring for advantage which characterizes a conference of ambassadors.

All this has been increased by the nature of the work which has been given to the League to do. The most sagacious feature of the original plan was the assignment to the League of all international activities hitherto carried on by minor commissions such as the Danube Commission, the International Postal Union, and so on. The aggregate of these activities was considerable and they were, in general, activities involving no rivalries or conflicting claims. They were things that everybody wanted done and asked only that they be done well. Other things of like sort were speedily added: the traffic in narcotic drugs, the white-slave traffic, the control of epidemics, international labor problems, and the like. The great body of delegates was divided into committees and kept busy doing things that involved no other question than that of ways and means.

The League, once recognized as an international maid-of-all-work, it is astonishing how much such work we find for it to do, work hitherto left undone and — as we are beginning to realize — neglected to our hurt. The League is a hive of industry of an indubitably useful sort. Thus employed, men get all over thinking of one another as rivals bent on overreaching and outwitting their antagonists, and become dominated by a new consciousness.

The wary nationalist will scent danger in this new temper of trust and coöperation. Can we trust men thus minded to look after national interests? He may console himself with the thought that this temper is not likely soon to become universal. Meanwhile, remembering the events of recent

years, perhaps we can afford to take the risk.

The League, once habituated to these international tasks, finds occasional opportunities for exceptional service. The outstanding example is the rehabilitation of Austria. The situation was desperate and Austria was unable to extricate herself. She was humbled and helpless, an object of pity rather than of fear. Everybody wanted the thing done, yet no individual nation could extend a helping hand without political implications of a disturbing character. With unanimity the League of Nations was invited to undertake the task. For this the League was ideally fitted. The world's ablest experts were at its disposal for the searching inquiry and formulated plan required. The plan once formulated and accepted by Austria, the country that could not have borrowed a penny before, now found her new loan oversubscribed in every monetary centre in which it was offered. Expectations have been more than realized, and a country which but a few months ago was paralyzed and bankrupt, is now busy and prosperous. The League has bestowed no charity and exercised no coercion. It has simply served as a vehicle—and an indispensable vehicle—for the helpfulness of the nations.

Similar action is contemplated for Hungary and, possibly, for others. Even Germany may come within the range of League assistance if we can get to the point where all are willing that Germany should be rehabilitated. Nothing can be done without universal consent.

A striking case of League service was the repatriation of war prisoners, of whom nearly half a million were stranded in the Russian chaos, unable to return to their homes and families. Everybody was willing to have them

return, but no nation could go after them. It was not the kind of thing that nations could do. The League performed the difficult task satisfactorily, creating appropriate instruments and machinery for the purpose. But, as before, the secret of success lay in the universal willingness to have the thing done. That has been the condition of every success thus far achieved.

Curiously enough, that condition is sometimes realized in cases of bitterest dispute. Such a case occurred at one of the conferences when the relation between England and France was one of extreme tension. The discussion ended in absolute deadlock. Neither would yield or could yield with the sentiment at home as it was. Yet to leave the question unsettled would have been almost a guaranty of rupture. It was with a sense of relief to both that they adopted the suggestion that it be referred to the League of Nations. The League began as usual by a searching expert inquiry. This took time, which in this case was of the essence of the situation. By the time the inquiry was completed the issue was somewhat forgotten and the tension relieved. The report of the experts, too, was convincing as usual and the weary diplomats on both sides were glad of a face-saving pretext to accept a hitherto impossible settlement.

Few are aware how frequent are cases of this kind in diplomatic experience. It would be a poor diplomat who did not begin by claiming rather more than he expected to get and claiming, of course, in very positive terms. If left to themselves, the negotiators try each other out and finally make the inevitable concessions. This is the reason for secret diplomacy. If the first stout asseverations are public, concession is sure to be construed as surrender or betrayal and

the negotiator is ruined. Far worse is the situation when the public itself has made the initial demands and is excited about them. Negotiators charged to represent such rival claims can make no concession, however convinced of its reasonableness, under pain of ruin for themselves and possible war for their people. In such cases the dispute has not infrequently been referred to a disinterested foreign monarch. How many Americans realize that we hold a portion of our own national domain by the award of the first German Emperor? For such purposes the League is obviously better fitted than a monarch or other referee chosen on the spur of the moment. Procedure in such cases becomes systematized and principles gradually emerge from experience. All depends, of course, upon the thoroughness and impartiality with which it performs its task, but its record in this respect is above criticism.

We have found the League thus far primarily an international administrative body, performing a large and increasing number of tasks, some permanent and others of an emergency nature. Incidentally, and to a far less extent, it serves as a tribunal for the settlement of disputes referred to it by common consent.

But it was something very different from this that we expected from the League. That it has been able to make itself useful in these ways is so much to the good, but it was not such services as these that excited our hopes or our fears five years ago. There was to be a policeman who should lay a heavy hand upon the marauder and hale him before the bar of justice. Does the League possess such powers, and if so, what has it accomplished? It will hardly be contended that there has been no occasion for their exercise.

The case most frequently cited as a

fulfillment of these hopes is that of the Åland Islands dispute. Claimed by Finland, they preferred union with Sweden. The case was complicated by the usual strategic and ethnic considerations. The tension became so great that direct agreement was impossible. Both nations, however, agreed to refer the dispute to the Ambassadors of the great Powers. They, in turn, referred it to the League, by whom it was settled in the usual thoroughgoing and admirable manner. The ability with which the League handles these matters is indisputable. The mastery of facts and the spirit of fairness which are manifest in these awards is such as to compel acceptance. Again we must recognize valuable service.

But there is still no sign of police power, no coercion of an unwilling party. The partisans of the League would fain have us believe that the League averted war. Conceivably the affair, if neglected or bungled, might have led to war, but when both nations agreed on their own initiative to refer it to arbitration, the danger of war would seem not to have been imminent. Finland protested against the reference to the League but acquiesced, and Sweden protested against the award but acquiesced. Evidently there was a will to peace all round.

What could the League do if that will to peace were lacking?

We had not long to wait for an answer. A shocking crime against Italian citizens was committed on Greek territory and probably by Greeks. The Greek Government at once expressed regret and promised fullest amends. The Italian dictator ignored the proffered satisfaction, demanded a prodigious indemnity and humiliating obeisance, and, without waiting for acceptance or refusal, seized Corfu with a seemingly unneces-

sary bombardment, all as a pledge for the fulfillment of the condition imposed. Greece appealed to the League of Nations and Italy peremptorily and absolutely refused to recognize its jurisdiction, on the ground that the League could not intervene in a case affecting the honor of the nation. Finding his position a difficult one, the dictator consented to refer the case to the Council of Ambassadors, who rendered a decision suggested by the League but one which conceded most of the dictator's demands.

It would be difficult to imagine a case more completely covering all the points of our inquiry. At the outset Mussolini had all the cards in his hand. The crime was completely established; Greek responsibility was clear and avowed; Italy was overwhelmingly superior to Greece in power and therefore above suspicion of weakness or fear; and finally, the sympathies of the entire world were on her side. We can hardly imagine a situation in which it would have been easier for a nation to submit its case to an international tribunal. Such a reference would have involved no loss of dignity or national interest and it would have ensured as favorable a judgment as it was humanly possible to grant.

But no. 'National honor' was at stake, and in such cases the competence of the tribunal was not to be recognized. When the Italian representative at Geneva was reminded of the possibility of an economic boycott, he remarked with naïve surprise: 'Why, I did n't suppose that that applied to Powers like Italy.' And in effect it did not, as the result proved. We may assume that Mussolini lost no sleep over the possibility of an economic boycott.

And so, in defense of the 'national honor,' Mussolini adopted a policy which at once alienated all sympathies and sacrificed every moral advantage

that he previously possessed. It was a case of the big bully and the small boy — and worse, for the small boy had made abject submission for a wrong for which he was but indirectly and doubtfully responsible. Under such circumstances and with the absolute certainty of justice through the new agency to which Italy stood pledged, the seizure and needless bombardment of Corfu was one of the most unmitigated outrages which modern history records. The invasion of Belgium was sweet reasonableness compared with it.

I shall of course be reminded that this was only the surface aspect of the case. The seizure of Corfu, the most splendid naval base in the central Mediterranean and the key to the Adriatic and all its hinterland, was part of a vast scheme of military and naval expansion which is dear to the heart of Mussolini and his people, and for this the Albanian murder — coming at a time when France and Britain were hopelessly at loggerheads — was a welcome pretext. The problem was therefore not nearly so simple and the reference to the League not nearly so safe for Italian aims as we have indicated. Undoubtedly. Naïve indeed must be the man who expected Mussolini to retire from Corfu as promised, unless compelled to do so. Italian ambitions are no secret, nor yet Mussolini's attitude toward them. Promises of withdrawal in such cases are discounted not only by the age-long experience of nations, but by the flagrant case of the Dodecanese, still held by Italy in the face of an identical promise. If there are still trusting souls who think the Italian withdrawal was voluntary, they have but to note the fury of the Fascist newspapers against France at the time, as having abandoned her Latin neighbor. Confronted with a naval coup to which they were equally and absolutely unreconciled, France

and Britain had pronounced the fatal veto. Italy withdrew, in accordance with her promise made expressly to save her face in this contingency, and wrathfully retaliated with the threat of an Italo-Spanish alliance. All of which means that the case was thoroughly representative, that it involved the usual passions and the traditional ambitions, and that it menaced the world with the usual dangers. It was precisely the case which the League had been created to deal with — a case with a minimum of obscurity as to fact and with world sentiment solidly behind the League in any judgment it might render. Not in a century shall we have a better test-case.

The League did not and could not bring the marauder to book. Mussolini could and did defy its authority. There were pretexts, of course — rather fortunate ones. The murdered commissioners had been appointed by the Council of Ambassadors. The Council was therefore the technically aggrieved party. Mussolini, somewhat embarrassed by his prompt ejection from Corfu, and the League, much more embarrassed by its absolute inability to assert its jurisdiction, both consented to refer the case to the Council — not, however, without a virtual surrender to Mussolini on the chief points of his ultimatum.

It was well. The withdrawal of Italy from the League and its consequent probable dissolution were averted. Mussolini got his money, — bread snatched from the mouths of half a million refugees, — but the apologies were made to the Council of Ambassadors rather than to Italy. To the man in the street this hardly impaired the victory of Mussolini. Mussolini, however, undoubtedly learned something. Italian supremacy in the Mediterranean is not to be established by a naval coup in a moment of discord.

And if the League did not teach him this lesson, it did teach him another. Perhaps the most significant thing in the whole affair was the formation overnight of a powerful bloc of the little nations, impotent individually but powerful in combination, who saw in the attack upon Greece a menace to their own safety. Had not the Assembly been prudently adjourned by pressure from above, action would undoubtedly have been taken which would have made it impossible to sidestep an issue that simply had to be sidestepped. That a man of Mussolini's known sagacity should be insensible to this new danger, is hardly thinkable. The League had disclosed a new and profoundly significant possibility of service as an organ for the focusing and expression of world opinion. I venture the opinion that its future usefulness will be very largely in this connection.

But the League did not and could not coerce. Every nation in the world was on its side, but it issued no mandate for the ejection of Italy from Corfu and called for no economic boycott. Though directly appealed to by one of the parties and straining at the leash in its eagerness to intervene, it did not summon Italy before the bar of justice, did not even take official cognizance of the case. It dared not, could not. This does not mean that it did not considerably influence the result in this case, still more, perhaps, in future cases.

The League has influence, but not authority.

The conflict between Mussolini and the League is a conflict between two fundamental attitudes toward the world order. The League conception is that the world order, as regards the nations, is static. The nations are finalities. They are to stay at home, avoid trespass, and maintain neigh-

borly relations. Disputes are to be settled by mutual concession, by arbitration, or if necessary by superstate authority.

Such is the reasoning of the theorists.

Mussolini and his like regard the world order as still dynamic. The nations are not finalities. The forces of aggression and absorption are perilously active, and the nation that assumes a passive attitude is doomed. Conditions of the great competition change, but not the competition.

Such is the instinct of the peoples.

The much decried 'national honor,' which seems to stand for anything and everything and which can be invoked in every controversy, is nothing but an honorific term for this instinct. It is the spontaneous reaction against a national menace, real or fancied — a reaction indispensable to the active rôle of nations in a dynamic world-order. Assuming that the world is still dynamic, that present national adjustments are not final, and that national self-assertion still has its place in the process, Mussolini is perfectly right in his assertion that cases involving national honor cannot be submitted to alien jurisdiction or to reasoned settlement of any kind. Instinct must have its way.

It is no part of my purpose to argue this question. It suffices to say that the conflict is there. The impulse of self-assertion holds mankind in the powerful grasp of age-long instinct, keeping that world dynamic but sorely troubled. Upon this world in flux — and pretty obviously in transition — we are asked to impose immediate status through the instrumentality of a League exercising authority and backed by force.

It cannot be done. The transition must be gradual and must be effected by the slow and vital process of growth. If Mussolini has had his lesson, the

League has had one too. The League has found an unexpectedly large field of usefulness in what we may call international administration. It is the liaison officer among the nations. It has shown its capacity in the settlement of disputes between friendly or deadlocked and despairing contestants. It has proved itself startlingly efficient in the crystallization and expression of world opinion. In all this it has proved itself immensely and incalculably worth while. But it cannot coerce.

Will it ever be able to do so? Will it every try? I do not think so; certainly not if the present sagacity of its personnel continues. If we should have another Corfu case with another Mussolini, the League would be less tempted than before to assert a challenged authority. The precedent now established will be followed and reënforced by all subsequent action. If not, then the League will court defeat and will pay for its mistake with its life.

On the other hand, I believe Mussolini would be more cautious than before in braving the League with its dread scourge of public opinion. The League would exercise more influence than before. The student of American history will recall that our Supreme Court once had its decisions flouted by the Executive. It attempted no armed enforcement, invoked no economic blockade. It could rely only upon the reasonableness and justice of its opinion. That has proved sufficient, has succeeded where all else would have failed. Who flouts its decisions now?

What can and should America do about the League as it is to-day? Three courses are open:—

1. We can enter without reservations.
 2. We can enter with reservations.
 3. We can coöperate without entering.
- In the outcome, these differ from one

another as tweedledum from tweedledee. If we enter without reservations, we shall never hear of Article X or of the economic boycott. There is about as much danger that those dead provisions will rise up and plague us as there is that the Electoral College will refuse to elect our chosen candidate president, or that the King of England will veto a bill from the Commons. Political and religious institutions, like living organisms, have atrophied organs which it is safer to tolerate than to remove. A crusade against Article X to-day is a tilt against windmills.

To join with reservations would have the advantage of verbal consistency — an advantage variously appraised. It is relevant to add that the consistency which is of moral concern and relates to the integrity of character is not verbal, and it is not so clear that it is here at stake. But as the League is still young, and as the present members are probably not irrevocably committed to the verbal covenant, perhaps the elimination of the dead clauses in the interest of apparent consistency would be worth the trouble it would cost. But as far as the actual work of the League is concerned and our part in it, the reservations would not make one hair white or black.

Coöperation without entering the League would work out much the same. If we roll up our sleeves and pitch in, they are n't going to ask us for our union card. It would not be so handsome a way of acknowledging our obligation, and it is conceivable that in some emergency it might have its disadvantages. But it is our presence rather than our technical status which is of concern. I am willing to draw cuts for the choice.

But I am not willing any longer to have our people, the richest and most powerful in the world, shirk their fair share of the world's common burden. The world is sicker than we thought; recovery is slower and more doubtful than we thought; the danger that the acute may become chronic is greater than we thought. It is all very well to say that we can do our part better independently than in coöperation; suspicion deepens that we are not doing it better, that we are not doing it at all. Certainly a vast amount of work is being done which is of concern to us and of use to all, in which we have no part and to which we make no contribution. I am a bit ashamed that we cannot send our magnificent Dawes at the call of Europe, without disclaiming national responsibility for his action. I am incensed that we refuse to enter a World Court which American genius has planned and to which we are pledged by a unanimity of political pronouncement, simply because it involves momentary coöperation with the League of Nations in the choice of its personnel. Such picayunish scruples simply bring us into derision. Sensitive indeed to political contagion must be the American nation if it is imperiled by such a contact.

We have reached the parting of the ways. We have wisely hesitated until the League proved itself a sane and practical rather than a chimerical enterprise. To remain longer aloof is neither the manly nor the prudent part. Enthusiasms have sobered, rancors have subsided, and the chief source of irritation has been removed. Earlier appraisals are obsolete. It is time for a new inventory of realities and a new programme of action.

BRITISH LABOR AND FRENCH ELECTIONS

CAN THE ENTENTE BE RESTORED?

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

PERHAPS the most important question for Europe and, indeed, for the world, is whether France and England can agree. That is what everybody is asking, and after the work of the Committees of Experts it is wondered whether the 'eternal problem' of Reparations can be solved. Certainly Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, on taking up office, immediately abandoned the system of pin-pricks that had been practised by Lord Curzon, who had shown for some months his irritation with M. Poincaré, and, instead of applying his mind to the real difficulties that existed between France and England, had indulged in the petty game of scoring points. Mr. Baldwin was a vacillating Prime Minister, and before Mr. Baldwin came Mr. Bonar Law, a sick and a dying man, of pessimistic temperament, who did not even try to prevent the French from marching into the Ruhr. As for Mr. Lloyd George, he had, to use a common phrase, shown himself to be too clever by half, and was no longer trusted on the Continent.

The frankness, the sincerity, and the obvious friendliness of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Labor Prime Minister of England, surprised the French. A new and better atmosphere was immediately created; but after the first exchange of greetings, after the protestations on both sides that there was every desire to restore the Entente Cordiale, the real problems stood up as starkly

as ever. Would France modify her attitude? Did she really mean to stay in the Ruhr? Was it her fixed intention to crush Germany finally, or did she not rather see the need of giving a new turn to her policy? Was not the Ruhr occupation shown to be as disastrous for France as for Germany, a bankrupt enterprise, tending to produce bankruptcy in all the countries concerned? The franc had fallen lower than ever, and in a panic M. Poincaré tried to push through Parliament, on the very eve of the French elections which were to be held in May, a Bill which would have the effect of increasing taxation by twenty per cent — a most unpopular measure, which perhaps was equivalent to the suicide of the *Bloc National*. The Bill was taken to be a confession that it was France who was to pay after all and not Germany as had been promised.

The position, therefore, — and it is well worth studying, — is that a Labor Government had for the first time taken office in England, while elections which would produce a swing to the Left — in the opinion of nearly all the observers — were being prepared in France.

Rarely has an election caused so much excitement as this French election. The rush of inscriptions on the electoral lists was a sufficient indication. Everything in France for a long time has been dominated by these elections, and it was felt that France could not

change her methods until a new Parliament had been returned. Now, had M. Herriot and M. Painlevé and other Radical chiefs frankly denounced the occupation of the Ruhr when it was proposed by M. Poincaré, they would have suffered some months of intense unpopularity but they would now undoubtedly be masters of the situation. France is tired of the Ruhr expedition but, unfortunately, no responsible statesman had from the beginning opposed the expedition. Not until a year had passed were there signs that the Radical Party—or to use the more comprehensive expression, the *Bloc des Gauches*—had made up its mind to separate itself from the Poincaré policy. The Radical leaders were not prepared to take risks. They temporized: they were mere opportunists. While the Ruhr operation was popular they were for the Ruhr operation; when it began to become unpopular, they very mildly and doubtfully criticized the Ruhr operation.

Even now the chief effort of the *Bloc des Gauches* is to avoid the patriotic issue. They do not wish to be manoeuvred into such a position that they can be called anti-patriots. There is no chord which is so readily stirred in France as the patriotic chord. Therefore, the *Bloc des Gauches* prefers to fight the *Bloc National* on internal affairs—the financial muddle, the high cost of living, the revival of clericalism, and so forth. The most formidable factors in the election—if they have their way—will be the menace of higher taxation, the fall of the franc, and the rising cost of food. These are domestic issues in more than one sense and it is upon them that the *Bloc National* will go down in the dust, if indeed it goes down.

The question arose whether Mr. Ramsay MacDonald should come to grips with the French Government. In

France itself there were many voices which counseled delay. The leaders of the *Bloc des Gauches* pointed out to me the perilous position in which British pressure might place them. They felt that if the British Labor Government asked too much, there would be a final patriotic rally in France which would benefit the *Bloc National* and damage the *Bloc des Gauches* at the elections. They advised some marking of time: they foresaw a party in power in France, after May, not dissimilar to the party in power in England. It was then that an agreement could be reached; but if in the meantime there were acute quarrels between France and England, the parties of the Left in France would be greatly injured. The Labor Government should then proceed cautiously, wisely, and amicably.

That France will eventually change her policy, even the most ardent upholders of M. Poincaré believe to be inevitable. It is not a matter of the personality of M. Poincaré: it is the impossibility for the existing Parliament to stultify itself by any radical alteration of its attitude. Even were the *Bloc des Gauches* to fail at the polls, even though M. Poincaré remained in power, M. Poincaré and the new Parliament would be able to do after the elections what they were totally unable to do before the elections. The elections will be a renovation. M. Poincaré and the French Parliament have been the prisoners of their own propaganda. The elections will knock off the shackles.

I

Only to a small degree have the quarrels between the two Channel countries been fictitious, though they have been exaggerated by an unnecessary spirit of rivalry and by the political jealousy

that sprang up between them. In the early days of the peacemaking, Mr. Lloyd George, on his triumphal tour from casino to casino and from capital to capital in Europe, undoubtedly got the better of the French Ministers whom he met. It was his policy which was always successful. He seemed to be the arbiter of Europe. France watched this with growing dismay. She felt herself to be sinking to the position of a second-rate Power. It was her effort to throw off what she regarded as the British yoke which explains much that has happened during the past two years.

Mr. Lloyd George owed his strength to the fact that with the virtual disappearance of Mr. Wilson and M. Clemenceau he stood alone of those who had taken a conspicuous part in the war and in the Paris Peace Conference. His prestige became enormous. As the solitary remaining figure he had advantages which the newer French Ministers did not possess. He over-weighted them, and with his natural nimbleness of mind he obtained his way in practically every encounter. It was not surprising that in these circumstances France called loudly for a man who was big enough to say 'No' to Mr. Lloyd George. M. Poincaré, who for seven years had been the President of the French Republic, was obviously that man, and with the coming of M. Poincaré to power France reasserted herself, and directed her policy, not only toward the recovery of her credits upon Germany but toward placing herself in the position of the predominant nation on the Continent.

Still, on the specific question of Reparations there were excellent reasons why British policy should differ from that of France. After the first distribution of German assets, England was not particularly interested in Reparations — at any rate, not so deeply in-

terested as France. It was better in some respects for England that the German debt should be wiped out; for England the essential thing was not the prolongation of the struggle to extract a little more or a little less money from Germany, but the restoration of normal conditions on the Continent, in order that bigger markets might be created for her own goods. It is a matter of life or death for England to manufacture, to transport, and to sell.

The confusion which followed the war meant the extinction of many markets. The British believed that, if only Europe would settle down, trade would become normal again. England had her problem of unemployment. The devastated regions of England, it has been well said, are her ruined industries. England has paid in doles to the unemployed, and in less direct fashion on account of unemployment, a sum which is calculated by the best authorities at no less than £400,000,000.

Few people understand what this has meant to England. France often reminds us that she has spent large sums on the repair of the North, but we are seldom reminded that England, in addition to the other burdens that she has voluntarily taken upon her shoulders for the sake of keeping her credit, — burdens which France has felt unable to shoulder, — has paid enormous amounts for the relief of unemployment since the great post-war depression began. Moreover, it will be observed that while France, in providing money for the restoration of the North, is, so to speak, sinking her capital in a great enterprise which will repay her tenfold, England has merely flung away these sums of money and has received no equivalent value in return. A certain proportion was spent in respect of works, but the far more important item in the nation's outlay on unemployment was the expenditure by the

poor-law authorities on out-relief, the cost of which falls upon the ratepayers. There was, further, the distribution of the unemployed-insurance fund, the so-called dole-fund.

It is possible to criticize the method of dealing with a tremendous problem, but the fact remains that unemployment in England came to be the question that more than any other — much more than that of Reparations — was uppermost in the British mind.

France was in a very different situation. France was persuaded that Reparations could be obtained on the largest scale, whereas England was chiefly desirous of that peace which she supposed would spell prosperity. The essential difference is, that, whereas France has financial difficulties, England has economic difficulties. France is prosperous in the economic sense as never before. Her industries are flourishing and indeed she is obliged to import foreign labor. There is no unemployment — there is instead industrial Malthusianism. In a certain sense France must now be the richest country in Europe. She is developing her colonies; she is improving her industrial equipment; and, indeed, a remarkable report which was prepared some time ago showed that the French heavy industries are now for the first time based upon the old German system, various enterprises being connected on what in the jargon of the economists are called the vertical and the horizontal lines.

One curious result of the war is that agricultural countries are being transformed into industrial countries. France remains, of course, largely agricultural but she is much more industrial than before; and, with the addition of the Lorraine iron and the agreements which the French ironmasters will sooner or later make with the German coal and iron magnates, will become in the

commercial sense by far the most formidable rival of Great Britain. But while England suffers industrially and France flourishes, England has placed herself on a sound financial basis and France has allowed her finances — owing to her disappointed expectations of Germany — to fall into the most hopeless mess.

France spent and borrowed freely during the war, and believing that Germany would pay the whole of the damages, considered it proper to institute a second budget of 'recoverable expenditure,' which was balanced only with hopes. It was a foolish policy which was bound in the long run to injure French credit. England pursued the opposite course. It may be that England went to the other extreme and tried to recover her former financial position too quickly. During the war she paid a larger proportion of her war-costs out of her revenue than any other belligerent, and she put all the so-called recoverable expenditure into the ordinary budget. For the past three years England has balanced her budget entirely out of current income without borrowing of any kind. This has been a great strain upon the British people, who pay in direct taxation — that is to say, in income tax — nearly twenty-five per cent even on the comparatively low incomes, while on the large incomes a steep supertax is imposed.

Probably no people has ever been so heavily hit by direct taxation. There is no escape. False returns are detected immediately. The machinery of collection is highly efficient; punishment for attempts at evasion are severe. It is perhaps not realized in America that most Englishmen work three months out of the twelve in order to pay the State.

There is not the smallest necessity to praise England or to blame France for the methods which were adopted. I

merely wish to make it clear that the two peoples took diverging paths in accordance with their respective mentalities, and that they were therefore bound to take up opposed attitudes on Reparations. The British were never really under any illusions about Reparations; the French were. The British never failed to be practical and to make the necessary sacrifices while awaiting the possible future payments by Germany: the French relied upon the promises of the Versailles Treaty. The British depended upon themselves; the French depended upon Germany. It would be utterly wrong to scold or criticize the French for their credulity. They had not the same sense of realities as the Anglo-Saxon peoples; they had a keener sense of ideal justice; they had a sounder logic — and there is nothing which leads individuals and peoples so far astray as sheer logic in human affairs.

It is natural that while the French were suffering under a sense of their special grievances, they should have remained in almost complete ignorance of the genuine grievances of the British people. Lately efforts have been made to impress the truth upon the French: to teach them that England, too, is in a difficult situation and has not opposed France for the sake of opposing her. Nothing is harder than for one people to understand the point of view of another people, and it came about that while the British were laboring under their self-shouldered debts and at the same time were painfully aware of the commercial chaos, they blamed France for French unreasonableness which was perpetuating the upheaval of the Continent; and the French, smarting under their disappointment, watching helplessly their currency depreciate and their budget remain unbalanced, bitterly reproached the British for deserting them in their struggle for Reparations.

II

There is no prejudice or hostility on the part of England to France and no prejudice or hostility on the part of France to England except such as has arisen out of the circumstances. The British were convinced that the cause of the trouble lay in the French demands on Germany, which prolonged the strife and misery of Europe; the French believed that if they were not paid, it was because England was egotistic and had disloyally abandoned France.

On the one hand there was a people which proudly determined to tax itself to maintain its credits without asking for outside help, and at the same time found its markets closed. On the other hand there was a people which did not adequately tax itself, because it had been taught that it would obtain compensation from another nation which was responsible for all the damage that had been done. Neither France nor England has ever really appreciated the facts about each other, and nothing is more pitiful than the recriminations which have been indulged in and the angry words that have been flung across the narrow Channel. How is it possible to give nations imaginations which will traverse their frontiers? Before France and England can truly be friends again, they must understand why one country laid stress on the necessity of making Germany pay, while the other country laid stress on the necessity of pacifying Europe.

Nothing has been so striking in England during the past year or two as the unanimity of the 'sixpenny weeklies.' The sixpenny weeklies are an institution in England. There is the *Spectator*, which is Conservative; the *Nation*, which is Liberal; the *New Statesman*, which I think may not improperly be described as Socialist, although its Socialism is of the intellectual kind. I

name these three weekly reviews, but there are others. Now all of them, without exception,—Conservative, Liberal, Socialist,—arrive at precisely the same conclusions. That has been to me the most important symptom in British public life. Never before do I remember such agreement. Indeed, I think it must now be quite understood in France that whether a Liberal, a Conservative, or a Labor Prime Minister is in power in England,—and we have seen all three within the space of eighteen months,—their thesis is, broadly speaking, the same. They have different methods of expressing themselves. One has observed that the tone of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is not the tone of Mr. Lloyd George, while the tone of Lord Curzon as Foreign Minister was wonderfully unique. It does not follow that they arrive at the same conclusions by the same route. I am, in fact, inclined to declare that their agreement is partly accidental.

It is impossible that three great parties, which start from vastly varying principles, can think fundamentally alike. Doubtless it is true, for example, that the Conservative Party is to some extent, consciously or unconsciously, animated by the tradition of preserving the balance of power in Europe. The hegemony of France, which is threatened after the hegemony of Germany, can only be displeasing to the Conservatives. They see that if France were really to obtain permanent mastery of the Ruhr, were to maintain a stranglehold on Germany, were to marry the iron ore of Lorraine with the coal and coke of Westphalia, that France would not only be in a military sense the predominant nation of Europe but would in a commercial sense be in a position to rule the roost.

I deprecate, however, any belief that these considerations have governed

British policy to the degree that is often represented. England would have welcomed, for the sake of peace and for the sake of the prosperity which—rightly or wrongly—she expects to result from peace, an understanding between France and Germany.

But, at any rate, the Labor Party is not concerned with such questions as the nice equilibrium of power in Europe. The Labor Party believes, if not in the League of Nations as at present constituted, at least in the ideal of a league of nations. It does not believe in the necessity of dividing Europe into two armed camps. That way war lies. It believes rather in aiming at a sort of United States of Europe. If in private life a *ménage à trois* is difficult, in the international domain there seems to be no reason why three countries—the three countries of Europe upon which war or peace depends, France, England, and Germany—should not live in friendship side by side.

The Labor Party deprecates any transference of hatreds. If there was in England a wave of hatred for Germany during the war, and if that wave has passed, there is no good reason why it should now break upon the shores of France. A diplomacy which is governed and inspired by enmity is foolish. There are in the present British Government men who during the war were accused of being pacifists—as though we are not all, in the true sense of the word, pacifists. Their attitude may in the circumstances have been wrong, but it would be utterly illogical for the man who during the war proclaimed his pacifism to become an open enemy of another country after the war. If his pacifism comes from a peculiar religious source, he cannot be at once friendly toward Germany and unfriendly toward France. That is a mere perversion of sentiment. The truth is that those men in the Labor Party who

were truly pacifists during the war are the men who are now, more than any other men in England, in the Conservative or the Labor Party, opposed to the unpleasant feelings which have at times manifested themselves in England against France.

Therefore France had not the smallest reason to be alarmed at the advent of a Labor Party in England. Even though the programme of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is perhaps more extreme than the programme of Lord Curzon, it was received with less animosity as it was put forward with less animosity. There will be no mischievous dialectics; there will be only honest differences of opinion, and there will be the most tactful attempt to discuss the problems which are pending between France and England in a spirit of conciliation, of give and take.

III

Perhaps it is necessary to remove the impression that there is anything revolutionary in the Labor Government. In England it has been criticized by the Liberal Party on the ground that it contains rather more Lords than does the average Conservative Government, and certainly contains more members of what might be called the ruling families in England — that is to say, the families which from generation to generation, through their aristocratic origins, have a kind of primordial claim to wield effective power.

It is not the British method to tear up the constitution but gradually to adapt the constitution to the new needs of the day. There should be no foolish attempt, whether Labor or Liberalism is in the ascendant, to force conclusions too quickly.

In British diplomatic circles it is believed that M. Poincaré in the occupation of the Ruhr intended to put pressure, not only on Germany, but on

England. I will state quite frankly that I trace some of our present troubles to the unfortunate Balfour Note, which declined to cancel Interallied debts, and to the practical outcome of that Note, which was the settlement which Mr. Baldwin effected with America. England is now obliged to pay America a sum which represents nimpence in the pound on the income of every man in England. The result is, first, that England is more or less obliged to demand payment of her debts from France, and that France in her turn is bound to demand payment from Germany. It is also obvious that America has tied her hands in giving certain terms to England. She can hardly give other terms to another of the Allies, that is to say, France. I regard this step as particularly unhappy. But I believe that in spite of it there will be a growing desire in England to arrive at a reasonable adjustment of Allied debts. Mr. MacDonald, I am convinced, will wish to treat Reparations and Allied debts together. The settlement must be a general settlement.

Let me put quite plainly what I understand to be the view of influential men in England. England does not wish to buy France out of the Ruhr. She does not mean to offer an immense sum as a bribe. She believes that the occupation of the Ruhr is illegal and her definite statement on this point is perhaps the central factor in European policy. Nevertheless, she is or will be, as I understand, prepared to remit the French debt on terms which are not unfavorable. England cannot at the same time abandon her claims against France and against Germany. But assume that Germany's total debt were fixed at 40 milliard gold marks, there is every reason to suppose that Germany could pay such a sum if she were helped. A moratorium seems to be necessary and assistance seems to be necessary.

There must be international supervision and there must be an international loan.

Out of these 40 milliards, France would receive — say, roughly, 22 milliards. England must receive somewhere about 10 milliards, which, although not sufficient to pay America, yet will furnish the relief of which England is so greatly in need. It may well be that, after a short moratorium, Germany can pay 2 milliard gold marks a year, and if England receives sufficient from this source to enable her to meet her obligations, she has not the smallest desire to press France for payment. England, in short, wants nothing except some portion of the sums she is to pay to America, and is prepared to drop her claims on France.

Surely this is a businesslike proposition, and with the guaranties of a commercial character which might be given in such a settlement, it would be unnecessary for France, in the view of the British, to hold on to the Ruhr, especially as the holding of the Ruhr may make loans impossible and will certainly reduce the capacity of Germany to pay.

It is true that we are leaving America out of account. But there is reason to believe that were such a settlement effected, America would not come in to complicate and upset the arrangements by pressing her demands.

Now, it is necessary to say that the alternative to some such arrangement — for I do not wish to pin myself to any particular figures — is that England will sooner or later ask France to begin to pay the interest on her debt to England: that, indeed, the debt shall be funded. Were such a demand made definitely, France could not refuse. Refusal in the circumstances would mean repudiation, and repudiation would mean the collapse of French credit. There would be no Reparations from Germany except such trifling

amounts as can be obtained directly from the Ruhr, and France would undoubtedly in the long run be faced with the prospect of ruin.

I am convinced that it is on such lines that France and England will eventually agree. After all, France will obtain the greater part of what she asks.

IV

But there remains the question of security. For me, there is only one way in which France can obtain security. It is not by exchanging the Allies of the war, England, America, Italy, Russia, for a number of small and in some cases inefficient States, — for which, however, I have the greatest respect, — nor is it by keeping in perpetuity an army in the Rhineland or even in the Ruhr. Sooner or later, in these conditions, Germany will recover and Germany will fight. I understand the German calculation is that when that day comes, the struggle will be confined to France and Germany. There is obviously little prospect of America coming in again, while England, if the present strained relations continue, will inevitably turn her back on the Continent. Poland, treaty or no treaty, will hardly dare to move with Russia waiting to seize her opportunity. And as for Rumania and Czechoslovakia, everybody who knows the conditions must be aware that they would be running grave risks were they to intervene.

Where, then, does security lie? It lies, first, in the commercialization of the German debt and in the restoration of tolerable relations. It lies, next, in the establishment of the League of Nations on a sounder footing, with Germany included in the comity of nations. It lies, thirdly, in the permanent disarmament of the Rhineland and in the establishment of a League of Nations police army on the Rhine, a

police army which would be small and, if you please, ineffective so far as force is concerned, but which would nevertheless carry the flags of all the nations, who would thus be directly attacked were Germany to become once more aggressive. It should be the business of France and of England and of Germany to make the League so powerful that warfare would become impossible. There should be — as my friend, M. Léon Bourgeois, one of the greatest of French statesmen, long ago demanded — an international headquarters staff whose duty it would be perpetually to study the situation and to give warning whenever any danger-spot in Europe is about to break into flames. It would then be for the whole of the nations which compose the League to come up with their fire engines and their hose-pipes and extinguish the conflagration. Surely, France and England can work together to this end!

When France and England are again friends, the greatest step forward will have been taken in the settlement of Europe. Business has been retarded by the disagreeable sentiments which developed between the two countries that must be the pillars of the Continent for many years to come. It does not much matter whether France or England is right. What does matter is that while they are pulling in opposite directions there can be no reconstruction.

It is possible — though not probable — that even before this article is published the Labor Party will have gone out of power. In that case, it will in all likelihood have been succeeded by the Liberal Party, and the Liberal Party will have profited by the better spirit that has been developed by the Labor Party. After the unwise tactics of last year, England has surely learned the lesson that the French people will not change their purpose because of threats or denunciations. Nothing, indeed,

could have supported M. Poincaré so much as the opposition of Lord Curzon. To range the whole world against France will not mend matters, because as anybody who has the slightest sense of the psychology of the French knows, they merely harden their hearts if an attempt is made to command them. France is far more responsive to cordiality than to coercion.

While the American experts with their colleagues were searching for practical solutions, and while the British Government was seeking to get on better terms with France, in France there was growing up a clearer understanding that mere constraint, especially when that constraint was applied by France alone, would not produce fruitful results. There was a trend toward the Left; and the Governments of the two countries were approaching each other and trying to find a common ground. Nevertheless, it must not be supposed that the parties of the Left are prepared to sacrifice essential French interests. They cannot permit Germany to escape any more than the parties of the Right could release their grip. They must have regard to the financial needs of France, and these financial needs are real.

But the outlook is more hopeful because the Left favors international solutions and does not believe that a nation acting alone can accomplish anything in a world in which we are all interdependent. Unless something happens to upset all these calculations, I therefore feel one may confidently predict that the advent of the Labor Party in England and the changes which must be wrought by the elections in France will bring about a completely changed situation. Before the end of this year European harmony should be restored, and Europe, realizing its solidarity, should be able to invite America to coöperate fully in the reconstruction of the world.

THE POPE AND THE CALIPH

BY N. V. TCHARYKOW

SINCE Turkey has become a republic and the Caliph has been deprived in it of all political power, the Mohammedan world, with its two hundred million believers spread all over our globe, is passing through a crisis not unlike the one which arose in Roman Catholic countries and consciences when the sovereign Pope of Rome was suddenly reduced to the status of 'the prisoner of the Vatican,' Rome having been taken and occupied by the troops of the King of Italy.

From a diplomatic and international point of view, both series of events are highly interesting and are of present importance, and as the precedent of the Pope has been recently mentioned in connection with the question of the Caliph, it may be seasonable to examine briefly in what the two cases are similar and in what they differ.

I

THE POPE AND THE ROYAL ITALIAN GOVERNMENT

As the Turkish Nationalists of to-day so did the Nationalist Italian Government of fifty years ago strive for the national unity of Italy and for her final independence of foreign supremacy and intervention. With admirable military perseverance and with extraordinary diplomatic ability, Italian revolutionaries and statesmen, led by Garibaldi and Cavour, fought and negotiated till at last Italy ceased to be a mere 'geographical expression' and became, in 1871, an ethnographically and nationally unified kingdom, with Rome for its capital.

But in Rome the royal Government had to confront a Power higher and older and mightier than even that of the united Italian nation — the power and authority of the Pope, the Supreme Pontiff of the Roman Catholic world.

The Italian Government, being itself Roman Catholic, had neither the

intention nor the wish to suppress that Power, nor to question its religious authority, and was, besides, bound to abstain from doing so in view of those other numerous and influential lands and peoples for whom the Pope remained the supreme unifying principle of their religion and arbiter of their conscience. Consequently, having extended the territorial sovereignty of Italy to all the former Pontifical 'States of the Church' and to the city of Rome, the royal Government proceeded without delay to plan a compromise, reconciling the political requirements of the Italian State with the essential needs of the Church. That difficult attempt took the form of the well-known Italian 'Law of guaranties' of 1871. This law decrees that 'the person of the Supreme Pontiff is sacred and inviolable'; it recognizes his rights and privileges as a sovereign; allots for his

maintenance and that of the cardinals and others, yearly, 3,250,000 lire; and declares that the jurisdiction of the State does not extend to the Vatican or certain other palaces and domains reserved for his use. Thus the territorial unity of the Italian Kingdom was achieved and the temporal power of the Pope taken from him except in a few restricted localities excluded from the jurisdiction of the Italian state; but at the same time the Pope was allowed to retain personally his sovereign rights and privileges, such as having an armed guard and receiving and sending diplomatic representatives. A satisfactory civil list at the expense of the Italian State was even allotted to his Court. In this way the Government, which was considered by the Church as irreligious and revolutionary, tried to put in practice its new doctrine of 'a free Church in a free State.'

If, however, the royal Government thought that the Holy See would accept at once and on principle this unilateral Act regulating the status of the Pope it was greatly mistaken. Pius IX opposed to it his categorical *non possumus*, excommunicated the King, and shut himself up in the Vatican as a prisoner, with his own sentinels stationed inside its gates and royal sentinels outside. If the Pope were to drive out of the gates, the royal sentinel would present arms to him as to a sovereign, and it is precisely to avoid these damaging honors that the Pope has as yet never left the Vatican; for by accepting them he would have recognized the legality of the royal army's presence in a city which he still considers as his own.

Pope Leo XIII, who had been nuncio in Brussels, and a very active archbishop in Perugia, suffered greatly — as I saw — from this seclusion, especially in the hot summer months, but he left the Vatican only when he was carried to his burial place.

This seclusion of the Pope in the Vatican became thus a matter of principle. And as I have personally observed, the Holy See never makes and never can make concessions in a matter of doctrine or of principle. In negotiating with the Pontifical Government, the method needed is exactly the opposite of that employed in a mathematical demonstration: in the latter you state a principle and arrive at the desired conclusion by a series of logical propositions; in a diplomatic negotiation with Rome you must treat only of the practical point in question, but never appeal to or mention a principle. In matters of expediency the Holy See is most amenable and conciliatory, but no point of principle can even be discussed. Rather than make a concession of this kind the Holy See prefers to suffer and wait, knowing that the Church can afford to be patient, being eternal — *patiens quia æterna*.

This is the psychological reason why fifty and more years have not sufficed to bring the Pope to accept the Law of Guaranties and the loss of his temporal States. The political reason is the following one, as enunciated by Leo XIII himself in a pastoral letter of 1860, before his elevation to the Pontifical throne: Temporal power is necessary to the Pope because it assures his spiritual independence and makes all the faithful of the world trust that his decisions 'proceed freely from his lips and are neither dictated by anybody's influence nor forced by anybody's violence.'

Time, practice, and the loyal statesmanship of the royal Government have done much to dispel the fears, which were theoretically well founded. All the Pontifical elections held in Rome since its occupation have been perfectly free, as have been all oral and printed utterances of the Popes, even on temporal and political questions

such as Labor, Christian Socialism, and even the Great War. Nor has any hindrance been placed on the diplomatic relations of the Holy See with all the nations of the world.

In one respect only has the Italian Government been intractable. I duly delivered to the Pope the Tsar's invitation to the First Hague Peace Conference of 1899. But when the Italian Cabinet declared that if the Pope was represented at that Conference it would refuse to take part in it, — and consequently wreck that admirable world-undertaking, — the Pope had to abstain. The same happened with the Second Hague Conference of 1907. For the Law of Guaranties remained still unaccepted by the Pope; the Emperor of Russia still addressed him

officially as *Pape souverain*, — Sovereign Pope, — and politically the Pope would have had at the Conference the same status as the King of Italy — which the latter would not admit.

Nevertheless, the Pontifical *non possumus* — we cannot — changed gradually to *non oportet*, — it is inexpedient, — and now Italian Roman Catholics are allowed by their spiritual leaders to take part in parliamentary elections, and have formed an important party in the Parliament of United Italy. If this party comes to an agreement with Signor Mussolini's Fascisti, a new era of productive legislation and economic progress may begin in Italy, thanks to the method of conciliation followed both by the Holy See and by the Royal Italian Government.

THE CALIPH AND THE TURKISH REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT

While the Italian Law of Guaranties dates from 1871, the Turkish law separating Church and State, suppressing the Sultanate and depriving the Caliph of all political powers, dates only from November 1, 1922. And the Republic was proclaimed in Turkey even a year later. Thus we are witnessing in the Mohammedan world the beginning of a crisis, the counterpart of which among Roman Catholics has already matured and seems about to reach a peaceful and satisfactory end.

The diplomatic side of both events is much the same: foreign Powers abstain from meddling with them, although in Turkey the crisis took place during the Allied occupation of Constantinople, and the Republic was proclaimed immediately after the evacuation. No one had hindered the Young Turks in 1908 from experimenting with a con-

stitutional monarchy, nor has any foreign Power objected now to Nationalist Turkey becoming a republic. Besides, no foreign Government has been appealed to by any Islamic faction; and after the last Sultan-Caliph, Mehmed VI, had fled abroad, his heir apparent, Abdul Medjid, was freely elected to the Caliphate under the new law, which he officially accepted.

The present difficulty for Turkey arises not from any foreign official opposition nor from the Caliph himself, but from Islamic opinion, which is as yet divided upon the fundamental question whether the present Caliph's deprivation of all political rights and power can be countenanced by the Mohammedan religion.

The situation is complicated by a generous admixture of habitual Turkish personal rivalries and intrigues, of old

national rivalries as between Turks and Arabs, and by the suspicion that — in the question of the Caliphate — obscure British influences are at work in connection with the attitude toward that question of various groups of the Moslems of India. There, as in Turkey, the Conservative Mohammedans disapprove of the separation of Church and State, and the Progressive groups enthusiastically welcome it, as has done lately the Indian Caliphate Committee. Others think that 'if Islam is to maintain its place in the world as a great moral force, the Caliph's position and dignity should not, in any event, be less than that of the Pontiff of the Church of Rome.'¹ And others again, also hailing from India, think that the 'Vaticanization' of the Commander of the Faithful would be repugnant to Moslem sentiment. These even suggest that Mustapha Kemal Pasha should 'assume the Caliphate as President of the Turkish Republic.'

For a non-Moslem it is not easy to account for these differences and for the insistence with which Mustapha Kemal Pasha and his adherents pursue the policy of separation. There is, however, one imperative reason for this policy, as far as I can understand after long years of diplomatic, social, and administrative acquaintance with Mohammedan life.

¹ See the letter of Aga Khan and Ameer Ali to Ismet Pasha, Prime Minister of Turkey, printed in the London *Times* December 14, 1923.

As long as Turkey remained a theocracy, the Sultan-Caliph was unable to enact or sanction any law which could be suspected of Islamic unorthodoxy. And here lies the fundamental reason for the unsuccess of the reforms introduced by several sultans in their Empire in the nineteenth century. For the Coranic law or 'Shariyyet' is a labyrinthic mediæval fabric, hardly at all adaptable to the requirements of a twentieth-century State.

But since Turkey has become a republic and the totality of the sovereign rights in it are vested in the nation and its representatives, the Turkish Grand National Assembly, this source of legislative and administrative power is freed from all those obligations which are incumbent on a Caliph. It can, consequently, leave the latter to care for all that regards religion, and occupy itself in entire liberty with the political, civil, and economic interests of the country, if necessary, following Western examples without fear, and searching only for what is the most practical and useful.

When one remembers how impossible it has been found to reform the Shariyyet, one can but rejoice at this way out of a seemingly insuperable difficulty.

This is a new departure in the inner life of Islam, and a courageous attempt to enable Islamic peoples to join in full and on equal terms in the political, civil, and economic progress of modern mankind.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A GUDE CONCEIT

THE Scotsman prays 'O Lord, gi'e us a gude conceit of oorsel's.' A prayer which, as Ian Hay points out, has been 'abundantly well answered.'

It is a conceit that is not like the conceit of the men of other nations — of the men, I say advisedly, for it does not — or does very rarely — touch the women of Scotland, perhaps because there must be someone to do the admiring. Nor yet is it the ordinary conceit of the male. It is a brightening of the eye, an erecting of the head, a puffing out of the chest, a 'Here am I, a Scotsman: scion of the oldest and gr-r-randest race on earth; of the land of swinging kilts, and skirling pipes, and frowning mountain-sides, and gray castles where the Bonnie Prrince has spent a night.' It is the conceit that comes of pride of country for its stirring deeds, its rugged honesty, its romance, — which is good, — and of pride in self as the point on which all these virtues have focused — which is less good.

Here let me hasten to say that no one admires and appreciates the excellent qualities of Scotland and the Scots more than I do, I who am half a Scot myself. I am not casting aspersions on them when I speak of this conceit of theirs. It is more than counterbalanced by their independence, their love of liberty and hatred of 'chains and slavery' that influenced Patrick Henry and James Wilson, and through them our own blow for freedom, far more than counterbalanced by their loyalty. Like Alan Breck — who was also, by the way, one of the most conceited men that ever glorified the pages of a book — they are 'no' so very bonny, but they're 'leal

to them they lo'e.' It reminds one of their own homely, shaggy, faithful Highland terriers. And then their courage! Only before the supernatural do we find the Scot quailing. An old Book of Common Prayer contains this petition in its Litany: —

From ghoulies and ghosties,
And long-leggited beasties,
And things that go *Boomp!* in the night,
Good Lord, deliver us!

It has frequently been remarked that the Scotsman is, to use his own term, 'canny,' to use ours, 'tight.' That, however, is an attack scarcely worth consideration, and easily disposed of. For are not the people in the North of all countries accused of that very same defect? The Galician is the mock of Spain, the Lombard, of Italy, and who in America has the reputation of driving a harder bargain than the New Englander? It is a matter of relative locality.

It has been said that to find a true picture of the character of a people, you must turn to their ballads and their folklore: there you find their natural expression of themselves, produced without self-consciousness or desire for effect. And in the ballads, especially those dealing with the ever alluring theme, love, do we find the Scotsman's conceit most evident.

There is no vulgar truckling to a woman's beauty or sweetness; any Scotsman is the equal — thus far do they condescend to follow the conventions of love-making; what they really mean is the superior — of any woman.

The Laird of Cockpen, the one whose 'mind was ta'en up wi' things of the state,' and who thought that 'favor wi'

wooin' was fashous to seek,' when he went courting 'McClish's ae dochter of Claverse-ha-lea,' was absolutely amazed and dumfounded when the lady, though only 'a penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree,' proved blind to his attractions and worldly advantages, and uncompromisingly — and somewhat curtly, one feels — said 'Na.'

Such a quick and unflattering decision on the part of a lady might well shake the self-confidence of the ordinary man. Not so the Laird of Cockpen.

. . . Nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare; he rade cannily;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the
glen,
'She's daft to refuse the Laird of Cockpen!'

Perhaps such self-assurance is not surprising in a laird, but it persists through all the strata of society, down to one Willie whose father was emphatically 'nae laird,' although, to be just to him, 'he keppit ay a good kail-yard and a ha' house and a pantry.'

'Will ye compare a nasty pack,' protests the upstanding son of this ménage, 'to me, your winsome Willie?'

Furthermore, this sturdy self-respect is present in an entirely unknown gentleman, without lands or position, apparently without even a kail-yard; his only attraction is that he is 'young and stout,' and that, as he himself observes, 'nane dances like me on the green.' (At least, I gather that he has no material wealth or position: none are mentioned; and my experience with Scotsmen, especially Scotsmen a-wooing, tells me that if there had been any of these things, he would certainly have spoken of them.) At all events, this unknown coolly warns his fiancée: —

And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

This readiness to substitute another lady at the slightest indication that the intended lacks the proper spirit of appreciation is frequently seen in the

Scottish lover. Even young Lochinvar, the epitome of the romantic, haughtily reminds fair Ellen's choleric parent that

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its
tide.

Moreover, he declares severely,

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by
far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochin-
var.

One wonders whether, if Ellen had heard this remark somewhat derogatory to her beauty, she would have leaped to the saddle with quite so much alacrity a few minutes later.

But of all the braw young Highlanders who ever went a-courting, decidedly the handsomest and the bonniest was the one Leezie Lindsay was lucky enough to get. He, too, had a gude conceit of himself. Without further introduction, he asks her: —

Will ye gang wi' me, Leezie Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be?

She parries his advance with considerable skill. No one could turn down 'cold' the kilted youth who stood before Leezie; on the other hand every girl is taught to be wary about a 'pick-up' — which this undoubtedly was. She resorted to familiar feminine tactics, refusing without entirely withdrawing hope.

To gang to the Hielands with you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be,
For I ken na the land that you live in,
Na ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

To which he replies with naïve astonishment: —

Oh, Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae ye dinna ken me,
For I am Lord Ronald MacDonald,
A chieftain of high degree.

At this point it is hard to defend the Scots from the charge of canniness,

when we consider with what speed, after hearing this pleasing bit of information:—

She's kilted her skirts of green satin,
She's kilted them up to the knee,
And she's off with Lord Ronald MacDonald,
A chieftain of high degree.

But, after all, Leezie was Sassenach.

I hear somebody saying, 'But these were written several years ago! How unjust to judge the modern Scot by them!' In answer to which I recall the Scotsman's prayer—I am sorry to drag in his prayers so frequently, but then it is one of his principal virtues that he is 'verra releeigious'—

'O Lord, start me right, for thou knowest, Lord, thou canst not change me.'

YOU GET THE PIG

ALL of your life you've wanted a pig; and now that at last you've got a place in the country, you decide to have a pig, no matter at what cost. For in addition to the prospect of a curly-tailed pig that will fraternize with the baby, there is the more material prospect of the pig eating the garbage. And the garbage is always a difficult problem in the burying when the soil is rocky and a ledge of shale awaits the pickaxe everywhere.

All the farmers in the countryside have pigs, until you really settle down to the business of getting one. And then the pigs vanish overnight. This farmer had two, but sold them; another gave his away to a friend; and the third had none at all, and never had any. With dying hopes you visit the last prospect, who is deaf, and bellow at him as he rides unconcernedly down a large field on a tractor which snorts and rocks in its job of turning a green pasture into loamy brown. As the prospect blithely ignores your shouts, you notice in the barnyard an enormous sow, prostrate in the mud, exhausted from eating, and

with a litter of white pigs of the size of large rats. Like rats they run in and out of the barn, and like kittens they tumble over doorsills and frolic about in and out of holes around the barn. Innocence and quaintness!

Desperately you dash down the field after the deaf one, puffing and snorting as much as the tractor, stumbling over the brown clods of earth in the wake of the plough, and shriek at the farmer. Finally, when you're gasping and no longer can run, after a long canter abreast of the tractor, the farmer emits a distinguishable 'H-uuuh?' and stops the engine. In the quiet stillness of the fields you plead nobly for a pig, just *one* pig. Leathery jaws masticating tobacco alone disturb the serenity of his face; and when your argument is finished, exhausting completely your supply of air, he replies laconically, 'Too young; two more weeks'; and moves on, leaving you alone and raging, a sorry figure surrounded by derisive acres.

Verbally you wash your hands of all pigs. The baby has other things to interest him; and the garbage can be burned. But the vision of a young pig, slathering delightedly when you approach to feed him, persists. So when a friend arrives with a box two days later, contentment fills your heart. A hatchet rips the boards from the top of the box, and there stands your pig. He's *yours*; you can do with him what you will (if he lets you do it).

This particular pig is about a foot long, and has, by virtue of the country humor of our friend, a pink-paper rose tied round its neck. Through manipulation the rose rests rakishly on one pink ear. The assembled company look at the pig and murmur how clean and white and cute he looks. The pig surveys them defiantly, with a malevolent gleam in his small red eye.

'How old is she?' asks your wife.

'Two and a half weeks.'

'Is n't that a shame! So innocent, and away from its mother.'

The conversation is interrupted by the pig, who tumbles out of the box, slides through fumbling, outstretched hands, and gallops down the porch.

'Catch him!' shriek all in chorus.

The pig does not wait to be caught, but eludes his pursuers, wriggles under the rail, and drops twenty feet on some rocks. Cries from the women; curses from the men; moans of sympathy from the baby. Expecting to see a dying pig, you look over the rail; but there goes the pig loping off through the grass, and before the hunt is resumed he has disappeared in a large berry-patch. The assemblage scatters to catch the pig. Thick canes from last year bar the way with vicious thorns, you stumble over a root and land on all fours, scratched into savageness, and come face to face with the pig. His snout is bleeding, also. You gaze stupidly into his face as he squats there, and he does equally as well for you. But, being quicker-witted, he wheels about suddenly, you see the waving white tail, and then all is the darkness of the berry-patches. Before you can regain your feet there are cries of, 'I got 'im,' rebellious squeals, and the pig is returned to the box.

He must now be fed, and to feed him is a problem. The baby's bottles long since have been discarded, and the pig is too young to eat. A rubber tube is found, and your wife volunteers to feed the pig, having practised previously for a year and a half on the baby. The theory is excellent. On the principle that liquids seek their lowest level, one end of the tube is held up high, dangling from a bowl of milk, the other stuck in the pig's mouth. The pig gurgles, sucks, and laps noisily, but gets little. After most of the milk is on the floor and your wife's dress is hopelessly stained, you reluctantly come to the conclusion

that it won't work this way. The bowl is filled up again and you douse the pig's head in it; but though his ears and eyes are bathed in milk, his mouth gets none. And when the problem seems hopeless of solution, it is all ended when Master Pig licks milky fingers, grunts with satisfaction, and is put away in the box for the night.

The next morning the pig is still a novelty and, as such, accorded every attention. (The baby alone refuses to join the circle of admirers.) After matutinal inspections have been completed, it finally dawns that the pig must have a pen. Lumber carefully saved for a tool-house, chicken-wire that should be used for the garden, asbestos shingles laid by for a rainy day and leaky roofs, are dragged out from cover and the work begins. And on the slope that curves from the house to the lake, under two walnuts, — pretty things with their rough black bark and plumes of light green leaves, — the pen is constructed. Many things need paint around the house but the can of dark green paint frugally hoarded is flung with a dripping brush on the pen that hides beneath the walnut trees. And stakes soon stick their green heads around the pen for the wire and planks to be nailed on. Indeed, nothing is too much trouble to encompass the comfort of the pig, even carefully shingling a leanto at one side of the pen. Still, the pen looks tidy when finished: the gray shingles and green pen and green trough and, needless to add, a partly green pig. The trough is small and has the pig's name painted on the end in white letters; it is big enough, at that, for the pig to stand in it while eating. And on the end of the pen near the house is emblazoned in white letters:

NUTTY NELL

The adjective indicated his temperament.

Nell was secure at last. And being adaptable, where affairs gastronomic were concerned, it was but a day or so before he learned to devour coarse flour and water. And then he ate so much flour and water that he had no room for garbage.

It would not do to say that faithfulness and loyalty were among his virtues. Nell tolerated anybody who fed him. But he accepted food only on his own terms. The moment you approached with the pan of food, Nell would try to nudge it from your hand altogether; failing in that, he would stand in the trough, so that you would either have to wait until he was tired of standing there, or simply pour the food on his back. He received it usually on his back. And when he did n't get what he thought was sufficient, he would express his displeasure by grunts and squeals and by pushing the trough around the pen with his nose.

This is surprising, until it becomes noticeable how his neck has grown, and you realize that the pig is no longer a baby pig but growing up. Where formerly the boards met the grass on all sides of the pen in neat lines, now jagged holes appear, where Nell has rooted. And all the stones have been removed by him to the lake side of the pen, and there he stretches out day and night, scorning contemptuously his house with the gray shingles.

Indeed the pen is fast losing its original look. It changes with the pig. One morning you find that the post holding up the pig's house has been rooted out and the house itself has been torn down by the pig. By this time the pig has risen above his environment, changing it to suit himself, instead of changing himself to suit his surroundings. And, with a contemptuous disregard of the family, he has begun to whiff malodorously. If your wife would come out openly and say, 'I told you so,' it would

n't be so bad; but a reproachful look when the breeze blows landward from the lake says, with more emphasis than words alone could do, 'I told you the pen was too near the house.'

As summer wanes, the pig becomes more blatant and noisome, pushing the tin basin (which has superseded his trough) around his pen. Tin and rocks! What a din! *Zip, crash, bang, boom* — Nell bounces the tin pan from one rock to another, around the pen, showing how *he* feels toward everything. At night, when the flowers nod quietly in their slumber, and no noise breaks the stillness of the darkness, Nell continues his activities. Ofttimes visitors, unaccustomed to country noises, having at last accustomed themselves to the tinkle of glass in the pantry as the chipmunk tries for the butter, are startled by a loud crash from the direction of the lake. Useless to persuade them that it's only Nell being savage with the basin.

Then, too, while you like children theoretically, there is a constant juvenile flood of visitors to the pig. And just when you are trying to concentrate mentally on some difficult bit of writing, when absolute quiet seems the one thing you simply must have, Nell lets loose with a series of inharmonious snout-thumping grunts, and there are loud howls of delight from Nell's callers. And after you have returned to earth again and are at just the right mental state to continue what you're doing, squeals and grunts fill the air in a wild cacophony and off troop the children with:

'Good-bye, pig. Nice pig.'

You wish devoutly that Nell was a nice pig.

And while the pen falls to pieces slowly, you wonder idly whether it will last till autumn, when Nell will be reduced to toothsome hams and succulent bacon. You erase one dream fulfilled from your mental calendar, and specu-

late about a goat. A goat is admirable because of his wise, cynical look, and, moreover, he has undoubtedly a sense of humor that the pig lacks. So you decide that next spring you will certainly buy a goat.

BARREL DAY

ANNUALLY, in our town, a brief notice appears in the daily prints advising the reading public that, pursuant to custom, a barrel will be placed in the vestibule of the library next Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, to receive all over-due books.

'You may bring them back,' admonishes the ad., paternally. 'Drop them into the barrel. No fines to pay. No questions asked.'

This beneficent act of mercy not only provides for the reclamation of books which have been out so long that the lessees are either ashamed or financially unable to return them, but restores these delinquents to their self-renounced library privileges. By this process they go through what might be called bibliophilistic bankruptcy, and come out clean.

By no means is this pardoning grace sought only by our weaker brethren. When the laden barrel is rolled in from the outer lobby, o' nights, during Atonement Week, it contains an abundance of ethics, æsthetics, and mathematics, but almost no erotics. Punctilious persons, disposed to pass hasty judgment upon the questionable taste and obvious moral turpitude of them who slip stealthily in to cast an armful into the absolving barrel, are hereby advised that a single day's catch includes a larger percentage of respectable literature than the average bookshop displays in the window. Indeed, the suddenly opulent, desirous of stocking their shelves with evidences of culture, — after having bought five

feet of this, three cases of that, and two cubic yards of something other, — might go farther and fare worse than to apply for the barrel.

No; the people who avail themselves of this unique charity are not a bad sort; and if a discriminating person were obliged to choose on any of these expiation days a six weeks' traveling companion, either from this shiftless company or from the first two hundred appearing at the receiving teller's window in the Gibraltar Savings Bank, he would better stay by the barrel.

All of which inclines me to believe that a scheme similar to this might well be applied to many another of life's engagements, for the benefit of their mental peace who are constitutionally tardy and forgetful, albeit lovable and sensitive.

With what eager joy would I not respond to the call of a barrel out in some dimly lit vestibule, placed there to receive the belated settlements I am ashamed to offer in broad daylight. The idea intrigues me. Long ago it was tested and found practicable. For ages it was the custom of a certain ancient nation to assemble on an appointed day and confer upon a goat the entire annual output of iniquity, after which the goat was led out into the wilderness and left to die of remorse. The Chinese are reputed to have worked somewhat on this annual-settlement idea. Notwithstanding the latest report of the American Consortium of Bankers in China does not indicate that credit in the Land of the Lotus Lily is very much better than elsewhere, it is said that the Celestials generally observe an annual debt-paying day. Perhaps this would not be practicable with us; but I should like to see a Barrel Day duly heralded by a decree from the White House, to the following effect: —

It is hereby recommended that on Friday night, the thirteenth, a barrel shall be placed on the unlighted front porch of every home in these United States, wherein friends and relatives may cast — unobserved — whatsoever they will, to the relief of their several consciences and the improvement of their relationships, one with another. Postmasters are instructed to make a night delivery of all parcels marked 'Barrel.'

I should like to slip a dozen teaspoons to the Chandlers in Seattle. They were married more than ten years ago, but probably have as much use for spoons now as they had then. We laid their wedding invitation aside and temporarily forgot it. Then a crowded schedule of business and social duties drove it into complete eclipse. We were away on an extended vacation. When, at length, somebody remembered, it was too late. We tried to think of a nice way to say we had forgotten all about it, but were not sufficiently ingenious. And Dick Chandler had sent us a cuckoo clock on the occasion of our marriage. It has n't been wound up for a decade. It got to shouting 'Piker!' — so we retired it from business; not because it was lacking in veracity, but in courtesy. Now, if there were a Barrel Day, we might even yet put ourselves right with Dick Chandler.

I want to drop a note into the Webster barrel, sincerely congratulating them upon the birth of their eight-and-a-half pound son, — who is old enough now to read it himself, — together with our best wishes for the health of both mother and babe.

One time, when I had a bad cold on my chest, the Jim Slocums sent over a little nickel-plated vaporizing stove. I do not recall that we used it, but I do recall that we forgot we had it. It must have been chucked away, accidentally, behind something else. We

found it in the attic when we moved, five years later. And that was a long time ago. Poor Jim, alas, has departed for a country where he requires no stove. (On re-reading this sentence, in the galley-proof, it does n't seem to say exactly what I had in mind; but as all alterations 'other than typographical' are charged to my account, I trust a kindly interpretation will be made. Jim was really a very fine fellow.) If I could even drop that old stove — if we still have it — into Jim Junior's barrel, it might relieve me.

The night of Barrel Day would surely be one of sleepless activity for me. Williamson's victrola records; Fred Dobson's galoshes; a dozen roses for Auntie McPherson, who was so seriously ill, last June; Dave Kendall's minnow-seine — if only I could sneak these things back to them in the dark, and run!

I too would put out a barrel. I want that Prince Albert coat back that somebody — I have forgotten who — borrowed, a year ago, to use in an amateur show. It might give the person who made off with my new set of tire-chains a chance to make his soul fit and seasoned for its passage, as it would jolly well need to be if I could clearly establish his identity.

Now that we have created so many high festivals — Mother's Day, Children's Day, Thrift Day, Be-nice-to-animals Day, Tighten-your-brakes Day, Feed-the-birds Day, Clean-up-the-backyard Day, Plant-a-tree Day, All Fools' Day, and Dog Days — that it is likely the three hundred and sixty-five are all assigned, may we not speak for the remaining one-fourth, say, from six to twelve P.M., sometime, and call it Barrel Day?

P.S. Harvey Graham! If this goes through, and you're still alive, and have it, don't forget that fly-book of mine. Need n't bother about the reel. It always was a terrific back-lasher.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

A FAMOUS Englishman, when interviewed on leaving the United States, remarked that prohibition was to be encouraged since it gave the people something to talk about. We have heard some talk on the subject, but none so entertaining, so heady, or so comprehensive as this of Cornelia, Her Husband, The Novelist and The Professor. **Stuart P. Sherman**, professor of English at the University of Illinois, will be remembered from his recent 'Conversation with Cornelia' which appeared in the January *Atlantic*. **Ramsay Traquair** it was who had such a decided way with the women last September. In this number, however, Mr. Traquair has mapped a Commonwealth that is irrespective of gender or nation. **Ann Alderton** is continuing her experiments in coöperation with housekeepers who are attempting in their households to offer employment on a fair business basis. **Ellwood Hendrick**, chemist, stockbroker, and essayist by turns, has written an illuminating paper on one of the most perceptible of miracles.

* * *

It is interesting to observe that **Fredoon Kabraji**, an East Indian who has contributed to the English reviews, commands not only the Western idiom, but the very spirit of our best contemporary verse. **Arthur Mason** is a sea captain, home after forty years of roving, who will long remember the 'feel' of a fog. 'Often acutely aware of a boy's diffidence, we deem it good fortune that brought us these candid and confidential 'Ideas on Religion.' **Herbert W. Horwill** has devoted himself to an age-old question of spiritual economics which would seem to be peculiarly pertinent in these days of criticism and controversy. **Charles Boardman Hawes**, who died last July, was best known for his stories of the sea and of Yankee ships in far waters. His last book, *The Dark Frigate*, was published in October, and at the same time an announcement was made by the Atlantic

Monthly Press of 'The Charles Boardman Hawes Prize of two thousand dollars for the best manuscript of an adventure story of the same general character and excellence as the tales contributed to American literature by the late Charles Boardman Hawes.'

* * *

An English scholar and traveler, now living in the Canadian West, **L. Adams Beck** has written several imaginative studies of China and India for the *Atlantic*. **Marie Blake**, who in this number contributes her first poem to the *Atlantic*, is the daughter of Mary Elizabeth Blake, a well-known Boston poet once friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes. **Julia Taft Bayne**, a cousin of Chief Justice Taft, has preserved some precious memories of Tad Lincoln and his father as she knew them in the first year of their administration. 'In the face of disaster in drama and fiction, 'marriage yet spreads her proud, full sail for fresh voyages.' **Nathalie S. Colby** in her trim paper utters some witty truths, helpful to captain and mate. **Charles Seymour**, professor of history at Yale, is curator of the University's collection of personal documents dealing with the diplomacy of the World War.

* * *

Bruce Bliven, a journalist of honorable years, has reduced to a lucid exposition the angry and involved facts of a disturbing situation. 'To the knowledge of an economist and sociologist, **H. H. Powers** adds a wide acquaintance with European affairs. He has here described the reasons for his reconciliation to the League of Nations, after five years of opposition and observation. **Sisley Huddleston**, the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, is seriously qualified to discuss the present Anglo-French relations. **N. V. Tcharykow** formerly represented his country as Minister-Resident in Rome and, again, as Ambassador in Constantinople.

All letters intended for the Contributors' Column must be short. Two hundred and fifty words is a reasonable limit and briefer communications are much to be desired.

* * *

The principle behind the issue:

Kalamazoo, Michigan.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Apropos of George Madden Martin's article in the February *Atlantic*, 'Women and Public Affairs': —

One day last week I telephoned my three closest friends to come over that evening and have dinner with us. As they were arriving I was called to the telephone and heard 'drop a nickel, please,' followed by a vaguely familiar voice which identified itself as that of an old college-mate I had n't met for twenty years. Passing through Kalamazoo, she had the sudden inspiration to stop off between trains on the chance of seeing me. I delightedly ordered her a taxi, hurried on another plate, and had hardly begun explanation to my friends when the unbidden but most welcome guest arrived and we sat down to dinner.

Though I took pains to include my old friend in the conversation, the talk seemed to run elusively around her — rather, to slide off from a highly polished surface of indifference. The rest of us talked about our children (I discovered that she had n't any); about our success and non-success with radio; about the new minister; about 'The Fool,' which one or two of us had seen. One woman mentioned a story of bitter privation in a letter received from relatives in Germany. We greatly admired a string of green jade beads. I told an anecdote about our exceptionally gifted cat and introduced her forthwith to the company. During dessert we discussed coffee and some of us said we always put salt in, and why. My nearest neighbor mentioned an oil heater she had just installed in her home. At this our out-of-town guest leaned forward eagerly.

'Speaking of oil,' she said, 'what do you think of the Teapot Dome scandal?' and added, slowly wagging her head, 'At the devil's booth are all things sold.'

'Oh, that reminds me,' laughed her vis-à-vis, 'of an examination paper that Joan brought home. The children were writing that stanza of Lowell's from memory. One of her boys had it: "The Devil's boots are all thin-soled."'

(Amid the general laughter the face of my out-of-town friend settled into grim resentful lines. Not resentful on her own account, of course! But — to have the ball of edifying conversation snatched from her hands and bounced in child's play!)

'Oh hush!' laughed the lady who had introduced the oil-heater business. 'This is no laughing matter, I tell you. Besides, I've got an oil scandal of my own. The thing blew up — exploded — right in my cellar!' Then off we scudded with her into the thrilling details of that household adventure.

The valiant minority made one more effort to show us the true uses of a dinner party, which simply could n't, in her notion, be summed up in food and frivolity! Seizing the conversational reins by main force, she discoursed upon the decadence of human society, particularly the imminent peril to the race in the alarmingly large feeble-minded ingredient, including the countless morons running quite as large — and *what* to do about it! She had us fixed with a glittering eye. We were rapidly sinking into that helpless state you doubtless have experienced on similar occasions, when our most youthful guest slid into the monologue with an ingratiating, deferential voice:

'Oh I beg pardon, but I heard such an interesting definition of "moron" the other day. It is: "One who is a little more *on* than *off*!"'

With glances of gratitude and peals of laughter we hailed our deliverer while an expression of bewilderment and disgust overspread the countenance of the parlor lecturer. Repentantly, but in vain, I tried to engage her in the web spun by our gayly flying shuttle of talk about nothing in particular.

My husband, who had preserved an amused but benevolent neutrality, suggested some music.

'Oh let's have the dance programme from the Blackstone,' said the white-haired lady.

'At 8:45 Central Standard time,' solemnly announced the visiting delegate, 'Professor John Johnson at Johns Hopkins lectures on "Recent Developments in Anthropometric Tests" — I had hoped to hear that lecture.' (Was that the reason I was favored with this visit?) It was then 8:42. Secretly I twisted a bulb and we tried in vain to get Johns Hopkins. The nearest we could come was Schenectady with a Schubert trio, followed by a ponderous political speech which we remorselessly squelched, to pick up a delightful comedy from Salt Lake City.

My home-town friends departed, certainly somewhat chilled by the frosty good-byes of one who mentally classified them, I suspect, as 'moroffs.' The friend of my youth turned on me a look, whether more of sorrow or of anger I could not tell; but it certainly contained the unspoken question, 'Caroline, *how* did you get that way?' Then, glancing over my library table, she remarked with subtle inflection:

'I see you *do* still take the *Atlantic*.'

'Oh yes,' I replied.

'I wonder,' picking up the February number, 'if by any chance you can have read this article by George Madden Martin on "Women and Public Affairs"?'

'Oh yes.'

A pregnant pause in which I failed to add enlightenment. Then, with tightened lips and ill-repressed indignation: 'I must say, I was most forcibly reminded of that article throughout this evening.'

Her taxi was ordered, she would be leaving in a minute. I had no time to do it gracefully. I sternly ignored my merciful husband's heliographs not to do it at all. I told her that the blonde one, proprietor of the oil heater, was an active and much respected member of the Republican State Central Committee and the leading philanthropist of our town. That the dark one, of the Devil's boots, was a natural philosopher and the most internationally minded person I knew — could n't help being, with seven splendid sons scattered over the face of the earth, one of them Minister of Public Health in Australia. That the young one who contributed the interesting definition of 'moron' had lectured that day at the Rotary Club luncheon on Icelandic government and politics, having recently investigated them on the spot; and that she was late at dinner because of jury duty. And I, myself — among the many criticisms frequently and justly leveled at me, had never been one that I lacked a decent interest in public affairs!

'Then why under heaven,' exclaimed my astonished guest, 'did n't any of you show one gleam of human intelligence to-night?'

'Well,' I said, 'that depends. You see, I had asked my little friends to come over to *play* with me. Don't *you* ever play?'

'I don't fiddle while Rome's burning! Morons, let me tell you, are no joke!'

I humbly conceded the point. (It *was* hard to have stubbed one's conversational toe on such an inconsiderable object!) I said something about a return visit and a lecture from her on eugenics which almost put her into good humor. But I could n't refrain from letting this remark fall into the taxi beside her:

'You and G. M. M. should understand that when a group of women don't and won't discuss public affairs it may be because they are n't informed or interested, or — it *may* be for precisely the opposite reason!'

CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE.

* * *

We wonder if A. K. could have told us what was wrong with the *Atlantic's* radiators? We often questioned his confreres with profit — not always to ourselves.

Vermillion, S. D.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Every now and then you devote a bit of sprightly space to 'plumbers.' This is not conclusive evidence that you approve of plumbers, but we gather that at least you are interested in plumbing. Perhaps the *Atlantic* has pleasantly, and profitably, entertained a plumber, at some time, in his professional capacity. Plumbers and their problems are first-hand fare at our house. One lives with us. We boast of kinship.

Thermometers slipped down to thirty-two below here at Vermillion, S. D., last Sunday morning, and as our plumber, freshly bathed, shaved, brushed, and manicured sat down to his nine-o'clock grapefruit the telephone began. (A. K. — the plumber — has refused to hear a telephone ring on Sunday morning for many a year.) I went, apprehensively.

'It 's the minister,' I interpreted; 'his kitchen-pipes are frozen and he wants to know what will happen if he starts his kitchen fire.'

The plumber smiled, carelessly sprinkling sugar over his grapefruit. 'Tell him to try it and see,' he advised, without looking up.

I amended the message a bit for courtesy's sake and sent it on. As I turned to my toast, the telephone rang again.

'The Blitheringtons are in trouble — broken pipe — leading.'

The plumber grinned pleasantly, buttering his second piece of toast.

'Tell 'em to pay their last winter's bill': he said it with satisfied decision.

'Impossible for him to do anything for you,' I revised, being sure they would understand.

Another ring before the receiver was up.

'Muddleston's house is flooding — basement a foot deep — quick — what shall I tell them?'

He scratched his left ear lightly, munching his toast.

'Tell 'em to turn off the water,' he offered casually.

'Turn off the water,' I yelled into the speaking tube.

'Turn it off where?' came back.

'Turn it off where?' I relayed to his breakfasting omnipotence.

'Why, where it comes in, of course.' He reached for the cream.

'Where it comes in,' I screamed at the telephone.

'Where does it come in?' — helplessly, hopelessly.

'Where does it come in, A. K? Do look as if you cared a straw.'

He actually laughed. 'Any man —' he began, then laughed again. 'The Muddleston's — let 's see — theirs turns off in the northwest corner — by their cellar-stairs.' He sipped his

coffee. 'Tell 'em to turn it halfway,' he added condescendingly.

So the morning went merrily until he put on his great coat and went out into the biting cold.

MABEL K. RICHARDSON.

* * *

M. E. B.'s 'Death as a Dream Experience' continues to awaken responses from those who have dreamed likewise.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have passed through an experience which may be of interest to those of you who are still seeking a positive proof of the existence of personality after death. I am puzzled myself and do not state the following as a conclusive answer to the question.

I was obliged to undergo a minor operation, with which no complications were connected. Having successfully passed through several operations of a more serious nature, this simple one held no terrors for me. When I had become fully conscious I felt amused at what I supposed to have been an ether dream, although because of its vividness it seemed more like an actual experience. I remembered feeling a sensation of extreme and joyous lightness. It is perhaps better expressed by saying that I felt physically unhampered. I had also a distinct sensation of light, as to color.

Then all at once, as a natural course of events, my father who had been dead for fifteen years, spoke to me in his usual loving greeting. I felt overjoyed to see him, but said to him, 'I have not finished, I do not want to come yet.' To which he answered, 'You need not come now, you may wait. Perhaps it will be better so.'

I recalled no other sensations, but the memory of what I have related was more coherent and vivid than the memories of dreams usually are. Further, let me state here that nothing of this kind had occurred to me during any of the previous operations, all of which had taken place after the death of my father.

Two days after the operation the nurse astonished me by saying,

'You did not know that you nearly passed out in the operating room. In fact, to all appearances you were dead, for your heart stopped beating and they thought you were gone.'

Then it was that I wondered whether this had been a dream or an actual experience.

HELENE MARTHA BOLL.

* * *

Is it perhaps just such a feeling of awe as has made 'Listening In' so fascinating, which touched men's minds when the Atlantic Cable first joined two worlds?

The writer was famous in his day as the first American to make a great city clean.

Central Park, New York,
August 6, 1858.

MY DEAR WIFE, —

The Atlantic Telegraph Cable is laid. You know this, of course, as well as I do, but do you realize the immensity of the achievement? It is one of those quietly sublime subjects that grow with their life, and that cannot at once take their full hold on the soul.

I have stood under Niagara, I have faced a storm on the broad Atlantic where there was nothing but darkness and waves on all sides — what is more, I have read of heroic actions: of the self-sacrifice of men for their country; of the still harder love-sacrifice of a woman for the happiness of the man she loved, and I have trembled at the majesty of each; but this stupendous human miracle, in its quiet suggestiveness of the majesty of God's power in the creation of man, awakens feelings which I cannot describe, and which are too holy for expression by any language of this world.

To think that for ten times the distance which now separates you from me, at a depth where all is dark, and dreary, and motionless, where no living thing has ever been and seen the light again, there has been laid, by human skill, a channel through which London and New York may chat as across a table; that here sorrows from the old world may jostle joys from the new, and life, and thought, and intelligence thrill along this heartstring of the earth, unmindful of the storms which may be raging above, or of the wars and pestilence which may beset its either end: to know and to believe all this is to know and to realize that the God who sent man, naked, into the world, and endowed him with the power to annihilate time and space, gave him a living soul, which, by its work and development has attained a rank which makes its annihilation an impossibility on the part of a being capable of creating it.

What more we are to attain, especially in the world to come where our powers are quickened, and unburdened, who may tell? But who may not, from this development of human greatness, dare to hope!

Excuse my sermon, dearest, but I mean it.

As ever,

GEORGE E. WARING, JR.

* * *

Courage, Reader! Last year there were 3352 monthlies in the United States, and this year there are 3392 alternatives to the *Atlantic*. And yet, Mr. Langdon Mitchell places a very modest value upon our culture!

\$50,000 Prize Design for Tribune Tower to be Created in Indiana Limestone

ON its seventy-fifth birthday anniversary in June, 1922, The Chicago Tribune resolved to provide a new and beautiful home worthy of this great newspaper, which had advanced from a room over a grocery to a gigantic publishing plant.

It announced the greatest architectural contest of history. One hundred thousand dollars in prizes were offered to architects. The competition was open to the world. The architectural ideas of twenty-three countries were drawn into the contest and two hundred sixty designs were received.

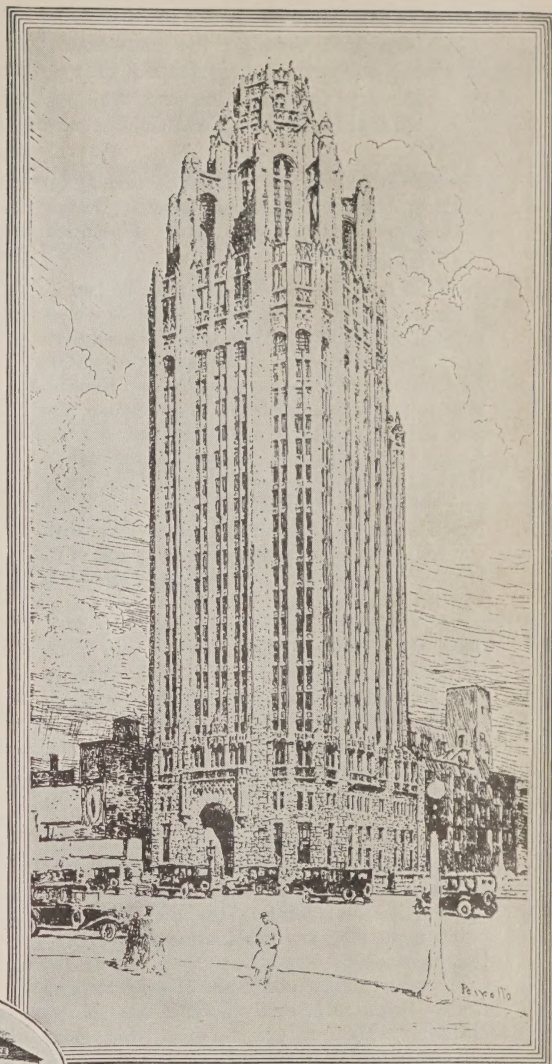
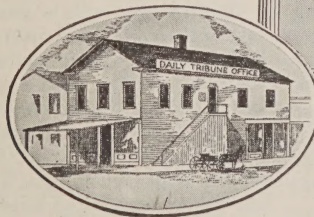
The design submitted by John Mead Howells and Raymond M. Hood, Associate Architects, New York City, was given first prize of \$50,000 by the Jury of Award.

Dr. Emerson Swift, University of Chicago, stated: "The Tribune Tower is an epoch making building. It represents the highest development of the office building type in the world. It is the building of the decade and perhaps of the century."

The owners' high resolve "to adorn with a monument of *enduring beauty* this city in which the Tribune has prospered so amazingly" is evidenced in their selection of Indiana Limestone for its construction.

Our handsomely illustrated booklets on Indiana Limestone will be sent free upon request.

INDIANA LIMESTONE QUARRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION
Box 750, Bedford, Indiana
Service Bureaus in New York and Chicago



Tribune Tower, Chicago
John Mead Howells & Raymond M. Hood,
Associate Architects, New York City



The Pyramids remain today as permanent evidence that limestone is the world's most enduring building material.

BUILD THE NATION SECURELY WITH



The NATION'S BUILDING STONE

THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson, by her niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 8vo. Illustrated. x+387 pp. \$4.00.

It is full time that the American public had its attention sharply recalled to one of the most original poets and especially one of the subtlest, most suggestive, most startling letter-writers that this country has produced. Mrs. Bianchi, who is far better qualified than anyone else now living to speak of her aunt's shy, strange, elusive, fascinating personality, has prefixed to this edition of the letters a biographical study which sets Emily as clearly and intelligibly in her New England background as can be done with one who so constantly threatens to fly out of it. It would perhaps have been fairer to make plain how little has been added in the way of actual letters to the original collection made by Mrs. Todd. Even some things that are very characteristic, like the larger portion of the letter to Mrs. Holland, written in 1855, have been omitted. On the other hand, Mrs. Todd's unfortunate arrangement of the correspondence by recipients, instead of in chronological order, has been abandoned, so that it is possible to follow the unfolding of the spirit in its natural sequence. Also, Mrs. Bianchi has adopted the plan — which cannot be too much commended to all editors of letters — of putting her own comments in her introduction and printing the text by itself, uninterrupted by any explanation or qualification whatsoever.

For what counts, above all, in the letters of Emily Dickinson is Emily herself: that subtle, glittering, iridescent, evasive spirit which puzzles and perplexes and fascinates more and more, the more one studies it. You think at one moment that she was bare, strict, trenchant, definite New England. Then she smiles that strange smile, shakes a mocking finger, and slips away from you into some fantastic world.

Mrs. Bianchi insists that she was not eccentric. Of course she was not, in the sense of willful pose. She was the simplest, most direct of human beings, and just because she shuffled off convention she seems different from the humdrum rest of us, and perhaps might be called eccentric; but there was not a shadow of pretense about it.

And as she herself is a strange blend, so the whole world becomes a strange blend under her fingers. Now it is round, hard, substantial, so you can shiver your heart against it; warm, vital, caressing as a lover's touch. Now it melts, fades, quivers away, made subtly unreal by the constant, penetrating, acid application of Eternity. And always — through life, through death,

through love, through hate, through hope, there is the august, pervading, terrible, lovable, inexhaustible immanence of God, and Emily has words for interpreting it: just brief words, fleeting touches, as immensely significant in her letters as they are in her poetry, such as no other American writer except Emerson, and few other writers in any literature, has commanded.

'I cannot tell how Eternity seems: it sweeps around me like a sea.' What can you add to that?

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

W. S. Gilbert: His Life and Letters, by Sidney Dark and Rowland Grey. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd.; New York: George H. Doran Co. 8vo. Illustrated. x+269 pp. \$5.00.

How many readers of the Atlantic can sing the song of 'the merry man moping mum' in *The Yeomen of the Guard*, beginning: —

I have a song to sing, O!
Sing me your song, O?

How many others are familiar — perhaps through the Rev. John Henry Hopkins's *Carols, Hymns, and Songs* containing 'We three Kings of Orient are' — with the Cornish Christmas Carol, beginning: —

Come and I will sing you!
What will you sing me?
I will sing you One — O!
What is your One — O?

One reviewer, with a remote boyish remembrance of Dr. Hopkins's own singing of this carol, and with a later liking for 'the merry man moping mum,' blended with a constant feeling that the sacred and the secular words must somehow be related each to each, must record a sense of triumphant discovery in learning, from this biography of Gilbert, that he took the swing of his 'merry man' song from a carol which the Cornish sailors on his yacht used to sing as a chantey, and that he quoted the carol in a letter to Sullivan, in almost precisely the words which Dr. Hopkins set down as given to him by three children who had learned them from some Cornish copper-miners on the southern shore of Lake Superior. In the annals of folklore it would be hard to find two widely separated versions of a ballad so nearly identical.

All this is somewhat extraneous to a brief notice of the book which has prompted it; but the biography itself is anything but close-knit, and the detached facts to be derived from it are more notable than the book as a whole. Its authors are candid enough to say of it, as its end draws

Charles Scribner's Sons



Fifth Avenue, New York

The Price of Freedom

By CALVIN COOLIDGE

President of the United States
of America

CONTENTS

THE SUPPORTS OF CIVILIZATION
THE PILGRIMS
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
LAW AND ORDER
INAUGURAL ADDRESS AS VICE-
PRESIDENT
ANDREW CARNEGIE: ORGANIZER
FOR SERVICE
THE BANKS AND THE PEOPLE
THOUGHT, THE MASTER OF THINGS
THE POWER OF THE MORAL LAW
THE TITLE OF AMERICAN
OUR HERITAGE FROM HAMILTON
THE PLACE OF LINCOLN
THE PURPOSE OF AMERICA
ULYSSES S. GRANT
THE INSTRUMENTS OF PROGRESS
GREAT VIRGINIANS
THE MEANING OF DEMOCRACY
THE LIMITATIONS OF THE LAW
THE NEEDS OF EDUCATION
THE PRICE OF FREEDOM
MASSACHUSETTS AND THE NATION
PROGRESS TOWARD FREEDOM
THE FOUNDATION OF OUR INSTI-
TUTIONS
WILLIAM MCKINLEY
THE OLD NORTH CHURCH
THE DESTINY OF AMERICA
THE GREEN MOUNTAINS
THE THINGS THAT ARE UNSEEN
A PRIZE ESSAY
A MESSAGE TO THE LEGISLATURE
OF MASSACHUSETTS ACCOM-
PANYING THE GOVERNOR'S
VETO \$2.50

Ways to Peace

Twenty of the plans submitted for the American Peace Award, including those of CHARLES W. ELIOT, DAVID STARR JORDAN, M. CAREY THOMAS. With an introduction by ESTHER EVERETT LAPE, member in charge of the policy committee, and a foreword by EDWARD W. BOK, founder of the award. \$3.00

The Three Fountains

By STARK YOUNG

"Italy, drenched with sun; Italy, animistic, pagan; Italy, vividly contrasted with the Nordics. . . . Architecture, painting, history, the customs and physical habits of the people, religious festivals, and the quality of light on color."—*New York World*. \$2.00



An Intimate Portrait of R L S

By his stepson, LLOYD OSBOURNE

"It gives, here and there, something new, something vital, and something strange."—*Boston Transcript*. \$1.50

What is Modernism?

By REV. LEIGHTON PARKS

The rector of Saint Bartholomew's, New York, has written a book which clears up for the layman an involved discussion. \$1.00

John Citizen's Job

By HENRY H. CURRAN

The job of John Citizen—you and I—in politics; why we stay out; why, when, where, and how we should go in, as told by an expert in politics. \$1.50

Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend

By ALBERT LEON GUÉRARD

Professor at the Rice Institute, Texas

"Here is a book, indeed! Brilliant, fascinating. . . . Briefly, I haven't been so struck with a book for years."—HENRY B. FULLER in the *New York Times*. \$3.75

The Holy Spirit and the Church

By CHARLES GORE, D.D., Formerly Bishop of Oxford

This volume completes Dr. Gore's notable series on "The Reconstruction of Belief," following his volumes on BELIEF IN GOD and BELIEF IN CHRIST. \$2.25

Critical Ventures in Modern French Literature

By ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

"Ventures," in that word's most alluring sense, by a grandson of Matthew Arnold, along the path of French literature from Stendhal to Sacha Guitry and Anatole France. \$1.75

The Interpreter's House

By STRUTHERS BURT

"So finely, so completely American, so absorbing in interest and beautiful in execution, it seems certain that in the awarding of the Pulitzer prize it will receive serious consideration."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*. \$2.00

THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

near: 'In the preceding chapters there is, perhaps, sufficient material to re-create the character of the man who lives in literary history as the author of the *Bab Ballads* and the Savoy opera libretti.' So there is, but the reader is left to do much of the re-creating for himself. Indeed there is something ironic in the fact that the life of so deft a workman as Gilbert should have been written with so little skill in the handling of biographical material.

Good material abounds in the best of the letters, in the unfamiliar verses and drawings, in the reminiscences of devoted and penetrating friends. In the Gilbert who himself 'went to the bar as a very young man,' who discovered his true gifts early enough to turn them to the prodigious delight of the English-speaking world, who found his heaven-sent mate in Sir Arthur Sullivan, fell at odds with him and made reconciliation, who had a host of friends, especially, like Lewis Carroll, among children, who came to his own gallant end in saving a girl from drowning in a pond on his own grounds — in Gilbert himself there is a figure whose charm is perennial. It is superfluous to liken him, as he is likened in this book, to Aristophanes, Herrick, or Dickens. He was Gilbert the incomparable, the unapproachable writer of verse that sings itself — the better for Sullivan's enchanting tunes — into the heart and memory. If 'The Beggar's Opera,' after two hundred years, can be revived with such delight, one may almost wish to be living for the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals of the twenty-first century.

Whatever its shortcomings, the *Life and Letters of Gilbert* will help one, then as now, to realize what this unique maker of clean mirth was and did.

M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE.

The Nations of To-day, a New History of the World, Edited by John Buchan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1923. With maps. 8vo. 9 vols., others in preparation. \$5.00 each.

It is a sign of the times that a new universal, coöperative history of the nations of the world, of which the above listed volumes are the first installment, should begin to appear. It is, perhaps, still more a sign of the times that it should take the form it does. It has been undertaken, in the words of the general editor, 'to provide for the ordinary citizen a popular account of the history of his own and other nations, a chronicle of those movements of the past of which the effect is not yet exhausted, and which are still potent for the peace and comfort of the present.' And it is interesting, if not indeed instructive, to observe what, in his opinion and that of his numerous collaborators, the 'ordinary citizen' wants to know, and what he should be told about the history of the world in which he lives.

The first and most striking thing is that the history of the more remote past has been condensed in these volumes to the last limit of

compression. France from Charlemagne to the Third Republic in eighty pages; India from the beginning to 1861 in about a hundred and twenty-five; Great Britain from Roman invasion to 1914 in just over a hundred — these are 'outlines' indeed. And it is apparent from them — though they are perhaps the most extreme examples — that these handsome and useful volumes are primarily designed to furnish, upon a skeleton of history, a body of material relating to the more immediate past, which only in the sense that it is past can be reckoned history in any proper sense.

What, then, is comprised in the rest of the pages? First, in every case a useful, succinct account of the geography of the nations in question. Then, after the outline of older history, a much fuller account of the events of the past fifty years, especially during and since the War. Then, in most cases, 'economic' chapters, which with their statistics and practical information provide the reader with a picture of the material aspect, strength, resources, products, commerce, and wealth of these nations. This is, in some cases, enlarged or supplemented by chapters, for instance, on French civilization and character, or the Italian social movement, or — in the case of England — chapters on the constitution, the present problems, defense, economic development and conditions, finance, labor, the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man. In some cases these later chapters, like those on Japan and the Baltic and Caucasian States, are headed merely 'Miscellaneous,' which describes them with tolerable accuracy. There are, besides, maps of all sorts, illustrating the text; bibliographies of greater or less extent; brief indexes, together with chronological tables; in some cases army and navy statistics in appendixes, with similar material.

With regard to the authors of the several volumes and their component parts, they are too numerous even to mention in a brief notice. In the main their names command respect as those of men — and women — who are peculiarly fitted by special knowledge to write with some authority of the subjects assigned to them. It is obvious that in such a collection of studies there must be some divergence of style, proportion, even of ability; but in the main the volumes are more uniform than one might expect or than one usually finds in such a coöperative work. And there is one thing which stands out very prominently. It is the emphasis on those events which have not ceased to be politics, and may be called history only by courtesy.

In brief, then, we have here a manual of the modern world, which provides the information which the average busy man may be expected to want — what these nations are, and where; how they came to be what and where they are; their present situation, politically and economically. But beside or in connection with that, they provide accounts of nations difficult of access even to those far more deeply interested in world politics than the average man. And, in the sum



ALFRED A. KNOPF

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



*A great novel—reverent and radical—of modern
religious unrest*

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

by J. ANKER LARSEN

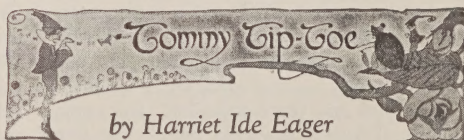
Translated from the Danish by A. G. Chater

Last year this powerful novel won the Gyldendal Prize of 70,000 Kroner (\$14,000) in a competition which extended through Norway and Denmark. The story is of two youths whose search for the philosopher's stone, for some stable ideal under the flux of daily living, leads them through the deepest phases of human experience and gives the novel an exuberant richness of life. Coming as the book has at a time of extreme religious doubt and controversy, it is at once an answer and a challenge. That the sophisticated reader will find here a profound intellectual stimulation as well as the expression of his most personal desires, seems indicated by the fact that the work has already been translated into seven languages, and has received the highest praise from writers, clergymen and philosophers in many countries. 8vo, cloth. 379 pages. \$3.00 net

TONY

by Stephen Hudson

Told with an easy, cynical grace, this autobiography of a rogue, his life in London, Paris, The Riviera, The Italian Lakes, rings in the ear like a tale told after dinner in the warm seclusion of a drawing room. \$2.00 net



by Harriet Ide Eager

Illustrated in full color by Edna Cooke

A delightful story of a little boy who, by standing on tiptoe in his garden, can become very small and learn the secrets and habits of all the tiny creatures in the trees and the grass—the lady-bug, the grasshopper, the dragon-fly, the walking-stick, and others. An ideal book that children from four to eight can read themselves. 8vo, illustrated board sides. \$2.00 net

IMPERTURBE by Elliot H. Paul

Author of INDELIBLE and IMPROMPTU

The title of this novel is taken from a line of Whitman: "Me, Imperturbe, standing at ease in nature." With a broad understanding and deep psychological insight Mr. Paul tells of the inner development of a man who envies all plants and animals that seem to have a well-defined plan of life. \$2.50 net

of them, they will furnish a conspectus of the world which will be a godsend to the tired librarian who is asked for something on whatever particular and often out-of-the-way 'nation,' concerning which the public curiosity is as insatiable as it is surprising. For this is, above all, a practical series, practically carried out. And one reader is ready to admit that never, until he opened these interesting volumes, did he ever hear of that historic character who rejoiced in the name of Avak Mkhargrdzelidze.

WILBUR C. ABBOTT.

So Big, by Edna Ferber. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. 12mo. vi+360 pp. \$2.00.

The special quality that distinguishes Miss Ferber's short stories is enthusiasm about life — not merely the interest in people that the writer of fiction must have if he is to write at all, but an intense and honest enthusiasm about all sorts of men and women, and particularly about plain men and women who are living profitable lives in their own way, without too much thought for the conventionalities and respectabilities of average mankind. One of her characters in this novel, when invited to dine at the 'smartest club in Chicago,' replies: 'Oh no, I hate those arty little places. I like dining in a hotel full of all sorts of people. . . . I like 'em mixed up, higgedly-piggledly. A dining-room full of gamblers, and insurance agents, and actors, and merchants, thieves, bootleggers, lawyers, kept ladies, wives, traveling men, millionaires — everything.' But the same character says, on another page: 'I do demand of the people I see often that they possess at least a splash of splendor in their make-up. Some people are nine tenths splendor and one tenth tawdriness . . . and some are nine tenths tawdriness and one tenth splendor. But some people are all just a nice even pink.' The two speeches express well the author's predilections: for all people, just because they are human beings; and for some persons, because they are in some respect natural, free, and worthy.

In *So Big* Miss Ferber has drawn the portrait of a mother who, as she might say, is nine tenths splendor, and of a son who is 'just a nice even pink.' The mother, Selina DeJong, is a country school-teacher who, marrying a handsome but stupid Dutch truck-farmer and early left a widow, sets to work to make a living from the business in which her husband has failed. Through pluck and intelligence she succeeds. The scenes are laid chiefly near the town of High Prairie, a Dutch neighborhood not far from Chicago, and the descriptions of the inhabitants and their mode of life are both interesting and instructive. But the book is really the story of Selina who, daughter of a professional gambler, takes life as it comes and finds that in the end everything, bitter as well as sweet, has gone to enrich it; and of her son Dirk, or 'So Big,' who, achieving success too easily, finds that he is not

'so big' after all. The narrative almost presupposes a sequel, in which Dirk, who has dodged life will at last meet it as his mother has done.

The author can lay on local color with great skill and can sketch a character, like that of Aug Hempel, for example, in masterly fashion; but — and perhaps her newspaper training is to be blamed — she is rather too much addicted to what is nowadays called 'effective writing,' the latest manifestation, perhaps, of what used to be known as 'fine writing.' Her short sentences and colorful adjectives and strong nouns give at times an effect of strain; and her insistence upon her heroine's charms is an even worse defect of art. But these faults, if they are faults, are the natural result of her enthusiasm for her story and her personages.

The book as a whole is a very interesting and wholesome study of American life and offers a valuable antidote to some current tendencies, both in fiction and in the world.

R. M. GAY.

Told by an Idiot, by Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1924. 12mo. xii+327 pp. \$2.00.

THERE may be differences of opinion as to whether Rose Macaulay's 'sound and fury' does in the whole signify nothing or much. It is obvious that in spite of her disarmingly quoted title, in spite of her ironic mood and repeated cry of 'Vanity, vanity!' she herself does feel that the idiot's tale has a real importance, and in the main we agree with her. Yet we may question whether her comment on life does not lose its deepest significance by the very sophistication and polish of its satire. But let us not begin with the expression of a doubt. Miss Macaulay's admirers who felt that *Mystery at Geneva* was a falling from grace may be reassured at once: the new novel is a return to the old manner, broadened and enhanced.

Told by an Idiot is the history of a family through three generations. The chronicle begins in 1879, when Mrs. Garden announces to her six children: 'Well, my dears, I have to tell you something. Poor papa has lost his faith again.' The setting for the beginning of the tale, the drawing-room furnished in a mixture of Mid-Victorian and Pre-Raphaelite taste, red plush and papier-maché, Morris chintz chairs and Liberty cretonnes, where Maurice, the eldest son, reads from the *Observer* about 'these troubled times,' and Vicky, the eldest daughter, announces that she is a New Girl and can do what she likes, shows admirably Miss Macaulay's method of summary and characterization. She extracts the essence of an era as well as of a person. Indeed England — Victorian, fin-de-siècle, Edwardian, Georgian England — is probably the real heroine of the idiot's tale. It is extraordinary how many strands are gathered and carried through this book to reappear in changing form from year to year: international

D
MDODD, MEAD & COMPANY 443 Fourth Avenue
New York CityD
M

The Education of Anthony Dare

By Archibald Marshall

Author of "Anthony Dare," "The Squire's Daughter," etc.

Those who have read *Anthony Dare* will welcome this second volume carrying further the story of his progress through life. The scenes are laid in Hilbury, Merstead, St. Leonards and Cambridge and the story shows how Anthony met the test when he was thrown on his own resources. **\$2.00**

The Treasure of Ho

By L. Adams Beck

Author of "The Key of Dreams," etc.

Strange adventure in Mongolia narrated by a writer well-known to readers of the *Atlantic*. A young Englishman finds mystery, treasure, and love in a lost Buddhist temple despite the machinations of a wicked Empress Dowager. **\$2.00**

Woodrow Wilson: A Character Study

By ROBERT EDWARDS ANNIN

An authoritative work, five years in preparation and finished just before Wilson's death. "The truth on both sides now awaits the historian, and it is due to Mr. Annin that that far-off investigator will not find one side alone."—*New York Times*. *Illustrated*. **\$2.50**

Seven Times Seven

By MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

Author of "The Melting of Molly," etc.

What must a woman sacrifice to be successful in a professional career? Miss Daviess answers the question in her autobiography. "Read twenty pages and quit if you can." *Illustrated*. **\$3.00**

Diet for Children (and Adults)

By LULU HUNT PETERS, M.D.

Author of "Diet and Health with Key to the Calories," etc. How to feed children for their best health, growth and development, told by a physician who is the most popular medical writer of the day. *Illustrated*. **\$2.00**

Thrice Told Tales

With an Introduction by

DR. BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS

Short stories whose exceptional qualities have given them a distinctive part in American literature. **\$2.00**

Fidelia

By EDWIN BALMER

Three splendid young people find life a puzzle and love a mystery. Their story is an appealing romance of youth and marriage. **\$2.00**

Foster on Mah Jong

By R. F. FOSTER

Author of "Foster on Auction," etc.

Already Mr. Foster's new book has come to be the accepted authority on all points of scoring and play. To learn Mah Jong or to perfect your game read Foster. *Illustrated*. Cloth, **\$2.00**; leather, **\$3.00**

Adventures in the Near East, 1918-1922

By LT. COL. A. RAWLINSON

of the British Army

In all the annals of the British Army there is no record of adventure, courage and endurance that can surpass the experiences of this man and his hardy companions. *Illustrated*. **\$3.50**

Chinese Lanterns

By GRACE THOMPSON SETON

Author of "A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt," etc.

Adventures with bandits and revolutionists, meetings with Presidents and Premiers, experiences in a dozen strange corners of China, all have gone into the telling of this fascinating story. *Illustrated*. **\$3.50**

The Latin Genius

By ANATOLE FRANCE

Essays by the great master on such interesting personages as the Queen of Navarre, Paul Scarron, La Fontaine, Moliere, Racine, Sainte-Beuve, Prevost, Chateaubriand, etc. **\$2.50**

The Divine Lady

By E. BARRINGTON

Author of "The Ladies!" etc.

The life of Lady Hamilton and her immortal romance with Lord Nelson form the theme of a splendid novel. *Atlantic* readers will welcome this new work of one of their favorite writers. **\$2.00**

The House by the Road

By CHARLES J. DUTTON

Author of "The Shadow on the Glass," etc.

A tale of mystery and crime, remarkably true to the ways of criminals and their hunters, by one of our most popular detective story writers. **\$2.00**

I For One

By J. B. PRIESTLY

Distinctive essays by a writer who is being acclaimed in England as worthy to rank with Chesterton. **\$2.00**

M

At All
Booksellers

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

Publishers
Since 1839

D
M

relations, politics, theology, literature, fashion, women and the woman movement, manners and customs of the younger generation. Often Miss Macaulay achieves her summing up by a category: a list of things that Imogen — of the third generation of Gardens — at the age of eighteen loved and hated, from Yeats and meringues to drawing-room meetings and people who talked about clothes, not only gives us Imogen, but the whole vision of the Happy Young in 1905. Again, we have 'Vicky dashing full-sail through her fifties,' a happy middle-aged Georgian, characteristic of her day, yet a real individual.

The two most finished characterizations are of Rome and Imogen. Imogen is delightful, especially as a child. Through her eyes we view Jubilee Day, hear the 'noise of loyalty,' see the procession with the stout little old lady, the Queen, and the grievously disappointing Prince of Wales. Imogen grows up to feel 'the splendor and the joke and the dream,' but even to her life is 'a mess — a bitter, bemusing muddle.' The portrait of Rome is even more authentic; Rome 'fastidious, *mondaine*, urbane, sheltered, critical, amused, sceptical,' whose one intense emotion ended in tragedy, leaving her to look at life with an irony and detachment that one suspects of being a reflection of Miss Macaulay's own.

Papa, the clergyman of ever-changing faith, whose 'broad-mindedness amounted to a disease,' is, though amusing, at times a trifle too absurd for reality; but Mama is more subtly done, with her quality of delicate impenetrability, 'too gentle to be called cynical, too shrewd to be deceived by life.' Miss Macaulay is skillful in showing the children's inheritance of the qualities of the parents, which may be called the psychological aspect of her second theme, '*L'histoire, comme une idiote, mécaniquement se répète.*'

Obviously, Miss Macaulay has attempted something very big in *Told by an Idiot*. Her undertaking is so large that she has not always been entirely successful, and the book is much better in its details than as a whole. Miss Macaulay, the satirist, impedes Miss Macaulay, the novelist, yet one has at times the feeling that she is writing the outline of a tremendous Tolstoyan novel to follow, laying out a gigantic skeleton to be later covered with living flesh.

KATHARINE SERGEANT ANGELL.

Mahatma Gandhi, by Romain Rolland. New York: The Century Co. 1924. Frontispiece. 16mo. vi+250 pp. \$1.50.

Man and Mystery in Asia, by Ferdinand Ossendowski. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. With maps. 12mo. xvi+343 pp.

HERE are two books out of Asia, whence, as the Romans said, come strange philosophies and gods. What tidings, what gospel comes westward to-day?

The first 'message' — to use an overburdened word — may be found in the pages of M. Rolland's sympathetic and enlightening study of the ascetic who has 'introduced into human politics the strongest religious impetus of the last two thousand years.' The book is but a small one, and has little meat for those who relish the usual kind of printed thesis; it is more for those who seek a brief and lucid presentation of the ideas which underlie the present Indian revolt. These M. Rolland brings forward and examines with a fine sympathy and understanding, never forgetting the while his natural inheritance of the Western attitude. The reader will find the Mahatma's conception of nationalism, of war, of machinery, and of caste set forth in a manner comprehensible to the Western mind. And the more one reads into the book, the more one reflects upon its gospel, the more one feels that the West must forget the statesman and hearken to the saint.

Rising above our Western ruin, the immemorial East confronts us to-day with an authority long unknown. Statesman or saint, brown ascetic or busy electioneer, the fullness of life or the madness of speed and steel — the future lies in the choice we shall make.

The Mahatma's gospel has many sides, but its essence is a reaffirmation of the power of religion to remould the world. In the West we continue to build new states with new governments, new laws, and new decrees, whilst only from new souls, cleansed by religious flame, can a new civilization be born. The genius of the Mahatma lies not in his gospel, which is as ancient as the earth, but in his application of it to the confusion and despair of these unhappy times. A saint with a university degree — perhaps only such a person can lead this generation to the sun.

Professor Ossendowski's book is again a chronicle of adventure in Asiatic lands. Wise artist and story-teller that he is, the author has not tried to squeeze dry his adventures while escaping from the Bolsheviks but has drawn on his experiences while wandering through Siberia and Mongolia in Tsarist days. Once more the uncanny mystery of Asia seizes upon the mind. Once more the reader's heart leaps at the tale of strange adventures and escapes.

The books which bring home to the mind the mystery, the terror, which sometimes lurk in life are few, and this is one of the best. In this age of explanations it is well to know that there are sides of life which cannot be measured by a rule or prisoned in a laboratory.

The power of religion together with its necessity, and the sense of the wonder of life — these are noble gifts. Let us open our doors wider to the East.

HENRY BESTON.

These reviews will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston. For ten or more copies there is a charge of one cent per copy.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1924

MY BROTHER'S FACE

I. 'MAHATMA GANDHIKI JAI'

BY DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

It is the unwritten law of every Hindu that he shall revisit the place of his birth at least once in twelve years. Did our sages formulate this law from a profound knowledge of the soul's need? I cannot say; but it is true that I, a Brahman, after many years of wandering in foreign lands, grew conscious of a longing for my home, which reached its climax in very nearly twelve years after my departure from India. I had spent hard outcast years in America, followed by years when I was admitted within the precincts of Western caste; I had traveled in England, France, and Norway, and had felt everywhere a deepening fellowship with men; but instead of lessening, these human contacts intensified the emptiness that surged within me.

Was this because I read in the eyes turned to mine some reflection of my own poverty of soul? Was it that Western men and women were seeking, though perhaps unconsciously, a freedom of the spirit from the burdens heaped upon it by a century of progress? Then in a flash it came to me that I might find in the age-old peace of India some balm of healing for other minds as well as for my own.

One day in the winter of 1920-21, as I was mounting the lecture platform of New York City's Town Hall, I looked into the faces of my audience and into my own heart, and found with consternation that I was a man without a message. Then through confusion came the clear summons, 'Go to India, and at the feet of Holiness renew thy spirit!'

So, almost literally with the begging bowl, I set forth upon the ancient pilgrimage of my race in search of Holiness.

I

India at last! The hills of the Western Ghats gleamed so intensely emerald that it hurt one's eyes to look at them. This afternoon of late March throbbed with colors clean and brilliant; russet and gold, purple and green, cerise and blue, alternated and mixed with one another as we drew closer to the wharf. Suddenly all these warm colors — warm and humid like the day — took supple and fully defined form. The ebbing and flowing currents of iridescence burning the strand shaped themselves into Indian women walking slowly back and forth, drawing about them the long flowing ends of their saris.

It was not a city but a fairies' paradise that had come out to the sea front to take the evening air. Thus I beheld India once more. In my country when one is enchanted he cries, 'What word!' — as though to beg the God of Poetry, 'Oh, give me some word to describe it!'

As the boat was moored and made fast the crowds ashore shouted, 'Gandhiki Jai!'

'What does that mean?' I asked.

'They are giving thanks for the safe arrival of the boat at this shore,' I was answered.

'But they shouted, "Victory to Gandhi!"' I remarked, still puzzled. I had returned to India in the very midst of the Gandhi ferment and, during my first week, I found that the sound of his name rang like a refrain to everything I did.

'Is n't Gandhi the voice of love and longing? To shout for his victory is to acclaim the coming of God,' I was told.

The next thing I remember is my brother's face. I gazed into his eyes and read there not a man but a continent. India, India, India — I took the dust from his feet. My elder brother — the head of our house now that my mother and father were no more; and I saluted him, putting my forehead on his feet. No word can describe my meeting with him after all these years of exile.

After we had bathed and dined, our talk flowed hour after hour till, suddenly, the white bird of dawn spread its wings and tore the throat of darkness with its burning silver talons; the darkness of night bled in floods of crimson for a few moments — and was gone.

As if a curtain had been lifted from before us, people and faces were suddenly revealed moving about as they do on the stage. Such is the effect of day-break in India. It was only half-past five. By six o'clock the whole world

was astir, like ants about an anthill. We tried to snatch a few hours' sleep before making plans for a long pilgrimage.

I had hoped to visit Gandhi in his prison, but my brother told me it would be impossible as, at that time, the Mahatma refused to see even the visitors permitted him by the Government, and spent his days in fasting and meditation. Therefore, since the cotton mills of India were all congregated in the city where we had spent the last twenty-four hours, we decided to plunge ourselves into the life of the mill districts first.

It was nearing the sunset hour. We put on our best silk robes and went forth toward a Hindu temple to attend meditation and evensong. As the sun sank into rest the blue dusk, like winged silence, ran through the long dusty lanes that snaked their way between some buildings old enough to remind one of the tenth century, and others new enough to awaken a sense of horror toward all progress. Sometimes I saw beautiful seventeenth-century columns and porticos pulled down in order to widen the streets that two automobiles might go abreast.

That sight brought vividly to my mind the real conflict in India to-day: the best of the eighteenth century at war with the best of the twentieth; 'modern progress slashing its way through the beauty and squalor of the Renaissance,' as my brother expressed it.

Suddenly we turned a corner and beheld the tall temple of ochre-colored stone leap like a golden column into the deepening emerald dusk of the sky, while at its foot surged and pulsated the throng of worshipers clad in saffron and green and gold. They too were entering the temple for the evensong. Fearing that we should find no seats if we lingered, my brother and I entered the shrine, though I was longing to stay without to feast my eyes on the phan-

tasy of color that was fast sinking into the black silence of night.

Within, the odor of *dhoop* (incense) and *dhoona* (frankincense) greeted our breath, and far away beyond us, over the heads of the worshipers, gleamed the half-lit inner shrine where the two sapphire eyes of the god glowed above his robes of crimson brocade. It is said that these sapphires are the largest in the East. What a sense of art these priests had, to dress in crimson a god whose eyes were two sapphires, glowing blue stars, I thought.

At this moment, a silver bell rang from afar: it sounded like large drops of water falling on a tranquil lotus pool. It stilled the worshipers into an inert mass. Both my brother and I had already sat down and had begun to meditate.

I found it hard to fix my mind upon the eagle of immortality in the midst of a beauty which I had not seen for thirteen years. So I opened my eyes and looked at my brother's face. It astonished me to see how quickly he had entered into Silence. In the strangely lit atmosphere of the temple his noble forehead shone like the brown bark of a tree in springtime. There was not a line, nor the shadow of a wrinkle, varied and violent as was the life he had led; for this man had been the head of the militant Nationalists of India, living as a political rebel and a fugitive from justice for six years, at the end of which time, he had, for a motive not yet clear to me, abandoned his doctrine of revolution and signed a truce with the English Government, with all the honors of war. It seemed to me that only to hear my brother's story would be a sufficient reward for my long journey, and I knew that he would reveal it to me in time, but that I must not hurry him.

In the meanwhile, I learned his oval face by heart: it glowed with serenity;

the long black lashes of his eyes quivered, his mouth, ever so austere, now relaxed its corners and smiled, as if to me, with an intimation of the joyous mystery that his soul was just then entering. The rest of his face, the pointed yet smoothly modeled chin, the aquiline nose, a direct inheritance from my father, and his ears — large, delicately wrought like the Buddha's — I studied while he meditated.

Every now and then I said to myself, 'And this is the man who was alleged to be the head of the terrorist party, a subverter of law and order, a monstrous anarchist!'

Since thoughts are noisy in the presence of Silence, my brother's eyes suddenly opened and their black pupils cast a glance that scorched me; then they closed for a moment. I said to myself, 'Don't think noisy thoughts; they wound his meditation!' But he opened his eyes again, now calm and sweet with a light that was human and fraternal. He rose to go and signed to me to follow him. As we walked through the meditating crowd I could feel the stillness beat against my unashamed preoccupation with the mere beauty of the spectacle. I never knew before that thoughts could be stentorian.

Once outside, my brother's large eyes, lotuslike indeed, rested on my face with a kindly expression in them. 'Thou art too inquisitive about the trivial,' he remarked. 'Those who count the feathers on the wings of Silence are ungodly.'

'If my thoughts disturb thy meditation, how canst thou meditate in a noisy city?' I asked.

He answered: 'The noise of a city is like the chatter of lunatics in an asylum; no sane man heeds it; but the chatter of a sane man's thought is like clamoring kindness to one who needs more than kindness from his brother. Look, peo-

ple are going to the theatre. Let us follow.'

'What kind of theatre is it?' I asked.

'It belongs to the Europeans and the Europeanized Indians. Let us take a taxi and go thither.'

Yes, we came out of the Silence to drive in a taxi to the European theatre, and what a theatre! We found there a group of Hawaiians with yellow flowers, straw skirts and ukuleles, dancing, droning, and playing, and this in the country where Shakuntala has been played without any interruption for two thousand years. The Europeanized Hindus, descendants of Kalidasa, were applauding that droning and drumming of half-obscene imported dancing. I could not stand it and no more could my brother. We fled, and drove to Dhulia, to the theatre of the mill hands.

As we took our seats my brother remarked, 'I see that modern progress offends thee. Now our mother's spirit will rest in the other world. I so feared that the Western civilization might have tainted thee!'

The short play we were watching — an allegory, 'Love Conquers Death' — was about to end. The God of Death bowed his head before the chaste and devoted wife. He could not take her husband, for the fire of devotion proved impregnable even for Kala — Death — the Black One. At this point an actor dressed like a priest came on the stage saying, 'May all women strive to be like Savitri, and all men like her loyal and true lord Satyavan!' Then came a classical dance, the Song of Songs, given by the younger members of the cast. Again the old gestures of hands and arms, the clear archaic angular movements of the feet and the bodies. To conclude the performance, the voice from behind the stage spoke three times with the deep sombre intonation

of an oracle: 'Rama, Rahim Ek Hai! Allah Bhagaban Ek Hai!' — (Rama and Rahim are one; not two. The God of the Mohammedans is the same as that of the Hindus!)

Then rose a deafening shout as a dramatic answer from the audience: 'Gandhi Maharjki Jai!' — (Victory to Kingly Gandhi!) Thus they took leave of the play of Savitri — 'Love Conquers Death.'

When we walked out into the balmy night, my brother said, 'Canst thou doubt where lieth the exact dwelling place of Our Soul? Mother India is moving to a dimension higher than we see with our blind outer eyes. Gandhi is one of the many pilgrims from that interior tiger-guarded place.'

'It is the common people who are her soul.'

'Yes, they are Our Mother's own pang-born and pang-bearing ones. During my years of exile I have traveled all through India. At every peasant's door I found God, and in every workingman the effort to articulate. Hindus and Mohammedans are but two babes sucking India's two breasts, and the babes know now that there are two breasts to drink life from. Each can draw the song and sap of life without injuring the other. The breasts of the one ancient mother: two sons of the One Heart! India is safe. Gandhi is not a cure as the foreigners think; he is the sign of our convalescence.'

II

The next morning, we visited some of the mill hands who were on a strike which, like strikes the world over, raised more problems than it solved. However, this strike being the first one in India to come under my observation, I paid much attention to it. I did not ask the strike-leaders' opinion, nor that of their opponents, as to the exact

nature of the trouble. On the contrary, I went to a barber who cut the strikers' hair. He was a curious man. His head looked like a coconut shell with a few holes here and there to give the beholder the impression of a face. He wore a fine Gandhi silk turban on his head — an ivory halo to the coconut — for Gandhi's handwoven silk, though coarse in texture, is fine in color. Like all barbers, Nao talked profusely and that was why I went to him.

'Eleven hours a day,' said he, 'feeding those hot monsters of metal, sir, week in and week out. Sundays are no vacation — they are but days of recuperation; we cannot love the devil of the West.'

'We'? I asked him.

'Yea, I too once worked at nursing those hell-begotten metal-mouths,' he went on. 'But I gave it up. Now I barber those who feed the beast. I earn less but I get more time for singing and idleness. Was time meant to be counted by clock-strokes and screeches of factory whistles?' cried the inspired barber. 'Did not the gods make time for men to fashion dreams? Mahadeo, Mahadeo! The men strike because they live like earthworms crawling between machines eleven hours a day. They strike because they need the cure of indolence for their rusty limbs. Is man a centipede that he should crawl on his belly fast as the lightning to feed monster mouths hither and yon? Their wives toil too: between bearing children and giving suck to machines they grow scrawny as scarecrows and their voices sound like the very cry of filth. Women lose their bloom and men their gods; they visit no more temples, nor do they sing songs. God goes a-begging for a votary in this our old God-enchanted land. Nay, sir, the factory is now the God of these men and women, and the whistle is His speech.

'They know not what they strike for:

but I know. They strike because they are sick of feeding the hot mouths of metal when they should be feeding their own babes who have just grown teeth enough to bite the father's finger for fun, or the nipple of the mother's breast, to show that, though small, they too can make jokes.'

'But I was told it was Gandhi who made these men strike,' I said to the barber.

'Ho-ho! The evil spirit sat on the tip of that man's tongue who told you the tale out of malice.'

'Nay!' I exclaimed.

'Gandhi has been in jail now six weeks. The strike started the day of his trial.'

'I mean the spirit of Gandhi,' I explained.

'Spirit?' he questioned. 'Gandhi can do no ill in spirit or in body. Strikes come because men are giving up their gods for the hell of factory work. Gandhi is no counselor to such men. If he were to walk by here you would say, "An *avatara* hath passed."'

'Dost thou consider him holy, Nao?' I inquired.

'Did I not see his ugly face? Did I not hear his words? I behold him as I see you. And I marveled at the monkeylike countenance without beauty. Then as the earth throbs when the fire-chariot pulls a long train, a quake broke in my heart, and I said to myself, "That man is my soul's thousand faces in one face: that man unlocks his lips to give out words of precious truth. If he asks for my life I shall give my life to him."'

'Thou wouldst give thy life?' I stressed the question.

'Yea, that is the utmost I have. Had I more —' But here the barber's wife came out and offered us some cool drinks in brass cups.

After saying good-bye to them, my brother and I visited the homes of the strikers. They lived in an appalling

squalor that beggars description. I was unable to bear it and I begged my brother to take me away.

On our way to Poona we met a silk vender. He was a short, lean, hawk-faced Gujrati, who was selling Gandhi silk and linen. I asked him why he did not sell foreign goods.

'Brother,' he explained, 'I took a pledge before the Mahatma that I would sell nothing but purely domestic manufacture.'

'Would you give a pledge of life to him?' I asked further.

'Why should I not? But he, Gandhi, will not take your life. He wants your soul.'

'But why shouldst thou give him thy soul?' I pressed.

'Ah, had you only seen him! Those lips of his smiled at me. And I said to myself, "That mouth speaks no idle word: it is like God's mouth." And, brother, if God say to you do thus and so, would you not do it, would you not give what is yours — your soul?'

About six hours later, near the Karli Cave temple, one of the finest works of ancient Indian art, I asked my Mohammedan tonga-driver about Gandhi. He flourished his whip and shouted, 'Gandhi is bad.'

'Why bad, O thou true believer?' I asked.

'He saith whenever a community is in trouble, it should cease work for a day or two and pray to Allah to purify itself. Why should I purify myself? If Rahim be a rogue and steal Mobarak's goat as well as his wife, why should you and I and the rest of the village pray to Allah? *We* have not sinned. Have we?' he asked me.

'Then thou dost despise Gandhi?' I evaded the question with another.

'Nay, nay!' he exclaimed vehemently. 'I saw him once. He is as one in whose eyes shines the peace of Allah.

He speaketh as no mollah can. He gladdens the heart and maketh the soul sweet with happiness at his words. Is it not good to perspire on a hot day? Is it not good then to hear him who hath Allah's blessings on him? But I ask you, can one as low as I live as high as he? He saith that I should pray for Mobarak, the thief and lecher. But how can I pray for that rogue when I forget to pray for myself? Nay, Gandhi is too high.' He shook his head with a strange expression of dismay and admiration.

After a pause he lashed his horse, saying, 'Thou brother of an ass, dost thou not wish Gandhi wert thy driver to give thee a life all hay and no work! Thou son and begetter of mules, get up!'

The beast understood enough to slacken his pace even more.

III

We were on our way to see a man named Govrind who was a member of the Servant of India Society. This body is the real heart and soul of the Indian Moderate Party. Although many Indians agree that the Moderate Party is made up of rich and powerful men and women who are abjectly pro-British and who exploit the Servant of India for their own self-interests, there is not a soul in India who would ever dare allege that the Servant of India Society has any selfish motive back of its programme. Every member is like the founder, Gopal Krishna Gokhale, the idealist, who lives under a vow of poverty and devotion to India's political betterment, and Mr. Srinivasa Sastri, a poor man who never takes office in the Government, and lives for his country as unselfishly as Gandhi.

However, Sastri is not Gandhi; he has no spiritual genius nor faith in the political greatness of his race; and

no doubt that is why he is a Moderate, preferring India to remain under the tutelage of Britain until such time as she is able to rule herself. Govrind, the man my brother had brought me to see, explained something of this point of view to me.

A blue Persian rug of severe design in the centre of the red-tiled floor was all the decoration in the room into which we were ushered by an old maidservant of the house. We sat down on the rug, squatting in the ancient way, and with large russet napkins wiped the perspiration from our brows. The heat of the day was like warm hands pressing against temples and forehead. It was so hot that even our freshly laundered napkins clung to our hands as wool to the fingers of the knitter on a July day in New York; but somehow the Indian heat was more bearable than that of New York, for Indian life is ordered and Indian homes are built to withstand it.

Just as these thoughts were crossing my mind, the violet doors to our left opened wide. We could glimpse a fountain in a large space surrounded by impeccable white walls. The small fountain sang on, now much nearer, with a sound like bees about a honeycomb. It kept the house cool, just as a radiator in every room keeps a house warm in New York.

Now softly, as if keeping time to the music of the water, came our host through the open doorway and embraced my brother as men do in the East when they greet an intimate friend. Govrind then touched his palms and bowed to me as I was presented to him by my companion. He said in Hindi, 'I am a southerner. I know very little Hindi, so I must speak in English. Next to Hindi it is the common tongue of India.'

As we were seating ourselves comfortably on the Persian rug, I examined

Govrind's face more closely. He was dark as the blue sea after sundown. His eyes were large but set too close to each other. He had a nose like the ancient Egyptian, and the rest of his face was modeled like that of the goddess Sekhmet — strange, enigmatic, and fierce. But as he smiled at me, it became quite clear that the man's heart was as tender as a child's. His upper lip was shaped like a bow, and the lower one was almost straight from one corner of the mouth to the other. When he stopped smiling, the enigmatic expression once more took possession of his face. He was no more a man but an Egyptian god.

I spoke in English. 'I thought almost all Indians knew Hindi; is it not our common tongue?'

'Yes, it is,' Govrind answered; 'outside my sixty million southerners, nearly two hundred and twenty million speak Hindi. If you northerners could teach Hindi to us of the south, India would have a common language.'

'He has come from America, Govrind,' my brother put forth, 'to find out how you Moderate leaders feel toward Gandhi. Since, when we speak English we become direct, unpoetic, with shrill voices, let us plunge into the subject immediately and have done with it. I can't stand speaking English. It makes us nervous and turns our voices falsetto, which never happens when we speak any tongue native to India. Come, attack Gandhi in the best style of a Moderate!'

Govrind smiled that enchanting smile of his. Then again he drew his lips together, sphinxlike. After clearing his throat, he began in a very unhappy voice in English. He even gave the title of his discourse: GANDHI'S INFLUENCE OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS — which proved to be a short account of the Gandhi movement since the Amritsar massacre in 1919.

'But look here,' I said to him, 'you are not giving me your reactions as a Moderate of the most honest order. You are neither rich, nor powerful, yet you are a Moderate. Now tell me why you are a Moderate, and what you really think of Gandhi.'

'I think,' he said, 'we are Moderates simply because in moderation lies wisdom.'

'But most Moderates are so rich and so thoroughly fed on privileges that I should imagine your society, as an unselfish body, would shrink from them,' I interposed.

'I am happy to hear your appreciation of our society. But could n't you praise us without condemning somebody else? It is so easy to praise one thing at the cost of another.'

Thus beaten by Govrind, I returned to my former question. 'What do you think of Gandhi?' I repeated. 'Is he opposed to your Moderate Party?'

'First of all, he is the most spiritual man living now,' began Govrind. 'But I don't think his spirituality gives him the insight of a statesman. What's more, I do not hold that Gandhi is a great thinker. I must admit, however, that he has done for his country that which no one else has been able to do: he has made the masses fully conscious of their political birthright.'

'Do you think that India is fit to be free?'

'No. Not in the absolute sense. But,' Govrind continued, 'I think we shall be ready for home rule in ten years if Gandhi's men consent to coöperate with us, the Moderates. Otherwise, — if they continue to noncoöperate, — India will drift into unheard-of difficulties.'

He went on to discuss the Montagu-Chelmsford reform, saying that he was satisfied with it as a working basis, and a good start toward home rule, and from that, to explain what he con-

sidered the stumbling block of Noncooperation and the proofs of failure of Gandhism to achieve its ends. He finished by saying: —

'If Gandhi is released to-day, his followers will give up Noncoöperation to-morrow. No doubt it is his incarceration that has united them so closely against the Government and against us who are coöperating with it. The noncoöperators identify us with the Government simply because we have accepted the Montagu-Chelmsford bill for the good of India. They don't see that we love our country as much as they do.'

With these last words Govrind's face grew dark with pity. And I said to myself, 'This man is as unselfish as Gandhi.'

The Moderate politician did not believe nonresistance could be suppressed by imprisonment, or even by hanging. Any large attempt at suppressing it would drive it into military resistance.

IV

When we left the house of the Servant of India, the afternoon sun was far behind the walls and there was no need to fear his shafts of light. Therefore we walked along the red roads between groves of mangos, till we were outside the city.

My brother exclaimed, 'How dreary it all sounds when a man talks an alien language. Govrind could not use a single figure of speech. When we speak English, even elephants could not drag a jeweled metaphor out of us. I want to sing to relieve the pain in my heart:

"Every time I ask a question, God,
Thou dost smile with stars.
People call Thee loving —
How can that be true
If thou dost only smile
While questions spear my heart?"

He sang his song twice. Then as if the question was answered, he pointed to a small house ahead of us and said, 'Let us go to that peasant's home. I know him — he speaks Hindi; he will make talk that will satisfy our thirsty fancy.'

Under the light of the setting sun the peasant's newly thatched house had a glow of gold. Even the walls of brown throbbed with the singing grandeur of the sunset that was now deepening into purple in the western sky against which the palm-fronds were spread in peacock-fans of gold and emerald flames. As we drew near the prosperous-looking hut, the peasant family of four came to welcome us.

After greetings and explanations were over, the owner of the house sat down beside us and talked. The pauses between our talk were punctuated by the cooing of a dove in the neighboring mango grove. I asked, 'Can India soon be free?'

The peasant answered, 'How can one be free when his soul is not free? To have a free country we must have free souls.'

'What is thy opinion of Gandhi?'

The peasant answered to the rhythm of the swaying coco palms, 'The dust of illusion still darkens men's eyes, but a day will come when all the people of the world will see that the Mahatma is their Lover. He speaks like a holy one, for he *is* holy, and when he smiles he has brought us God.'

'Wilt thou give thy life if Gandhi commands?'

'Yes, that I will. But he will not command it. Only he whom the Antaryamin — God Within — prompts, shall give his life. For God is the life-giver. He alone can ask us to yield life.'

'Hast thou seen Gandhi? Hast thou heard him?' I questioned further.

He answered, 'Do you remember the

old saying, "The fragrance of a flower goes but with the wind, but the fragrance of holiness goes even against wind?" Why should I need to see Gandhi? His holiness reaches me, despite my nature. Come, sir, perform the evening meditation in my house. It will gladden my wife and my children. Behold the sun hath set.'

'The evening comes on wings of silence! Tone down the voice of mutiny; listen to the Silence for Whose worship the stars are lighted.'

With those words we sat down and meditated till the whole world slipped through the wicket of sunset into the larger spaces of night. Then the lady of the house raised the earthen lamp before her on a level with her eyes and went about the rooms propitiating the spirit of the night. It was sweet to watch her. The half-veiled face floated in the darkness above the lamp and I can see it before me now — as she carried the light outside and bore it three times around the sacred plants, symbol of Life.

When she went indoors again she set the lamp down on the floor, her body bending almost in two and rising quickly as a willow branch bends down and rises, the instant the pressing hand lets go its hold. It was all grace and simplicity!

After this, we said farewell to the peasant family and walked on into the fragrant starlit space. We wandered for some time, and then decided to go to a temple near by, in order to spend the night in the priest's house. Though the evening worship was over, there was a large throng of people seated in the outer court, where from a wooden platform a man was reading from the Mahabharata. He no doubt had it all in his memory, since he looked very rarely at the book before him; if he did, I am sure he saw very little, for the

small earthen lamp that was burning beside him was almost completely curtained with hovering moths. I felt a pang of beauty as I heard him roll out the majestic Sanskrit lines.

Next day we spent with that priest, talking of Gandhi. He said:—

‘One day I beheld Mahatma Gandhi. It was like seeing honey harden into a rod. He was so sweet yet so flinty. So I said to myself, “Thou hast praised God in a walled space and prayed for guidance; now behold God has sent a face for thy guidance; wilt thou go with him into the open, or wilt thou stay here in security burning more incense?”

‘To that question mine own heart answered, “Go thou, follow the face of him who is God’s witness.” There was naught else for me to do. Therefore, I went and told my tale to the Mahatma and he said to me that I should grow and live truth—Satyagraha—as a tree bears fruit. So like a tree I stayed rooted where I belonged. I preached Gandhism from my temple door.

‘One day I spoke to the people as I preached to them last night, not of God, but of Satyagraha. I said: “The British race are not enemies of India, but their Government is. It behooves us to destroy that government at once.” Hardly had I finished my speech when two protectors of peace without their constable’s uniform, leaped upon me. Neither I nor my hearers could resist, since we had promised nonresistance to the Holy One, and so I was taken to the English prison. It was the week before the Prince of Wales came to our town.

‘When we reached the prison yard, I found the place guarded by many of my own people in the service of the Government. The moment they saw me they all shouted, “Mahatma Gandhiki Jai”—(Victory to Mahatma Gandhi). I was so startled by such a

cry from men in this position that I could not believe my ears. But when they shouted the same thing again and again I knew to what extent Mahatma Gandhi was loved, even by those working for the Government; but their feeling did not help my trouble, for one of these very men locked me up in a cell full of low-born drunkards. In there, disgusted, standing in a pool of disgorged dinner, I shouted “Mahatma Gandhiki Jai!” And lo, hundreds of other voices shouted, as if echoing my cry: “Mahatma Gandhiki Jai.” And still other voices from the distant parts of the prison took up those echoes and the booming shook the prison walls as the flood shakes the walls of a mountain cave.

‘Suddenly I felt a hand pulling mine. It was a follower of the Mahatma trying to speak to me in spite of that terrible noise. He drew me toward a corner of the cell and, as the noise died down, he said to me, “The whole prison is full of our people under arrest. Do not shout. They think thou art being tortured by those in power and they shout back to give thee courage.”

‘The corner he had led me to was clean and dry; and we started to make ourselves at home there. Hardly had we settled when a dozen of the followers were marched into our filthy cell amid deafening cries of “Victory to Gandhi!” My heart jumped in my breast when I saw their homespun Gandhi caps and the broad red bands they wore across them from shoulder to chest. They were men from the university who were forbidden to bear these signs. When they recognized us in the half-dark, they began to tell us that thousands had been arrested, and that many had been sent away owing to lack of space to keep them in the prisons. So these were requested to offer themselves for arrest the next day, and this they did, in large numbers, according

to their word. Some prisoners were obliged to wait until factories and private buildings were made into jails for their safe-keeping.

'Hardly had the young men finished telling their tale, when the cell door was flung open and an English sergeant stood in the doorway. He said: "Any noncoöperator can get his immediate release if he will sign this note of apology." We made no answer. And again the sergeant gave the same message, and only a drunkard replied. The sergeant said, "Silence! (*Sowarkobatch* — you son of a pig) I am speaking to the Gandhi men!"

'I answered, "Gandhi men do not apologize," and the Son of Anger answered back, "You shall pay for this at the trial to-morrow!"

'Then we were locked in our cesspool again for a day and a night.

'The morning after, we were again asked to apologize. One consented, to our shame, and he was released; the rest were sentenced by the Court to various terms of imprisonment.

'Because I am no vender of news, nor a prostitute, I shall not tell you how bad was that jail. We were treated like the vilest criminals. But this was our enlightenment,' the priest concluded, 'for it taught us how bad pris-

ons have been heretofore, and how many brother souls have been murdered for centuries because we were ignorant of their tortures. The only way for us was to make protest, and we refrained from eating food for a long period — some, indeed, abstained for sixty-five days. The common criminals took interest in our method and in a few days they too went on the hunger strike. No doubt this overcoming of prison discipline, as they called it, frightened the rulers, for, at last, having failed to conquer us, they set about to alter our conditions. Now, even cut-throats and robbers are being transformed into noncoöperators of high courage because Gandhi has penetrated into their prisons. The light of God penetrates where even the sun cannot shine.'

I asked him if he still believed that Gandhi was helping him and he answered, 'Can my soul ever be weaned from the Mahatmaji? As the unseen God guides the stars, so his meditation is guiding us through its invisible way; inscrutable it is to the eye, but not to the soul. Unfathomable is the power of sacrifice.'

After talking with that priest, I decided that I need see no more people, for my purpose.

WILD-ANIMAL PAINTING IN THE JUNGLE

BY ISABEL COOPER

I

A LONG while ago I formed a vague, magnificent idea of the perfect job for a young woman with artistic tendencies. It was to be so interesting that it would seem more like play than work; it was to require extensive travel in rare and foreign lands; it was to make some use of the artistic tendencies. I used to dream of such a job as I went bleakly about my various occupations, such as assisting at the legerdemain of interior decorators, or degrading oriental perfections to terms of a modern rug-factory, or building feeble disguises for player kings and queens, or filling in the cracks of my time with painting lessons, sadly convinced the while that you cannot learn to be a painter and accomplish anything else the same year.

And lo, the dream came true. The perfect job is mine. The vague, magnificent idea had given me no hint of the fantastic delight in store for me. Several years ago I began to try my hand at sketching animals from life, at the Tropical Research Station of the New York Zoölogical Society, in British Guiana. Lately this nebulous project has become a real and fascinating job — Staff Artist of the Station; and it combines the best features of work and play. It necessitates travel to some of the most wonderful places in the world, and it has used and developed my artistic tendencies. It has the additional charm of being practically unique. I have had to work out for myself many of the details of my pro-

fession. For instance, there is no such thing as a school of snake artists, so when the problem of making a portrait of a snake presented itself I had to think up the technique for myself. There were many odd little worries connected with this problem, such as the invention of the proper anæsthetic for deadly reptiles, to put them out of the misery of posing and yet allow the colors of life to linger from day to day. Then the temperaments of wild creatures have had to be studied. I have had to discover — by the process of elimination mostly, I am afraid — which were friendly, or curious, or sedentary, and which preferred a long leap into the unknown to any dealings whatsoever with me.

There is considerable contrast between this work and the usual job. The environment, for instance, is so far removed from that of most working artists: all the difference between a shelf in a steel honeycomb at the end of a trail between cigar stores and subway pillars, and a clearing in the midst of the South American jungle. And our trail southward from New York leads over mountainous waves and the submarine ranges below, and is varied by visions of the Antilles, and enhanced by a diversity of beings — travelers, colonials, natives, an endless procession of outlanders who seem to have only human nature in common.

I love the moment when our ship, which has been so recently roped to the

edge of Brooklyn, is tied up to one of the mouldy, molasses-scented wharves of Georgetown, and becomes again, by the magic of a lowered gangway, merely a peculiar and absurdly elaborate piece of a continent. Between this end of our ocean voyage and the last lap of our journey occurs a merry interlude in the queer little capital of Demerara. Nearly all the inhabitants hate the place, and can never understand our enthusiasm for it. I should probably not be exhilarated at the prospect of spending the rest of my life there, but I enjoy every inch of its funny, seedy streets.

The Georgetown market is a tropical marvel. You cannot imagine it ever coming to an end, there is such perpetual motion to it. It is like a scene gotten up by a conscientious stage-manager who is bent on missing no detail of color or noise or incident. And nothing ever seems to happen. They just go on rehearsing with energy, apparently waiting for the travelers who drive up in cabs and go strolling about with calm detachment. There is much to be seen. Vegetables are changed from their dull selves into actual scenery. All kinds — with no names, but many colors — are laid out under your feet. Piles of mangoes and star apples and breadfruit bulge around and through all partitions. Immense oceans of pink macaroni are gathered in braids and ringlets. Barter is frantically carried on by brilliant creatures who range through all the extravagant out-sizes peculiar to the black race, and who look more like caricatures of themselves than anything else. Tubers of every known variety and hybrid are humped about the toes of huddled little coolie women, themselves hardly distinguishable from their wares, they are so brown and dusty and sombre, with only the faintest spark of visibility in the gleams of sifted sunlight on nose-

ring and silver anklet. These little coolie people are quiet, but all around them is the din of the market-place, and the uproar of savage color, and the scent of many casual curry-colored meals.

We emerge from Georgetown and its diversions by way of the most freakish little railroad. Then come the last laps of our journey — forty miles of the Essequibo River by Government steamer, and finally a few miles of the Mazaruni in our own unspeakable 'Evinrude,' which lives or not as the mood takes it. And there we are at Kartabo Point, the nicest place in the world, where I can sit in a bamboo grove, with my pet monkey companionable at my elbow, and thoroughly enjoy myself sketching anything from a rainbow boa to a vampire bat.

II

The Director of the Tropical Research Station has written most comprehensively and delightfully about our life and work in this beautiful camp. I wish merely to give an idea of my share of the work, and something of the effect the wilderness has on myself, an artist inmate, as I pursue my profession at the edge of the dark rain forest, with vivid serpent or tapestried lizard in one hand, and the best grade of Japanese paintbrush in the other.

My especial task is to record, as accurately as may be, the natural colors and expressions of the lesser creatures of the jungle: snakes, frogs, lizards, insects, every type of animal whose appearance is seriously altered by death and museum preparation. The integuments and trappings of these units of living tissue are more strange and miraculous than the most extraordinary fabrics of the inanimate world. Their variety of colors and patterns and textures is unending, and the close

study of them is a delight. Birds' feathers and the wings of butterflies are wonderful; but birds can look quite presentable stuffed for many years, and all you have to do to preserve a butterfly for your great-grandchildren is put it under glass. So, much as I may long to try to reproduce a sun-bittern's wing or a moth's feathered domino, I am obliged to leave them alone. It seems that the colors in these cases are often not pigment at all, but merely refracted light. Until the actual feather-and-scale substance of the hidden prisms moulds away, the light goes right on cleverly splitting up into a thousand color schemes; or when pigments are present they are comparatively stable, so that macaws look out from museum cases in the same green and blue and yellow that they wore in the forests; kingfishers never put off their glittering uniforms; the paint is as fresh now as ever on the quiet wings of a million dead butterflies.

But the bright surface of reptiles' scales declines with their wearers. The leathern skin of toads becomes grizzled in alcohol. The papier-mâché masks and queer gossamer costumes of bugs collapse or shrivel when the freakish little gnomes are entombed in their orderly museum-vaults. Most remarkable and significant in the appearance of most of these creatures—and soonest extinguished by death—are their eyes. This is especially true of snakes. The instant they pass, a dreadful mildew creeps up over the sparkling black pupil and the decoration of the brilliant iris, until the eye looks like a mouldering moonstone. The scales catch this creeping death next: the brightness goes, though the actual color usually remains for several hours. This dullness is more like the slow coming of a shadow than the draining away of color. The skin shrinks into ridges and what little expression the animal had

in life turns into the lost look of a skull.

Death is even more objectionable in the case of lizards, who have so much more personality than snakes. Their lissome, active bodies sink utterly, like a person prostrated in the depths of despair; their eyelids—which are more than the poor old snakes have—decently veil the vacancy left by the passing of the bright nervous spirit. The colors of lizards' skins flicker and waver up and down their length, it seems, almost with their emotions. There is a blazing green wood-lizard who becomes ashen in captivity and remains so except when he is particularly enraged, when he flares up again into brilliant green. You can actually watch the waves of color flowing rapidly, as if projected by a revolving spotlight. And when this particular lizard dies, the color simply fades in one terrible ebbing.

You can see that the thing for the artist to do is to get to work as quickly as possible and work exclusively from the living model. As fast as the natives and Indians and my thoughtful colleagues bring in four- and six-footed sitters, I endeavor to turn out sketches. Sometimes there is a desperate race between my brush and the Grim Reaper, when the captive is injured or reduced to fatal melancholia by his imprisonment. Sometimes an extra spurt of life gets ahead of my merely human fingers, as when a tadpole telescopes his tail and turns into a young frog right before my eyes, or when a caterpillar disappears from view in his cocoon, or a chrysalis goes to work and hatches, while I am taking time off to eat lunch or clean my paint-box. Sometimes all goes very briskly indeed, and I have to take my subjects in order of their rarity or their susceptibility to death.

I remember once being very busy with a weird red cricket, when in

walked the Director with a rare and exquisite viper — tiny, very venomous, gray-green and orange with black tattooing — which had been trying to bite him through his hat. I started immediately to get impressions of its marvelous looks before it should have time to die and turn into a horrid faded shoestring. I can still remember the slightly delirious feeling it gave me to watch it swaying and hissing on my desk, and striking with the few inches of its glimmering green back that the space allowed. I worked as fast as I could to get all the details of its colors. It was so small that it was necessary to anaesthetize it before I could even attempt to approach a microscope to its wicked little face and draft in the complexities of its head-patterns. In the meantime the wretched scarlet cricket made a complete get-away.

My models are always escaping. The whole camp knows what a commotion in the studio end of the laboratory means — something has hopped or crept or slithered out of my window, and is making off hot-foot through the second growth to the dense jungle beyond. I have been most harshly criticized for this. Dreadful imprecations are heard when I fail to detain some sleuth-like snake or butter-footed lizard who has found an imperfection in his cage and is making the best of it. The casual architecture of my little cages and prisons is partly responsible for this, to say nothing of the temperaments of all concerned. My little amateur Houdini tree frogs are stuck into glass boxes with movable tops, in and out of which they are continually being hauled as I study their postures and articulations from a distance, or hold them up to squint at them through my trusty hand-lens, an inch from my eye. A tree frog is one of the most annoying creatures to handle. Its great sticky toes grasp and clutch, its

hind legs develop the most terrific leverage, and it simply shoe-horns itself up and out of the firmest fist. The low cunning of toads is astonishing. They swell up when you try to hold them, so that you feel as if you had a handful of dirigible; then, when you get all set and are about to dash in the first bold strokes of your portrait, they blow out their breath with a loud sigh and jump through the window.

Lizards are restless and spend most of their time scrabbling away at the glass. What extremely rudimentary capacity they possess for being puzzled is taxed to the limit by this uncanny substance which they cannot see or diagnose, but which prevents them from leaving. They inspect its invisibility with first one bright cocked eye, then the other, give up scratching a minute to ponder, then give up the pondering and go back to their hopeless scraping. I have occasionally come across lizards who seemed to like me, and who would perch on my shoulder or arm by the hour. I once had a huge iguana who stood and glared at me for a whole morning without moving a muscle. He could n't have realized what an excellent model he was making, or I am sure he would never have done it. Some of the great buffoons of marine toads are surprisingly tolerant, and will sit around all day in silent friendship, immovable except when you fling them a fly. In this case the face is faster than the eye — one lightning snap of the toad's features and it is all over with the fly.

Sometimes when our specimens get away, we are able to recapture them by much beating of the bush and wild Indian yelling. Possibly the poor little creatures stop from sheer shock at the numbers and noises of their pursuers. But it is very difficult to find a snake when it has slunk off behind a bookcase or draped itself into the scenery; lizards

can skitter over the ground at a terrific rate of speed, and they usually disappear from view against any wild background. And caterpillars can get through the most unlikely cracks: they simply wave themselves off the premises with undulations of their fuzzy selves. They are just as apt to wander to Brazil as to stop in our rafters and metamorphose within reach.

It is odd how almost all of my little animals know the direction in which safety and shelter lie. No matter how much I turn them about on my desk, they quite definitely insist on facing toward their old homesteads in the hidden depths of the forest. I have been guilty of a perverse and unnecessarily sentimental joy when something has gotten clean away. You must have been a prisoner of some kind to truly know what freedom is, and it seems to me that my little toads, hopping triumphantly off through the leaves, have it all over their friends who have never been helpless in a hot human paw, or jumbled about on a desk with English paints and Japanese inks and brushes.

III

There is nothing monotonous about my tiny tropical studio. When I sketch snakes, I hold them by the neck if they are not too large. Quite often they will consent to have a tail wound about my wrist, and will hold very still and cause no trouble of any kind. But there are some very nervous tree-snakes who seem to have to keep wriggling around, who love to get head and neck free from my fingers, and reach back threateningly toward my knuckles. Also their lengths of elaborate scaly body start looping about my ink-bottles and prodding the pans of paint up out of my paintbox, and scattering pens and brushes off at all

sorts of tangents. Or they start to disappear up my sleeve, causing the most creepy sensations. Sometimes all my tools have to be stowed to make room for an enormous hog-tied lizard or crocodile, who reposes on my blotter and wriggles spitefully. Traffic is very brisk among my incoming and outgoing specimens. And besides my legitimate models there are usually several tiny house-lizards snooping about in the shade of my thumbtacks; gorgeous butterflies flutter in and out; sometimes a humming bird flashes in for one quivering, puzzled moment. Squadrons of infinitesimal red ants campaign across my blotter, and hold an Austerlitz or Marston Moor every minute or so upon the topography of my paintbox. A tarantula once failed to watch his step while cruising about in the rafters above my head, and came hurtling down upon my arm. Contrary to my expectations, he departed without sampling me.

Whole batches of specimens which seem to be doing well in captivity are ignored for days; then we suddenly find that they have escaped, or thought up a disguise, or eaten each other, or acquired a family. Young frogs feed on each other. A nice little aquariumful of brothers is quite likely to turn in a day or two into one prosperous-looking composite frog. A perfectly plain, dark-brown tree toad will turn over night into a silver ghost of himself. An egg case will lie around for days; then one morning no egg case will be visible — merely a crumpled bit of tissue and forty or fifty baby spiders or praying mantises running about.

When I began this work of reproducing the perishable appearances of wild creatures, I specialized on their eyes, which were in almost every case quite individual in each species. I enlarged them and tried to get every detail of their color and pattern. Then

it began to seem childish to do just a great jewel of an eye with no setting, so I ended by making enlargements of the whole head, and as much of the neck as was graceful or significant — or would fit on the paper. And wherever possible I have added to these magnified drawings a small sketch of the subject in natural size and preferably in action. It was when I commenced using a microscope on the skins and eyes of these animals that I realized the actual labor of my job was as delightful as the preliminaries and side interests of it.

I have talked so constantly about microscopes at home that most of my friends have hurriedly gotten them for their children, apparently taking my word for it that no home can be complete without one.

It hardly seems true that live cells can form the colors and textures that you find in the scales of reptiles. There is no end to the variety of surfaces and patinas and weird schemes of decoration. There is a remarkable green tree snake with a sharp nose and eight feet of narrow gleaming body, which merges completely with the leaves of a bamboo branch. I put in a busy day transferring his features to paper. His skin has the look of tawny crumpled suède, overlaid with polished plates of copper green, each perfect with rounded edges and porcelain surface, so supple and closely placed that you can feel nothing between your fingers but a smoothness like the touch of cold silk. The color deepens as the scales develop into the jig-saw shapes that fit around the eyes and nostrils. He has a lowering yellow eyebrow, painted straight across where his forehead should be, and an eye like a topaz, with brown imperfections in it.

His nearest relation is pale gray, with the same incredible suède skin, a blue-white, very defective chin, and

a jade eye, badly corroded with mother-of-pearl spots.

The various kinds of boa constrictors are wonderful enough when you just see them from a reasonable distance, but they become mythical under a lens. The water boa has a deep gray-blue sheen that turns his orange rings to purple and the dark background to electric blue. The rainbow boa, and to a less extent the large land boa, have the most beautiful sheen of all. Sometimes it seems as if the millions of rainbow prisms in the scales were giving off a fine fiery mist of spectrum colors. You can see this with the naked eye, so you can imagine what it is under a microscope.

Also picture to yourself the problem of the miserable human artist who must record these things on paper with a few earthen pigments and a bunch of camel's hairs!

The deadly snakes — bushmaster, fer-de-lance, rattler — have skins of rough chain-mail, and great head-plates of rusty steel and copper, studded with fantastic keels and mountain peaks. Their eyes, too, manage to look rusty though they are really hard and smooth. Their cold corrugated coils feel deadly, but this is probably nothing but imagination. The poisonous coral snakes are quite different, with their look of red-and-black lacquer, as delicate and dully gleaming as any Chinese treasure.

There are over fifty species of snakes found in the small area around our camp, all extraordinary and all different. And we acquire them in all sorts of ways. The natives approach with the meekest, tiniest creatures dangling at the ends of enormous poles. Or little native children appear with an old gin-bottle full of snake and no way to get it out. Or the Indians tell us about a fifteen-foot boa constrictor up in the woods, and we go ourselves and

capture it and fetch it triumphantly home on our shoulders. Once we were brightly assuring some nervous guests that snakes never came into the house. Just at that moment a long thin tree-snake wafted himself down from the roof and hung by two unimportant vertebræ above our tea table, gazing about with a friendly leer!

Having practically immovable features and no eyelids and very little roll to their eyes, snakes are confined to a few stock expressions: a silly pious aspect when they roll their eyes upward, a nasty crafty look when they partially submerge them in their upper jaw, and a travesty of grim Early-Victorian pomposity when they look down their nose. Baby snakes have their eyes tremendously popped, which gives them an expression somewhere between that of youthful innocence and utter vacuity.

Lizards are incredibly beautiful objects. Their backs are covered with a thousand designs that man has never thought of for his tapestries. They have the same dim, glowing, fenestrated colors that you find in tapestries and old rugs. In spite of their astonishing beauty, many wild creatures have color schemes which we of the western world have been trained to consider quite dreadful—purplish pinks and pea-soup greens in close association, and so on. But I have never seen a lizard whose vestments and gauntlets and boots were not decorated in accordance with the most exacting standards of civilized æsthetics. Their colors always blend and they are further enhanced by the dull web of scale-edges spread over them. The most incidental tones of the head are repeated somewhere, on back or elbow-joint or tail. The most brilliant colors are brought close up to the dullest in splendid climaxes of chiaroscuro.

In fact, the eye of one's artistic

appreciation never fails to be rested when looking upon these glorious little mysteries of nature.

Evolution has surpassed herself in the decoration of lizards' faces. Blue, that flickers very quietly on a certain forest-lizard's back, is developed into tiles of blue faïence on his sculptured cheeks. His dull, rusty body-colors turn into absolute velvet-black on his throat and about his neck. When you gaze through a lens your glance seems to skid off the burnished surfaces of his face and simply sink into the night of these jagged rifts. On further inspection you see that his head scales of gray and blue enamel acquire keels of coral along his chin, and flower alarmingly into cabbages of sharp turquoise around the abalone pearl of his eardrum.

This lizard is about the most beautiful creature I have ever seen, yet in the woods he scarcely shows against a dull green leaf, and his life-size portrait on my paper causes no undue comment. But an ant's-eye view of him reveals the amazing details of his physique and the fastidious perfection of his jeweled-velvet masquerade.

When I read that you must have one kind of face cream for the day and another for night, and So-and-So's drops to make your eyes sparkle, and eyelashes by the yard to veil them alluringly, and an efficient combination of chemicals to fight the film that would otherwise dull the brilliancy of one of your crowning glories, it strikes me that there is something of an abyss between even the improved human being of the twentieth century and that dim little slip of enameled loveliness snooping about in the dust of a thousand jungle trees.

The huge tree iguanas are architectural triumphs. There is a noble dignity in their majolica façades, and an expression of arrogant ferocity in

their golden eyes, that I am sure illumined the countenances of the warriors of Salamis or the fearless Vikings of the Conquests. We had a proud, uncompromising old grandfather of an iguana once, whose hide was perfectly marvelous: of a texture somewhere between giant lichens and thin old bronze rusting away with blue-green verdigris. His head was encased in great plates of turquoise matrix, rough-hewn as in Tibetan jewelry, and jumbled about in an unsolved Chinese puzzle except along his chin and on his neck, where they were beautifully matched and graded and interspersed with enormous rounded scales of pink and sky-blue majolica. From the top of his head to the tip of his tail, like the feathers in an Indian's headdress, went a crest of upright green scales, each with a backward crescent curve. He used to lash the sides of his glass cage with his powerful tail, and then stand motionless and shoot lightnings of exasperated rage from his fierce eyes, looking just as mad as he felt—like a person having difficulties with Central in a glass telephone-booth.

I have eaten queer things and hold myself in readiness for anything, but I have never been present when iguana steak was going around; either our specimens were shipped immediately to the Zoo in New York, or they hung around camp so long that they got into a rather poor state of repair, or too thin to appeal to the palate. I suppose I would sample iguana meat, if it seemed the thing to do at the time, but for some peculiar reason it strikes me as more outlandish to eat this spirited, fabulous dragon of the forests than any of the other oddish things we have eaten—monkey, armadillo, electric eel, and so forth.

I feel as if that were one humiliation too dreadful to offer such a race of mystic, haughty creatures. As bad

as if you stuffed an octopus of the South Seas and made it into an atrocity of a chandelier and twisted its tentacles about to hold candles; or made a filigree tiara out of rattlesnakes' fangs; or dolls' gloves out of bat-wings.

There are lizards with faintly glimmering backs of old worn cloisonné; and lizards that look like nothing but a bag of bones plastered over with an imitation of gray tree-bark; and lively little creatures covered with orange and brown rug-designs, with yellow-specked scarlet throats, like strawberries; and quiet little apparitions clothed in terra-cotta suède, with bright blue eyes; and inch-long yellow geckos walking on the ceiling, with orange-spotted tails and black-and-white clowns' heads; and lizards with scarcely any more anatomy than an iridescent pencil; and great thick-limbed burrowing lizards, covered completely with yellow-and-black tiling.

Turtles are a problem for an artist. If you lay them down they either retire from view with all their features, or else start earnestly for the next county. Like some people, they seem to think that if they push enough they will get anywhere. I had a pleasant little scarlet-headed turtle once, named Anatole, who did not particularly enjoy studio life. The only way I could do anything with him was by holding him up by the shell. I had to wrap up my hand to keep him from scraping my fist with his feet, which he kept moving nervously, like an old lady up in a Ferris Wheel. We had another old sleuth of a turtle who could disguise himself in about one minute as nothing at all, with no more material to work with than one decayed bamboo leaf and a bit of nondescript background.

It is as hard to describe in words the skins of frogs and toads as it is to reproduce them on paper with paints.

All these surfaces resolve themselves under the microscope into a fine pitted leather, but to the naked eye they have a multiplicity of textures — damp black velvet; dusty plush; embossed suède; old stippled parchment; crumpled fruit-skins, — an endless variety of outward appearances which are all the more remarkable because they are supported by amphibian flesh and blood, — surfaces like those of mould-covered marbles, or the decaying skin of Camembert cheese, or ancestral Sèvres, or cork, or corroded damascene.

They have gold and silver and amber eyes; and black eyes with cuneiform patterns traced over them; and level slits of pupils between great coronas of blazing color; and dull eyes flecked through with flakes of gold like the 'eau-de-vie de Danzig' we got once in Martinique. They have towering bony ridges flaring up from their eyebrows, which sometimes give them an intellectual look, and which always increase their impressive bow-legged dignity. And all sorts of materials are stretched across their eardrums — iridescent gray silk, and gun-metal gossamer, and fabric of mother-of-pearl. When they are elaborately decorated with designs, which is almost always, the greatest amount of the pattern is on the head, and particularly about the wide frog-mouth. They have outlandish masks with savage white streaks and spots; or pink moustaches and sideboards; and great sagging double chins of pebbly leather, which give them an appearance of advanced age and common sense.

Of course, with the immense traffic in frogs going on all the time we have droves of tadpoles. We had what we called the 'tadpole vortex' one summer. All my regular work was interspersed with feverish painting of restless frog-progeny — eggs and featureless tadpoles and adolescent polywogs and

baby frogs with their tails melting fast. These last were the most trying. They would hop around, or else crouch dejectedly in the dimmest corners with their hands and feet welded into a solid mass under the chin. You could not hold them without annihilating them or at least ruining their delicate skin. And they were so tiny that they could shroud themselves in the distorting moisture that was drawn up around them by capillary attraction.

Birds with painted beaks, fish, crabs, armadillos, opossums, insects — these are some of my many models. Birds are a comfort, because you can hope to finish with the few who have perishable pigments on their beaks or faces. Fish, crabs, eels, worms, spiders — there are a million subjects that I shall never be able to cope with. Mammals, being fairly large and easy to look at, have already received attention from artists, and are regarded much more casually than the uncounted, silent-footed myriads of beetle- and bug-spooks, skulking under leaves and in the hearts of flowers.

I don't think all the insects in the world will ever be known, there are such depressing quantities of them, and they pick such secret, impossible places to live in. With my very casual sketching of them I have barely touched the outer fringes of the world of leaf-mantes, and old mossback crickets, and gold-plated bees, and topaz wasps preying on Roman-striped caterpillars; membracids with Eiffel Towers and Crystal Palaces on their foreheads, and ghoulish, gleaming beetles, and ten thousand others that it exhausts you to think of.

IV

All the time that I am supposedly absorbed in my work, I am really trying desperately to concentrate and not dream too much about my glorious

environment. I find myself wasting long spaces of time in wonder at the beauty of the forests, and the incredible weather, at the brown rivers, and the look of the tropical sky, and at the sparkling peace and beauty of our bamboo grove. I sometimes feel like holding a shaded mirror up to the brilliant spectacle, and resting my eyes with its quiet, silver reflections. In our small clearing, on the white beaches, and along the dim forest trails, I can never seem to accept as usual and familiar the omnipresent trees and the tropical river highways flowing between them. They are enchanted at sunrise: the trees standing dark and colorless, and the rivers moving like dark molten glass with a faint bloom of flower dust across them, and scattered with cold bubbles of foam from the rapids beyond. As the sun gets up, the bubbles dissolve and the water begins to smoke faintly.

Up the straight stretch of tide and current before us sweep all the different kinds of tropical weather — storms that split upon our frail tents, and singing trade winds, and mist that eats out the substance of the trees and faintly touches with shadow the curved and lissome planes of their invisible branches. And far up the Cuyuni we can watch the sunsets, like brimming Grails of light, slowly burning down somewhere beyond the Andes.

I often used to take my work out under the bamboo trees, when the wind was not too high and my subject and its cage were portable. Then I could have Mishkin, our little ring-tailed monkey, sitting beside me, cheerfully conversing with himself, or picking wasps out of the air, or craftily watching to see if I had any chocolate about me. He used to be morbidly interested in my models — a little afraid of them sometimes, but unable to keep from looking at them. He

would make terrible faces at the snakes, and I would catch him unsuccessfully trying to get up the nerve to touch them. He loved the atmosphere of the place as much as I did.

I am afraid that I go into a trance in a bamboo grove. The leaves have such a beautiful rustle. In a small breeze all the leaves quiver in unison, and remind me of nothing so much as the glinting bows of the first and second violins of an orchestra, when they really get going in the overture to *Tannhäuser*.

The dead bamboo leaves have a thousand ways of falling to earth. They flutter down in slow narrowing coils, or fluted spirals; or they dart like fairy javelins along a falling arc of wind. Or the leaf flickers in the air like a golden butterfly, while its faint blue shadow on the ground plays and capers like the ghost of a lizard, the two drawing closer and closer till they die at the same instant and become one in a sere, lifeless strip of tissue.

In a big wind and rain the bamboos bend almost to the ground, and storms of leaves fly from them and swirl about in warm sodden rain-pools.

All sorts of living things venture out from the forest or in from the rivers, and flash past my easel. Once a quiet little brown snake wound his way through my particular clump of trees. A protracted hunt was held around and over me for a vicious crapaud snake who was finally caught hissing and striking under the bank below me. My little monkey would spot retiring gray lizards as they walked innocently on the bark, and the next thing I knew they would be disappearing tail-first down his throat. He used to pull the tree-stumps apart with his thumbless hands, or peer into the fallen calyxes, then rush back to sit on the arm of my chair and loudly chew up his find.

I love all the extraneous delights of jungle life. Something seems to happen to the processes of your imagination. The pictures of this inner world take on a strange reality, set here against the dimensionless stillness of the forest. Your mind appears to exist in a different medium — something much more peaceful than the dust-laden noise that envelops a city, where the very space between the buildings has changed into a tattered substance of smells and absurdly gyrating atoms.

The magic of books is augmented for me by their juxtaposition with these unwonted surroundings of wild jungle. As they stand on our rough shelves, in substance no more than hostages to rapacious moulds and insects of prey, in essence they seem to me like so many narrow dusty doors to all the fabulous gardens of the world and the treasure houses of science and history and romance. Back of the sombre texts, where the bookworms creep, lie the open files of Darwin's carefully garnered facts, and the stored-up crystals of Huxley's mind; gaping sea-chests full of the strange treasures of Conrad, the gilded graces of Meredith, the graven, unearthly images of Dunsany, Blackwood's living dreams; the vignettes of Claudel, lying about like the fragments of jewels.

Books are books, without a doubt, wherever they happen to be, and I suppose their glamour is a constant quantity, whether they are ranged in a stately library, or huddled beneath the gas-jet in a poor student's hall-room, or stored on the toothless shelves of an ancient secondhand shop. But for me, at least, their lustre grows when I think of them crowding out a few square feet of space that has never been invaded by anything more tangible than the growth of a bamboo stem or the morning creep of a boa constrictor.

V

Best of all advantages of our jungle camp is its remoteness from civilization. I spend much time, after the unprofitable habit of the young modern, railing at civilization. But I have to keep reminding myself that it is not really so bad. As an intelligent friend points out, if it were not for the arrangements of a few highly civilized persons, how would a Research Station be possible in the depths of British Guiana? If it were not for this gruesome state of mankind, what should we do for microscopes and firearms, chemicals, cameras, tinned provisions, and smart tropical clothes — and the subjective point of view, without which we could not possibly be conscious of our delightful isolation?

In spite of the pessimism of our Northern friends, the climate of the tropics remains a perfect medium for life and work. We seem to retain our health, and emerge at the end of many months undamaged by reptiles and malevolent insect life. Of course, to be exact, one must admit that the weather is always warm. The only frost for miles in any direction is to be found around the tops of the tall rum-punches.

But I should always prefer to spend my time in the tropics than to drag through a breathless fetid summer in a Northern city. The air of the tropics is warm and dry and perfumed — whereas there is no air in a New York summer, and if there were, it would be hot and soggy and smelly.

Whatever the man in the street may think about such an environment and occupation as mine, I myself thoroughly enjoy it. Of course the very fact that it is unusual tends to make some people shudder uncontrollably. It is an amusing thing, however, that the extremely metropolitan person,

who fastidiously shrinks from the notion of a life close to nature, has some interesting needs, such as tooth-brushes made of pigs' bristles, and hair-nets woven from Chinese pigtails, and an inartistic animal product as a base for perfumes, and an anatomical by-product of the cat, to which they hardly like to refer in polite society, which is nevertheless necessary for the production of some of the most beautiful sounds of civilized music. Also they would probably cringe away from the exudation of a silkworm, yet it is quite the thing to pay largely for intimate garments made of this mysterious substance. When people take exception to my preference for wild life, I feel like being disagreeable and logical, and pointing out some of these facts, and I hardly ever remember in time that the last thing in the world you can hope to modify is a point of view.

Five o'clock of a winter's afternoon — in New York City and at Kartabo Point! What is going on? In New York a tide of glittering engines is setting strongly north, and disaster skulks from block to block, barely checked by the grace of brake-linings; perhaps a six-day bicycle race is in full swing, a thousand little dime-eating machines are gobbling and imperfectly digesting a million dimes, on a thousand Fifth Avenue busses; in darkened theatres,

last acts are slowly drawing to a close, to the accompaniment of many persons creeping out over fallen hats and feet, their minds feverishly set on the dash across town to the five-twenty-three; dark pasty masses of humanity are being forced in and out of underground tubes, like icing out of a confectioner's funnel; the five or six lonely English sparrows who still live in the park are gathering for the daily meeting of their Down-and-out Club.

At Kartabo we are swimming in the river, or taking tea to the music of homing parrots, or prowling in the quiet, darkening forest. A million bamboo leaves are slowly waving in the cool air. Nightwalking beetles are creeping out from under one side of their leafy homes, as the day-shift crawls in under the other. All the problems of nature that we shall never solve take spectral shape and rear their grinning, taunting features at us through the jungle aisles. Somewhere, hidden in the caverns and lofty chambers of the forest, creep or dance or flit the countless hosts of masqueraders who will never pose before my brush and paper, whose fantastic shapes and eerie beauty will never be reduced to flat films of pigment, and filed away, and carried over sea and land, to museums and exhibitions and the cold stare of metropolitan eyes.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND PATERNALISM

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

I

Is the American woman, judged by what she has done with the vote and by what she is endeavoring to do with it, paternalistic by nature and habit? Is it that she sees in the central government what the primitive woman saw in her lord and master? That she seeks her legislative ends through the Federal arm as she from the beginning of the race has sought her personal ends through the strong arm of the individual man, and its power to defend, ensure and enforce?

In a word, are we enfranchised American women, as revealed in our approach to organized government, hold-overs? Are we survivals of the system in which the chief authority of family, or tribe, resided in the eldest valid male ascendant, who governed by paternal right? A system which is not so far receded as we would believe.

We think of the cave woman, the nomad woman, the feudal woman, the clan woman, the pioneer woman, as each a part of a group which, whether as family, tribe, fief, clan, or stockade-commune, looked to the accredited male for that ensurance of safety and well-being wherein she might fulfill her part as woman. As a matter of fact, the American woman's place in a patriarchal group and her outlook from within it come well nigh down to our own day — or to the day of some of us. Life in my own childhood in Kentucky revolved in a literal sense about the father as the head of the family. Wife, chil-

dren, and servants, widowed mother and dependent sisters, alike recognized in him their head and front, their source of supply and of dispensation; alike looked to him for judgment and decree, and obeyed these.

In my home in the 70's and in those other households known to me, following breakfast six mornings out of seven came a rite unfailing and — so far as my knowledge went — universal. As the father of the family appeared at his front door, putting his silk hat on his head, the house-boy came around from the kitchen door with a basket in his hand, their objective being the local market. I, in my own case, was allowed to go along now and then, making a trio of the daily duo, trotting on these occasions between my six-foot parent and Bob, the colored house-boy, accommodating my steps as I could to my father's greater stride.

I can see the market in my memory now, the country wagons backed along the curb outside, and within the building itself, the rows of stalls facing upon a brick concourse, each with its specialty: fruits and vegetables; eggs and poultry; fish and oysters; meats, fresh, smoked, and cured; in season bear, venison, wild turkey, partridges, squirrels, rabbits, and — this being that season 'when the frost is on the punkin' — fox-grapes, pawpaws, persimmons, 'possum!

Some blocks farther on the way to my father's place of business we came

to our next daily objective, this being comestibles again, which this time were defined in gold letters on the show-window as 'Staple & Fancy Groceries.'

I was in my teens when I discovered that cabbage and its near of kin, cauliflower and Brussels sprouts, were recognized and reputable adjuncts to civilized man's gustatory pleasures. My father, who did not like them himself, did not so consider them. In his household, with its otherwise plentiful table, we never had them. What the man of the family sent home in that market basket each day, this his household — adults, servants and minors — received, prepared, and ate.

I, or some child with whom I played, might want a nickel. Or, our ambitions soaring, we might even aspire to a shin-plaster ten-cent piece.

'Ask your father to give it to you.'

Such was the unvarying rejoinder of the women of our Southern households as I knew them. That our fathers seem, in retrospect, always to have complied, does not weaken the argument that we in my day moved through the head, the central power of the family unit, to get certain things.

I recall, or it seems so to me now, very little ready money in those homes. My father, as I have shown, provided and paid for the food. He provided the fuel. He paid the servants. He gave us children — including the said colored Bob and one Susy, the child of the colored cook — our Sunday-school money all around on Sunday mornings.

'The children's shoes are shabby.'

Thus the women of every household that I knew, to the man of the family. And I recall in my own case the rejoinder of my father: 'Have Bob bring the children down to me after school, and I'll take 'em by and have 'em measured for new shoes. Better order their slippers for summer now too?'

Our photographs taken? Yes, going

with our mother to our father's store, Bob along to carry packages and bundles if there be any, the group proceeding from there on — under the paternal care — to the photographer, and the fixing of our countenances by the camera.

Within the home, however, within the protected family circle our mothers ruled, saying to us children and servants, Go; and again, Come. Or at any rate, these mothers of ours were expected so to rule. We children of the various households in the neighborhood fell out among ourselves from time to time. Our mothers were our high courts of appeal here. That child who said, 'I'm going straight to papa and tell him as soon as he gets home,' was commonly conceded among us not to have played the game; or worse, he was bearing witness to something amiss in his home: was the evidence of some incompetency on the part of his mother. I do not recall in my experience an instance of a servant appealing over the head of the mistress of the household to the man.

Years later, during the winter of 1918-19, I was in a town in the far South for some months, and here I found the family life, very nearly as I've depicted it, still the rule.

II

It seems to me, when I consider what we women here in the United States have done with the vote in the first three years of our enfranchisement, and are planning to do, that Uncle Sam in the minds of the American woman to-day, stands in her political world as the Southern father stood in his household; as the strong arm of her lord and master stood to the earlier woman; that is, as the agent or instrument, the authority or vested power, through which the individual, or the individual

group, shall and must move to obtain its ends.

Keeping in our minds, then, the question, 'Is the American woman paternalistic?' suppose we take as our measure of values the following premises left us by two of the forefathers.

Washington says: —

If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected in the way which the Constitution designates.

But let there be no change by usurpation, for this, though it may in one instance be the instrument of good, is the ordinary weapon by which free governments are destroyed.

Lincoln says: —

It is my duty and my oath to maintain inviolate the rights of the States, to order and control, under the Constitution, their own affairs by their own judgment exclusively. Such maintenance is for the preservation of that balance of power on which our institutions rest.

With these premises in mind, suppose we look at what the women here in the United States have done with the vote through national legislation, from November 1920 to December 1923; and what, through national legislation, they are endeavoring to do.

One of woman's own organs, the *Woman Citizen*, says: —

When one speaks of woman's national legislative work, one means that Washington group representing fourteen national organizations which make up the *Women's Joint Congressional Committee*.

And since we want to realize who are the women seeking to influence government, it may be a good thing to line them up here: —

American Association of University Women
American Home Economics Association
General Federation of Women's Clubs
Girls' Friendly Society in America

National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations

National Consumers' League

National Council of Jewish Women

National Council of Women

National Federation of Business and Professional Women

National League of Women Voters

National Women's Christian Temperance Union

National Woman's Trade Union League

National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association

Service Star League.

Besides the fourteen groups here named, there is the National Woman's Party, which also is exerting political influence in Washington. The activities of that group are not touched on in this article, however, discussion of them calling for a separate consideration.

It is the first-named fourteen groups which, representing some millions of women and concentrated in this Women's Joint Congressional Committee, put their strength behind and won — or aided in winning — the following measures: —

The Sheppard-Towner law. 'A measure for woman, won by women,' designed to secure through combined Federal and State aid the protection of mothers and new-born babies.

The Cable law. 'A measure of straight feminism,' establishing through Federal control the right of a married woman to citizenship independent of her husband.

They also: —

Made permanent: The Woman's Bureau of The United States Department of Labor.

Helped to secure: The bill for the reclassification of the Federal Civil Service.

Gave assistance in passing: The Voight bill to prevent the shipment of 'filled milk' in interstate commerce.

Exerted pressure to get: A Federal Coal Commission appointed.

Measures asked for by women, but not yet won, are:—

The continuance of the Inter-departmental Social Hygiene Board by its transference to the Department of Justice.

A Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution.

The Fess Amendment to increase appropriations for training in home economics.

A uniform divorce law.

The Sterling-Towner, or Sterling-Reed Bill, as it is now called. A measure asking for a Federal Department of Education, with a Secretary in the Cabinet, and one hundred million dollars annually to be distributed; fifteen millions for the maintaining of the Department, and eighty-five millions for distribution among the States under the observation of this Secretary.

Here then are the things which the women of the United States have done with the vote through national legislation, and are trying to do. Excellent measures in themselves, every one of them, no doubt, but in their nature paternalistic. All tending toward a centring of the governing power, which in turn means excessive government regulation and a piling up of the bureaucratic system. Yet the millions of women who — through these organizations and this Women's Joint Congressional Committee — are behind these measures are convinced as to their excellence, and conscientious in their endorsements. Of this I am sure.

They are convinced, and they are conscientious, that is to say, so far as the individual women who make up these organizations know anything about these measures.

To instance: The General Federation of Women's Clubs is, at this moment of writing, behind the Sterling-Reed Bill. Yet of sixty individual members of clubs within the Federation, recently

asked for their opinions on this measure with its proposed Federal assumption of what up to now in our national history has been the duties of the States, fifty-three, by their own statements, never have heard of it.

Herd instinct is as common to women as it is to men. The American woman not only is as gregarious as the American man, — as is evidenced by her nation-wide passion for group organization, — but she, within her clubs and federations, is even more ready than, say, the male rotarian, optimist, booster, and so on, to accept leadership unquestioningly. In this, it may be, she is but running true to her centuries of inclusion within the group which functioned through its vested head. Whatever the explanation, it is my experience that 'isolation through intellectual withdrawal' is rarer among American women than among American men.

Relying upon our leaders, the mass of us organized women too often know little or nothing about the measures which we from time to time endorse. And as a woman's club member of thirty-one years' standing myself, I hold I've a right to an opinion.

'George,' in the person of the accredited male, has 'done it' for women through so many centuries that George to-day, as personified by our accredited women-leaders, is a change only in sex and personality. And often the immediate George, in the person of a local woman-chairman who presents a measure or a cause to her club, is speaking at the instance of still another George, in the shape of a central or national board; or again, at the request of some other organization.

Mrs. B —, the local chairman of our own or any club, arises on the appointed day. Her proposed interpolation into the business or the programme for the day has been arranged for, expedition through well-oiled machinery

having come to be more and more necessary in club routine.

Mrs. B——, who is an experienced parliamentarian, is also a specific thinker, concerned not with general principles as a rule, but with concrete business. She has assembled her case with efficiency — which is to say, she has assembled for her use all those points supplied her by the sponsor back of this measure or cause, which are favorable to it. This does not mean that this measure or cause is fundamentally vital or even dear to Mrs. B—— or, at any rate, dear to her prior to the day before yesterday when as chairman of, say, general legislation, or child welfare, or forest conservation, or what not, she in the routine of her official business became the spokeswoman for it. Nor does it mean that Mrs. B—— lacks in conscientiousness. It means, on the contrary, that she, in accordance with her ideas of a departmental chairman's duty and loyalty, is doing her best for the measure. And in accordance with her ideas of a chairman's routine duty and efficiency, she is getting her measure successfully across and out of the way, with as little loss of the club's precious time as may be.

The chairman, having thus done her part, sits down, and the presiding officer glances at the watch upon her desk. It is nearing five o'clock, which is the hour for adjournment and home.

'All who are in favor of this club going on record as endorsing this bill now before the Legislature of our State, — or the House, or the Senate, at Washington, — will please say *Aye*. — The *ayes* have it.'

Nor is this an exaggerated illustration of the methods by which false impressions are often conveyed by committees who, seeking to influence legislation, claim they voice the demands of the millions of women within the various organizations.

These herd habits among organized women were grave enough prior to 1920. But with woman now an enfranchised citizen, such group movements, under leadership, and free of the individual responsibility, assume graver possibilities for mischief. 'Boomerangs' suggest themselves to the mind; also 'edged tools'; and again, 'Fools rush in' and so forth.

Obediently and pliantly we women within our organizations thus endorse, apparently unaware that no thinking creature has a right to an opinion on any subject touching the public weal unless it rests upon the best information to be had on the subject by the individual.

Conceding to these accredited women leaders of ours this full understanding and consequent right to an opinion, why is it that they knock so constantly, and in our names, at Uncle Sam's door?

Johnny, symbol for the State machine, say, is wasting the forests of his State, even as Johnny, the small son of some woman among us, in his day wasted the contents of the cookie-jar. Johnny's mother, had she appealed to Johnny's father to punish the son for a transgression coming within her jurisdiction, would have been acknowledging her own incompetency. And these women leaders of ours are acknowledging themselves, and us, to be poor citizen-housekeepers within our individual States, when they cry in the name of the women of the State, 'Uncle Sam, make us a law, a Federal law, requiring — yes, compelling our Johnny, who is wasting the forests here in our State, to behave.'

Why Uncle Sam, and why a Federal law? When it is clearly our duty as responsible parts now of our local governments, to make our own State behave — our duty to remember, if indeed we've ever grasped, that in

respect to our Federal Government 'an irreducible minimum of compulsion is the very essence of good government.'

III

Again: If it be the American woman's patriarchal or father complex which is at the root of her leaning to paternalism, may it not then be her mother instinct which, aroused by those things which she and her federations have discovered for themselves in these last several decades, is driving her to regard the ends she has in view as the important factors, and the means by which she gains these ends as negligible?

The organized American woman has discovered for herself that wherever she started with her proposed welfare-work, whether with the school, the factory, the jail, the prison, the housing problem, the courts, and so on, all paths uncovered by her, be these local, State or National, led to politics, the festering centre a political machine.

The American woman in these conditions, without the vote, appeared to herself innocuous; indeed she was made to feel herself innocuous by the politician himself; whereas she foresaw herself, with the vote, an organized power for good, a force irresistible and invincible. And it is the writer's own belief that here—in the organized American woman's sense of frustration, in her sudden consciousness of her need of a weapon, when on opening the door she found, as it were, the wolf at the throat of Grandmother and Red Riding-Hood—is the explanation of the nation-wide demand for the franchise by women which marked the first and second decades of the nineteenth century: this, more than the suffrage-preachings and agitations of the preceding forty years. This, independent of the part which the World War, and the American woman's

part in it, were to have in further arousing her latent citizen-instincts.

She has her weapon alike of offense and defense now. Yet the American woman is asking Uncle Sam to do what she should be doing for herself.

True that father in the old days provided shelter, protection, and the means for sustenance. But true also, that mother was the administrator and executive within the home provided. Father had his affairs downtown to see to. Household business, making beds, cooking the meals, keeping the children in order—these were not the responsibilities of father. And Uncle Sam has our national and world affairs, that are his rightful business, to see to; the ordering of the affairs of the forty-eight States is not the duty of Uncle Sam.

It seems a bit paradoxical that women here in the United States should fail to see an analogy between the home and the State; between the functioning of the family group within the home, and the functioning of the citizen group within the State. Strange they should fail to grasp that the home is at once the symbol of, and the basic unit in, local self-government.

How is it, men in these United States, that your sisters, wives, and daughters are thus limited in their understanding of what, in our democratic republic, is government? Is it that you, all this long while, have rated us as being intellectually as well as politically outside the body politic?

It almost would seem so. For when did you ever share with us, your women folk within the home, those general truths which, however self-evident to you through the exercising of your citizenship, were ungrasped by us within our four walls? When in the exchange of the daily round of your household, did you ever say to us, for instance:—

'Local self-government here in our

town, city, and county, Carrie, Mary, and Kate, is the preparatory school in which the citizen acquires the rudiments of government. And this local self-government, as we have it right here in our village, has always and justly been considered of the highest importance in maintaining our Republic. We American people do not need to look to the Constitution for this right. We had the right before the Constitution, which we ourselves set up and authorized!

'Our forefathers sought a new country. Here, face to face with nature, they perforce relied mainly upon themselves. Remoteness became their opportunity. Nowhere in the history of the world, to that time, had local self-government reached so high a point of efficiency as in the American colonies. For they had come to see, these forefathers of ours, that it was all-important that people should manage their own local affairs instead of having them managed for them by a distant and interfering government.

'The early New Englander in especial "learned to govern himself because he worked as his own master, where he depended on his individual action for promotion, and where he controlled the government in which he lived." These little democracies of New England prided themselves on being sufficient unto themselves, and out of them came the liberties of the States, and the greatness of our Country!

'An impregnable foundation this was in self-government. The collapse of royal government in our American story left the thirteen Colonies in a chaotic state. The old government of a king had disappeared. A new one could not be immediately developed to take its place. In the meanwhile the Revolution was upon us.

'And what do we find? The institutions of local self-government throughout the thirteen Colonies, the town, the

county systems, were left intact; and on these the Colonies rested, a people with no central government whatever, until the Articles of Confederation could be set up and ratified.'

No, men of these United States, since you did not point out these things to us in the past, you cannot to-day build upon such a knowledge on our part, and say:—

'We ask you, Carrie, Mary, and Kate, to reflect upon our story as a self-governing people, and then to recall to your minds what in these last few years, when revolution came, happened in Russia under autocratic rule; in the German Empire under paternalism; in Austria; in Hungary; in Greece; in China; wherever indeed the peoples were not developed in self-rule and self-reliance through local self-government.

'Never forgetting that in our own case, here in the United States, our separate State governments under the Constitution which we ourselves set up, controlled for these forefathers of ours exclusively "as to taxes, schools, trades, inheritance, marriage, divorce, courts, police, local boards, and in a hundred different ways; the early American's belief being that the proper place to rectify local evils is at home, where we see and appreciate them, and can apply a direct remedy suited to the peculiar evil."'

IV

States' rights! Here again the writer has come to a conclusion which, however, is not of her own originating. And the conclusion is that these words 'States' rights' are intricately interwoven in the minds of the great proportion of the American women with things sinister and ominous and fraught with menace; that we are face to face here, as in the paternalistic tendency, with a bit of woman's psychology.

It is my belief that at the words 'States' rights' the minds of innumerable of us American women hark back to the war between the States — this despite the fact that these words are interwoven with our history as a nation from the beginning. That with us women, many of us being the daughters and granddaughters of men and women who on the one side or the other went through that cataclysm, the words 'States' rights' are synonymous only with fratricidal warfare and bloodshed. That with these words arise, out of our subconscious minds, survivals of our inherited past, memories of burning homesteads, battlefields, bereft women, and fatherless children.

I do not mean that we women are conscious of this. On the contrary, we're not. I mean that in the subconsciousness of numbers of American women is that which makes us unwittingly antagonistic to the words, 'States' rights.'

There's a further reason why we women dislike to be reminded of, or to concede, States' rights, and this less worthy of us. An observer has recently pointed out that the American woman wants what she wants, and wants it right away! Uniform legislation arrived at through the individual States calls for time and patience, and the American woman has discovered that she moves through the Federal arm direct.

The observer just quoted points out further, that the American woman in her activities wants, not your way, nor our way, but her own way.

'Group legislation' we at large have been saying to Labor for some while.

'Group legislation' we're crying nowadays to the would-be Blocs, the farmer and others.

'Group legislation' we'll have to cry next to the organized American woman

and her lobby, the Women's Joint Congressional Committee. For, of man's political weapons, the American woman has taken for her own the lobby — of them all the most undemocratic.

We reach another point here. Woman throughout her long past, with her narrowly centred activities, has not concerned herself with the sources whence her needs are supplied. From her place beside the newborn, the suffering, and the old, she has looked to man: —

'Bring the herb, the exorcist, the physician, the leech, the surgeon.'

So woman here in the United States to-day, with her thoughts centred upon the innumerable children who through illiteracy are deprived of their chance in life, looks to Uncle Sam.

'I want better schools and more of them. I want higher pay for teachers. I want longer school terms. I want equipment, and plenty of it. I want illiteracy wiped out, and wiped out quick, and you, of course, to pay for these.'

An uncle of mine, back in those same days when I was a child and greenbacks were the legal tender, one day brought me a newly-minted silver half-dollar. I plied him with questions.

'Where did you get it?'

'From Uncle Sam.'

I grasped this. 'Where did he get it?'

'From his mint, where his money's made.'

Whereupon I saw Uncle Sam's mint pouring out silver half-dollars as a certain old water-mill known to me poured out cornmeal, and Uncle Sam filling and refilling his pockets at need.

It almost would seem that the American woman in her turn thinks of Uncle Sam's money as inexhaustibly at hand. That she does not grasp, for example, that our Federal government, in order to give one hundred million dollars to the States every year for

education, as she is urging that it shall, must take these same hundred millions out of the pockets of the people in these States. She, on the contrary, appears to think that the States in such event will be the recipients of bounty—beneficiaries who get something for nothing.

V

The American woman has been accused of lacking the laboratory—the scientific—spirit: this in the business of the home, as in other affairs which are her own. The spirit, that is, which experiments in the small, and having reached a better and closer knowledge through observation, trial, and reasoning, offers the conclusions to the world.

Woman in the United States, as represented by these fourteen organizations, is putting her strength—at the moment these words are being written—behind a uniform divorce law. Within the scope of such a law, the antipodes, as it were, are to be brought together, which is to say, South Carolina and Nevada. There is more here perhaps than at first appears.

South Carolina, to take her case first, never has recognized divorce, and may have her ideas about this. It is possible even that the women within these fourteen organizations will be up against a bit of psychology here themselves—State psychology. South Carolina—or so those who know her at all suspect—sees in this stand of hers, maintained through a hundred and thirty-odd years, not alone the isolation of the higher virtue but—and here we reach the crux—a social withdrawal, a class distinction, a group elegance. Were she less well-bred, were she not the scion of a genuine aristocracy, she might be heard to thank God that she, as regards divorce, is not as the other States. Whereas Nevada, who sponsors Reno as her own, sees in

divorce an asset, a commodity with a market value; promotes divorce as a source of revenue. Or so the rest of us are led to believe.

Have the women who speak through these fourteen organizations, and who would impose a uniform law on these two States that represent the extremes of opinion upon divorce—have these women, then, a law to offer the forty-eight States? And have they reason to believe that it is a good law—a law that has been tried out?

Back in those same patriarchal 70's, a boy, one Billy W—lived two doors from my home. He lived to experiment. His workshop, which was a bench in the corner of his father's stable, was as famous in our neighborhood as the Little Scorpions' Club is in the nation to-day. He was borne out on a plank and to the hospital on one occasion, a scalded victim of experiment as centred in a miniature engine and boiler. Still another time he blew himself through the roof, rafters and window-sashes along with him. But—and mark you this, dear ladies—he experimented in his own family stable, not in mine, nor in his other neighbors'. It was himself he blew up, not us.

Why not draft a model divorce-law; then persuade some one State—New York State has a proverbially bad law—to try it out. How long did the laboratories labor to find, say, the diphtheria serum? And M. and Mme. Curie to discover radium? A good divorce law having been proven, offer it to the remaining forty-seven States.

We have a precedent in procedure if we care for one—a case in point. Some years ago the American Bankers' Association recognized the desirability of uniform laws with reference to negotiable instruments, to do away with the confusion caused by the different laws in the different States. And after careful consideration they drafted a law

known as the Negotiable Instruments Act, which then was presented to the legislatures of the different States by the local bankers, and adopted in its entirety by all, or practically all, thus giving the uniform legislation desired.

The duty of the father is to protect against outside aggression. Also of the Federal government — 'protection' by the government meaning to secure to the States and to the individual the rights reserved to each under the Constitution. If the government goes beyond this, it becomes not a protector but an aggressor. In government regulations of commerce, labor, railroads, press, government relief of the poor, government systems of education, there is danger.

'The mischief begins when, instead of calling forth the activities and powers of individuals and bodies, government

substitutes its own activities for them; when, instead of informing, advising, and upon occasion denouncing, it makes them work in fetters or bids them stand aside and does their work instead of them. The worth of a State is, in the long run, the worth of the individuals composing it.'

Is it that we women here in the United States need to look at things, for a bit, in the large? That we need to realize that our present weakness as citizens lies in the ignorance of our wider ignorance? That we need to lift our eyes from the particular wrong to the especial group, and, sweeping the horizon of the whole, see that there is no graver question in modern popular government than 'What shall government do for its citizens?' and 'How far shall government interfere with the actions of its citizens?'

LOVE IN THE FLEA MARKET

BY CLARENCE EDWARD ANDREWS

I

'MARCEL! *la soupe!*' announced a deep female voice from the ramshackle kitchen of the awful Madame La Frite. The kitchen, which was made of piano boxes and old tin, was next the scrubby little vegetable gardens kept by crippled soldiers over on the edge of what Paris calls the Flea Market. The *Marché aux Puces* is a marvelous ragpickers' fair just outside the Porte de Clignancourt, where the junk dealers and all the strange scavenger creatures of Paris gather on Sunday morning to sell their week's treasure-trove

from the ash cans and alleys. The La Frites — Monsieur and Madame — were the aristocrats of the confraternity. Their shack had flowers planted around it and white shells to mark the path, and an arbor made of old laths covered with vines. In front, in neatly assorted piles, was their stock in trade. In the midst of a heap of battered cups and dead coffee pots was a rubber hot-water bag, a green-glass pickle dish full of side combs, and a fly-specked chromo of Saint Cecilia with the bottomless cherubs. A vast mountain of

ancient mattresses, grimy and smelly, was crowned with a round tin bathtub on which was jauntily perched a stuffed duck that had lost his tail feathers.

At one side of the great La Frite collection was the stock of an old chap who made a specialty of ancient hardware. He had the tight features of one who reaps where he hath not sowed, and sat gloating over his meticulously arrayed assortment of rusty bolts, pieces of decayed bicycles, files of all degrees of asperity, and hundreds of old clock-wheels, a few of them still assembled and able to tick feebly, like expiring vivisectioned creatures.

The other neighbor of the Maison La Frite was the Widow Cornloup, the arbitress of elegancies at the Marché aux Puces. She sat grotesquely prim at her table, in a bright green hat and a sticky-looking fur collar, reading a newspaper with the aid of a lorgnette, which she held so as to display her clawlike fingers adorned with four cheap rings. Behind her was a sign which announced her as 'Honorary Member of the Association of Rag-pickers of the Seine.' She was a connoisseur of china turtle-doves, German helmets, and shiny crucifixes made out of cartridges.

Madame La Frite impatiently bawled again, '*Marcel! la soupe!*' and was about to add epithets relative to character, when she spied two possible customers eyeing appraisingly a sad old iron bed that had known the sorrows of life. The customers were a round-headed little lodging-house keeper, with a dyed black beard that looked as though it were pasted on, and his superior officer — a great beetling crag of a woman who frowned her way through the world. Madame La Frite girded up her ample loins and went to the fray. She started at thirty-five francs and stuck to her guns for ten minutes. The beetling crag pointed

out every defect from springs to casters while the round head wagged support.

'Fifteen francs would be robbery for such a wreck!'

'Wreck!' bellowed Madame La Frite, 'do you think you are on the Boulevard Haussmann? The very best piece of furniture for the money at the Puces! *Bou Dioul!* Does madame think I will give it away?'

Soon, as the fight waxed hotter, the contestants dropped 'monsieur' and 'madame,' and the women roared '*vache!*' and '*sale loup!*' into each others' faces with guttural acrimony. The round head feebly plucked his wife's sleeve in an effort to preserve the decencies and was soundly slapped for interfering. Then, in the nick, came Monsieur La Frite to pour oil on the waters. He put his visored cap at an angle and spat through his broken teeth. He joined the beetling crag in calling his wife a cow, but gently insisted that the bed was an admirable example for its years, and given away at twenty-five francs. *Pas cher, ma foi!* 'Monsieur' and 'Madame' were resumed as titles of address, and the bargaining went on.

Monsieur La Frite to convince 'Madame' of the quality of the bed suggested that she try it, and so the beetling crag rolled her great frame on the shrieking springs. And while she bounced up and down with set unconvinced face, Widow Cornloup stood by and surveyed her through her lorgnette. This effrontery almost reopened hostilities, but the round head offered twenty francs and Monsieur La Frite threw up his hands with '*Camarade!*' and so the bargain was struck.

The bed was taken apart and lugged off by the customers, while Madame La Frite lighted a cigarette, and, arms akimbo on her monstrous hips, gave vent to untranslatable content. Then she remembered that dinner was ready

and for the third time her powerful contralto echoed over the ash-can desolation of the Puces, —

'Oh Marcel! la soupe! Bou Diou!'

II

And at last Marcel appeared. He was a good-looking little fellow of twenty with sharp nose that was helpful at a back-alley bargain, and smiling eyes that could always sell his stock to the Sunday customers at the Puces. Marcel's other name was Corrozet. This could not be called his family name, since he did not have any family that he knew about, but he had always been called Corrozet. He was a junk dealer de luxe who thought of himself as an *antiquaire*, and took pride in the superiority of his taste in his trade. And nowadays the line between second-hand junk and 'antiques' is not clearly defined. In his quaint world of the Flea Market, Marcel was known as rather a dandy in dress. Though he felt considerably above his friends the old-clothes sellers, he never lost a good chance, as he went his rounds, of adding to his own wardrobe. This morning he was in his Sunday best, the chief glory of which was a slightly soiled but still rich waistcoat, and patent leather shoes with buttons. Both were a little uncomfortable in fit, but on Sundays comfort must be sacrificed to elegance.

As he sat down in the lath arbor of the La Frites to eat his fried fish and drink his wine with them and the Widow Cornloup, the other boarder, he gaily told of his last sale.

'You know the old mannikin dress-form I had? Ten years old it was, with a wasp waist, and the sawdust stuffing was half leaked out. I sold it to a dame, *ma foi*, she was a funny one! She wanted it because she remembered the day when her waist was like that!

But she was tight with her money. Finally I gave it to her for eight francs and to make the bargain I threw in a *vase-de-nuit* decorated with big pink roses. And now she goes home happy with the dress-form under one arm and the *vase* under the other!'

And then Marcel told them some more exciting news. He had suddenly and utterly fallen in love. At this announcement Monsieur La Frite squinted his eyes and sputtered merry sarcasms; but the Widow Cornloup and Madame were sympathetic and eager for the facts.

'I was getting into the train in the Metro,' he began. 'It is enormously crowded. I am pushed and squeezed until I cannot breathe. A girl screams that her baskets of flowers will be crushed. *Ma foi*, it is terrible, for she is a poor girl taking flowers to the market. I feel I must help her. Oh, how beautiful she is! I seize the baskets and hold them over my head and together we push into the train. I cannot put the baskets down for we are so tightly squeezed. So I hold them always over my head. It is *drôle*, is it not, but what would you? And it is nice to be so close to a beautiful girl. I am exhausted with holding the baskets but we come at last to the *Cité*, where she gets out. I am forced to get out too, for the crush is so great, and so I ask if I may carry her baskets to the Flower Market. She is very *gentille* and I think she begins to like me a little, perhaps. She is taller than I am, a superb girl. Ah, if I could only belong to her!'

He put his hand on his heart like an opera singer and blew a kiss into the air with a grace that a junkman would have only in France.

'She comes from down by the Porte de Versailles. Her father lives in the dry moat and raises flowers, and she sells them on the Quai aux Fleurs.

This afternoon she will try to get away and meet me here and we shall walk together. It is wonderful, *n'est-ce pas?*'

Madame La Frite's battered and be-whiskered face grinned appreciation and she showed her one great front tooth in a smile; but the Widow Cornloup was so disturbed that she choked on a fishbone and required first aid in the way of resounding thumps from Monsieur La Frite's hairy fists. When she recovered she opined that an acquaintance begun so casually in the Metro could come to no good and advised Marcel to drop the forward hussy. But Marcel quite failed to see her point, and when he had finished his bottle of wine, strolled off through the Flea Market, a cigarette sticking to his lower lip, to his rendezvous with the Juno of the Metro.

III

Marcel soon found his divinity sitting among a rubbishy heap of second-hand underwear and overalls, which had been entrusted to a pale-faced little girl. Denise Troudunez, for that was the name of the Juno of the Metro, was a tall pleasing-looking girl, with peasant complexion and peasant hands, and a quiet manner in her black dress, which suggested common sense — too much common sense to attract most boys. Her instinct for bargaining, which she usually practised in the Flower Market, to-day, being a holiday for her, she was practising by selling old socks for the pale-faced little girl while she waited for Marcel to turn up.

'*Oui, mon petit bleu,*' she was saying to a little blue uniformed soldier, 'ten sous the pair and the holes thrown in!'

Marcel greeted his Denise with, '*Viens, ma poule!*' She seemed pleased at being called his 'chicken,' and they walked through the market holding each other by the hand. As Denise was

some twenty centimetres taller than Marcel, he had to look up as they talked, and her somewhat protecting manner gave him a feeling that he belonged to her just as much as did the precious little black and white dog she held by a string in the other hand. This was a new feeling to Marcel, this sense of belonging, and he liked it. He decided that this feeling must go on forever, and so he began to woo Denise. As they strolled through the market among the strange piles of junk and trash, he told her of his adventures of the week, of his thrifty bargainings and thriftier sellings, and hinted at successes with serving maids and even implied that ladies of the house sometimes smiled a little. Now, he did not know it; but his vanity was making a little too much of this theme to please the common-sense Denise.

They stopped before the shack of a tintype man with sleek black hair and volubly gesticulating fingers.

'*Viens, Marcel,* you and your chicken and the dog, all together, eh? And the mademoiselle will sit on the lion and we shall have the palm-tree background. It will be a trip to the colonies. Very *chic, n'est-ce pas?*' And so Denise sat stiffly on the gilt plaster lion — a battered old beast but still with a kindly smile — and Marcel stood and leaned one elbow nonchalantly on the lion's head and held the dog by the string. And the black palms on a white sheet gave a most exotic atmosphere — very 'chic,' indeed, and only two francs for a friend.

They joined the crowd on the outer avenue, and sauntered by the knick-knack stalls, and lost the dog, and found him again, and ate sticky taffy called *bon-bons contre le rhume*, and all the time Marcel told of the romance of the junkman's life, with adventure always waiting around the corner and dreams of wealth found in back alleys.

They went into a little smelly restaurant and ate steamed mussels and scooped up the juice with the shells and smiled and guzzled in mutual contentment. For, being French, they shared the almost cosmic joy of their nation in its goodly food. And a boy with a guitar came and sang jolly songs and sold copies of them to the mussel-eaters and the wine-drinkers, who wiped their bandit-like moustaches with the backs of their hands and joined in the chorus. There was one song, about 'Love in the springtime, love in the summer, and love in the autumn too,' that Marcel bought and promised to play on his accordion when he had learned it. And as he sang the chorus he lingered over that lovely word 'l'amour' and let it gurgle all around the back of his throat.

When they came to the stall of a loud-voiced seller of gaudy jewelry, Marcel thought the time had come to seal their friendship with a gift, and accept each other as in a vague way betrothed. The noisy seller held up glittering temptations one after another before the dazzled crowd and kept up a running stream of talk. 'Twenty francs for necklaces! Real gold they are, and real pearls. Look at them! Cost forty francs. I swear it! I should like to have some honest workman profit by this for his little daughter. Real pearls at twenty francs! And these earrings! I have only one other pair like them and I am keeping them for my mistress. And at eighteen francs!'

But Denise was not sure about the betrothal yet. She had stolen away this afternoon to enjoy the pleasure of a young man's company all alone, but she was a little frightened at what she had done. She intimated that the life of a junkman — even of an *antiquaire* — was too romantic, she feared. There were too many women in it, all those

serving maids and ladies-of-the-house in the back courtyards. She herself was altogether *sérieuse*. Marcel must give her time to think about it. He might come to see her next Sunday at the Flower Market and they would talk. And, of course, she must ask her mother. The Troudunez were a serious family. Marcel must be looked over.

IV

Marcel spent an unhappy week. Monsieur La Frite and the hardware man and the tintype-taker and others of the Association of the Ragpickers of the Seine made remarks about his 'poule,' who towered twenty centimetres above him and held him by the hand. These remarks in the wonderful argot of the submerged tenth cannot be translated, and if they could, they could not be printed. But in spite of all this, Marcel still hugged the desire to belong to Juno, to enjoy the comfort of that abundant bosom, as well as the very real advantage of her common sense and prudence.

Next Sunday afternoon Marcel left his stock as soon as his thrifty soul would let him, and, arrayed in his elegant waistcoat and his painful patent leathers, 'fell into the Metro.' He emerged at the little square behind the Hôtel Dieu, at the end of the Quai aux Fleurs, where the Bird and Flower Market spreads itself on Sundays. This was another world from the sordid grotesqueness of the Flea Market. Here under the tentlike shelter of the blossoming plane trees that filled the autumn air with honey, the flower-sellers laid out their gorgeous profusion of purple asters, scarlet geraniums, and golden marigolds in hundreds of little pots, against backgrounds of blooming magnolias and dark evergreens.

And the bird-sellers had piled up their little cages full of restless flashes

of color that chirped and twittered and shrieked in a discordant orchestra. There were fluttering Chinese swallows, fascinating coral beaks from Senegal, glittering metallic thrushes from northern Africa, Japanese nightingales (*rois des siffleurs*), and gorgeous raucous parrots and macaws from heathen places.

And huddled among bags of sunflower seeds and festoons of corncoobs, and cuttle bones, and spongy things, old women proprietors sat huddled over their knitting, and families were forever lunching on bread and sausages and wine. There were fluffy brown rabbits and little white rats curled up asleep, and kittens for sale by the basketful, and everywhere one read the invitation not to miss the great exhibition of the *Société Serinophile*, three weeks off. Funny French children with their dressed-up Sunday parents straggled about in the warm sunshine and color. A nun came by with a troop of orphans and a haggard loafer from the canal boats crossed himself as she passed. Somewhere off behind stacks of poles and pushcarts, an ass brayed.

Marcel found his Denise sitting in an arbor of brown autumn leaves and red-berried holly and orange-colored gourds, with chrysanthemums, dahlias, and asters, white, purple, and crimson, banked all around in earthen vases. And there were stalks of vivid red peppers, and wonderful blue thistles for lasting bouquets, and piles of red beech-leaves sold by the dozen. Denise's mother, a white-haired beldame in a peasant cap, sat stroking a tame rook with a string on its leg, and talked to it jocularly. Denise had just sold a huge bouquet to a gentleman with gloves, top hat, and stick, and she gave him a charming smile as he raised his hat in leaving. Marcel noted this and reflected that though the junkman

may flirt with the serving maids in the courtyards, there are also fine gentlemen for flower girls to smile at. He would make use of this observation.

Denise's greeting was cordial but yet restrained, as became a girl of a family so 'sérieuse' as that of the Troudunez. And Marcel was presented to the beldame mother who stopped talking to the tame rook and awkwardly shook hands with him. Being presented as a prospective son-in-law is always a difficult moment in any class of society, but it is especially so when the girl's family is a shade superior to your own. Fortunately, Marcel had brought along his accordion and was able to warm the chill of the atmosphere which a prolonged and helpless conversation on weather may bring about. He played 'Love in the springtime, love in the summer, love in the autumn too,' with such feeling that Denise felt there was no longer any doubt of the seriousness of his intentions. And then he won over the beldame mother by playing *Mon ami Pierrot*, *Au claire de la lune*, and the old ballad about the *Bon roi Dagobert*. The ideal son-in-law for Madame Troudunez would have been a substantial grocer or a horse butcher, at least; but since there were no such candidates in sight, Marcel, the accordion-playing junkman, was really not so bad. Monsieur Troudunez must, of course, have the final word, and he had not arrived yet.

While waiting for the old man the two nervous lovers strolled down the Quai aux Fleurs, past all the flower stands, and sat on the parapet and watched the two arms of the Seine flow around the Isle St.-Louis, and talked about everything but what they most wanted to say, just as Abélard and Héloïse did, in exactly the same spot on the Quai aux Fleurs (at No. 11), eight hundred years before.

When Monsieur Troudunez arrived Denise disappeared, and the junkman nervously lighted a cigarette and the old man his pipe, and both sat on the stone parapet kicking their heels. After an embarrassing silence old Troudunez spat judicially and began:

'*Eh b'an*, Monsieur Corrozet, it has come so sudden, *comprenez?* so sudden! *Ma foi*, 't was only last night the girl told me and the mother about it. Getting married is a serious affair, *comprenez?* *Ah oui*, a serious affair. And then our family has been on the quai here for three generations, *comprenez?* Well known we are. Yes, my grandfather used to grow flowers down in Bourg-la-Reine, back in Louis Philippe's time. My father lost the farm in the hard days, and now I am only a squatter in the moat, but we have the Troudunez name and I've saved up a thousand francs *dot* that goes with the girl, *comprenez?* Now she tells me you don't know much about your family, in fact, as one may say, you don't seem to have any, *comprenez?* Now, there's the trouble. And I always wanted the man who gets that *dot* of a thousand francs to have a settled business. Junk dealing is n't — I may say, settled, *comprenez?* *Voilà!* Another trouble.'

Poor Marcel had expected this. He argued long about his prospects, and dwelt upon the word antiquaire, but he had to admit that he could n't boast three generations of respectability. The woman who brought him up had said his name was Corrozet when she sent him to the public school down by the Tower of Jean-le-Bon, but that was all he knew, and he had n't seen the woman in ten years.

When the interview was over they walked back to the flower stall, and Marcel once more played 'Love in the autumn' to Denise. Then with his accordion under his arm he said good-bye to the Flower Market with its color

and its honey-blossoming trees, and sadly took the Metro back to the Flea Market with its smells of burned rags and rubber — as bitter as the sadness in his heart.

V

Very early next morning Marcel told his trouble to the La Frites and the Widow Cornloup, as they all sat in the piano-box kitchen guzzling their usual breakfast of clamorous onion soup.

'Bou Dioul' growled Madame La Frite between gulps of soup. 'It takes a peasant who lives in a ditch to be proud of his *sacré* family. As if our Marcel were not too good for that bean pole!' Marcel did not like the reference to his Juno-like girl, but he appreciated the sympathy. Then Madame La Frite had a great inspiration. 'If all Marcel needs is a father and mother, why could n't we adopt him, *hein?* I should make a handsome mother-in-law, *n'est-ce pas?*' And she showed her one yellow tooth as she cackled.

Monsieur La Frite ruined this amiable plan by remarking that marriage of the parents was necessary for an adoption to be legal. And the La Frites, though for many years they had lived as stormy a life together as any married pair, had omitted the formality of a wedding ceremony. The Widow Cornloup expressed her willingness to become an adopted mother to Marcel, but had to admit that she and the late M. Cornloup (who was now doing a fifteen-year jail sentence) had been equally careless.

There seemed to be no hope for Marcel in acquiring family by adoption. Besides, his ignoble occupation would still remain as a bar to his social aspirations. He wanted to paint out the words *Egalité* and *Fraternité*, that were so conspicuously plastered over every important building in Paris.

In Marcel's world nobody thought very much about family because nobody had any that he knew about. The aristocrats were the junk-dealers and old-clothes men who bought their stock, and they looked down with great contempt on the pathetic display of broken china and rusty tinware of the poor wretches who hunted through ash cans. But a grandfather back in Louis Philippe's time could not mean much in the Flea Market. Marcel dimly recalled a tawdry creature whom he had called 'aunt,' who was chiefly interested in getting him out of the way, especially when there were gentlemen visiting; but he had no recollection of any mention having been made of a grandfather, or father either, for that matter. He himself had been one of the aristocrats at the Puces since the day when, at the age of sixteen, he had bought an old piece of carpet for ten francs and sold it for thirty. How he had got the first ten francs he did not like to remember. But since then he had been respected as the clever boy who often had fifty francs to the good to begin his week's buying.

But how to acquire a grandfather? That was his problem now. And if he could n't find one, how was he to live without the beautiful Juno of the Flower Market? He got out his accordion and played *Le rêve passe* with so much feeling and such a wheezing and groaning of the old instrument that Widow Cornloup was deeply touched and went off sniffing to take stock of her china turtle-doves and German helmets.

Then Marcel started across town with his pushcart to make his regular round through the quarter of the rue St.-Denis. A friend of his, an old-clothes man, kept pace with him, as he often did, chatting on their way. And they always kept one eye on the upper stories of the old houses with their twisted balustrades, and another on the

swarming shopkeeping of the busy old street. Every two minutes the old-clothes man sang in a high operatic tenor, with a romantic flourish in the grand style: —

'Avez vous des habits à vendre?'

And then Marcel's rich baritone, in a tune that might have proclaimed the entrance of a knight-errant, rang out with: —

'Voici le brocanteur! Voici le brocanteur!'

Again the old-clothes man's cry soared to the ridiculously high chimneytops, and Marcel's minor tune, echoing the hollowness of life, rolled through the cellars with: —

'J'achète les vieux meubles! J'achète les vieux meubles!'

The old-clothes man had excellent luck this morning, and soon filled his cart with old shoes, old trousers, and an ancient top hat that any one of the *fiacre* drivers, who still linger on in Paris, would be glad to buy.

But Marcel was not doing very well. He missed a great many good chances because he was thinking regretfully of Juno's matronly bosom, and for whole streets he hummed over *Le rêve passe*, instead of giving the well-known call of his trade. By the time the old-clothes man turned to go back with a great heap of precious rags, Marcel had bought only a bouquet of pale wax-flowers under a bell glass, and had refused a chance to acquire a slightly defective baby-carriage for almost nothing. There was no more joy in his trade; there seemed to be no more chance of luck lying just around the corner.

Meanwhile the La Frites, monsieur and madame, — but chiefly madame, — were considering Marcel's problem. 'It's that Flower Market crowd

turning up their noses at the Flea Market. *Bou Diou!* As if our honest buying and selling was n't as respectable as digging in the dirt! Call a meeting of the Association and let us see whether they will let one of us be snubbed by the *sacré* Flower Market.'

And so Monsieur La Frite, always obedient to his awful spouse, told the members of the Association of the Rag-pickers of the Seine, as they came back in the evening one by one, that he as president would call a meeting right away. Beside the shack of the La Frites sat a mighty armchair, its red plush a little raw and mangy, and its entrails none too sound, but its vast size giving it a distinction even in its decadence. It was chiefly by virtue of possessing this mighty throne that Monsieur La Frite had been raised to the bad eminence of presidential glory.

The infernal peers, lean, scraggy, and bewhiskered knights of the pushcart assembled one by one. Monsieur La Frite with great dignity took his place, and beside him sat his terrible consort, balancing her amorphous bulk on a bathroom stool. Women could not be regular members of the *Société des Chiffonniers de la Seine*, but, as elsewhere in French life, they had their say. And Madame La Frite, sitting in the *siège* perilous, rolling a cigarette, ruled the assembly as effectively as if she had twenty votes.

The presidential address opened with a reminder that the La Frite administration had safely guided the association in its larger policies for three years, and then expressed the hope that in the present crisis it might count on the support of all loyal adherents. It was indeed a crisis, this present issue. The refusal of old Troudunez to accept their own Marcel as a son-in-law was plainly a slap at the dignity and respectability of the *Chiffonniers de la Seine*. Should the *Société floricole* and

the *Société serinophile* be permitted to show them such an affront and nothing be done? Such snobbishness threatened the very foundations of the Republic. The *Floricoles* and the *Serinophiles* must be taught a lesson.

The address from the throne was followed by many a guttural *sacré bleu* and much spitting through the teeth, and here and there a grimy fist threatened vengeance. Then the grumpy hardware man stopped sorting the clock-wheels with which his pockets were full and took the floor. His counsel was a dire vengeance on the snobs. On the days of the Bird and Flower Market every owner of a pushcart in the Puces was to fill it up with dirty mattresses, and evil and odorous gunnysacks, and make a point of parading through the market square to the disgust of all fastidious flower-buyers and neat, bourgeois bird-lovers. This would teach the *Floricoles* to turn up their noses at the honest though unlovely *Chiffonniers*!

The hardware man sat down and gruff guffaws came from the ragged peers. A man who sold secondhand underwear and socks, a dirty creature with red, piggish eyes, rose to approve the idea of vengeance, and added the suggestion that one or two rickety handcarts might be loaded with spoiled cabbages from the cellars of the markets and be made to break down accidentally in the Flower Market square.

At this point President La Frite and his consort engaged in a very close-up argument together as they sat on their respective thrones. And, of course, *la présidente* won. And Monsieur again addressed the peers. Such a vengeance would be sweet, he admitted, but it was not worthy so serious an organization as the *Chiffonniers*. Besides, this course would only intensify the feeling of the snobbish *Floricoles* without accomplishing the desired end, the marriage

of Marcel and his aristocratic chicken. Furthermore there were the *sacré* police to be reckoned with. At the mention of the police there were howls of rage and mutterings of '*Mort aux vaches!*' But Madame La Frite scored a point. *Alors, que faire?*

Then the Widow Cornloup, grandly surveying the noisy crowd through her lorgnette, asked permission to speak, since she was an honorary member of the Association. What the Chiffoniers needed, she said, was a stall somewhere in the centre of town where their choicer antiques might be sold to advantage. At present the dealers came every week and carried off old copper jugs for a couple of francs and sold them for twenty. Why should the association not take a section or two of the boxes on the left bank of the Seine, where the booksellers were, and put Marcel in charge of it. This would be a very profitable thing for them all, and Marcel would have the full status of an antiquary with a neat sign over his section of stalls. And old Troudunez would then accept him as a man with a settled and respectable profession. And then the Widow Cornloup added that she hoped that when the old man came to think of Marcel as a desirable son-in-law, that Marcel would turn up his nose at the bean-pole daughter — as she richly deserved for belonging to a family of snobs, *parbleu!*

VI

The practical advantage of the Widow Cornloup's scheme strongly appealed to the Association, and contributions for the first month's rent of the stalls on the quai were at once levied. When Marcel came back to the Puces, gloomy with his poor day's bargains and his disappointed heart, the Chiffoniers had already begun to ransack their stock for what their imaginations

considered the nearest approach to real antiques. And Madame La Frite, puffing her cigarette, fists doubled on her great hips, announced the good news.

'*Bou Diou*, Marcel, now you can marry the whole *sacré* Flower Market if you want!'

In a few days Marcel was established on the Quai St.-Michel with three sections of boxes full of old junk — battered copper jugs, pieces of crystal chandeliers, a plate full of old coins, some German helmets (a loan exhibit from the *Collection Cornloup*), a dirty fan of about 1870, which Marcel labeled as having belonged to la Pompadour, a heap of odd calf-skin volumes of eighteenth-century divinity, advertised as good bedtime reading for the guest-room, and a straggling array of torn prints and old-fashioned plates tacked to the backs of the open box-lids. And along the front was painted in none too even letters: MARCEL CORROZET, ANTIQUAIRE DE LA SOCIÉTÉ DES CHIFFONIERS DE LA SEINE. And every afternoon came members of the fraternity to admire the sign and smoke cigarettes with Marcel as he sat on a little stool under the trees that shade the quai. And sometimes Denise slipped over from the Flower Market and rearranged the antiquities which the Sunday crowds handled a hundred times, while Marcel's accordion yearned lovingly. Old Troudunez himself came by once and watched Marcel get forty francs from an American for a Mexican gourd bottle that had cost three-francs-fifty. During the mornings, when there was no business, Marcel continued to push his cart through the rue St.-Antoine singing, —

'*Avez-vous des vieux meubles à vendre?*'

while he meditated vaguely upon grandfathers. Old Troudunez seemed well disposed toward him now, but the question of family was still an obstacle.

One day toward the end of the week a boy brought an armful of old books to the stalls on the quai. Marcel did not go in much for books, but he took them when they came along and, to avoid any discussion of literary values, he paid for them by the pound. They seemed to be the usual shabby odd volumes that somebody may be willing to pick up, but one wonders why. The boy went off, glad to get a couple of francs, and Marcel thumbed over the old things in a hazy wonder at the mystery of the world of books.

Finally he glanced at one little tome in shriveled yellow parchment, and read the title: *Les Antiquités, Chroniques, et Singularités de Paris*, PAR GILLES CORROZET, 1561. This was the first time Marcel had ever seen his name in print, or even heard of anyone with the name.

'*Mon dieu! Qu'est-ce que c'est!* My own name!' and he spelled it out loud: 'C-o-r-r-o-z-e-t, there it is! Who can say now I have no family? I always felt it — that I was somebody. And 1561, that is a long time ago, before the time of Louis Philippe, *hein?* Here is proof now for old Troudunez. What can he say to my family when he sees the name in print? In print. *Mon dieu!* think of that!'

To think that he, Marcel, belonged to a family that had written books in the old times. Yes, indeed, life was strange! Marcel locked up his stalls and went down the quai to a bookseller who seemed to know more than most of the *bouquinistes* who dream their time away under the trees. He was a withered old chap with cross-eyed glasses that pinched his nose up as though he were always smelling a bad smell. He pinched the glasses on tighter and looked over the volume.

'Ah, this is interesting. I'll give six francs for it.'

'*Pardon*, monsieur, it is not for sale.

It was written by an ancestor of mine. See!' and again Marcel spelled out his own name.

The dealer smiled contemptuously, but did not dispute the discovery.

'Ah yes! that is different. We shall have to give you twenty-five francs, since it is an heirloom, *hein?*'

But still Marcel would not part with his find. And the dealer thumbed the book over and read the list of quaint streets of Paris as they stood in the sixteenth century, and he chuckled over some of the vulgar old names that one does not dare write down. When he came to the back cover he exclaimed, —

'*Sapristi! Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça!* With the map all complete! And only two copies of it known! I will make you rich if you let me sell this. It is very valuable, the oldest map of Paris! Perhaps I'll get a thousand francs.'

Marcel's head swam. To find a family and a fortune both at the same time was too much. He grabbed the startled bookseller in his arms and kissed him on both cheeks. Marcel asked the old fellow's opinion as to the correctness of his genealogical claim, and the bookseller felt bound to admit that many pedigrees in the world rested on slighter evidence.

VII

That night Marcel buttoned on the grand waistcoat and the painful patent leathers, and with his priceless evidence of aristocracy in his pocket and his accordion under his arm started off to present himself a second time as a suitor for the hand of Denise.

He arrived at the Quai aux Fleurs in the evening just as the Troudunez family were getting their stock ready for the next day's market. He came with his book and his accordion and his splendid waistcoat and shoes. He was greeted very cordially by old Troudunez, and the beldame mother stopped

muttering things to the tame rook and wiped off a chair with her apron for him to sit in. Denise gave him a pink rose which he stuck jauntily over one ear. He announced his great find with an attempt to be very man-of-the-world about it.

'A little book I just bought,' he said, pulling the volume out of his pocket, 'written by my a — a — great ancestor: Gilles Corrozet. My friend the *bouquiniste* says it's quite a rarity.'

But Marcel could n't keep up his casual manner long. 'The old man will sell it for a thousand francs, and then we can get married, *hein*, Denise?' he cried jumping on a box so that he could throw his arms around the neck of the embarrassed Juno-like creature.

The old book and the map were reverently examined with many a *Mon dieu!* and *Sapristi!*

'A thousand francs!' cried the old man; 'more than the price of a donkey. *Nom d'une pipe!*' And then a vague skepticism rose in his mind.

'But how do you know it was written by an ancestor, *comprenez?*'

'*Eh b'an,*' said Marcel, taking the rose from behind his ear and chewing the stem meditatively, 'the name is the same as the one painted over my boxes on the quai, is n't it? Nobody ever heard of any other Corrozet family, *n'est-ce pas?* Did your grandfather

write any books back in Louis Philippe's time?'

Old Troudunez admitted that he had never seen his name in print. And the beldame mother added that grandfather Troudunez could n't write his own name. And Denise pointed out that the family was not even listed in the directory. The old man did not like the turn the discussion was taking and went back to exclaiming on the value of the old book.

'A thousand francs! *Nom d'une pipe!* a good sum to lay by with the girl's dowry, *comprenez?*'

And so everything being settled they fell to enjoying their supper. There were long curled sausages, a full yard of bread, and a round ripe cheese, old and odorous, and plenty of wine in spite of the high price. And the beldame produced a bottle of ancient eau-de-vie to make the occasion greatly complete. Then they arranged all the geraniums and fuchsias and marigolds for the morning market. And Marcel put aside a little potted fuchsia to take back to the Widow Cornloup. And he and Denise walked down the quai, and again sat opposite where Abélard and Héloïse had lived. And Marcel played the song about 'Love in the autumn,' and, had it not been for the thoughtful and prudent Denise, he would have missed the last train in the Metro.

ON THE SIDE LINES

BY WILLARD L. SPERRY

I

ONE cannot wander from room to room in an art gallery without noticing again at least one obvious difference between the work of the earliest painters and that of the moderns. The older pictures are bold in line and wonderful in color, but they are entirely lacking in perspective. In modern work we often miss the bold line and the tender color, yet this loss is more than covered by the gain in perspective.

We must suppose that the development of this technical device has not proceeded apart from the whole art of living, but is one of the pledges of man's maturing insight and judgment. A world where life is relatively simple and where its primal concerns are few and obvious can express itself in an art which commands only two dimensions. But when the scene becomes overcrowded and confused some suggestion of a third dimension is required to bring order out of chaos.

Sometimes the world becomes so complex and apparently irrational that it defies interpretation and evaluation. Then men revert again to a life and an art of two dimensions. So it is that certain canvases by soldier painters which were hung in the Tate Gallery after the War have a strange flatness and archaic style. Guns, rats, sandbags, men, mud, wire, poppies — all are presented as on the same plane. The soldier found himself in a world which baffled all attempt at perspective, so he simply suggested that hard flat

world of two stern and meagre dimensions as he knew it.

Precisely these distinctions hold in religion. In the earlier religions of authority, truth and duty are portrayed — and fitly portrayed — by two dimensions. All that is sacred is to be found on a single plane. The simple finality of those systems gives them their strange flatness and their arresting suggestions of sufficiency and strength.

The free religious spirit of the last hundred years has been unable to content itself with the technique of the older exemplars and has been struggling to achieve moral and intellectual perspective. Religion has become the quest for what is most worthwhile in life. And if the most worthwhile cannot be affirmed without thrusting into the middle distance and the farther background the tithes of mint and anise and cumin, then we plead guilty to that fine irreverence. In order to suggest what is really important in religion we must have the courage to commit sacrilege against what is relatively unimportant.

We are now confronted, however, by a horde of religionists who are very like the soldier painters of the trenches. The world is out of hand and they are wearied of the cursed spite which condemns them to bring order out of chaos by the exercise of perspective. They find the very principle of religion frustrated and imperiled by the characteristic modern technique. Their

quarrel is not so much with the detailed findings of the free spirit as with its method. And they propose to restore and to reaffirm the case for religion by reverting to a religious art of two dimensions only.

All that is implied in the flat, hard, archaic art of Fundamentalism is as normal and inevitable — given this confused world at hand — as those soldier pictures in the Tate. The wonder is not that Fundamentalists have appeared in their thousands. The wonder would have been their non-appearance. Only the man who goes doggedly on with the task of the religious artist to achieve order and a scale of values by a yet more accurate perspective can appreciate the seduction of an art of two dimensions only, and the seeming simple solution which it offers to the perennial 'problem of religion.'

It is, at best, a dreary prospect that is before us. We shall have to take the field and fight all over again the terrain which was the battleground of the third quarter of the last century. Other Huxleys, without the prophetic zest of their predecessor, must resume the grim business of 'smiting the Amalekite' and the gory offices of 'episcopophagy.' The ghostly presences of Henry Drummond and John Fiske will be conjured up as the angels at our Mons. The whole sad business is so unreal as to be a nightmare. Teachers who ought to be better employed in schools and colleges will have to begin again with the alphabet of the rocks. Ministers who ought to be preaching peace on earth will have to waste precious days and years attempting to show once more why 'the credibility of Judges and the edibility of Jonah' are not as central in religion as the Beatitudes. Meanwhile, the earth will continue to revolve around the sun and astronomers will announce new nebulae

at unthinkable distances. Creationists to the contrary, Luther Burbank will continue to evolve new species. Fundamentalism may attempt to hold up the human mind, but — *Eppur si muove*.

We 'modernists' who are now threatened with arrest, have a moment's breathing-spell in which to review our position and to find the range. Perhaps our first salvo in the direction of the Fundamentalist is our demand for a greater consistency. He is attacking the scientific method. What half amuses and half perplexes us about him is his cultural inconsistency. Apart from theology his whole life is a frank appropriation of this method. In nine tenths of his living he makes constant use of the findings of the method which he so violently repudiates in religion. There is something pathetically incongruous in the sight and sound of the preacher broadcasting by radio his denunciations and warnings against the deadly peril of science. It ought to be a matter of conscience with the man who holds such doctrines to have no truck with the radio. Unless, indeed, there is in this scheme of things some ancient moral alchemy whereby the works of darkness may be turned to the glory of God!

II

Meanwhile, what of our own point of view? Obviously we have not made good the case for the art of religion which uses the characteristically modern technique. Why has not this temper which, for the want of any better word we call 'liberalism,' concluded its conquest of the land? It has had a full century in which to prove its case. We believe its findings to be far truer and more significant than the previous pronouncements upon religion made by the elder orthodoxies. If the method is valid, why are the results so patently meagre? What is there in human

nature by way of a religious need and a capacity for religion which is not satisfied by the method?

One cannot repudiate one's whole intellectual and moral history. One must reaffirm one's conviction that as between the ecclesiastic and the dogmatist on the one hand and the pure scientist on the other hand the authentic religious spirit, in its simpler manifestations, seems to have inspired the latter even more fully than the former. The passion for veracity, the adventurous and unmercenary love of truth, the faith that more light is yet to break, devotion to God's ways not only made known but to be made known, the high impersonality which must correct all arrogant and inadequate individualism, the indubitable catholicity of scientific knowledge as against provincial sectarianism, the wistful humility which knows that 'the first wonder is the child of ignorance and the last wonder is the parent of adoration' — all these are indubitable signs of religion and are to be found in modern science perhaps more clearly than in modern ecclesiasticism.

Whatever the conclusions as to man and nature and God, tentative or assured, now advanced by the sciences, there is in the quality of scientific thinking at its best a strong strain of real saintliness. If religion be a way as well as a conclusion, the religious way leads quite as often through a laboratory to-day as through a narrowly sectarian church. The impression left upon our minds by the *Life and Letters of Thomas Huxley* is precisely the impression made upon an earlier century by the *Theologia Germanica*, that of a selfless love of truth. The suggestion given by the *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin* is the selfsame suggestion of the *Little Flowers of Saint Francis* — that of an almost childlike humility. We cannot turn state's evidence against these

high natures for the sake of arbitrary dogmatism.

But we are far from self-righteousness and much farther from self-satisfaction in the defense of the scientific method in religion. No single method in religion, of the many which have been tried in history, has ever quite plucked the heart out of the mystery. So this latest method, whatever its central tempers and its distinguished achievements, has and in the very nature of the case must have its own distinctive liability. It is with this inherent limitation of the method that the 'liberal' is really concerned.

The situation may be best approached, perhaps, by way of a parable. For, obviously, this is not a problem in dogmatic theology alone. It must be one statement of the whole riddle of life, and, as such, a cultural problem of the first magnitude.

On any Saturday afternoon in any college town you may go out to the stadium or the bowl to see the game. You will find there five thousand, ten thousand, fifty thousand, seventy-five thousand persons like yourself sitting on the side lines watching twenty-two men play the game. Most of the spectators are flabby and soft and out of training. They could not stand the punishment of the playing-field for five consecutive minutes. But from their benches they are loud in praise or blame. For all that they aspire to be and are not, is — for the moment — there on the gridiron. And by their criticism they achieve a certain vicarious fitness, which enhances their self-esteem.

But the ages of the stadium have never been the greatest ages of human civilization. The contrast between the few in action and the many who are spectators is a portent. The times when the many have been so divided from the few have been, more often than

otherwise, the times of social decadence. We go to a Polo Ground to see a World Series. But every thoughtful man knows that, so far as the physical fitness and the spirit of sport in a nation are concerned, it would be far better for us to scatter to back lots and play three-old-cat for ourselves. A great arena for sports is made possible, not merely by the perfecting of the game, but by the whole cultural situation, of which the arena is but one significant symbol.

There is in human nature an ineradicable capacity for creative work. Its origins are deep down among the primal instincts. But as life is organized to-day the plain man finds little occasion and less opportunity to be a creator. His necessary bread-labor in the world has become, in most cases, a monotonous and mechanical business of collating other men's ideas and peddling other men's wares. He is essentially a translator and a middleman.

The great game of American business does offer a certain outlet to the creative instincts. But its conduct appeals rather to a mechanical ingenuity than to the genius of an artist. Then, for one professional man who is doing pioneer work in his field, there are ninety-nine who move in lock step on a treadmill. And as for the vast majority of working men and working women, they tend machines which so divide the task that the joy of the creator is frustrated, or they keep books and write letters which concern everyone's life except their own.

Thus baffled, we live in a world where our vocations offer little or no outlet for the creative urge within us, and we devise for our relief whimsical and artificial avocations. There is a carpenter's bench in the attic, or a plumber's shop in the cellar. We try our hand at writing or fooling with paints. All of us, out-of-hours and off-

the-job, potter at something or other which serves to express the creator in us. We become collectors. The psychologist tells us that no man who finds full occasion for the expression of his instincts in his vocation ever turns collector. 'Collections' are a pathetic comment upon frustrated powers. But as this world now goes we must agree with the novelist that 'men should not be too curious in analyzing and condemning any means which nature devises to save them from themselves, whether it be coins, old books, curiosities, butterflies, or fossils.'

In the main, and in the end, however, we find our solace from another quarter. We weary of our creative avocations and our odd collections. They are confessions that the battle is a losing battle. Life relentlessly forces us to the side lines and in the end we accept our lot there. Once comfortably settled there, we find in frank candid criticism of life a vicarious substitute for creation. It does not matter, culturally, whether we sit in the seats of the intelligentsia criticizing Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard* or in the seats of the unwashed criticizing Babe Ruth's batting average; whether in praise we throw kisses to the prima donna or in blame throw bottles at the umpire — the premise is common to all these gestures and judgments: it is the premise of the side lines of life and all that they imply.

Our criticism is intended to suggest, as Carlyle has it of heroes, that 'there is nothing but what we, the little critic, might have done too.' But this is the lie in the soul of the bleachers and the orchestra stalls. Chesterton in his study of Dickens says that the critics of Dickens complain that there never were such persons as the preposterous Tony Weller and the incredible Stiggins. But, he goes on to say, criticizing Dickens is like criticizing the universe.

One may object, but the objections are vitiated by the sobering knowledge that whatever one thinks of it all, one could not have done as much one's self. Oh, perhaps one of the Dickens critics, by a superhuman travail of imagination, could have brought forth after long gestation one of this glorious galaxy of Dickens characters; but, concludes Chesterton, he would have had to spend the rest of his life being wheeled around in a Bath chair at Bournemouth!

III

Now the cultural gravamen against science is to be found in the fact that it has absolved, relieved, deprived the average man of the occasion for creative effort. We must not appraise the achievements of the scientific method merely in the terms of the life of the pure scientist. He is a very rare person. He does first-hand and creative work. And for one such man in the present order there are nine hundred and ninety-nine on the side lines. The electricians who have lived 'detached days,' keeping vigil in the seclusion of a General Electric or a Westinghouse laboratory, still know the joy of the creator. But wiring and tuning a set in your own home, following the book of instructions, is a second-rate substitute for creative work. And, so far as the cultural consequences are concerned, a home in which a family idles inertly for a whole evening before the loud speaker, listening to a dance-orchestra in Havana, is not as healthy a home as the raucous house of yesterday where a daughter banged out jazz for herself upon the piano and a son trailed in her zigzag wake upon a cacophonous cornet. Our cultural dilemma to-day is this: that far too much is done for us by the pioneers in the natural sciences and far too little is asked of us by way of coöperative creation.

Translate this homely situation into its fuller and more abstract terms and the religious dilemma becomes apparent. The time was when, to his own thinking, man was the centre of created values and mattered in his own eyes. We were at the core of creation, God was in his heaven, and all was right in heaven and on earth. But to-day we are cowed by 'astronomical intimidation.' 'The heaven,' says George Tyrrell, 'that lay behind the blue curtain of the sky, whence night by night God hung out His silver lamps to shine upon the earth, was a far deeper symbol of the eternal home than the cold, shelterless deserts of astronomical space.' *Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie*. Pascal found a certain resolute comfort in the assurance that the mind of man which can contemplate these immensities must be greater than that which it knows. This rather bleak and characteristically modern argument has in it an indubitable truth of life: that when you have objectified your trouble you have in some measure transcended it. It is good psychology. But such considerations are not the characteristic affirmations of religion.

For one does not have to know very much about religion to know that its voice is a voice which says variously, 'I must be about my Father's business,' 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,' 'We then, as workers together with him,' 'I would fain be to the Eternal Goodness what his own hand is to a man.' It is not enough for religion merely 'to watch the Master work'; we too must know 'tricks of the tool's true play.'

The religious man, whether rightly or wrongly, has always conceived himself to share with God in a creative partnership. That is why no seat of external authority, whatever its claims to finality, has ever escaped the need of interpreters and translators. And once

the inherent necessity for interpretation is allowed, the occasion for creation is present and the joy of the creator is known. Modern religion certainly calls a man to a fearless and candid appraisal of fact, but no religion has ever contented itself with an objective account of fact; it has always demanded an imaginative effort to enter into the essence of the fact, and this subjective temper makes the religious man a perpetual re-creator of past fact and a constant creator of new fact. In the end the saint is an artist as well as a scientist.

Pondering these matters, we go to church. In the formulæ of worship and in the pronouncements of the preacher we are made immediately aware of the critical method at work upon the conventional body of usage and doctrine. We are invited to recite as the substance of our immediate belief some ancient and familiar creed upon which the liberal theologian has been at work. Hallowed but now incredible and unwelcome articles have been deleted from the creed or radically altered by a major theological operation. What is the result? The creed now conforms more accurately to present opinion, but we are put out of sorts with the initial temper of a true Credo. For a confession of faith is the work of an artist and not a scientist. We are invited to sing a hymn, but the trail of the modernist editor is all over its stanzas, and he inspires us not to song, but to further detached criticism of the text. The preacher talks to us with undoubted learning about, say, Paul's conversion. We are given a faithful account of the general historical setting and the successive states of the Apostle's soul. It is all accurate and indubitable. But there is this difference; we are left in doubt as to whether God works through the subliminal self and whether men whose unstable equilib-

rium is thus altered are the effectual makers of history. It is an interesting question to ponder, but prophets have not spent their lives attempting to decide it.

The deeper pathos of it all is this cultural curse of the side lines which follows us to church. I had gone with the multitude to keep holy day in the Lord's house. Some faint stirrings of the artist in me had prompted me to hope that on this day and in this place and company I might find some humble occasion to express the creator in me. But no, we talk about religion, we criticize its past achievements and bring them abreast of contemporary science, but we do not find a way for religion to talk for itself. The zest of the great game is not for us. We have been settled for so long shivering on the chilly bleachers of religion that we wonder shall we ever know again what it is to have the blood run hot and fast on the field of action. The Fundamentalist has this advantage over us — he is committed to what the Russian revolutionists of a generation ago called 'the propaganda of the deed.' Whereas we of the other party have been content with cultural criticism, scientific, dispassionate, and for the most part wanting in the joy of the creator and the redeemer.

The most obvious solution of our dilemma is to recant our errors and to revert to an uncriticized religion, an art of two dimensions. But this solution of our problem is too easy, and it has no valid precedent in history. For every true prophet and reformer was, after the manner of his day, a scientific critic of his own age. He achieved a better religious perspective than his predecessors and his contemporaries had achieved. We shall not be much moved by the trite platitude of those who tell us, 'We have had enough destructive criticism; what is now

wanted is constructive thinking.' When Micah put into the foreground three matters, — doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God, — he passed disparaging criticism upon all else. When Isaiah thrust new moons and Sabbaths into the background of the scene that he might exalt righteousness, he was undoubtedly attacked as a dangerous 'higher critic.' And as for that Sabbath walk which Jesus took through the cornfields with his disciples, it was the most destructively critical act in the whole history of religion. We cannot give up the eternal struggle for a truer perspective. And any specious plea for constructive religious thinking apart from criticism is simply the cloak which hides a coward and his fears or a conventionalist and his comforts.

IV

What we are seeking in religion today is a capacity for what a modern man of letters has called 'creative criticism.' Here is the great body of religion in history. No man begins his spiritual life *de novo*. Here, if anywhere, he strives to share the life of the race. But his critical apparatus is not a device for alienating him from his concern, rather it is merely a more effectual way for letting him into the central truth and reality of religion. 'The critic,' says Mr. J. Middleton Murry, 'unless he is that very rare and valuable thing, a technical critic, must be to some extent a creative artist in

his criticism. The first part of his work is to convey the effect, the whole intellectual and emotional impression made by the work he is criticizing; without this foundation his criticism will be jejune and unsubstantial. In this respect his task is strictly analogous to that of the creative writer. . . . He has become in all but name a creative artist himself.'

We have and we shall continue to have in the several sciences, natural, historical, psychological, which now concern themselves with the field of religion, that very rare and valuable thing, a technical critic. But this office is for the few highly trained scholars. For the bulk of us, nurtured in the scientific method in religion, our task is to use both the method and the findings of criticism as occasions for creation. The approved stuff for a better world is now at hand. The tested and indubitable content of a credible religion now appears after a century's effort for perspective. But the world's extremity can no longer be met merely by seeing life steadily and whole and in perspective. There has been too much detachment in that temper. Liberalism must grapple with the cultural menace of life forever on the side lines before it finally finds itself.

Rejoice we are allied
 To That which doth provide
 And not partake, effect and not receive!
 A spark disturbs our clod;
 Nearer we hold of God
 Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I must
 believe.

LINES TO A PUMPING ENGINE FOR A RELIGIOUS HOUSE

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

I. *Old Style*

THIS is Sister Water's cell,
 She chose the little sunny dell,
 She said, 'Here will I dwell.'

Sister Water recks nor cares
 If it be holier otherwheres,
 'T is here she says her prayers.

'Teach me, Lord, thy wells to fill;
 And where to splash, and when to spill;
 Teach me to run uphill.'

She climbs the hill with Brother Sun!
 She ripples up the stairs! Well done,
 Clean and humble one!

Here in Sister Water's cell,
 God maketh miracle.
 Light the candle, ring the bell,
 Sing LAUS DEO!

II. *New Style*

THE little grassy hollow is sunny.
 The grass is wet and oozy and
 bright green.

Do not forget your rubbers.
 There is a spring in the sunny
 hollow;
 And there are mosquitoes.

The Community
 Has built a little cabin
 Over the spring in the hollow.
 The pumping engine
 Lives in the little cabin.
 It looks easy,
 But it takes a man to run it.
 The motive power is gasoline
 And possibly
 God —
 So-called.

THE WAY OF PLAIN FRIENDS

BY SEAL THOMPSON

THE life of a Quaker child is unique in this: there are no scenic effects — no chiaroscuro, no Veronese color. Life is not a fresco: it is a mechanical drawing, with precision, symmetry, long perspective. It is a matter of regularity, not variant; of rule, not exception; of structure rather than decoration. Life is rhythmic but it is a rhythm got by repetition, the rhythm of the Psalms: —

Create in me a clean heart, O God,
And renew a right spirit within me.

Life is highly ritualistic but the ritual is one of omission. It is highly sacramental but the sacrament is of silence. The raising of the Host is invisible. The Grail is bodiless. Antiphony there is but it is not verbal.

PROFANITY

There is a long space in childhood when violent contrasts are unknown. Life is neat and orthodox, a matter of sums and Meeting — also, be it said, of shimmering double damask, of dry-glazed porcelain carried long ago from Cathay, and of garments not needful of adornment for the fabric is of finest silk and of softest wool. There is synthesis, got in the little, everyday, familiar things. Does not the head-mistress dress exactly as does mother? Dress is a continuum, never exactly old and certainly never new. I presume my mother had new bonnets but none ever knew of their advent. 'Bring me my bonnet' — there was but one. The green square box which was its

repository decades ago is its repository to-day. The new occupant was never heralded: the old passed without requiem.

Even the phraseology of home and school and Meeting knew no variable-ness neither shadow of turning. It was always 'thee' and 'me.' On First Day morning my mother would throw back her little silver shawl, as if loosening the things of time and space, and would read in gentle singsong: He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Later, at Meeting, dear A—— W—— would loosen another little silver shawl, remove a bonnet the replica of every other in that low room, and repeat in the same reverent singsong: I will say of the Lord He is my refuge and my strength. On chillsome First Day mornings my mother would say with decision: 'This is a cold morning: thee will wear thy wool leggings.' And under the shadow of the Meeting house porch S—— E——, ruddy under the gray thatch of her bonnet, would greet us cheerily with: 'It's a cold morning. I'm glad to see thee has on thy wool leggings.'

There were minor dissonants in this antiphonal life. For instance, I knew my father's hat, not only because it always hung on the fifth peg from the end on the meeting-house row, but also because the brim curled ever so slightly. Also, his coat had a conventional, worldly collar. By these tokens we thought him different — which indeed he was.

Of subtleties life was meagre; of devious ways there were few; the street usually was called Straight. And there was a modicum of magic. Hence such hours receive more than their rightful share of remembrance. Such an one was an hour, beginning gray but ending in dear enchantment, for within the sixty seconds of that hour I came first to know, and almost simultaneously, a Kentucky cardinal, a flaming impertinent poinsettia, and a new word — a *profane* word. So it must have been, on an insufferably drab day on Patmos when one became immortal because he raised his eyes and saw an enticing beast rise up out of the sea . . . upon his heads the name of blasphemy. There may have been sins as scarlet that day on the little island, but monotony there was none.

It was of a Seventh Day afternoon and I went with my father on our usual jaunt into the country. And, as usual, we turned into Chestnut Street to linger for a moment before Pennell's florist shop. The window was fresh filled with poinsettias, then new in the land. We stood long before that voluptuous feast and as we stood my father sighed. And I knew that, without exactly desiring it, his thought was turning to something that was not.

We went on to Bartram's Gardens. It was a dull day and before we were able to get as far as the *Salisburia adiantifolia* — which was the foolish boast of the old arboretum — the heavy fog that sometimes settles over the low Schuylkill Valley drove us home. As we found our way through the garden, picking our path with difficulty, there darted toward us out of the thick, cotton-y mist a brilliant red bird. 'By Jove, that's a cardinal!' murmured my father and, dropping my hand in utter oblivion, he gave a soft call which I had never before heard. The bird did not respond and we walked on.

'Father, what did thee say when thee saw the bird?' I asked.

'I said I thought it must be a cardinal.'

'But I mean first — before that — when thee first saw the bird?'

'I was surprised,' he said guardedly. 'I did n't realize they came so far north.'

Next morning came a fine, cold, steady sleet. The old horse-cars were held safe in the barn. After a deal of masculine adult uncertainty, it was decided that we stay at home.

'By Jove, we don't go to Meeting,' I announced to my mother.

The effect of this pleasantry was electric. The gentle folds of the little silver shawl stiffened into the rigid cadence of the First Commandment. Oh, the relentless conflict of that hour! Self-preservation urged me to confess my source, and yet, and yet, he of the worldly coat must be shielded from the righteous wrath of the little silver shawl. And in the course of that day of sleet I was to learn that he of the worldly coat was a Friend — but with a difference. He had come late to the Fellowship, 'because,' they said, 'of conviction.' But I did not need to be told that it was because of an undying affection.

That night I said to my sister: 'Did thee ever know that thee does n't *have* to marry a Quaker?'

'Yes,' she said sleepily, 'but who else is there?'

How expectations dupe us. The wicked promise of that exquisite hour of poinsettias and profanity was never fulfilled. Life again became sober and antiphonal, and yet, not just as before. I was conscious of a deepened relationship.

GREED

Pledges were abroad. Perhaps in thy family it was Burgundy: in mine it was bonbons.

Easily did I enter into a contract, to run for a term of months, not 'to taste or touch.' Physical details had been explained in my presence and, while they were not to me so crystal-clear as they seemed (were they?) to other juvenile auditors, I gathered that it was quite the same as being 'eaten by worms,' and, remembering Herod, I was led to swift decision. Thee perceives that my little contract was entered into mainly for physical advantages, but also there was a slight economic concession, for, later, I was to receive compensation as befitted the sacrifice, and both environment and inheritance had engendered respect for equitable monetary profit. Little did I dream that I was enlisting for Armageddon.

Like all contracts of childhood this represented an unfair advantage to the elders who constituted the 'party of the second part'; for they knew, as I did not, of greetings from a gracious Friend whose 'concern' for us was annual and whose visitation was imminent. This 'concern' was 'tenderly cherished'; for, along with the rewards of 'sweet comfort' and 'solid peace' which the *Discipline* bade her convey, she had a minor 'concern.' Her advent embraced not only those gifts of the spirit which were the natural fruit of her ministry but a dear attribute and rare — sticks of plaited peppermint.

Whether indifference on a former visit had suggested the law of diminishing returns, I know not; but this year the ancient attribute was transmuted into caramels.

And there was my contract — not yet a fortnight old!

And now if thee wishes to know truly of the location of Armageddon I can assist thee. It is not in the heart of any vision. Be not deceived there. Nor is it in the valley of the little brook Kishon. It is in an old-fashioned

'sitting-room,' in an old-fashioned house in the City of Brotherly Love. And the battle was waged in the stillness of the midnight, and the stars in their courses did *not* fight for Deborah. That detail is a redactor's gloss.

Down the dark stairs I padded, with the swift, sure tread of childhood. There in the moonlight gleamed the bright box: the little contract retired to the 'suburbs of my regard.' "As for that threatening," said the least worthy of Arthur's Knights, "be that as it may, we will go to dinner."

I recall without effort the mad license of that hour. One, two, three, four, five, six — and then a wide band of moonlight caught, simultaneously, the bottom of the box, my mother's spotless cap, a substantially bound copy of *Maxims* and *The Rules of Discipline and Advices*. These were the bulwarks of my little world and I had betrayed them. Audibly spoke the *Discipline*: —

We desire that our members may so realize the saving power of the grace of God that they will be enabled to deny all worldly allurements, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, that they may adorn the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in all things.

More swiftly than she had come, the offender fled, straight to her father's room, where sound sleep was broken with the scorching words: 'Oh, I've lied to thee: — I've lied — I've lied — I've eaten caramels.'

Training under the *Discipline and Advices* had not been wasted.

Nevertheless, the help of the Society being by none so much needed as by the weak and the wayward, the caution is extended that no judgment be placed hastily, or in the spirit of condemnation, but all offenders should be labored with lovingly, patiently, and so long as a reasonable hope of benefit therefrom appears.

Thereafter there were no pledges but there is a little spot in that house which to this day, to the initiated, is known as Peniel.

VANITY

Once, of a Fifth Day, at three P.M., it rained. And thereby, a philosopher records, the whole course of his life was changed. With what underlying content would one face a catastrophe so unmistakably of divine ordainment! Mine was not so: mine was of mortal mind.

It was a matter of a hat — a white hat, blue underneath, of the shade effected by Fra Angelico angels, and above, a wee, red rose. The subtle appeal of that 'wee, crimson-tipped flower' was to me irresistible and to this day I do not fathom its rejection. The hat represented not only grace but adventure for I came by it through pure strategy. Rightly do I say *pure*. Was it not a strategy suggested by the Inner Light, though perhaps not just such a manifestation as I had been taught to revere? The real test of a hat, as everyone knows, is time, and to this day, after a term of years which I would fain abridge, the lure of that hat is upon me. The grace of an Old Master it had, with no philistine possibilities for absurdity with the passing of time. At least so it dwells in my memory. On the ethics of its procurement it pleases me to be properly vague, for it represented not only a forbidden act of borrowing but a nice deception and a concession to Appearance which was a prostitution of that independence, pure and undefiled, which was mine by inheritance. I may say in its favor that the possession of it was by way of preparation for one — again my authority was the Inner Light — who I believed would speak 'honey-sweet words' as we walked

through the Crum Creek wood after Meeting, and I was tremulously expectant as to what those winged words would be. Not that I was altogether unfamiliar with amorous terms; but my meagre supply was assembled from *Saints Legendes* and from moments when Mme. Guyon, caught up into rapt flirtation with the Deity, became glowingly articulate. Though satisfactorily fervid, these were properly remote.

My narrative, in naked outline, runs thus: I was going on a week-end, not far, to the modest country home of an elder Friend. And quite well I knew what awaited me: 'wheaten bread in a beautiful basket'; a long walk under the stars; rivalry in the placing of constellations; the next morning — Meeting; in the afternoon Friends would 'drive over' for that calm and comprehensive gossip which characterizes the Fellowship. The last was the item I planned to omit. At that moment I would be walking in the Crum Creek wood, under my rose, the coy rose which earlier had been smuggled into my hand by a fellow conspirator, one who dwelt in the fair land of Style, and whom, by some strange infidelity of the human heart, I have ever since hated.

Exhilaration carried my plan beyond the point of wisdom. First Day morning came, sunny, windless, warm — a gracious day! And at ten o'clock a gracious voice: 'Is thee ready? It's time for Meeting.' Ready indeed I was — and, unwittingly, garlanded for the sacrifice, for in that little white upper room I had come upon a daring resolve, namely, to take the rose to Meeting.

Never was a little drama planned with more classic precision; never was one so abruptly wrecked because of the evil inherent in a bit of 'property.' For one brief moment I held 'centre'

on the stage of my imaginings. None showed surprise nor was there shadow of rebuke, but again the gentle voice: 'It's a warm morning: thee will not need a hat for Meeting.'

I ask myself about those gentle voices and wonder at the unswerving obedience given them. None of them were without significance. Dignity, beauty, self-control — surrender came at their bidding.

Now, easily could I have adorned myself with wickedness in the afternoon and I shall not say that a little wicket gate at the end of a lane, generously conniving iniquity, did not murmur: 'When the dial points to three, thee can pass, unseen, through me to the Crum Creek wood.' But no! *I could not.* Let me pay belated tribute to the glory of that little house. Rebellion a-plenty it had seen, but not disguise.

Perhaps the little river, that First Day afternoon, 'made glad the city of God.' If so, at this distance, I am content. But glamour there was none. Not even 'the honey sweet words' could recapture it.

There came a day when I had occasion to be grateful for the gentle deterrent that sent me hatless to Meeting. It was on another First Day and at a Meeting of large attendance. A long line of well polished 'germantowns' were parked in the shed. Inside, the leaders' seat had few empty places. The spotless white room, with its wooden benches, was almost full. Bands of sunlight entered through the slatted blinds and lay across the floor. The old creeper on the east wall was full of young leaves that cast quivering shadows on a line of gray silk bonnets — a blasphemous adornment, the only one they would ever know. Placid faces were all unconscious of this merry dance going on over their heads.

A little wager my sister and I once arranged on a windy morning that these dervishes would overtake the neat headdress of a particularly saintly 'overseer.' They did not. They crept as far as a gray-wool shoulder. A wayward victorious foot found mine under the wooden bench. I appeared to be rapidly losing. No broker at the races ever watched for the finish of his darling with more excitement than did I those nervous, progressive shadows. Though I had never heard of benefit of clergy, my faith was strong that the saints were inviolate. And they were: faith was vindicated. Just in time the woman of God removed her bonnet, unconsciously placing it beyond encroachments.

But on this particular morning it was not a shadow that engrossed us but a reality — an unspeakable reality. A worldly woman, doubtless a daughter of Zion — otherwise why in Meeting? — but such an one as we knew only through the pages of an ancient book,¹ one who walked haughtily, attired with a pendant and bracelets, with a crescent and headtire, with a perfume box and a veil. And the Lord had not yet taken away the beauty of her anklets, for I could clearly see, through a break in the bench, mounted on ankles of exquisite slenderness, two chaste buckles of silver.

A wanton woman! And she walked with 'outstretched neck,' and, to our horror, she took her place on the men's side.

Not in all the length and breadth of my early youth do I recall a moment of such inner intensity. No head turned in that quiet room: there was no perceptible movement, but the air became tense. Clearly this was no time to wait on the spirit. There was the slightest movement on the women's side of the leaders' seat. A bonnet

¹ See Isaiah iii.

was quietly laid aside, an outer shawl was folded, an inner shawl was loosened: an uncompromising figure rose, swayed for a moment with closed eyes, and then cut the air with the familiar words: 'And even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.' Quietly she resumed her place, still with closed eyes. Another rose and, with equal leisure and solemnity, cast another word into the void: 'Thou mindest not the things of God but the things of man.' The feminine marauder on the men's side was impervious: her well-set head was unbowed. Then we knew that the thunderings of Sinai were due. An aged leader took up his big book, a book which was a landmark in that Meeting. Hands trembling with zeal found the place. The spirit was moving with terrible swiftmess. With unmistakable clearness came the anathema: *And it shall come to pass that instead of sweet spices there shall be rottenness: and instead of a girdle, a rope: and instead of well-set hair, baldness: and instead of a robe, a girding of sackcloth; branding instead of beauty.*

On the end of my bench, even the stranger forgot, I was giving thanks for the tender discipline of S—G—in the matter of the rose. And earnestly was I making my covenant. None made with patriarch under Syrian sky was more solemnly consummated: 'O God, never, never will I wear a hat with a red rose.'

And 'before God, I lie not': I never have.

LED BY THE SPIRIT

It is the first Second Day after the fourth First Day of the Third Month . . . and it is Yearly Meeting. 'As for me,' says the Dear Alien, 'I take along with me a little heathen calendar that I may know "when's when." But they of the Fellowship know that as far

back as 1691 it was advised that 'Friends be exemplary in keeping to our ancient testimony against the superstitious observance of days: and to the simplicity of Truth in calling the days and months by the Scripture names and not by those of the heathen.' For weeks now cordial words have been passing in the Delaware Valley, hospitable legends such as these: 'We should like thee to have dinner with us on Third Day.' 'Plan to stop with us on Seventh Day.' 'We cannot come early but we shall see thee at meeting on Fourth Day morning.' 'Do the Presbyterians have a talk, too?' once asked a bewildered playmate.

This particular Second Day dawns a dour morning. Never, indeed, in the memory of man has Yearly Meeting brought a run of fine weather. We remember this because annually we are defrauded of 'wearing our best.' For when it comes to Yearly Meeting, there is a tradition in favor of the beauty of holiness, even though a minute of 1682 is perpetuated to this day: 'It is advised that all Friends both old and young, keep out of . . . vain and needless fashions . . . and all such kinds of stuffs, colors, and dress as are calculated more to please a vain and wanton mind than for real usefulness; and we tenderly warn our members against being accessory to these evils.'

Outside the high brick wall that guards the Meeting House is the 'encumbering hurry of busy feet.' Under the wall sits the ancient seller of lavender.

'Lavender! Lavender!'

His songs were fair and sweet
He brought us harvests out of Heaven
Full sheaves of radiant wheat.

He brought us keys to Paradise
And hawked them through the street.

He knows that at Yearly Meeting week his basket will fetch a bit of a harvest.

'I likes to sell to the old ones,' he says; 'the lavender just seems to suit 'em. They all lookin' alike and dry and sweet-smellin',' and he pats his plump little uniform bags with a sense of harmony. 'They never hurries yeh. And they 've always got the change,' he adds, with the satisfaction of one who has sat long under the wall and finds pleasure in penury where motion is concerned.

The Meeting-House is of brick, with white shutters and doors. It is swept but not garnished, it being recorded of the house that was garnished that seven devils applied for tenantry; and in these matters one takes no risks. The spirit of the Meeting-House makes no adulterous alliance with æsthetics. Not a symbol, not a decorative line breaks the fine candor of the clear buff walls. Long ago one William Penn raised a standard which might well apply to the Meeting-House: 'A sweet and natural retreat from noise and talk, allowing opportunity for reflection and giving the best opportunity for it.'

Under the shadow of the porch one will hear friendly greetings in subdued voices. There is the fine courtesy, the 'great and gracious ways' of those who, having fixed their hearts on things eternal have not failed also to attract much that is exquisitely temporal. Formality is subtly distinguished from intimacy by the use of the full name. One hears, by way of introduction: 'John Evans, I want thee to know Thomas Gwynne, who has recently become one of us.' Or, to an elder Friend: 'Thee take my place and let me go upstairs; I am younger than thee.' There are no disguises as to age in the Fellowship. Would that our names were written as legibly in the Book of Life as in the Monthly-Meeting Record. Or one hears, to visitors from a sister meeting: 'Thee first, friends from North Carolina.'

Or, to one cumbrously bundled: 'Does n't thee want to take thee things off before Meeting?' Whereby one knows that the charm of English speech is not captured by mere grammar.

I am guilty of a little uneasiness as I enter Meeting, for at my elbow is the Dear Alien, he to whom Gregorian chants and chamber music are as the breath of life. Does he know that 'the use of music as a part of Divine worship is contrary to our conviction as to the right performance of this solemn and imperative duty, which must be in spirit and in truth *directly* between the soul and its creator?' Does he know that 'we feel that music displaces the spiritual harmony which is the result of true communion with Jesus Christ, in which the *mind* is brought into accord with the Divine will and worships God as His Spirit moves and guides? The emotions flowing from pleasant sounds, whether of voice or instrument, are but physical as distinguished from spiritual and may be classed with other exciting agents.' Does he know that 'it is our desire to avoid distractions and in the *stillness* of all flesh to go deep into the very recesses of our hearts, there to listen to the voice of the Master?'

Little perhaps does Dear Alien realize how I have bled for his dear sake, for of a Seventh Day afternoon, under his guidance, we found our way to a spot — not a Meeting-House — where a master hand was laid on a deep-toned organ. And that night, at the board of a young Friend of the Old School, the Alien burst into exuberant account of a Bach fugue. In silence I agonized. Well I knew he would be 'tenderly and seasonably admonished'; and so it was. 'Thee knows we do not speak of such things,' our hostess gently said, meanwhile alleviating rebuke with a 'second helping' of the fine products for which that house was noted. And yet it was

she who that night, under the winter sky, tuned our ears to the music of the stars, each a familiar friend.

And I am remembering that when I left that pleasant 'steading' the Dear Alien, by way of 'Farewell,' pressed upon me current magazines which one by one found their way to the rubbish pile, but the 'Strange Lady, to whom above all womankind the Olympians gave a heart that could not be softened,' said shyly as I left: 'I will give thee a book to read on thy journey.' And she did and it was covered with brown silesia. But it turned my head 'toward the splendor of the sun' and sent me sailing 'toward a wine-dark deep' for it was no other than the *Odyssey* which I read unto this day — without the silesia cover. Each to his music and his romance in his own way!

'Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.' That was a great day, when the Era of the Pope was ended, and the Era of the *Word of God* was beginning to wane, when one George Fox arose and proclaimed again the Era of the Spirit. 'Brethren,' I hear one saying as I pass under the low lintel of the meeting-house, 'let us not again be entangled in a yoke of bondage, for we are called to freedom.'

Quietly the Friends take their places, orderly as the stars in their orbits, and there falls a silence that surely is like none other in all the world. It is a silence of the group and hence of fellowship, a silence which 'overarches the inner life as the sky does the outer,' a silence which is definitely planned for, as dearly desired as the priceless jewel of the pearl merchant, because there the human soul comes into alignment with 'the spirit that knoweth all things, even the deep things of God.' Such silence is not lightly to be broken, never but by one upon whom has fallen, in insistent measure, the spirit of the Lord. 'Waiting upon the

Lord *in stillness* for the renewal of strength, keeps the mind at home in its proper place and duty, and out of all unprofitable association and converse. . . . We recommend a diligent waiting in true silence (which is much more than simply being quiet). . . . The anointing of the mental vision to behold the excellency of inward spiritual worship and the goodness of the Lord in giving us faith to sit down *in silence*, depending wholly upon the Shepherd of the sheep to feed his flock, are among the unspeakable favors for which we must give account.'

(We are led to believe that now and again this 'unspeakable favor' may be somewhat overpowering, for a minute of 1694, still retained in the *Discipline*, reads: 'It is advised that such as come late to meeting, or, when there, fall asleep or otherwise demean themselves unbecoming our holy profession on these solemn occasions, be tenderly admonished.' And there is a story —

I tell the tale as 't was told to me —

of such an one who, thrice in meeting, opened a watch of ancient design and closed the same with an audible click. And as audibly a voice murmured: 'If thee cannot worship God without looking at thy watch perhaps thee had better retire.')

It sometimes happens that the silence is broken by an articulate message. If not, no matter. 'The solemn duty of performing divine worship rests upon us individually.' And those who bear testimony after many years will say that it is in 'silent meeting' that 'the divine tides' find most readily their channel to the human heart.

And so I find it well to come,
For deeper rest to this still room

The world that time and sense have known
Falls off and leaves us God alone.

And very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.

Presently two of the Friends will clasp hands,

The elder folk shook hands at last;
Down seat by seat the signal passed,

and by this simple token in the way of benediction we know that the devotional service for that day is over.

'But,' says Rufus Jones, 'there is no inner life that has not also an outer life.' There are 'creaturely activities' to be planned for at Yearly Meeting; there are 'concerns to be considered'; there are the *Queries* to be presented; there are visiting Friends to be sent, if it is their 'concern' to go, to the outposts of Quakerdom, even to Africa, even to Cathay. 'Care must be taken to see that such service is not impeded . . . for want of requisite means to defray the expenses of such a journey. . . . And it is to be laid upon such Friends that they shall, when abroad on religious visits, humbly and steadily abide under the weight of the "concern" which drew them on such an important embassy.' In short, there is business to be transacted.

And I venture a hazard, Dear Alien, that thee will not have seen business so conducted by any of the Grand Committees, large or small, on which thee may have served a partial or life sentence. Thee may recognize the Presiding Officer, formally known as the Clerk of the Meeting, he who is chosen under the guidance of the Spirit. But thee will see on his desk no gavel. And thee will not hear anyone speak to a motion, for the simple reason that there are no motions to speak to; hence there is no jungle of amendments; and thee will see no voting, for there is none. Thee will

hear no discussion. Gavels and votes have no rightful place in a fellowship. Here are bankers and traders, public officials and college professors, folk from the countryside, folk from the city, several hundred in all, but here, within the four walls of Yearly Meeting, they are just members of the Society of Friends, and that bond is one not cemented by parliamentary rules. It is exactly like this: the Clerk announces one by one the items to be considered. 'If anyone has any thoughts on this subject, they will be acceptable,' he says. There are suggestions from the floor. On the basis of these suggestions the Clerk interprets the will of the body — literally members of one body, where the eye doth not say, Because thou art the foot, I have no need of thee. The interpretation of the clerk is recorded and, that there may be no misunderstanding, it is immediately read to the meeting.

Do none ever become garrulous? It has been known that they do. William Penn knew of such — 'a common nuisance, a weir across the stream that stops the current, an obstruction.' I myself have heard such an one 'make harangue.' On one occasion he was halted by a quiet voice which said: 'When the vessels are filled the oil is stayed.' It was enough: the subject was not reopened that day.

Thus has business been conducted for over two centuries now. They are dear ways — the ways of Meeting; and by some magic, though they are reputed to be the workings of the Spirit, they are known also to be *efficient*, though Heaven forbid that that word should ever wander like a mongrel into Meeting. Crushing was the rebuke it once invoked: 'May we, members of a Fellowship, never come to regard ourselves as a machine: rather may we constantly and humbly strive to be organs of the Spirit.'

ON DICTIONARIES

BY ERNEST WEEKLEY

I

'WHAT do you think he means by Zip?' 'I don't know,' said Mr. Wartle; 'let's look it up in the dictionary.'

This scrap of dialogue, from Mr. W. L. George's *Caliban*, arrested my attention, as illustrating what are perhaps the two most characteristic things about dictionaries — their supposed omniscience and their ubiquity. There is something touching in Mr. Wartle's childlike confidence that the dictionary, like photography, cannot lie. He does not express a wish to consult the *Oxford Dictionary*, or the *Century Dictionary*, or the latest edition of *Webster*, in which he might reasonably expect to find the history and meaning of a word traced with erudition and competence. 'The dictionary' is good enough for him, and what the dictionary says, goes. It is true that even the great Dr. Johnson defined the word *pastern* as 'the knee of an horse,' an anatomical inexactitude which would produce on an ostler the same kind of paralytic shock that a sailor might experience on finding in the same famous work *lee-ward* and *windward* described in identical terms as 'toward the wind.' But, fortunately for lexicographers, those who consult the dictionary are not usually critical. In fact, almost the only individual to approach the sacred book in the spirit of a doubter is the lexicographer himself, who knows by the sad experience of his own misdoings how easily a mistaken explanation, an incorrect form, or even a non-

existent word may be handed down from one compiler to another.

Look up in any of the widely used dictionaries which claim to give etymologies the word *syllabus* and you will find it derived from the Greek *sullambainein*, to take together. This sounds a reasonable explanation, and *syllabus* is now a word we should be sorry to lose, but it is really a ghost and has no more to do with the aforesaid Greek word than with *syllabub*. It is simply a mistake in early printed editions of Cicero's *Letters to Atticus* for *sittubas*, the plural of the Greek *sittuba*, a parchment contents-label attached to a manuscript. So much for omniscience. It may be concluded that the earnest inquirer into words would be well advised to believe only what he finds in the *Oxford Dictionary* — and not always that.

As to the ubiquity of the dictionary there can be no question. Within the memory of the oldest now alive there have been few houses — at least of those possessing any books at all — whose library has not included an out-of-date Barclay, an obsolete abridgment of Johnson, an early Webster, or some equally useful misleader of the mind that thirsts for information. It was not always thus, for 'the dictionary,' as we understand the word, is a comparatively modern element in life. *Dictionarium* is not a classical Latin word, any more than *lexicon* is classical Greek. To the mediæval scholar a

dictionary was a collection of 'dic-tions' or phrases, put together for the use of pupils studying Latin. We find *dictionarius* first used in this sense in the thirteenth century by an Englishman, John Garland, and *dictionarium* in the fourteenth; but the first work published in England under the English title 'Dictionary' was the famous Latin-English Dictionary of Sir Thomas Elyot which appeared in 1538, the year before Robert Estienne, of the greatest of all dictionary-making dynasties, published his *Dictionnaire François-Latin*. The word *Lexicon* — the neuter of the Greek adjective *lexicos*, 'relating to words' — dates in its accepted current sense from the Renaissance only.

The earliest lexicographical efforts were probably made by Roman students of the Greek language and culture. We are told that Cato learned Greek at eighty, a task which he would hardly have tackled without realizing the importance of tabulating his newly acquired vocabulary. Teachers naturally compiled lists of words and phrases for the use of their pupils, and such vocabularies would be copied and attain some circulation; but it is obvious that what we call a dictionary was made possible only by the invention of printing.

If we restrict our attention to England, we find that all our early glossaries explain the vernacular by Latin, or what in the Middle Ages passed for Latin. Such vocabularies were in fact compiled to help grammar-school boys to acquire a knowledge of the only general means of communication possessed by the learned. Although, as we have seen, the words *dictionarius* and *dictionarium* occur, most compilers use more fanciful titles, such as the *Ortus Vocabularum*, 'the garden of words'; the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, 'the storehouse of the little clerks,' of which many editions were afterwards printed

by Wynkyn de Worde; or the *Catholicon Anglicum*, 'the English universal remedy.' These are perhaps the three most comprehensive, but we have a host of smaller compilations. In these the order, instead of being alphabetical, is usually classifactory, that is, the words are arranged in parts of speech, or, more frequently, under such headings as kitchen implements, garments, diseases, musical instruments, birds, animals, and so on. Later on, when in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Latin-English dictionaries aiming at some completeness become numerous, we still find subsections devoted to such headings as herbs, trees, precious stones, names of hawks, names of hounds, and so forth, and in the earliest the mediæval arrangement of the English before the Latin is usually preserved. The practice of giving fanciful names to dictionaries did not die out until well on in the eighteenth century. A favorite title, both in England and abroad, was *gazophylacium*, that is, treasure-house, or more commonly, *thesaurus* — a name still borne by well-known publications. Florio's famous Italian-English Dictionary of 1598 was called a *World of Wordes*, a title adopted later by Phillips for his large English Dictionary. *Glossographia* is another description used by seventeenth century lexicographers.

II

The dictionary-makers of the Middle Ages aimed at teaching Latin and would have been amused at any suggestion that their own native English was worthy of attention. But the introduction of printing, the spread of learning, the diffusion of a noble literature, and closer contact with foreign influences had such an effect on the language that it became a subject not only worthy of study, but also involving difficulties

and obscurities which cried aloud for elucidation. As Mr. John Drinkwater has lately written: 'The English language was, to cultured Elizabethans, like a new-found and wonderful inheritance. And they reveled in it, they sported with it in every conceivable way.' And so the dictionary came into existence, like other novelities, to supply a long-felt want.

Its beginnings were modest. Until the eighteenth century no lexicographer aimed at completeness. His object was to explain the more difficult words in the language. Nowadays every dictionary contains, no doubt inevitably, nineteen twentieths or perhaps ninety-nine hundredths of unnecessary matter. Who, for instance, wants to know that a dog is a 'well-known domestic quadruped,' that twenty is 'twice ten,' that a bell is 'a hollow body of cast metal, formed to ring, or emit a clear musical sound, by the sonorous vibration of its entire circumference, when struck by a clapper, hammer, or other appliance'? The last of these definitions, as will be guessed from its explicit clarity, is from the great *Oxford Dictionary*, which also tells us that to kiss is 'to press or touch with the lips (at the same time compressing and then separating them), in token of affection or greeting, or as an act of reverence' — a piece of erudition usually acquired by the youngest and least experienced without lexicographical help. Probably not a hundredth part of the dictionary is ever used by any individual reader; but as the compiler cannot expect everyone to need the same fraction of his work, he is obliged to put in everything, and even to cater for the eager student who is uncertain whether a dog may not be a centipede.

The first in date of our English lexicographers is Dr. John Bullokar, who published in 1616 *An English Expositour teaching the Interpretation of*

the hardest Words used in our Language, with sundry Explications, Descriptions and Discourses. The eighth edition (1688) of this tiny book, lying before me, is enriched with 'a new and copious Supply of words,' 'an Index directing to the hard Words by prefixing the common Words before them in an Alphabetical Order,' and 'a brief Nomenclator, containing the names of the most renowned Persons among the Ancients, whether Gods or Goddesses (so reputed), Heroes, or Inventors of profitable Arts, Sciences and Faculties. With divers memorable Things out of ancient History, Poetry, Philosophy, and Geography.' Although the format, even of this enlarged edition, is such as to fit easily into a waistcoat pocket, it is described as an 'Expositour or Compleat Dictionary,' and it has the characteristics which distinguish the lexicographical attempts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, namely, the conception of a dictionary as a sort of encyclopædia, insistence on the fullness of its vocabulary, and an evident leaning toward that Latinized jargon which for a time threatened to submerge plain English. A benevolent preface ends with the comforting words: 'Live long, industrious Reader, advance in Knowledge and be happy.'

Next to Bullokar, in fact, in the following year (1617), comes one of the most extraordinary works in the history of lexicography, Minsheu's *Ductor in Linguas or Guide into the Tongues*, a full dictionary, explanatory and etymological, of the English language, with meanings in ten other languages. This is the first English etymological dictionary and also the first English work to appear with a list of subscribers. Minsheu was an impecunious teacher of languages and, in Ben Jonson's opinion, a rogue. He compiled his great work with the assistance of a 'company of certain schollers and stran-

gers at mine owne charge,' with whom he made descents on Oxford and Cambridge to collect material and enlist subscribers. We can imagine that his 'strangers' were rather a tatterdemalion, hungry-looking crew, and we have his own statement that the task of supporting them had involved him in 'great debtes, impossible for me ever to pay.' I should like to know more about Minsheu. He seems to have led an adventurous life abroad, wandering for long years from land to land in his eager quest for linguistic knowledge. He may have been a rogue, but he was certainly an enthusiast, and one is glad to know that his monumental work reached a second edition, though I doubt whether he or his benevolent backers of the Inns of Court ever reaped much pecuniary advantage from it. The polyglot character of his work was no doubt due to the example of Ambrosio Calepino, or, as he was usually called by the learned, Calepinus, whose Latin Dictionary, first published at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was elaborated in successive editions into a polyglot dictionary of nine — and later of eleven — languages, its most ambitious development appearing a few years before Minsheu's. This lexicographer had the unusual experience of becoming a word himself. In seventeenth-century French the verb *calepiner* meant to interpret words, and *calepin* is still used of a memorandum book or vade mecum.

I have lingered over Minsheu because he was no mere lexicographer, but a devoted word-hunter. His great folio is still consulted by serious philologists, and though many of his etymologies are comic, he often anticipates the conclusions of the most erudite modern research. I may instance his derivation of *dismal* from Latin *dies mali*, unpropitious days, derided by Trench, but now known to be substantially correct, and

his intelligent conjecture that the much discussed word *yeoman* 'seemeth to be one word made by contraction of *yong man*,' an etymology quite recently revived — July 1921 — by the *Oxford Dictionary*.

But Minsheu does not belong to the series of explanatory English dictionaries compiled for the use of the not very literate public of the age. The real successor to Bullokar is Cockeram, whose *English Dictionarie or Interpreter of hard English words* (1623) proposed to assist 'the more speedy Attaining of an Elegant Perfection of the English Tongue' by 'Ladies and Gentlewomen, young Schollers, Clarkes, Merchantes, as also Strangers of any Nation.' For a long time successive editions of Bullokar's and Cockeram's diminutive volumes ran neck-and-neck in competition for public favor, like the more ponderous productions of Webster and Worcester in the United States during the nineteenth century.

A more interesting work is the *Glossographia or Dictionary interpreting all such hard words whether Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, Teutonick, Belgick, British or Saxon, as are now used in our refined Tongue*. . . . *Very useful for all such as desire to understand what they read*, by T. B., that is, Thomas Blount, of the Inner Temple. This very valuable little glossary, 'chiefly intended for the more-knowing Women and less-knowing Men,' gives a very good idea of the way in which seventeenth century English was being flooded with foreign and learned neologisms, so that even the author himself was, as he says, 'often gravelled in English books.' Significant of the change taking place in the vocabulary is the author's statement that he has 'in a great measure shun'd the old Saxon words, as finding them growing every day more obsolete than ever.' The age is approaching when Dr.

Johnson will define *network* as 'anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances with interstices between the intersections,' or will modify his hasty statement that Buckingham's comedy, the *Rehearsal*, had not 'wit enough to keep it sweet,' with the corrected version: 'It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction.' It may be noted that Blount is our first authority for the sense we now give to *classic* and *classical* and also for the ghost-word, *syllabus*.

Blount was followed by Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, whose *New World of Words or a General English Dictionary* (1678) is on a much larger scale than those of his predecessors and is sometimes regarded as the first English dictionary in the modern sense. I note, however, that while it elucidates the dog days, it still refrains from telling us what a dog is, though Blount, who accused Phillips of plundering his own work, reproaches him with his 'needless explication of many trivial words.' Phillips's book was reëdited many times by John Kersey, an industrious lexicographer, who seems to have turned out dictionaries in the eighteenth century as untiringly as did Noah Webster in the nineteenth. In the seventh edition (1720) I find to my great solace and comfort the entry, *dog*, 'a well-known creature,' a somewhat meagre definition, improved into 'a quadruped well-known' by Nathaniel Bailey, whose dictionary, first published in octavo (1721), ran through a very large number of editions and became the standard authority until superseded by Johnson.

In 1730 Bailey published his large folio edition, which omits all proper names, mythology, and so on, and is the first example of a complete dictionary as we understand the word. Bailey, like many dictionary-makers, was a schoolmaster. At the end of the preface

we find: 'N.B. Youth boarded and taught the Latin, Greek and Hebrew Languages, Writing, Accounts and other parts of School Learning, in a Method more easy and expeditious than is common; by the Author, at his House in Stepney, near the Church.' It was an interleaved folio Bailey that was used by Johnson as the basis of his own great work.

III

I have mentioned only a select few of the numerous dictionaries published between Bullokar and Johnson. I have most of them within reach as I write, and, as I turn from one to the other, I observe that the dictionary-making animal has certain unvarying peculiarities. He is as irritable as a poet and as full of his own importance as a film star. He accuses his predecessors of incompetency and his contemporaries and successors of plagiarism. Blount points out derisively that Phillips, in his account of rosemary, says nothing of 'the singular use of it in adorning a piece of roast beef,' which hardly seems to us a very serious omission. Elisha Coles, who published in 1676 a small dictionary which sold freely for more than half a century, rejects all previous performances as either 'too little or too big.' The author of a *Glossographica Anglicana Nova*, which appeared in 1707, sums up all three of these lexicographers as follows:—

Blunt [i.e. Blount] went a-simpling in a Field twenty Years without discovering many new Plants, which had been pardonable in him, had he given us the true Names, and not been mistaken in the Description, Vertues and Qualities of several of the old. Phillips to whose laudable industry we owe a much more bulky Performance was no better qualified for paving a way to any one of the Sciences, having neither Skill, Tools, nor Materials: so that Cole, after all, with

his few Pretences has as much real worth as any of the former, and may make good the part of a Guide to Tradesmen and illiterate Readers.

This very superior gentleman apparently aspires to higher flights than his predecessors, who, far from claiming to instruct the learned, persistently emphasize the fact that they cater for the class intermediate between the educated man and the illiterate peasant, a class defined on one title page as consisting of 'Young Scholars, Tradesmen, Artificers and the female Sex,' on another as 'Ladies who have a turn for Reading and Gentlemen of no learned Profession.'

Naturally each lexicographer proclaims his own wares to be superior to all others. This leads to the title page gradually expanding into a kind of pamphlet, which combines an encyclopædic summary of polite learning with something like a museum catalogue. Occasionally the serene consciousness of absolute superiority makes the elaborate title-page unnecessary. In 1753 a small dictionary was published anonymously by John Wesley. Admirers of that great and good man will note without surprise that his comparatively modest title page ends with: 'N.B. The Author assures you he thinks this is the best English Dictionary in the world.'

That lexicographers should copy from one another is inevitable. Many a ghost-word due to a seventeenth century misprint still gibbers at us from the more ambitious dictionaries of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Sometimes, even — as in the case of *syllabus* — the ghost-word has acquired flesh and bones and become a respectable citizen of the world of words. In 1761 Daniel Fenning published his *Royal English Dictionary*, inscribed to George III. His dedication may be called John Bull-ish. 'Proud of the

honour of being an Englishman,' he points out that: —

The French, though now spoken in all the Courts of Europe, cannot lay claim either to the conciseness, purity or strength of expression to be found in the English; its softness may suit the disposition of those who are born slaves, but it is neither suitable to the free and manly sentiments of English Kings or English Subjects.

Fenning's is quite a good dictionary, but it accidentally omits the word *uncle*, an omission still unrectified in my 'improved third edition' of 1768. A close examination of the numerous English dictionaries published during the latter part of the century would show that some of the compilers carried their admiring trust in Fenning so far as to imitate his reticence with regard to the word *uncle*.

IV

Johnson's dictionary marks an entirely new departure. It is the work of a literary man, not of 'a harmless drudge' — his own definition of a lexicographer. It is selective in vocabulary and is the first dictionary in which the meanings of words are illustrated by quotations. It is also full of personality. We know that Johnson was of the opinion that the first Whig was the Devil, and accordingly we find the word *Whig* contemptuously dismissed as the 'name of a political faction,' while a *Tory* is described as 'one who adheres to the ancient constitution of the State and the apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England.' His gibe at the Scots in his definition of the word *oats* as 'a grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people,' was well answered by a Scot with: 'And where will you find such horses or such men?' There must have been a good deal of Boythornian summer lightning in the Doctor's vigorously expressed dislike

for the Scots. Boswell slyly observes that five out of the six assistants who worked with the Doctor on the Dictionary were of Scottish origin, which suggests that Johnson, whatever his prejudices, knew a good thing when he saw one. Nor need we take much more seriously 'the implacable hatred of all things American,' on which Mr. Mencken dwells rather childishly. Not all modern readers would dissent from Johnson's definition of *patriotism* as 'the last refuge of a scoundrel.' That of a *pension* as 'an allowance made to anyone without an equivalent; in England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country' is a wee bit strong. Still stronger was his projected note to *renegado*. 'You know, Sir,' said he to Boswell, 'Lord Gower forsook the old Jacobite interest. When I came to the word *renegado*, after telling that it meant one who deserts to the enemy, a revolter, I added, "Sometimes we say, a Gower." Thus it went to the press: but the printer had more wit than I and struck it out.'

The most famous of all his definitions is perhaps *excise*, 'a hateful tax levied on commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid,' which — leaving out the 'commodities' — would represent with some correctness what the downtrodden English bourgeois of to-day is beginning to feel about the income tax. One would give a good deal to have Dr. Johnson's definition of a Bolshevik.

When his friend Adams pointed out that the forty French Academicians had taken forty years to accomplish what Johnson proposed to do by himself in three, the Doctor answered: 'Let me see; forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As three to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman' — another Boythorn

outburst which only a pedant would censure.

Like most interesting people, Johnson was an unexpected and rather volcanic mixture. A lady, who simperingly congratulated him on his omission of all indecent words from the Dictionary, was met with the truly Johnsonian retort: 'So you have been looking for them, Madam?'

But it is not only the anecdotic side of his Dictionary that appeals to the student of English. The seventeenth century had what we now know to be a completely mistaken conception of language. Men of learning and the educated classes in general had come to believe that the language of their time had reached an ideal perfection, like that of classical Latin, and only required a little pruning and purifying at the hands of the lexicographer in order to become permanent and unchanging. This fantastic delusion first appears in Italy, where the *academia della Crusca* — that is, of the bran — took upon itself to sift the language and publish the accepted residue in its *Vocabolario* (1612). I am told that the State subvention for the production of successive editions of this remarkable work has only just been withdrawn under the Fascist régime. I have already mentioned the forty French Academicians who, according to Howell, 'used to meet every Munday to refine and garble [that is, to sift] the French language of all pedantic and old words, as also of some superfluous consonants, and put such another dictionary to light as *Crusca* in Italy,' and who, in doing the letter *A*, remembered the word *Académie* only in time to slip it in at the last moment.

We now know that the duty of the lexicographer is to record and not to criticize, that refined speech and elegant speech are the delusions of a mistaken optimism, and that the only peo-

ple who now speak English with any approach to historical correctness are the few surviving agricultural laborers who are old enough to have escaped the devastating effects of the Elementary Education Act. Johnson's Dictionary went far to accomplish, in the eighteenth century, what the Italian and French Academies had unsuccessfully attempted in the seventeenth. It is, of course, as hopeless for the lexicographer to try to stem the flowing tide of new words and expressions as it was for Mrs. Partington to keep out the Atlantic with a mop, but Johnson's authority was so unparalleled that Boswell's description of him as 'the man who had conferred stability on the language of his country' had, for some time at any rate, an element of truth.

Johnson himself was too wise to cherish the illusion of stability. In his Preface, so well worth reading, but so little read nowadays, he writes:—

Those who have been persuaded to think well of my design, require that it should fix our language, and put a stop to those alterations which time and chance have hitherto been suffered to make in it without opposition. With this consequence I will confess I flattered myself for a while; but now begin to fear that I have indulged expectation which neither reason nor experience can justify. When we see men grow old and die at a certain time one after another, from century to century, we laugh at the elixir that promises to prolong life to a thousand years; and with equal justice may the lexicographer be derided, who being able to produce no example of a nation that has preserved their words and phrases from mutability, shall imagine that his dictionary can embalm his language, and secure it from corruption and decay, that it is in his power to change sublunary nature, or clear the world at once from folly, vanity and affectation. With this hope however, academies have been instituted, to guard the avenues of their languages, to retain fugitives, and repulse intruders: but their vigilance and activity have hitherto been vain;

sounds are too volatile and subtle for legal restraints; to enchain syllables and to lash the wind, are equally the undertakings of pride, unwilling to measure its desires by its strength.

Johnson's unequalled influence in matters of form and sense may be illustrated by the two words *conservancy* and *internecine*. The first, which we use chiefly of the authority controlling the Thames fisheries, was earlier and correctly *conservacy*. Johnson accidentally inserted the *n* and the *n* has remained. The proper meaning of *internecine* is murderous, destructive. Johnson explains it as 'endeavouring mutual destruction,' and this is the sense present in the minds of most people when they read or write of 'internecine war.'

It is interesting to compare his two ponderous volumes, which his contemporaries thought final, with the gigantic mass-production dictionaries of modern times. Stated mathematically, it may be said that in vocabulary and amount of typographical matter the great *Oxford Dictionary* is to Johnson what the latter is to Bullokar's diminutive 'Expositour' of 1616. If we look up in a chronological series of dictionaries the pivotal word *take*, we shall find: (1) that no lexicographer before Bailey thinks its inclusion necessary; (2) that Bailey, in his folio edition, gives seventeen phrases illustrating the various senses of the word; (3) that Johnson catalogues no fewer than 134 of its uses in various combinations; (4) that the *Century Dictionary* devotes four pages to it and deals with it in thirty-five sections; (5) that the *Oxford Dictionary* handles it in thirteen of its vast and closely printed pages, with divisions and subdivisions which I decline to count, concluding with a long section explaining and illustrating fifty-two separate meanings, current or obsolete, of the locution 'to take up.' And the *Oxford Dictionary* is far from

complete. You will search it in vain for *aspidistra* and *appendicitis*, *boche* and *bolshevist*, *cinema* and *camouflage*, *de-control* and *Dora*, *broadcasting* and *listening-in*, *bootlegging* and *dope-fiend*, for a dictionary published to-day is almost out-of-date to-morrow.

Johnson's legislative attitude toward the words he includes is what we should expect from his stately conversational style. The monosyllabic or reduplicating word of native growth, without contact with Latin or Greek, meets with little favor. *Swop* is a 'low' word. *Twittle-twattle*, which in his day combined the senses now expressed by *twaddle* and *tittle-tattle*, is a 'vile word.' *Wobble* — which he spells *wabble* — is a 'low barbarous word.' Others of his 'low' words are the verbs to *budge* and to *coax*, and the adjective *touchy*. Archdeacon Todd, whose nineteenth century edition of Johnson held the field for some time against the competition of Webster, and later on, of Worcester and Richardson, seems to have felt himself so far the inheritor of the prophetic mantle as to be entitled to assume the same dictatorial attitude. *Row*, a disturbance, is branded by him as 'a very low expression' and *chaperon* as 'an affected word of very recent introduction.' Johnson himself shows an unexpected tenderness for dialect words, especially for those in use in his native Staffordshire. I will instance only *lich*, 'a dead carcase, whence *lichwake*, the time or act of watching by the dead; *lichgate*, the gate through which the dead are carried to the grave; *Lichfield*, the field of the dead, a city in Staffordshire, so named from martyred Christians. *Salve magna parens*.'

Some of the most beautiful words in the language were nearly lost in the eighteenth century. In Bullokar's edition of 1688 I find, among many words marked as obsolescent: *blithe*, *glee*, *lay* (a song), *lore*, *strand*, *weald*, *wold*, *wend*

and *wreak*. We owe much to Bishop Percy, to the early romantics, and perhaps most of all to Scott, for rescuing these lovely monosyllables, so rich in poetic suggestion. Johnson says of *glee*: 'It is not now used except in ludicrous writing, or with some mixture of irony or contempt.' It is strange to find him describing *jeopardy* as 'a word not now in use,' and to read under *smouldering*: 'This word seems to be a participle; but I know not whether the verb *smoulder* be in use.' The first statement is erroneous for *jeopardy* is used by many of the Doctor's contemporaries, but it is true that *smoulder* fell out of use in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The modern novelist, whose hero's eyes would lose half their effect if they did not periodically smoulder, should be grateful to Scott for reviving this expressive word.

The makers of dictionaries, as already remarked, have often been schoolmasters, and it must be remembered that Johnson himself, at the age of twenty-six, started 'keeping school' near Lichfield, though he soon realized the truth of the sage maxim that schoolmaster-ing is a very good profession — to get out of. Perhaps about as many have been country parsons, and I have a theory, based more upon impression than statistics, that the peaceful atmosphere of rural East Anglia has inspired an unusual number of clerical lexicographers. Nor is the medical profession unrepresented. Bullokar was a Chichester doctor and Stephen Skinner, the author of the first English etymological dictionary in the strict sense of the word, was a physician in practice at Lincoln. This work, published in 1671, a few years after the author's death, under the title, *Etymologicon Linguae Anglicanae*, was Johnson's chief authority for the etymological part of his own dictionary. He used it uncritically, for he lacked al-

together the etymological instinct and had the great disadvantage of knowing, as Macaulay says, 'little or nothing of any Teutonic language, except English, which indeed, as he wrote it, was scarcely a Teutonic language.'

V

It is in accordance with poetic justice that the great dictionary-makers of the age that followed Johnson should belong chiefly to the two races for which he professed a burlesque abhorrence, the Americans and the Scots. During the greater part of the nineteenth century no English dictionary enjoyed a prestige equal to that of Noah Webster's *Dictionary of the English Language*, which is still, in its most recent edition, a valuable authority. Webster produced no fewer than six dictionaries of various sizes, from his *Compendious Dictionary* of 1806 to his *Dictionary for Primary Schools* of 1834. His fellow countryman, Joseph E. Worcester, went one better with seven. Moreover, the greatest complete mass-production English dictionary is the *American Century Dictionary*, published in six volumes (1889-91) under the editorship of that distinguished philologist, William D. Whitney.

The noblest of all dictionaries is officially called the *Oxford English Dic-*

tionary, but is more familiar to scholars all over the world as the 'New English Dictionary.' Based on thirty years' preliminary work undertaken by members of the Philological Society and their friends, it began to appear in sections of varying size in 1884, the first complete volume (A and B) being dated 1888. It will presumably be finished in another two years, as only parts of the letters U and W remain to be done, and it will then consist of ten colossal volumes, some of which can be conveniently 'hefted' only by a fairly athletic student. The first general editor of this great national work was the late Sir James Murray, who died full of years and honors in 1915, when occupied in the concluding sections of T.

An imaginary conversation between Boswell and Johnson was once composed — perhaps by Sir James Murray himself, for all the best stories against the Scotch are due to Scotsmen. The Doctor and his adoring biographer are strolling in the Elysian Fields, when Boswell asks: 'What would you say, Sir, if you were told that the task of editing the great English Dictionary which is to supersede all others had been entrusted by your own University of Oxford to a Scotch Presbyterian?' To which the Doctor replies: 'Sir, it is possible to be facetious without being indecent.'

BARRIERS

BY FLORENCE J. CLARK

I

It is an experience far from uncommon for a man to wake up one day to the realization that he is living in a prison, builded, very likely, by his own hands. Unscalable walls confine him.

Since defeat is unendurable to the human spirit, he will, perhaps, triumph subtly by cultivating a taste for the prison which defies him.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.

In some such way, his soul flies free.

But there is an occasional Houdini of the spirit to whom no stone wall, however high, presents an insurmountable barrier; a stone wall, in short, is built to be climbed, and the higher it is, the better.

Mrs. Nardo, for instance, could extricate herself so, literally, when seemingly tied hand and foot, that it did not require the eyes of a poet to see that her soul was free. Her free soul was indeed as patent as the smile upon her face.

She lived in a little tumble-down house in a yard — a small yard. Surrounded by high brick tenement houses in a crowded neighborhood, both the yard and the tiny three-roomed house were unexpected things to come upon. And unexpected too was Mrs. Nardo; for who could dream of finding, in so sordid an environment, such capacity to soar?

Like all Italians, she loved living things; people, animals, plants, all were companions.

She had managed somehow to make some green grow in the yard, — chiefly weeds, but the right color, — and in one spot she had achieved a few inches of grass.

'See the lawn,' the children would say, pointing to it proudly.

She also kept hens. Where the hens lived, whether in the yard or in the house, a casual visitor could not determine. Mrs. Nardo said they lived in the yard, but there was some evidence to the contrary.

'I woke up last night, so scared!' exclaimed Concetta, aged seven, one day. 'I felt something scratching my face.' Then, fearing lest she may have aroused too great expectations, she hastened to add, 'But it was n't nothing; it was only the chicken, wanting to sleep with me.'

Whatever reassurance Mrs. Nardo got from the sense of moving, restless life about her, she must have sorely needed, for her thirst for it was well-nigh insatiable. Eight children, hens, a dog, — in three rooms and a miniature yard, — and still it was not enough.

Her children found this trait in their mother very acceptable. Dominick, eight years old, was in the country one day on a picnic. He was fascinated by the gay butterflies.

'See the little angels,' he exclaimed

delightedly, using the pretty Italian name for them. He watched them for a long time.

When the time came to go home, it was discovered that he had captured one and tied it in a handkerchief borrowed for the purpose.

'I'm taking it home to my mother,' he said eagerly. 'She'll like to see it flying in our yard.'

Mrs. Nardo's final acquisition was a parrot. Angelina, aged fourteen, feeling that self-respect demanded a utilitarian motive for its presence, did what she could to supply it.

'You know parrots are very useful around a house,' she said. 'They keep the floor clean, picking up crumbs and things.'

Mrs. Nardo's own attitude, however, was far from apologetic. She took frank pleasure in its bright feathers and its discordant voice.

Mrs. Nardo was the delight and the despair of the Settlement workers, who tried in vain to add to her wholly charming personality a few of the sterner virtues. This effort she resisted with complete success. And fortunately so, for, could they, by some unlucky chance, have succeeded in transforming her, they would, I fear, have known themselves for the meddlers which she occasionally felt them to be.

Overwhelmed with the vastness of the task of clothing and feeding her large family, she eliminated all work not strictly essential; and she was open to no suggestions in the interpretation of essentials.

A nurse in the Settlement, Miss Campbell, as Scotch as her name, could never quite give over the attempt to introduce into Mrs. Nardo's home some rudiments of hygiene. Mrs. Nardo did not resent this, for she loved Miss Campbell, who had, with tenderness equal to her own, nursed her adored Romie through a critical illness. No,

she did not resent Miss Campbell's attempts, she simply ignored them.

A strange friendship existed between these two — Miss Campbell, who took responsibility so seriously, whose work was a religion, and Mrs. Nardo, who shouldered no responsibility and did no work in which joy was absent; Miss Campbell, so solicitously burdened by the care of a dependent mother, and Mrs. Nardo, so far from burdened by a husband and eight children.

Miss Campbell alternated between two extremes of feeling with Mrs. Nardo. In her strong moments she was righteously indignant with her. At other times she yielded weakly to Mrs. Nardo's fatal gift of charm, finding perhaps relaxation in her from her own exacting sense of duty. An invisible battle, interspersed with invisible truces, waged continually between them. Yet they never ceased to be fast friends.

Miss Campbell and the little president of her club in the Settlement, of which Tony Nardo was also a member, had a moment of perfect harmony one day. The president, a responsible little leader at the age of nine, held the members rigidly to the payment at each meeting of their dues of two cents a week. One day, irritated beyond endurance, he burst out in the middle of a business meeting with, —

'Miss Campbell, look at Tony Nardo, laughing, and he has n't paid his dues for three weeks.'

II

Mrs. Nardo's house was always dirty, her yard littered, she herself was no slave to soap and water, her children were ragamuffins.

Occasionally, prodded to the point of desperation, she made an heroic effort, and was greatly surprised and grieved at the success of her own training.

'The teach send Tony home from

school to-day,' she said once in Tony's presence, as a lesson to him, 'with note to tell me clean him up. I clean him fine. But he don want be clean. He take all his clean clothes off and hide them on me and put his old ones back on — so's he can go dirty, like a pig.'

Perhaps the secret of Mrs. Nardo's charm lay in her unusual capacity for enjoyment. For whether the fact indicates richness or paucity of imagination, a fact it was that Mrs. Nardo extracted from life a nearly continuous stream of pleasure. To her the world was a playground filled with toys, and she a child, picking up one after another in wonder and delight. Every experience was an entrancing novelty.

Her children were a source of immeasurable satisfaction to her. 'Some people go to country to get fat,' she said one day. She looked whimsically at her own ample figure. 'I get fat here, looking at the children, I like them so much.'

She enjoyed her troubles too, and that without a touch of corroding self-pity — even to the husband who figured in her conversation as an unmitigated misfortune.

Mrs. Nardo was always trying to make both ends meet and was always finding success just a little beyond her reach, for reasons which she was glad to explain. The neighbors expected to share their food with her and she expected them to. Yet the few eggs the hens laid were given to a sick cousin. The few treasures she had brought from Italy, a string of corals, a cameo pin, she could not keep. Not the least inconvenience about being poor was that there was so little to give away.

She was very much interested in her own situation as revealed to her by Miss Campbell — just as interested in fact as she was in everything that came within her line of vision.

'You're so smart in the Settlement!'

she said. 'I always say Mr. Nardo get thirty dollars a week. He get five dollars a day. But Miss Campbell say to me, "Does he work every day in the week?" I say, "He never work every day; he work three, four, the most five days in a week." She say, "Then he get twenty dollars a week, not thirty dollars." So smart she is!'

It is to be feared that Mrs. Nardo's attention was so focused upon this as an exhibition of Miss Campbell's intelligence that its personal implication was quite lost on her.

Sometimes her interest went far afield — as when she heard about wireless telegraphy, words carried through the air without assistance! And a fellow countryman had achieved this miracle. She was as fascinated by it as a small boy by a magician.

One day, when I went to call upon Mrs. Nardo, she was looking out of the window, and she saw me coming with real consternation.

'Wait a minute,' she called out. 'I don know what to do. I can't open the door.'

'What is the matter?' I asked.

'I can't get out myself,' she replied. 'I'm locked inside. This door only lock from the outside, the key don work inside. I forget that this morning and I tell Tony lock the door when he go to school and throw the key through the window. Now I can't unlock myself.'

A solution suggested itself. 'Here,' she said; 'I throw the key to you. You unlock the door.'

I picked up the key which she threw to me, and went inside the hall and started to unlock the door.

'That ain't the way,' Mrs. Nardo called out. 'You have to turn the key upside down. This lock put on upside down.'

It took some time before the door was unlocked — to the tune of Mrs. Nardo's refrain, —

'How I going to get the children's supper if I can't get out?'

At last the lock turned, and great was Mrs. Nardo's relief.

'I kill the man put on that lock,' she said pleasantly. Her eyes twinkled. 'He have his head on upside down.'

When I had finished the errand upon which I came, Mrs. Nardo, all smiles, called my attention to a brand-new doll occupying the most conspicuous place in the bare room. It was a large French doll, dressed in bright pink.

'You see that doll?' she asked. 'I get it just the other day. You know Angeleen never have a doll. She like dolls. We get it this way. We save trading stamps. The other day we go to get some dishes with them. We need dishes very bad. But we see this doll.' The pride of possession spoke in her voice. 'We get it instead.'

It is very evident that Angeleen is not the only member of her family who likes dolls. But, for that matter, do little American boys go to the circus, frankly, alone?

She continued, her face shining, 'Then I buy a little piece silk, cheap. Now we tell people that's the doll Angeleen used to play with.'

One passion Mrs. Nardo had: she loved to travel. A trip back to her beloved Italy every now and again was apparently the very breath of life to her. When the call came, she shook off husband and children as unquestioningly as she had acquired them, and followed it.

Shame upon those unresourceful souls who are thwarted by an untoward environment. Mrs. Nardo, with no money and a large family, had, in a little less than ten years, been to Italy seven times.

On her last trip she had cut a small Gordian knot. Miss Campbell had a coral pin which had been brought to her from Italy by a friend some time

since, and she had always wanted another like it. She showed it to Mrs. Nardo.

'Sure I get you one like that,' she said. 'Plenty of them in Napoli.'

When Mrs. Nardo returned, she had brought presents for us all — pretty tortoise-shell hat-pins. No mention was made of Miss Campbell's pin. After a considerable time had elapsed, she inquired about it. She was met by evasive answers, but at last the truth leaked out. Mrs. Nardo had sold the pin. At the last minute she had wanted to buy presents for her Settlement friends, and had found herself without money. But there was Miss Campbell's pin. She sold it and her problem was solved.

'Very common pin it was,' she said. 'In It'ly, hundreds of them. I buy you another next time I go.'

One spring, for the eighth time, there were recurring signs of the Wanderlust, or homesickness.

'I feel very sick,' she said one day. 'My stomach hurt me, I can't eat, I can't sleep. Angeleen, she have to clean the house. The doc say I have to have baths — in It'ly.'

'But surely something else can help you.'

She shook her head. 'No, nothing. These baths very good for me; the water very special.'

Then, with a shrug of the shoulders and a resigned lifting of the eyebrows, she continued, 'I don know what I can do — eight children, no money, baby nine months old. How I go to It'ly?'

She could never be crude, but it was clear that she understood that beggars cannot be choosers — a harsh world.

We did not dwell upon a misfortune which, to our limited vision, could not be remedied. Neither was Mrs. Nardo's poor health so apparent as to stir pity in unimaginative souls. In short, we took the matter very casually.

Summer approached. Miss Campbell was about to sail for England for a short vacation. A few days before leaving, she collected some trifles for Mrs. Nardo: some clothes for the children, a skirt for herself, a few toys. She put them into a suitcase and sent for one of the Nardo children to come and get them. When Dominick arrived, she gave him the suitcase, with careful instructions to bring it back immediately after removing the contents. He promised to be back in half an hour.

He did not return. Toward evening of the next day Miss Campbell became uneasy, as in her plans for getting about Europe the suitcase had a place. At last she sent a small boy of the neighborhood to get it. The little messenger returned with the astounding news that Mrs. Nardo had sailed for Italy that very morning.

'Well,' murmured Miss Campbell, as soon as she had caught her breath, 'God certainly takes care of Mrs. Nardo. She is about to go abroad, and a suitcase arrives on the eve of departure.' (Mrs. Nardo, by the way, returned the suitcase immediately upon her return.)

Although we could scarcely credit the news that Mrs. Nardo had gone to Italy, we were not surprised that she had not discussed her plans with us. She had made an honest attempt, and we had ourselves prevented her from giving us that whole-hearted confidence which, doubtless, her soul craved. Miss Campbell, however, had not been equally reticent. Mrs. Nardo knew her plans — how long she was to stay, the boat she was to sail on.

Our natural curiosity concerning Mrs. Nardo's method of management was satisfied by a neighbor.

'It was this way. Everybody know

what a hard time Mrs. Nardo have — so many children, such a bad husband, no money. Now she sick. If she die, what happen to the poor children? If she take baths in It'ly, she get well. The moving-pitch man on the corner, he hear about it. He feel sorry for her. He think of something. He say he give benefit performance for her Wednesday. He say everybody who come to moving-pitch Wednesday help Mrs. Nardo go to It'ly. He put up big sign. Big crowd come. Mrs. Nardo, she sit in the front row with the children. They make lots money. Mrs. Nardo, she buy a ticket quick, she go. I go to the boat, lots people go to the boat. She take only the baby.'

In my mind's eye, I could see Mrs. Nardo, already cured, the baby in her arms, in the centre of the crowded steerage, the happiest passenger on the great liner.

'What did she do with the other children?'

'She put them in a Home for the summer. The Home where they was last time would n't take them. She find another.'

So she was off on her eighth trip to Italy in ten years. We bowed to her.

The next day Miss Campbell sailed for England.

'No, I won't cable,' she said, a little before the boat sailed. 'Cables are too expensive in these safe days. I'll write.'

She did. I quote from her first letter.

'When we were out a day, I received a marconigram. You can imagine how it frightened me to be called to in mid-ocean. I tore it open and read — one Italian word, —

“Salute.

MRS. NARDO.”'

A BOY WHO WENT WHALING

BY CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES

I

HE wanted adventure and, by the gods, he got it. He went in an old whaler down to the stormy waters of the Horn. From a stove boat, he jumped literally out of a whale's mouth. He hunted for treasure buried by pirates on an island, whither, to this very day, men resort on the same errand. He escaped with his life from a band of armed men who nearly trapped him, when, as a run-away sailor, he lay concealed in a hut high in the Peruvian Andes. He saw the death of the great lone whale of Païta. By an odd turn of his whaling voyage, he became, first, a clerk at a South American port, then, a consul; and in 1862, when he resigned his office and embarked for home, he carried with him a fortune in gold.

This boy whaleman, Leonard Gibbs Sanford by name, was no mere vagabond adventurer. His father owned thousands of acres of timberland in up-state New York, and served his district in the House of Representatives. His mother was the youngest of the seven daughters of Dr. Leonard Gibbs of Granville. It is easy to understand why there was a family upheaval when the Sanfords discovered that sixteen-year-old Len was running away to sea — in what established household would there not have been? But in meeting the situation raised by the exploit of their lively son, the father and mother manifested uncommonly sound judgment.

If he was determined to go to sea,

they reasoned, why, let him go, but in good standing and in a good ship. So they gave him a chest and an honest outfit, which no young sailor ever got from the soulless landsharks of our ports, and arranged that he should sail on a whaling voyage to the Pacific Ocean in the ship *Lancer*, of New Bedford, whose captain, Aaron C. Cushman, was an old friend of George Sanford, the father.

There was no railroad, then, along the water-front of New Bedford. Big jiggers loaded with oil casks ploughed through the black dust and mud between the town and the whaling vessels that lay at the wharves in every stage of decay and repair. Some of the vessels were unmasted hulks which had served their time the world over; others were stout new barques and ships, ready to sail on maiden voyages to the antipodes. In the lofts old seamen with palms of leather and with stout needles talked of selvages and gores. In the shops and streets hammers rang and metal clanked and drays rumbled, and men of every race and color shouted and called.

They hove the *Lancer* down, and cleaned her, and patched her and coppered her anew. They bent on sails, and rove halyards and sheets and tacks. They brought on board staves and hoops and cedar boards. They swayed new boats up to the cranes, and stowed down new craft in the forehold. Then Captain Aaron Cush-

man, in his good shore-clothes, inspected all that was going on, and the ship swung out into the stream and lay until morning, when, with the captain and his wife on board, the crew mustered, and, all sail set, she put to sea.

Len Sanford was a light-haired, stocky boy, headstrong and combative, but square, honest, quick to take the part of an under dog, eager and adventurous. Once he had climbed the bare trunk of a dead pine to an eagle's nest, which spread horizontally to all sides above him. To scale the edge of the nest, he had gone out from the tree, hand over hand, with only the rough branches of the nest to hold him up, and with only the empty air between him and the distant rocks. By nature, such boys scorned the lubber's hole, but were quick to resent injustice; they made magnificent sailors, but flared up at the exactions of an ill-tempered officer.

Len Sanford had signed the articles for four years; but in three years, nine months, and twenty-nine days, the *Lancer* came home without him.

II

With her lookouts nodding at the masthead and her officers pounding the lore of ships and the fear of God into the green hands, the old whaler crossed the Atlantic on the first leg of her long voyage. Young Sanford learned to pick out by instinct each tack and sheet and brace, on the darkest nights. He learned to ride a top-gallant yardarm with the ship swinging under him like a pendulum. In such boat-drills as no 'varsity crew has ever dreamed of, he swung a long ash oar under the cold eye and profane tongue of a bucko mate, until he could pull with the best of them, as they drove the light boat through tumbling seas for hours on end.

They were a month and five days out when they first sighted sperm whales and lowered for them. Their ill fortune is tersely recorded in the log-book, thus: 'At 7 A.M. saw S whales at 8 lowered 4 boats went alongside a large whale and missed him. Larboard boat John Baptiste.'

Poor John Baptiste! After seventy years the record of his failure still stands on the pages of the log-book for all to read who will. He committed the unforgivable blunder of missing a large whale.

Taking a blackfish three days later did not go far to console them; but on the sixth day after that, the starboard boat, headed by Chief Mate Owen Fisher, struck a whale and saved it. In the log-book of the *Lancer*, the picture of a black whale with a blood-red spout, drawn with firm hand and liberally inked, which stretches from one side of the page to the other, under the entry for September 19, expresses the general exultation.

That night the wind blew a gale, and the next morning a heavy sea was running when they began to cut in. Although the sea added immensely to the risks and labor of the officers and men on the outswung staging, who shaped with their spades the great blanket pieces of blubber, at nine o'clock the next evening they finished the body and lay by the head; but at eleven o'clock word that the seas had parted the head-chains brought all hands on deck; for in the head is situated that great cistern of pure spermaceti, the case, which yields the oil worth more in proportion to its bulk than that from any other part of the whale. They worked all night to save the case; at day-light they began to bail spermaceti; by noon the next day they finished bailing and cutting, and let the worthless shell of the great head go down.

When the work of boiling was fairly under way, the mincing machine broke; but with knives they continued the mincing, — slicing the blubber into thin leaves, like bacon cut and left on the rind, — and the boiling went on apace.

As they boiled, the thick black smoke permeated every garment and compartment, and the fetid smell crept into forecastle and cabin. The fires flamed up, and the men, stripped to the waist, leaped like devils in attendance on the bubbling try-pots. Smith, carpenter, and cooper worked at anvil and bench; the grindstone whined incessantly against steel spades and knives, and the blunted edges of used irons. So rugged was the weather, when the Lancer was boiling her first whale, that the rolling deck ran with oil and water.

Then they cooled the oil and coopered it and stowed it down; cleaned away the grease, holystoned the deck, and cruised along south toward the Azores, whaling as they went.

In their idle hours, which were many when no whales were seen, they made jaggig wheels and ivory combs and model vessels; and on the polished teeth of sperm whales they engraved with marvelous skill pictures of whaling vessels and men-of-war and island women.

As the men worked, the yellow-haired boy watched them and listened to their yarns, or tinkered at a whale's tooth. Strange stories were told, and many of them were true. Adventure has little more to offer those who have struck a forty-barrel bull, and have ridden tempestuous leagues at the end of a taut line, with smoke streaming from the logger-head, until a lance struck to the 'life,' and clotted blood showered the boats and stained the sea.

He sat ready by his oar when they swept down under sail on feeding pods. He did a man's work when, in calm

weather, with paddles, lest the sound of oars startle the wary creatures, they sneaked up on solitary whales, and with keel to black-skin, struck the irons to the hitches, towed their catch back to the becalmed ship, which lay topsails down, and cut it in while the sharks bit out great chunks of blubber, stealing a quart of oil at every bite, and the vessel heeled under the strain of the great tackles, and the decks were as slippery as the places where the wicked stand. It was a hard life, but it made a man of him.

Of all the incidents of that adventurous voyage the grimmest, and the one most sobering to the boy whaler, happened three months out. They had touched at Flores and at Fayal, where they had landed seventy-six barrels of oil by lighter. Thence they had taken a new departure and had stood southwest. Lowering several times for blackfish, 'coopering' bread and oil, sheathing the decks, and one day sending a boat on board a passing French ship, they had made good progress on the second leg of the long voyage. But on November 22, Captain Cushman died, after an illness of a few hours.

Consider the appalling suddenness with which death came among them in mid-ocean. They were prepared for death in the heat of action, but not for such a death as this. During four days they steered toward Pernambuco, with all sail set. On the fifth day they raised land; and on the sixth they made Pernambuco harbor and sent a boat on shore with Mrs. Cushman; but the port authorities clapped the captain's widow and the crew of the boat into quarantine, and refused permission to land Aaron Cushman's body.

For seven days the Lancer lay off and on at Pernambuco, with the captain's body on board in a pipe that the cooper had set up for it.

On the seventh day, the boat's crew came out to the ship for 'Mrs. Cushman's duds,' — I take the phrase from the log-book, — which they fetched ashore. On the second day thereafter, — December 6, — the Lancer took on board fresh water, and on December 8, still standing off and on with her dead master, she spoke the brig Thomas Walker of Philadelphia, bound to her home port, whose captain agreed to take Aaron Cushman's body to North America.

III

It was a sad experience for all who were in any personal way associated with Captain Cushman; and in more ways than one it affected the fortunes of young Len Sanford. Chief Mate Owen Fisher became master; and perhaps it was because Captain Cushman had kept an eye to young Sanford's welfare that Captain Owen Fisher hazed him until life in the Lancer became a torment. For a while the boy had a rough time of it; but his misfortunes served him better than he knew.

Down in the South Atlantic, six or seven hundred miles north-northeast of the Horn, two boats from the Lancer got fast to a whale that made history. The first warning the oarsmen had was the wild yell of the boatsteerer, 'Jump! Jump! Jump for your lives!'

Dropping his oar, Len turned in the larboard boat and saw that the whale lay on its side and that the long lower jaw was closing on the boat's crew. He saw the black head, the white mouth, and the small eye of the beast; then, jumping actually out of its mouth, he dived into the sea as the jaws snapped together.

The boat was stove to splinters, and Len Sanford was knocked unconscious; but the waist boat picked him

up with the others, and though the boat header was forced to cut loose to save their lives, they later found the whale and got him alongside. It was so rugged that they broke a blubber-hook cutting in, and it took them six days to finish trying out the blubber.

They cruised along the western coast of South America, and on the offshore grounds, — while standing his tricks at the wheel, Len committed to memory Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*; in more ways than one he was an odd stick of a whaler, — and in March they touched at Cocos Island, which lies some three hundred miles off Panama, in the old track of the galleons that carried treasure on the way from Peru to Spain.

There was scurvy in the crew, — for months had passed without shore leave, — and they hastened to give some of the men the 'earth cure' by burying them for a time up to their necks, on the principle that fresh soil draws like a poultice. It is reported that the treatment was efficacious.

During the three days they spent there young Sanford roamed over the island from end to end. He tried to scale a mountain peak, but was unable to penetrate the thick undergrowth. He found beautiful birds, a few snails, and some pigs; and like many another boy who went whaling long ago, he industriously dug for the buried treasure of the pirate brig Relapago.

The treasure of Cocos Island is famous in stories of the sea. For more than three years Bolivar, waging against Spain his war for independence, besieged the castle of Callao, at the port of Lima, which held out longer than any other fort on the Pacific. Finally, when the defending force had become an army of walking skeletons, the wealthy Spaniards of the town assembled their gold and plate

and precious stones, and set sail in the Relampago for Spain; but the crew, learning that treasure was on board, walked the passengers over the plank in the most approved piratical fashion, and laid a course for Cocos Island, to divide their plunder.

There they quarreled murderously among themselves, and the survivors buried the treasure, burned the brig, and sailed for the mainland in small boats.

Some the authorities caught and executed. Others escaped, and scattered the world over. Periodically, for half a century thereafter, members of the crew, real or pretended, kept turning up with projects for recovering the treasure.

Dying men have confessed in their last moments that they had a part in the robbery, and have told where to find the gold. Ancient seamen have produced old charts to show the hiding-place. Within a month of the day these words are written, an aged man has arrived in Boston from a Caribbean port, who says he is the only survivor of those who have had the key that makes it possible to find the treasure. He tells of helping remove the gold and jewels from Cocos Island, where they were first hidden, to an uncharted island, where they have since remained; and he is trying to organize an expedition to go back and recover them.

It gives one a strange feeling of being actually in touch with old whaling days, to come upon this paragraph in the shipping news of 1922; but although the different records place the value of the treasure at from \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000, and although the story was well known in Len Sanford's day, the island is so rough that it would take a regiment of men and many years of hard work to search it thoroughly. So, as far as we know,

the gold and jewels remain on one island or another, to tantalize new generations of young adventurers. The tale is one of the great true stories of buried treasure.

IV

By the time the Lancer visited Cocos Island there was trouble in the ship, and even the log-book records the low rumble of gathering mutiny. In May, 1857, eight men, headed by the luckless boatsteerer, John Baptiste, refused duty. Len Sanford was not of the eight, but he was leading a dog's life on board, and, as did so many young fellows in those old, hard days, he resolved to take his fortunes in his own hands and strike out for himself.

The Lancer next touched at Paita, and there, on the tenth day in port, ten months and two days after sailing from New Bedford, Len ran away.

Some shipmates, when he was on shore leave, smuggled his chest out of the ship. With the help of natives they concealed him and his belongings in a hut high on the side of a hill and left him.

Late that night, as he lay in the hut, he heard steps outside. It was a wild, lonesome place, and no good was to be expected of untimely visitors. The conviction surged upon him that someone who knew of his presence there was bent on killing and robbing him as he slept. At all events, the alternative, that they were going to arrest him and take him back to the ship for the customary reward of five or ten dollars, was bad enough.

The sound of steps came nearer. While he listened he got on his feet and stood a-tiptoe by the door. The strangers paused just outside and whispered together.

As they entered, young Sanford ran into the area behind the hut. A tall

fence of palms inclosed the area; but he scrambled over the fence with fingers and toes as the men burst out after him. They leaped up and clutched at his feet, but he tumbled down on the outside and ran.

In the middle of the long road down the hill, he saw by the bright moon a man left on guard. He ran straight at the fellow, leaped into him feet first, knocked him sprawling, and left him there in the moonlight.

The next morning Len went to the consul for help. He got it, too, which is more, for the consul hid him until the ship sailed. It was never the custom of consuls to harbor runaway sailors; they were far more likely to pursue such fugitives and deliver them into the hands of irate skippers, who took unholy pleasure in drawing on a man's wages, in accordance with the articles, to pay the officers; so there is a pleasing mystery about this incident in the story; and a mystery it must remain, for I know of no one living who can explain it.

Len Sanford never recovered his chest or his outfit; but in 1857, under Consul William Miles, he became secretary of our consulate at Callao; and in 1858, under Consul Fayette M. Ringgold, he became secretary of the consulate at Paita.

Off Paita ranged 'Paita Tom,' one of the famous 'lone whales,' as the morose, solitary bulls were called that lived alone like rogue elephants and fought against all comers. During his stay at Paita young Sanford saw the death of old Tom, who was recognized by a notched, ragged spout and an uncommonly large hump, and had established in whaling circles a world-wide reputation as a dangerous old bull.

At four bells in the afternoon watch, a whaleship was standing in for Paita, when the familiar cry, 'Thar blo-o-o-ows! Blo-o-o-o-o-ows!' brought all

hands on deck. A large whale lay in plain sight, perhaps a mile away, and two points off the lee bow.

Instead of giving the usual order, 'Haul back the main yard! Hoist and swing!' the captain, closing his glass, said to the mate, 'No use to lower, Mr. Malloy. That 's Paita Tom. I know the old devil. He smashed two boats and killed a good man for me last voyage. He 's sent more men out of Cape Cod to Davy Jones than there 's barrels of oil under his black skin. No, no, you precious rascal, you don't juggle a boat down this time. Keep your course and we will ours. Steer small, Mr. Malloy, and leave that chap astern.'

It was the mate's first voyage in the Pacific, and although he was a quiet, surly fellow, he was a good seaman and afraid of no whale that ever spouted. Those who watched him could see that the captain's order had keenly disappointed him; but the men were glad enough to let Tom go.

The vessel stood into the harbor, and the captain, leaving her to lie off and on in charge of the mate until the next day, went ashore to ship new hands and get the mail.

The mate held her all night on a course that, in his judgment, would bring her well to windward of the harbor by dawn; but unsuspected currents carried her so far to leeward that, for several hours after he discovered his position, he had to beat up against a strong land breeze, which swept down from the Cordilleras. He hoped thus to take advantage of the sea breeze that sprang up every afternoon, and so enter the bay, take the captain on board, and be off to the whaling grounds; but by the middle of the morning the wind went down and left the ship virtually becalmed, five or six miles off the promontory of Paita.

At eight bells — the very moment when the cook was bringing forward the kids — there came simultaneously from the lookouts at fore, main, and mizzen, the wailing cry, 'Thar blo-o-o-o-ows! Blo-o-o-o-o-ows! Thar again! Blo-o-o-o-o-ows! Blo-o-o-o-o-ows!'

The great black back of a sperm whale rose into plain sight, a mile off the lee beam.

The men crowded rail and rigging and watched the whale, which lay in the slow, oily seas, 'methodically puffing out his vapory jet, as leisurely as the smoke from the pipe of some fat, dozing Dutchman.' Each spout, instead of being a low, even puff of white vapor, was notched and ragged. For the second time they had sighted Paita Tom.

It is hard for us to realize all that the sight of that infamous old cetacean meant to a whaler's crew. It was very much as if the Old Boy, wearing horns, tail, and hoof, were to rise up, with the smell of brimstone and sulphur, before the congregation of an Afro-American 'Old-Ironsidest-Baptist' church.

As they watched him he turned up his mighty flukes and sounded. For an hour longer the ship lay becalmed; then, a mile away, the whale rose again.

'All hands lay aft!'

It was the mate who spoke. His sharp voice startled them. As they gathered in the waist, he closely watched their faces.

'You all know when the captain is ashore I command the ship and answer for what is done aboard. We are out here for "ile," and want to fill up and make a straight wake for Buzzard's Bay with a full hold. Not a horse-piece has come over the gangway for six weeks, and I, for one, am tired of such soperin' luck. That old bull off the beam there will stow down one

hundred barrels easy; and with a good boat's crew to back me, I believe we 'll have him alongside in two hours. Now, if there are enough good men among you, game to man my boat and lay me on that hump, then stand out here and let me see your cutwaters. I won't come back without a dead whale or a stove boat. I don't want a hand but what will jump at the chance to go with me. I never was gallied by a whale yet, and won't be by this, if you 'll pull me on to that fellow. There 's five thousand dollars laying out there under that chap's black skin. I only want enough of you to man my boat, and we won't come back without blubber. Every man who goes must volunteer. I won't urge any of you. Now then, those of you who 'll get me on that whale can lay over to windward, and the rest of you stay where you are.'

For a moment no one spoke. The cooper, who had been in a boat stove by Paita Tom, stepped forward, but thought better of his impulse, and stepped back again. It was a young fellow from Martha's Vineyard who cried, 'Here goes for luck!' and walked across the deck. A Kanaka boatsteerer followed him; then another man, and another, and another, until not one was left at the lee rail.

'Well,' said Mr. Malloy, 'I'm sorry you can't all go.'

He chose four men and his own boatsteerer, spoke a moment with the second mate, and ordered the crew to break out an empty ten-barrel cask.

From the mate's boat they removed, at his direction, all whaling gear and craft except the oars and a single lance. The lance he chose for himself, with special care. Ordering them to lower the boat, which the absence of the usual equipment made unusually light and buoyant, he spoke again to the second mate, and went down the side

with his picked men. The cask, which now lay in the water beside the ship, they succeeded in taking into the boat and balancing across the bow; then they pulled out of earshot of the ship, and while the men rested on their oars, the mate briefly addressed them.

Again they began to row slowly toward the whale. The sky was clear from horizon to horizon, and those on board the ship could see every flash of the oars and every motion of the men. The third mate, ordering his boat lowered, waited beside the vessel for whatever should happen.

The whale reared his colossal head from the sea, perpendicularly, like a titanic column, and slowly turned and gazed about with his small, unblinking eyes. The act was deliberate, almost malicious. Crashing down on the water, he charged over the surface, leaving a wake like an ocean liner, straight upon the little boat in which were Malloy and his men.

As the whale's head rose, Malloy had changed places with the boatsteerer. When the whale charged, piling up before his blunt brow a white wall of foam, Malloy pushed the cask overboard and thundered, 'Starn all!'

As the men drove the light boat back, the cask floated quietly in the path of the angry bull. Checking their headway the crew rested, each man with his hands on the loom of his oar, and waited for orders.

Veering from a straight line, the whale turned until his small eye perceived the floating cask; then he dashed at it. It rebounded unharmed from his broad head. Again he rushed upon it, and again. Turning, he snapped at it with his long lower jaw, but his teeth slipped off the rolling staves. He turned and turned again in growing fury, as he worried the elusive thing.

Malloy stood in the bow of the

whaleboat, lance in hand. He waved to the oarsmen, and the boat shot forward and slightly to the right. As she flashed along the side of the pre-occupied whale, Malloy, with all the strength of arms and body, drove the lance to the socket, straight into the spot just behind the fin that covers the 'life.'

The whale turned convulsively toward the boat, but the boat had already shot ahead, free and clear. With thrashing flukes and jaw, he flung himself out of water and fell from mid-air on the cask, which bobbed out unharmed from under him. Suddenly his clear spout flamed crimson.

The men roared in triumph.

The crimson flood darkened and thickened. The whale half-breached, and threw himself round. He struck his flukes on the sea, with reports as of cannon. He dashed first one way, then another, filling the air with foam and clots of blood; he went into blind, futile paroxysms of rage, now growing weaker, now rushing about in desperate spasms.

In just twenty minutes he rolled, fin out, and lay still.

That afternoon the usual breeze came up, and the ship sailed into port, and the boats tallied on to the whale and towed him to the anchor ground.

They cut in old Tom and boiled him down, and got, to their surprise, only seventy-five barrels of oil instead of the hundred they expected, which the bull's life of constant fighting perhaps explains. They found in the blubber twenty or more twisted and corroded harpoons. One of them, which had cut through the orifice of the spiracle, had caused the peculiar form of Tom's spouts.

To the amazement of the whalers, the inhabitants of Paita were enraged that their whale was taken, and put out in makeshift boats to shake their

fists and spit angry oaths at the vessel. Old Tom had come, in their minds, to be a sort of guardian of the port, and they attributed to him their good fortune in having no sharks in Paita Bay. But they nevertheless swarmed by hundreds down from the dusty streets and lined the shore, to see the whale cut in, for even though they considered him as in a manner their tutelary angel, the processes of disposing of his blubber were strange and very interesting.

It is said that George Sanford, Len's father, who was an old friend of General Scott, persuaded the general to break the habit of a lifetime and use his influence to push the boy ahead. At all events, on September 3, 1858, President Buchanan appointed Len United States consul for the port of Tumbez, Peru, and the Senate confirmed the appointment. Len was then only nineteen years old, and to hold the appointment the law required him to be twenty-one. He kept his true age a carefully guarded secret.

He had deserted from the Lancer on June 6, 1857. On September 6, 1859, — exactly two years and three months later, — as 'consul of the United States of America for Tumbez and the dependencies thereof,' he signed, at the request of Captain Owen Fisher, a certificate that Captain Fisher had discharged from the Lancer John Duty, a sick sailor, and had paid him three months' extra wages. There is humor in the thought of that meeting between the captain and his quondam runaway.

During his years in South America Len learned Spanish and various Indian dialects, and traded on his own account in India rubber and Peruvian bark and fresh vegetables; and in search for the supplies that he sold to

visiting whaleships, he rode far and wide throughout the country and high into the mountains.

There are few records of his life during those years in South America; but the little that is known indicates that he had his full share, and more, of adventure. He met the Indians in their own huts and villages. He traded with native farmers in the valleys. Once, when he was riding on a lonely trail in the Andes, a puma leaped from a tree and killed his horse under him.

It was a stirring life; but letters entreating him to return home kept coming, and he himself was eager to visit his family. He resigned his office on March 31, 1862, and set out on the long journey north, with \$10,000 dollars in gold, earned by shrewd, honest enterprise. For years he had worked to prove that he was no ne'er-do-weel. He was still a very young man, remember, and for a lad of his age it was in those days a small fortune that he was bringing home to justify himself in his father's eyes. He was very eager to see his father again; but when he came to the Isthmus of Panama, he found waiting for him the letter that told him his father was dead.

He returned to his native state, and there spent the active years of a notable life. But to his last days, he retained his keen, youthful interest in the lands and seas whither he had gone as a boy whaler; and as long as he lived he remembered every word of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, which he had committed to memory during the tropical nights when he was standing his tricks at the wheel of the old whaleship Lancer.

His story is a personal chapter from the history of the old whaling days. He died on April 7, 1912, in his seventy-fourth year.

FELLOW CITIZENS

BY VALESKA BARI

I

At the fork of the road Wentworth halted. The trail to the left he knew, leading out of the valley and around the mountain to a spot from which one could see, over a flashing plain of silver-green sugar cane, the gorgeous, unbelievable blue of the Caribbean. Wentworth turned the pony's head to the right. Of more arresting importance than the glory of the Caribbean was a small sign nailed to the palm tree before him. Crudely lettered on the end of a soap box it announced: AVE. BROADWAY.

'Broadway!' he repeated aloud, stroking the pony's neck for lack of other companion with whom to share the incongruity of those words.

Wentworth sat back and gazed about him. The one word 'Broadway' made everything in the scene rise up in denial. Except for that most absurd sign, the view of the hillsides varied not a dot from the description left by the first Spanish chronicler four hundred years ago. The little thatched huts were as crude as the drawings sent to Queen Isabella to answer her questions about the natives of Porto Rico. The Indian had passed, but the children of the conqueror had slipped into his way of life. And against this background someone had written the challenge of Manhattan. Wentworth picked up the reins and clapped his heels against the flanks of the diminutive pony. 'Hurry up, Sancho Panza! It is time for us to investigate.'

Rumors had crept down from the hills that innovations were being made in the mountain village of El Cajon. Primitivo Gomez had been there. What tales he brought back Wentworth had only guessed. Primitivo's mother's cousin, who washed for Wentworth, returned his laundry two days earlier than usual in order to bring the news that Primitivo had come back from a visit to the village. A rush of language with much bowing and gesticulation gave Wentworth to understand that Primitivo had a tale to tell, and close in the wake of the smiling Fortuna appeared the adventurer.

Standing first upon one bare foot and then upon the other, he slowed his Spanish politely to Wentworth's inexpertness and explained, with a sweeping gesture which included the supervisor and his makeshift office, that El Cajon was becoming 'muy Americano.' This much he repeated several times, but beyond that his faith in Wentworth's vocabulary failed. What was implied in the process of Americanization was lost amid shrugs and gestures.

In the evening, in passing Primitivo's cottage, Wentworth saw an excited group listening to the tale. He caught the dramatic swing of Primitivo's recital, punctuated by a chorus of exclamations, by volleys of questions, and peals of good-natured laughter. What it all might mean remained a closed book. Wentworth's vocabulary in Spanish was limited. Between

words and gestures he could buy food and eat, could have his clothes washed and his house kept in order, and could attend to the necessary tasks in the supervision of the schools of his district; but the activities of the mountain village lay beyond that vocabulary.

His first free afternoon found Wentworth on the trail to El Cajon.

Around the hillside circled 'Ave. Broadway,' labeled every few hundred feet, dismembered pickle-boxes competing with soap-boxes as means of imparting the information. A goat-trail, leading off over the hill, was neatly marked, 'Ave. Brooklyn Bridge.' At this juncture Ave. Broadway proceeded under the name of 'Ave. Jorge Washington.'

Wentworth laughed as he examined the signs.

Dotting the opposite hillside were possibly a dozen shaggy huts, each little hut in its gay setting of many-colored plants. Toward the highest cottage a woman was moving swiftly up the steep trail, balancing on her head a gasoline-can full of water. Wentworth paused to watch the swift grace of her movements. From the stream to her cottage was a rise of at least four hundred feet, but she neared the top with an unslackened pace which made the five gallons of water appear as nothing.

Before another hut played two unclad youngsters, happily throwing great red blossoms at each other. A wandering goat eyed the children with mild interest. Two gamecocks, tethered safely apart, ruffled menacingly at each other.

To all this Wentworth had grown easily accustomed in his few months on the island; but now, with 'Jorge Washington' lettered against the scene, his surroundings went suddenly foreign. The water-bearer was performing a stunt, the babies became obviously

naked, and the little thatched huts stood out like pictures in a strange book.

Down the road and into the one street that constituted the village of El Cajon trotted Sancho Panza. At the corner of 'Jorge Washington' and 'El Panama Canal' stood the schoolhouse, a single room of frame roofed with thatch. Over the building waved a huge American flag, the clean-cut stars and stripes standing out with exaggerated sharpness against the shaggy thatch. At either side of the open door stood a great pole painted in regulation barber-pole striping of red, white, and blue. Through the open windows Wentworth could see that the schoolroom was empty, but from behind the building came the sound of children's voices.

Tying Sancho Panza to a convenient tree, Wentworth walked around the schoolhouse. The space behind the building was divided into small plots of flowers and vegetables, each little section marked off neatly with white-washed stones, dabbed irregularly with red and blue spots. In each patch stood a gayly clad child. Stalking down the centre was a tall lean figure, evidently that of the schoolmaster, Don Carlos Vicente. With sweeping gesticulations he criticized and commented upon the gardens. The class was absorbed. Wentworth was in the midst of the patches before a shy little voice at his elbow lisped:—

'Good-bye, mithter.'

The children looked up. 'Good-bye, good-bye,' echoed one child after another.

Wentworth smiled. The First Book in English, which translates 'Adios' as 'Good-bye,' fails to explain that the Spanish is a word of hail and farewell while the English is only of farewell.

At the chorus of salutations, Don Carlos turned. A strange American

inspecting his gardens obviously could only be the new district supervisor, and his bow was accordingly deeply respectful. 'Mithter Oo-ent-oo-orth?' he inquired, attacking the impossible w's of Wentworth's name with the precision of one who has practised the feat diligently.

Wentworth bowed.

'You have late,' exclaimed Don Carlos reproachfully. 'The eschool are finished.'

'I am sorry, but I shall stay for night school,' said Wentworth, as they walked about among the patches. He noticed that the vegetables were not those in common use on the island but varieties from the North. 'Do the people like these vegetables?' pointing to some promising rows of beets and carrots.

'Like them?' repeated Don Carlos dubiously.

'Yes—do the people like to eat them?' insisted the supervisor.

'They are bonita—pretty,' said Don Carlos, ruffling the carrot-tops with his shoe and evidently trying to be polite in a situation which he did not understand; 'but to eat—' The eyes that met Wentworth's were puzzled. 'The book says to make gardens; but to eat—no.' Again his foot stirred the fern-like carrots. 'What is to eat?'

Wentworth stooped and jerked a carrot from the ground. 'In Nueva York'—he dangled the root in his fingers and repeated the magic words, 'In Nueva York,' as though dangling them also before the eyes of Don Carlos—'In Nueva York they eat many carrots.'

Don Carlos gave him a look of astonished helplessness.

'I will send a teacher to teach the girls how to cook,' offered Wentworth, glancing over the vegetables, many of which had already gone to seed, and making mental notes of a memorandum

on the futility of issuing unadapted textbooks.

From the school Wentworth and Don Carlos walked slowly to the teacher's house. In the shade stood a box covered with netting. At the sight, a new eagerness came into Don Carlos's step and a new light into his eyes. He stooped and gently picked up a sleeping infant. Holding it gently against his breast, he bowed to Wentworth with a gesture of introduction. 'A boy,' he said in hushed tones, and Wentworth remembered the tale of the teacher's previous misfortune in having seven daughters.

'He could—to be presidente,' Don Carlos ventured at length. His voice rose—'El Presidente de los Estados Unidos!'

Wentworth bowed acquiescence. The potential president of the United States blinked his little black eyes.

'For which,' went on Don Carlos, 'I make El Cajon the same to los Estados. Come,' and laying the infant back in his improvised bed, he led Wentworth back toward the school. He pointed with pride to the street signs at the corners. 'Equal to los Estados,' he exclaimed, and Wentworth agreed. A red-white-and-blue rubbish-box adorned the intersection of 'Jorge Washington' and 'Niagara Falls.' 'Better than in the States,' commented the supervisor; and Don Carlos bowed deeply.

Curious but friendly glances followed Wentworth and Don Carlos. Americans were not often seen in the little village, and the entire population stood in the doorways or lined up in front of the little huts. To each and every one Don Carlos bowed in conscious pride.

'Do they help you?' asked Wentworth, with a gesture from the inhabitants to the works of improvement.

'Not yet.' Don Carlos's tone was patient. 'They do not believe that they

are truly fellow citizens to los Estados, but —' In the unfinished sentence Wentworth realized a quality of conquering stubbornness.

The chief pride of Don Carlos evidently was the pair of barber-poles at the school. These he had shaped and painted with painstaking effort, and they stood to him as the last word in Americanism. Wentworth examined them appreciatively.

'I have not been to los Estados — not yet,' explained Don Carlos, 'but my cousin Miguel Figueroa in Nueva York sent me a picture — a picture with colors. He has one,' he pointed to the poles and the satisfaction in his voice rose, 'but we have two!'

'Is your cousin in Nueva York a barber?' asked Wentworth.

'You know Miguel?' exclaimed Don Carlos in astonishment, and he wrung Wentworth's hand in his enthusiasm.

A flicker of a smile passed over Wentworth's serious face. 'I think not,' he replied slowly, 'but I'm sure I've seen a barber-shop in Nueva York with a pole just like that.'

II

In the pleasant after-dinner coolness Wentworth and Don Carlos smoked dark, native cigarettes. From within the cottage, like punctuation to their conversation, came the voice of Don Carlos's wife. Doña Maria was trying to hurry the seven daughters in the task of clearing up after the feast that had been set before Wentworth. Hospitality is lavish in Porto Rico, but when the district supervisor climbs to the most inaccessible village in his district of mountains he may be sure that the prize chicken and the whole grocery-store will be served to him.

Wentworth glanced at his watch and pushed back his chair suggestively. Don Carlos, listening to the sounds

within, launched upon an elaborate account of the purchase of school-supplies. As the sounds in the house indicated the completion of the household tasks he rose, and the two men departed, Don Carlos to extend to the night school his passing acquaintance with Noah Webster, and Wentworth to enter little marks in his official supervisor's book, rating Don Carlos by a ten-point scale in efficiency, thoroughness, initiative, patience, alertness, and a few other qualities designated by the department of education as virtues.

Night schools were rare in the mountain districts and Wentworth was curious to know why El Cajon had applied for evening instruction. With his limited Spanish he had learned to ask few questions but to see things for himself. The law of the island said that if ten persons aspired nightly to climb the heights of knowledge, education should be brought to them. The names of eleven aspirants had been sent by Don Carlos to the Department, the days of the teacher had been lengthened into nights, and additional allotments of books and supplies had been issued to the village.

By a circuitous route Don Carlos led the supervisor to the school, stopping to make inquiry as to the health of one of the inhabitants. Shooing away the dogs that followed at their heels, Don Carlos opened the school-room door and Wentworth, stepping within, beheld in a neat row Doña Maria and the seven daughters. Doña Maria's plump body was wedged tightly between desk and chair, and in descending scale sat the seven girls. Each held conspicuously an English First Reader.

In one corner of the room a light shawl half concealed the basket in which slumbered the potential President.

Wentworth bowed gravely to the

class and the class smiled gravely in response. School was an earnest, formal ceremonial, and not a flicker of an eyelash intimated that a few minutes before the supervisor had been their guest at a gayly informal dinner.

On Don Carlos's desk lay the official register in which was recorded school attendance. Of the night class the name of Doña Maria headed the list, followed by those of the seven daughters. Below these eight names were written, 'Libertad, Luz, Pax Rodriguez,' and all were credited with regular attendance up to that date.

Wentworth inquired for the three Rodriguez children.

'The — the guardian did not let them to come to-night,' explained Don Carlos. 'He is —' he pondered for a word — 'he is to-day disturbed.'

Wentworth signed the book and turned to the class.

Don Carlos cleared his throat. 'Fellow citizens!' The class sat upright. 'Lesson Ten,' he announced. 'Diez!' he whispered to the little Conchita, to whom 'ten' seemed hopelessly unintelligible. 'Page-a tawenty eighta. We will read. Let us go!'

The little girls bobbed up and down as they read the lesson, sentence by sentence, but Doña Maria in her turn remained firmly fixed in her seat.

'I see the esnow.'

'The esnow is wita.'

'The esnow is colda.'

'The garounda is wita.'

'To-morrow we will play in the esnow.'

'What is snow?' interrupted Wentworth. Silence fell on the class.

'The esnow is colda,' ventured Dolores at last, looking up from the book.

'The esnow is wita,' added Amalia.

Complete lack of comprehension clouded their earnest faces.

'Close your books,' said Wentworth; and in slow, carefully chosen English, with many gestures, he explained about winter in the North. The children's faces shone with interest. The supervisor glowed with the satisfaction of a difficult task well done.

'Now do you understand about snow?' he asked in conclusion.

Conchita raised her hand eagerly. 'It is,' she said confidently, 'it is a pretty story not true — a firy tale.'

III

The first full moon found Wentworth again on the trail to El Cajon, drawn by the haunting sense of an unfinished story. What, after all, did the United States and the twentieth century mean to Don Carlos? His long-awaited son 'could to be el presidente,' but how long would Doña Maria and the seven daughters labor over the First Reader, and what did it all mean to the mountain community? Enrolling his family was not against regulations, but Wentworth was curious to know if the family was as regular in its attendance as the records showed. Day school in the mountains included only primary studies and was taught in Spanish. The night school was permitted to concentrate on English. The devotion of Don Carlos to the United States seemed to be shared by his progeny to a degree which colored Wentworth's curiosity with deep humility.

As he entered the schoolroom, Wentworth stumbled over the dogs. At the sound, the eyes of Doña Maria and the children were lifted from the page they were struggling to read, and friendly greetings welcomed the supervisor.

The lesson was about apples and pears and other fruits wholly foreign to the tropics. The children attacked the strange words and strange ideas with stubborn perplexity, and Went-

worth listened helplessly, resolving to write an English Reader some day, whose subject matter would be at least intelligible to the struggling aspirants.

At the end of the lesson Wentworth looked over the register and inquired for Libertad, Luz, and Pax.

'There is — there are — much seekness in these town,' explained Don Carlos. He thought for a moment. 'Libertad, Luz, and Pax,' — he put his hand to his throat, — 'they cannot even to speaka.'

Wentworth signed the book and departed.

The white tropical moonlight made the trail as light as day. The orange-colored ucar trees lost little of their amazing brilliance, and the flamboyants were as unbelievably red as by day. The shadows were deepened and the outlines of the trees dimmed, but this even heightened the sense of magic and mystery which surrounds all Nature in the tropics — that blending of keen reality with no less keen unreality which makes the lure of the Southlands.

Sancho Panza plodded faithfully on. They passed a cottage from which came the click-click of 'bones,' the crash of castanets and the shuffle-shuffle scraping on gourds which constitutes the background of the island music. Wentworth stopped to listen. The bones and the castanets marked time in a way to make feet and hips and shoulders swing to keep time. The scraping on the gourds was different. To that Wentworth had listened at first in amazement that anyone could consider it a part of music, but now, as it floated down the hillside, it came to him not as the sound of any instrument but rather as the movement of feet themselves. With a new comprehension and a new eagerness to understand other things which might be differently conceived, he sat still.

Sancho Panza grew restless at the delay and edged in the direction of his stall, gradually working his movements into a gentle trot. The music blurred to a mere vibration and vanished.

Farther along Wentworth passed a countryman on his way to market, perched above the saddlebags of his tiny pony, and holding a huge umbrella to ward off the evil effects of moonlight and night air. Wentworth greeted him gravely. Outwardly it was the same courteous greeting that he had given the first time he passed a countryman thus shielding himself, but the inward smile of superior amusement had disappeared. The certainty that he was bringing the gifts of a superior civilization had yielded to a realization that he also had much to learn.

In the valley below, the long light of a rapidly moving motor brought back his thoughts to Don Carlos and his struggling efforts to make himself and his family one with their fellow citizens of Manhattan, and a deep sense of humility came over Wentworth that he should have accepted without appreciation and realization so many things which these Porto Ricans labored so hard to obtain. The light of the motor vanished, and in the beauty and fragrance of the tropical night Sancho Panza trotted on.

IV

Months went by. The end of a week of hot weather, hot even in the hills, found Wentworth again on Ave. Broadway. In the day schools of the valley the children had been restless and tired. The weary session of the night class at El Cajon was only partially aroused by the entrance of the supervisor.

Don Carlos sat listless at his desk. Doña Maria patiently overflowed her seat. The seven daughters read their

lesson in dull monotone. Of other children there was again no sign, and Wentworth asked no questions.

Don Carlos started the class from the beginning.

'This is a dog,' read Conchita, dragging herself slowly to her feet and slumping at the end of her exertion.

'The doga is balacka,' added Mercedita wearily.

'The doga is gooda,' read Dolores in dull accents.

Wentworth stood up before the class and tried to put some life into the recitation. If the lesson was about dogs, they might better talk about the live animals before them than some unreal dog in the reader. 'What is this dog's name?' he asked, pointing to the dog at his feet.

The class sat silent. English was a thing to be read from a book. To be addressed in the language without warning was not according to precedent.

Wentworth pointed again to the nearest dog. 'What is his name? Como se llama eso?'

'Libertad,' responded Mercedita promptly.

'And this dog?' He waited. 'Y eso?' pointing to the next dog.

'Luz.'

A light dawned on Wentworth. 'Y eso?' he demanded quickly, his finger raised in the direction of the third dog.

The weary Don Carlos was galvanized into life. With one leap he knelt at Wentworth's feet.

'Pax,' answered Mercedita, her mouth remaining open in astonishment at the strange behavior of her father.

For a moment silence reigned in the little room. Amazement shone on the placid countenance of Doña Maria. The seven daughters sat back in bewilderment and curiosity. Wentworth stood motionless, as Don Carlos grasped the supervisor's hand in both his own and kissed it fervently. The si-

lence was broken by a wail from the basket. Don Carlos threw back his head and poured forth a flood of Spanish, so rapid that only here and there could Wentworth catch the words. Yet through tones and gestures the whole story became clear: a story of the unambitious pleasantness of the tropics, quickened to endeavor by the arrival of the infant who might some day become president of the United States; of the efforts of Don Carlos to awaken a realization among his neighbors that their children also might become admirals and generals; of his inspiration to have a night school where they could all learn English and study the ways of their brothers of the North; of the unwillingness of the villagers to bestir themselves; of the need of the additional names in order to obtain school-books and supplies, and the temptation of enrolling the faithful dogs; and of the grief of Don Carlos at betraying the kindness of the supervisor.

Wentworth stood motionless as the flood of words and gestures increased in intensity and then gradually slackened. Don Carlos's humiliation and repentance at deceiving Wentworth were uttered in a tone barely above a whisper. Then he took a step backward, lifted his head, and waited what verdict the supervisor might pronounce.

Wentworth walked over to the teacher's desk, hesitating for words. Absent-mindedly he began to turn the pages of the register.

Don Carlos stepped slowly to his side. 'You wish to sign the book?' he asked, fumbling for his pen.

'Not to-night, amigo,' and Wentworth offered his hand. 'To-night,' he spoke slowly, 'is a visit — between friends — and not official.'

Of the unofficial visits of its supervisors even the most standardized system asks for no reports.

THE SEA

BY WILLIAM WHITMAN, 3RD

THE road leads to the land's end
Where the sea spreads its hands
Over the beach. The sea
Spreads its fingers wistfully
To touch the dimpled sand.

I was young and rich with love,
And I lifted up my voice and sang;
But the sea heard me not.
Come away there is madness
Thinking too long on one thing.

The sea is blind,
But its hands are everywhere;
Its mystery is space;
Its strength is unsatisfied;
Its loneliness is terrible with beauty.

There are mornings
When the ocean is bright with vision,
Like the radiance of love
Upon a sightless face.
There are evenings when the waves whisper
And grope about the beach.

There are hours of fury
Lashed into walls of water,
And gray days of sullen waiting.

I was old and sick with grief
For man, and behold the sea
Floated a man before me.
His head was crowned with a
Crown of trailing sea-weed;
And his face was white
As the shivering wave;
And his hands were clenched
As though he had run a long race,
But the sea had taken his eyes.

I saw the ocean marvelously bright;
I saw sails upon the water
Like the great wings of fate,
And I heard a voice like the echo
Of a wave.

The ships shall ride the morning of fire,
They shall linger through the evening of despair,
They shall make port on some dark night,
And never know the hour of death:
They shall sail on for ever and ever.

WOODROW WILSON

BY CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

It will be many years before a complete picture of Woodrow Wilson and his work can be drawn. Much of the necessary material is still locked up in private diaries, private letters, and confidential files in public offices. Nevertheless, the main lines of his character and conduct can be traced.

His racial and family inheritances are already known. They were remarkably strong and fine, and well-nigh determined, as in most human beings, his qualities of mind and heart, and the nature of the work he did in the world. His father and mother both belonged to the Scotch race, and both were Presbyterians in religion, children of Presbyterian ministers of the staunchest sort. These Presbyterian ancestors had served in Northern pulpits and in Virginia, but had settled by 1858 in Augusta, Georgia, and Columbia, South Carolina, which then formed one community.

The Wilson family, in spite of their Scottish origin and long residence in the North, were thoroughly Southern in sentiment before the Civil War began. When the Civil War broke out, it was in the house and church of Woodrow Wilson's father that the Southern Presbyterian Church was organized. The sufferings of the South during the War and the Reconstruction period were familiar to the young boy; and his heroes and exemplars were all Southern, like Calhoun the antagonist of Andrew Jackson, and Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, and Alexander Stephens, leaders of the Confederacy. His

father and mother were his principal teachers till he was eighteen years old, with assistance from a maternal uncle and a maternal aunt. Then he went away from home to attend Davidson College, a school conducted by Presbyterian teachers, and attended by sons of southern Presbyterian families. There the boy continued his studies in the Classics, elementary mathematics, and the Calvinistic philosophy in the good old way; but only for a short time.

In the spring of 1875, he returned to his family, who had moved from Columbia, S. C., to Wilmington, N. C., in order that the father might again devote himself exclusively to the work of a pastor. The boy's health required care; for he had developed digestive troubles. He was too tall and thin; and he read serious books more constantly than was good for him. In Wilmington, the young man saw the ocean which is sometimes a barrier and sometimes a highway, and thought about the English blockade-runners who gave such effective aid to the Confederacy, and about Gladstone, the sympathizer with peoples whom he thought of as oppressed, whether in the Near East, in Egypt, or in the States which seceded from the American Union in 1861.

By September, 1875, Woodrow Wilson had decided to go to Princeton, the college which had bred many political leaders for the Southern States, and many Presbyterian ministers for all parts of the country. The students there usually came from Presbyterian or Evangelical families; and the politi-

cal and social ideas which prevailed in the College were of Southern origin. Moreover, it was his father's college.

Wilson did not distinguish himself as a student at Princeton. Probably his mind was too excursive for the Princeton programme of that day. At any rate, his natural taste and disposition carried him into realms of thought and study which were not included in the Princeton quadrennium. He took to independent reading in the library, and to the use of his powers as a debater in Whig Hall, and as a writer in the Nassau Literary Magazine. He graduated at Princeton without high standing as a scholar, but with some reputation among his fellow students as a debater and writer.

Dr. Theodore W. Hunt, who taught Woodrow Wilson as an undergraduate at Princeton, has lately said that the impression made on him 'was that of an exceptionally mature student deeply interested in current events, often devoting to general reading the hours that others were giving to the regular academic schedule, willingly surrendering high academic standing to the attractions of general literature, of history, and of political writing.'

From Princeton he went to the University of Virginia to study law. His studies there were interrupted by an illness which sent him again to his father's house in Wilmington. But he soon returned to finish his preliminary studies in law and take his degree at the University. He then started in practice at Atlanta, Georgia, with a partner as inexperienced as himself; but they were only young strangers there, and no success attended their efforts.

While at Atlanta, he paid long visits at the house of his cousin Mrs. Brower, who now lived in Rome, Georgia, and there met Miss Ellen Axson, of Scotch Presbyterian descent and nurture like

his own. That meeting determined a change of profession; for it became a great object to earn a livelihood.

He dropped Law, and aimed at becoming a college teacher. To that end he entered Johns Hopkins University in September, 1883, apparently as a graduate student, and proceeded to study history and political science under the guidance of Professor Herbert B. Adams. In September, 1884, he appears as a Fellow, an office which carried with it a small salary. He associated at Johns Hopkins with a group of ambitious young scholars bent on mastering the methods of accurate research in subjects of their choice; but he was older than most of them, and they found him variable in mood — sometimes silent and dour, sometimes gay and fascinating.

Within two years he was invited to an Associate Professorship of History and Political Science in Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, a women's college, then often called in Baltimore circles Joanna Hopkins College. On that prospect Miss Axson and he were married at the end of June, 1885.

As his graduating thesis for the doctorate at Johns Hopkins, Wilson had published an elaborate essay on Congressional Government. This essay declared that Congressional government in the United States was in a bad way, and could best be saved by converting it into Cabinet government on the English model. It condemned the American constitutional method of dividing authority among the Administration, the House of Representatives, the Senate, and the Supreme Court. This essay was well written and was characterized by striking independence of thought; but it was not taken seriously by the politicians and indeed commanded but little attention.

Bryn Mawr College was near Philadelphia; and Philadelphia was the

headquarters of the Republican Party machine, which had been skillfully managed for many years by a series of Republican chiefs. Its atmosphere was not congenial to a budding Independent like Woodrow Wilson. The young Professor, therefore, devoted himself to teaching history and political science to the young women who attended Bryn Mawr College, many of whom were well-to-do.

There he stayed three years, and then moved on to Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, where he could teach young men instead of young women. All the time he was at Wesleyan, he was also 'Reader in Administration' at Johns Hopkins, and was welcoming the many opportunities offered him to lecture before intelligent audiences in many different parts of the country on the historical, social, and political subjects which he had made his own.

In 1890, he became Professor of Jurisprudence at Princeton, where he taught that subject and political science joyfully for thirteen years.

The Wilson home at Princeton, as time went on, became the scene of ample and cordial hospitalities, quite in the manner of the Southern planter before the Civil War. The feminine influence in the household was strong, though not dominant. Mrs. Wilson had a decided gift in arts of design. Miss Helen Bones, Mr. Wilson's cousin, joined the family in order to attend a school for young ladies at Princeton, and was a helpful member of it. Three daughters had been born to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, all of whom had interesting minds and charming dispositions. No sons were born to the family; so that Wilson could not leave behind, as his most precious and durable work, letters to sons, as Theodore Roosevelt did. President Wilson's father had come to live with him in

the pleasant Princeton which they both loved. The household was a costly one. Hence, Professor Wilson was always trying to increase his income by miscellaneous lecturing, and by writing magazine articles and books which might yield good royalties.

Wilson's career as a teacher, from 1885 to his entry into politics in the autumn of 1910, was characterized by enlarging vision, increasing success, and great personal happiness. His student audiences listened to him with admiration and delight, his colleagues in the colleges he served recognized and applauded his varied knowledge, the spiritual exaltation of his theories and beliefs, and his steady advocacy of the humanities in education.

The series of books he wrote on political and historical subjects were much read, not only in the institutions where he taught, but at other colleges and by Americans, wherever living and in whatever occupations, who were interested in historical and political subjects. Their style was attractive, because full of fervor and enthusiasm, and their matter commanded the respect of scholars, with the possible exception of a *History of the American People*, a book apparently written in haste, or under pressure from its publishers with a view to getting an immediate money return from it.

When one reconsiders the whole series of his published books, essays, and addresses, from the essay on *Congressional Government* to *The New Freedom*, 1913, *When a Man Comes to Himself*, 1915, and *On Being Human*, 1916, one learns that all Wilson's studies in history, jurisprudence, and political science, and his gifts for speaking and writing came to be regarded by him as qualifications for entrance into the real work of his life — political service. His desire to get into political life was, however, still to be long postponed.

In 1896, Woodrow Wilson was chosen to deliver one of the addresses at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the College of New Jersey. The celebration occurred in October, in the midst of the first Bryan campaign for the presidency, a season of high political excitement all over the country. It was an admirable opportunity for declaring his own ideal of university education and of a sound training for public service. This is one of his striking sentences: 'Religion is the salt of the earth wherewith to keep both duty and learning sweet against the taint of time and change; the catholic study of the world's literature as a record of the spirit is the right preparation for leadership in the world's affairs; you do not know the world until you know the men who have possessed it and tried its way before ever you were given your brief run upon it; the cultured mind cannot complain, it cannot trifle, it cannot despair; leave pessimism to the uncultured who do not know the reasonable-ness of hope.'

Henceforth Professor Wilson was regarded at home and abroad as the natural successor to the Presidency of Princeton University. Heretofore the Presidents of Princeton had been ministers of the Protestant Church; but already Cornell, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and Yale had taken laymen as Presidents; so that there was nothing novel or revolutionary in the candidacy of Wilson, a Professor of Jurisprudence and Politics, for the Presidency of the College of New Jersey in 1902. When President Patton quietly retired on his Professorship in the Theological Seminary, Woodrow Wilson became President of Princeton University. His acceptance of this Presidency postponed for eight years his entrance into politics.

Six months before he became Presi-

dent of Princeton University Woodrow Wilson made the following statement in a letter to a friend with whom he had long maintained very affectionate relations:—

I was forty-five three weeks ago, and between forty-five and fifty-five, I take it, is when a man ought to do the work into which he expects to put most of himself. I love history, and think that there are few things so directly rewarding and worthwhile for their own sakes as to scan the history of one's own country with a careful eye, and write of it with the all absorbing desire to get its cream and spirit out. But, after all, I was born a politician, and must be at the task for which, by means of my historical writing, I have all these years been in training. If I finish at fifty-five, shall I not have fifteen richly contemplative years left, if the Lord be good to me! But, then, the Lord may prefer to be good to the world!

It was nearly eight years later that Wilson abandoned educational administration for politics.

These eight years were to be first adventurous and then stormy. The new President went to work at once to reform the existing Princeton curriculum; but the reform he advocated was moderate when compared with the changes which had already been made in many other colleges in the country. For instance, all students were to follow a prescribed course of study during the first two years of college. Only in the last two years of the course could a student give the major part of his time to studies of his choice.

President Wilson was eager to make the young students at Princeton love study and the search for knowledge, and to regard intellectual pursuits as the main object of college life. To this end he believed that more contact of students with inspiring teachers was necessary, such as had been possible in the early days of Princeton, when stu-

dents were few. He therefore introduced into Princeton his preceptorial system, a very costly system which would require for its best development a considerable number of costly dormitories and the employment of from thirty to forty young doctors of philosophy, most of whom would live in the new dormitories and become companions and guides of the students. His estimate of the cost of this system was \$100,000 a year. Rich friends promised the new President the large sums of money needed for the proposed buildings and salaries. Within four years Wilson formed about Princeton and himself a group of wealthy friends who in later years stood by him with remarkable constancy in his first political adventures.

Another serious undertaking which President Wilson entered upon almost simultaneously with the plan of building new dormitories was the breaking-up of the club arrangements for upper classmen at Princeton. These clubs were strongly entrenched, physically in attractive buildings, and morally in the affections of both their present and their past members. The Professors, Trustees, and the moneyed supporters of Princeton soon became divided into two parties. One stood by President Wilson and the other by Professor Andrew F. West, Dean of the new Graduate School. Up to February, 1910, the Board of Trustees adhered to the policies of the President, but they were closely divided.

In March, President Wilson visited Princeton Alumni in all parts of the country, and made many addresses explaining his plans. At Pittsburgh he defined clearly the educational reform for which he was contending, as follows:—

The universities would make men forget their common origins, forget their universal

sympathies, and join a class; and no class can ever serve America. I have dedicated every power there is within me to bring the colleges that I have anything to do with to an absolute democratic regeneration in spirit, and I shall not be satisfied, and I hope you will not be, until America shall know that the men in the colleges are saturated with the same thought that pulses through the whole great body politic.

He had appealed to the unlearned public for the democratization of American university life. The struggle stimulated his desire for political life.

It is impossible now to set forth in a sure way the strange negotiations in which George Harvey, Henry Watterston, James Smith, Jr., and Woodrow Wilson took part in 1912, negotiations which ultimately secured the nomination of Wilson to the Governorship of New Jersey, and led later to his triumphant election. It is certain, however, that Wilson made no promises to any one of the other three in respect to his own public action if elected Governor of New Jersey, or in respect to the political aspirations of the men who should help him into that office.

In speaking to the convention that nominated him Wilson said, 'I did not seek this nomination; I have made no pledges and have given no promises. If elected, as I expect to be, I am left free to serve you with all singleness of purpose. It is a new era when these things can be said.'

Wilson immediately resigned the Presidency of Princeton University and entered upon his unique political career.

In an unpublished address which Woodrow Wilson made to an audience of Jews in New York City after he had become Governor of New Jersey (lately printed in the Jewish Tribune) the following passages occur which clearly declare Wilson's feelings about politics and political service:—

Now, what do you think of politics? What is your conception of politics? Is it a game for advantage? Is it a bit of strategy in order that the people of one combination may have the upper hand over the people of another combination, or is it an effort to make a fair adjustment of human relationships all along the line? . . .

The real thing that we are fighting in New Jersey, for example, is . . . a machine which does not pay the least regard in its private councils to either Democratic or Republican tenets, and which is a common league against the public interest. . . .

America cannot add one single star to her crown by piling up material resources. . . .

Shall we in this time of change, of crises, not renew our ancient vows of self-sacrifice, and of service, and of devotion, and say that we also will make a new and constructive age, and re-conceive the liberties of America?

That last question might well be asked to-day.

After a long and bitter struggle in the Democratic convention of 1912, in which again Woodrow Wilson made no promises and gave no pledges, but repeated his former declarations to the effect that if elected to political office he should expect to be the actual leader of his Party and of any Congress which was Democratic by majority, this idealist, this student and teacher of history, political economy, and jurisprudence was nominated for the Presidency and, in the following fall, triumphantly elected.

Under his very active leadership, with help from Cabinet officers of his own selection, Congress enacted an extraordinary amount of legislation, which brought great relief and profit to the whole nation. It reformed the currency, created the Federal Reserve System, greatly improved the system of taxation, reduced tariff duties, created a non-partisan Tariff Commission, and the Federal Trade Commission; it put on the statute books the

Farm Loan System, the Agricultural Educational Extension Bill, and the Federal Warehouse Act; it promoted coöperation among farmers in their own interest and that of the country. The Republican Party which replaced the Democratic Party in the control of the Government in March, 1921, has not tried to set aside or modify substantially these remarkable enactments, and has made no significant additions to them. They still stand as unexampled contributions to the financial, industrial, and social interests of the nation. Such was the work done by this scholar, teacher, and idealist within two years of his accession to power.

The World War broke out when the Wilson Administration had been only seventeen months in power; so that the American Government and people were forced to turn their thoughts to such great subjects as the safety of democracy in the world, the righting of old and new wrongs committed by autocratic rulers against their own subjects or against other nations, the security of small states, the abolition of secret diplomacy and concealed treaties, and of war as means of settling international disputes.

President Wilson tried for a time to hold America out of the World War, hoping to play a good part as a neutral while the War lasted and a still better one when peace came; but when his second term began he was ready to put the whole strength of the American people, both material and spiritual, into the fierce struggle going on in France for the maintenance in the world of political freedom, public justice, and international peace. The American people rushed into this heroic adventure with all their physical resources and all their souls. President Wilson had proved himself a great leader of the people in peace; he now

showed himself a still greater leader in war.

Moreover, he insisted on representing the Government and people of the United States in the Conference at Paris on the conduct of the War and the terms on which peace should be made. There he laid down his 'Fourteen Points,' the only programme which the statesmanship of the world produced for attaining the real ends of the War. It was a genuine programme for world's peace, but in style and substance it was full of Wilson's imperative spirit.

In November, 1917, President Wilson closed an address to the Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor at Buffalo with the following words: 'I am with you if you are with me. And the only test of being with me is not to think about me personally at all, but merely to think of me as the expression for the time being of the power and dignity and hope of the United States.'

On January 8, 1918, in an address to Congress, he again set forth his Fourteen Points and summed up his proposal in the following striking terms: 'We have spoken now, surely, in terms too concrete to admit of any further doubt or question. An evident principle runs through the whole programme I have outlined. It is the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak. Unless this principle be made its foundation, no part of the structure of international justice can stand.'

Eleven months later in the President's Annual Address to Congress, December 2, 1918, President Wilson reviewed the crowded events of the eleven months just elapsed, and again declared his purpose 'to join in Paris the representatives of the governments

with which we have been associated in the War against the Central Empires, for the purpose of discussing with them the main features of the treaty of peace. . . . The peace settlements which are now to be agreed upon are of transcendent importance, both to us and to the rest of the world. . . . I realize the magnitude and the difficulty of the duty I am undertaking; I am poignantly aware of its grave responsibilities. . . . I go to give the best that is in me to the common settlements which I must now assist in arriving at in conference with the other working heads of the associated governments.'

In a short speech which President Wilson made at Mt. Vernon, at a Fourth of July celebration, he laid down four additional Points, supplementing the Fourteen. These were:—

I. The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world. . . .

II. The settlement of every question, whether of territory or sovereignty, of economic arrangement or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned. . . .

III. The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct toward each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern states in their relations with one another. . . .

IV. The establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right, and serve to make peace and justice the more secure by affording a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit, and by which every international readjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the peoples directly concerned shall be sanctioned.

These great objects can be put into a single sentence—What we seek is the reign of law based on the consent of the

governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

The great Powers assembled at Paris found President Wilson's thoughts and motives to be those of a man uninformed about European diplomacy and European history, and his mind that of an idealist and not of a practical man accustomed to seek progress by the recognized European methods of discussion and compromise among rulers who habitually live well-armed and trusted with power to make war or peace without previous appeal to their respective peoples or the peoples' representatives. They had no use for idealism in politics and government. On the other hand President Wilson had no use for anything else in that field. And what Wilson thought of his own idealism during the War and during the Paris Conference is told in moving words in the last paragraph of his speech at Boston when he landed there on his first return home:—

And, therefore, probing deep in my heart and trying to see the things that are right without regard to the things that may be debated as expedient, I feel that I am interpreting the purpose and the thought of America, and in loving America I find I have joined the great majority of my fellow men throughout the world.

In the very first days of the Conference of the Allied Powers, President Wilson learned that the daily conferences were not to be conducted in the open, public way he had expected; on the contrary they were to be conducted in private, and their progress was not to be reported to and by the Press of the free nations. The British and American publics got no direct reports of the daily proceedings of the Conference. President Wilson could make no daily report to Congress, and was obliged to fight alone and without support from home for the principles on

which alone he believed that a useful settlement could be made. It is known that he fought hard for his ideas, embodied in definite proposals; but the details of the contest are not yet accessible.

He succeeded in making his Covenant of the League of Nations a constituent part of the Versailles Treaty, but at the cost of abandoning some measures dear to him, and by threatening at a grave crisis to abandon the Conference and go home.

He would not have had even that success, if his colleagues at the Conference had not taken it for granted that the American people and their Congress would follow their President and had, indeed, authorized him to represent them at Paris.

The tragedy now moved fast to its dire conclusion. After the Senate had refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, Wilson undertook a final appeal to the American people in a long series of public addresses, but was stopped half way by a serious breakdown of strength and vitality. Shortly after his return from Utah to Washington a heavy stroke incapacitated him for further public service.

His last words to the people of the United States closely resembled his first. In his Inaugural Address as President of the United States, March 4, 1913, he said:—

Nowhere else in the world have noble men and women exhibited in more striking forms the beauty and the energy of sympathy and helpfulness and counsel in their efforts to rectify wrong, alleviate suffering, and set the weak in the way of strength and hope. We have built up, moreover, a great system of government, which has stood through a long age as in many respects a model for those who seek to set liberty upon foundations that will endure against fortuitous change, against storm and accident. Our life contains every great thing, and contains it in rich abundance.

Surely a noble vision!

Thus Moses leading to the very door
Of promise might not cross its threshold o'er —
Yet towers secure the leader evermore!

Woodrow Wilson was from youth and at maturity a solitary-minded man. He could seize like lightning on another man's idea, make it his own, push it forward eagerly, and apparently forget its source. Again, when he was at the height of his power, he often received letters of suggestion or advice from friends he respected, and returned for them grateful acknowledgments; but this was what he acknowledged: 'You have helped me to clarify my own thoughts.' He did not enjoy criticism of his work either as a scholar and author, or as a political leader and ruler. Toward a friend who persisted in criticizing and differing, Wilson's friendship cooled. When he sought relief from the cares and labors of the anxious days in the White House, he liked best the society of the loving and admiring women of his family. He was capable of treating without due consideration friends of his youth and early prime who later differed from him on important public questions. He himself felt passionate resentment against political opponents who, he thought, maligned him, and he roused

in them a corresponding hatred. In short, Woodrow Wilson, like most reformers and pioneering folk, had a fierce and unlovely side.

And now he is dead, and everybody knows that he gave his life to the country, just as the soldiers did who were mortally wounded in battle but lived crippled for a few months.

What are the American people thinking about him now? They are thinking that Wilson's fight for the League of Nations was, after all, America's fight, and humanity's fight; that the League is not a super-State, but an organization for promoting better acquaintance, consultation, mutual agreement, and coöperation among the nations; that it is a way of procuring the doing of things which America wants done. They are thinking that under bad leadership the United States has kept out of the League ignorantly and selfishly; and that it had better join the League forthwith and try with all its might to make up the time lost.

Wilson's place in history will be determined by the calm unbiased historians of 1950 and after; but those who honored and loved him in life think they know now what the historians' verdict will be.

AMERICA'S RESPONSIBILITY TO GERMANY

BY CHARLES SEYMOUR

I

NOR many weeks ago a gasp of shocked amazement was evoked by the news that the German Embassy in Washington had failed to place its flag at half-mast, following the death of Woodrow Wilson. Most of us, perhaps, shrugged our shoulders. This was merely a fresh manifestation of German political psychology, all serious hope of analyzing which we had abandoned during the war. Others, more curious and more intelligent, sought a reasonable explanation for this act of political gaucheerie, one which some might argue betrayed a persistent moral obliquity. The result of the search was quite insufficient to explain an inexcusable breach of international manners. But the investigation was not without its value, for it revealed to America a mass of German opinion, little appreciated here, which is likely to be of some political and certain to be of very great historical importance.

The Germans, it seems, are almost universally convinced that they were betrayed by President Wilson, who assumed towards them as a people a responsibility which he was later either unable or unwilling to liquidate. They point to his assurances that America and the Entente Powers were not fighting against the German people, but against their irresponsible rulers; that the purpose of the war was to liberate the Germans as well as all enslaved peoples; that if they would of their own accord remove the militaristic menace lodged

in their Imperial system, they might be certain of a peace of justice.

They point further to the fact that, lured to lay down their arms by such assurances, dismissing first Ludendorff and then the Kaiser, fulfilling all of Wilson's conditions, they trustfully confided themselves to the President's safekeeping, only to be summarily deposited in the tigerish grip of the French. The Peace of Versailles, they maintain, was exactly the sort of peace they might have expected if they had disregarded every one of Wilson's injunctions, the sort of peace which they had feared, the sort of peace which Wilson had promised they should avoid. The responsibility must rest upon his shoulders.

The charge is sufficiently serious to deserve critical study, and there is enough truth in it and in some of its implications to account for a wide acceptance on the part of a people seeking some exterior cause for the misfortunes into which they have fallen. Its very plausibility is enough to trouble historians who, in the interests of their calling, are anxious to prevent the creation of a myth which later may be difficult to destroy. As citizens, furthermore, we cannot remain indifferent to the charge of a responsibility which, if it is real, we ought to assume, but with which if unreal, in all fairness, we should not be burdened.

That President Wilson publicly made a distinction between German

rulers and the German people is established fact. 'We are glad,' he said in his speech of April 2, 1917, asking for a declaration that war existed, 'to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German people included.' It is equally a fact that he called for a peace of justice, which he defined in his Fourteen Points, and which in his speech of September 27, 1918, he declared 'must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just. It must be a justice that plays no favorites.'

At the time, the distinction he made between German rulers and people was often bitterly criticized. We ought, I think, to realize that the President's policy proceeded from no special softness in his heart for Germany. There is ample evidence to show that he had been deeply stirred by the invasion of Belgium in 1914 and by German methods of warfare. At the very moment when Wilson was being accused of blindness to the issues raised by the war, in September 1914, and when accusations of his pro-Germanism were common, his friend and adviser, Colonel House, made a record of a significant conversation. Mr. Wilson was at his summer home in Cornish, where the Colonel visited him.

'The President,' wrote the latter, 'spoke with deep feeling of the war. He said it made him heartsick to think how near we had come to averting this great disaster, and he thought if it had been delayed a little longer it could never have happened, because the nations would have gotten together in the way we had outlined.'

'He felt deeply the destruction of Louvain, and I found him as unsympathetic with the German attitude as is the balance of America. He goes even further than I in his condemnation of

Germany's part in this war and almost allows his feelings to include the German people as a whole rather than the leaders alone. He said German philosophy was essentially selfish and lacking in spirituality. When I spoke of the Kaiser building up the German war machine as a means of maintaining peace, he said: "What a foolish thing it was to create a powder magazine and risk someone's dropping a match into it." . . . He was particularly scornful of Germany's disregard of the Belgian treaty as being only a scrap of paper.'

Nor was Wilson under any illusions as to the German manoeuvres for peace during the early years of the war. He realized that the Imperial Government would use him or abuse him for their own purposes without any scruple. Colonel House was in too close touch with German methods not to impress this fact upon him. 'I am always suspicious of German diplomacy,' wrote the Colonel. 'What they say is not dependable and one has to arrive at their intentions by inverse methods.'

During the long correspondence with Germany concerning submarine outrages, the President at times found a difficulty in preserving his patience which, perhaps, few suspected. And he did not hesitate to express to his friends his conviction that the Germans were merely sparring for time. It was no tenderness for them that led him to continue negotiations, but rather his abiding sense of an impelling responsibility to the American people and the world — that he must prevent America from entering the European conflict. As he said in August 1915: 'Two things are plain to me: 1. The people of this country count on me to keep them out of the war; 2. It would be a calamity to the world at large if we should be drawn actively into the conflict and so deprived of all disinterested influence over the settlement.'

II

It is important to underline the fact that Wilson's determination to remain neutral did not proceed from any emotional fondness for Germany; for there are those who insist that his constant readiness to hold out to the German people the possibility of a peace based upon something other than absolute German defeat, after we had entered the war, reflected a ray of personal desire to get something more than bare justice for them. Even after the armistice Mr. Roosevelt intimated in no uncertain terms that the President was too kindly disposed toward Germany, and he urged the Entente Allies to pay no attention to him: 'Let them impose their common will on the nations responsible for the hideous disaster which has almost wrecked mankind.' In reality, as Count Bernstorff insists, Mr. Wilson, especially after 1916, had to fight a definite bitterness within himself aroused by German manœuvres; he felt no temptation to be 'easy on them'; it was as hard for him as for many another American to be just to them. Thus at Paris, in conference with his advisers, he said: 'I have no desire to soften the treaty, but I have a very sincere desire to alter those portions of it that are shown to be unjust.' And again: 'I think it profitable that a nation should learn once and for all what an unjust war means in itself.'

Wilson's war attitude toward Germany was dictated by policy and not by sentiment. Like all sound war diplomacy, it had an immediate and an ultimate purpose. In the first place, by insisting that so long as the German people continued the war under the leadership of the Imperialists they must expect utter defeat and no quarter, and by holding out the prospect of fair terms if they would yield, he designed to break their fighting spirit. In

the second place, he hoped to commit our associates in the war to a peace of justice, restraining their desire to annihilate Germany as an economic and political power in Europe; thus he trusted to secure a permanent settlement based upon the most complete sense of reconciliation possible.

This was a policy fairly obvious but difficult of execution, and it was carried through with some degree of skill. He planned to use it to secure the defeat of Germany, and then to save Germany from some of the traditional effects of defeat. It was a policy that demanded the utilization of both persuasion and threats. He must hold out to the German people the attractions of an early and a comparatively mild peace; he must picture equally the disasters they would face if they refused his invitation. If the Germans insisted upon making force alone the deciding factor, then he would accept the challenge and they must abide the issue: 'There is, therefore, but one response possible from us: Force, Force to the utmost, Force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant Force which shall make Right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust.'

To the President's friend and adviser, Colonel House, must go great credit both for the inception and the development of this policy. It was a task for which his fine diplomatic hand was well suited, for the understanding of which he had ample information, and the importance of which he always emphasized. We find him accepting gladly the advice given him by a well-informed correspondent in Switzerland, Carl W. Ackerman: 'The solution is: War, relentless war with armies and speeches against the German War Government, but peace with the democratic, or reform, peace forces.' The relation of this policy to the military

victory Colonel House continually placed before President Wilson. We may quote from a memorandum which he made in September 1918: 'I had a good opportunity of giving him [President Wilson] a talk about the necessity of fighting Germany from within as well as from without; that it was as much a part of military tactics to do this as it was to handle the armies in the field. He assented. . . . I took the opportunity to tell him that the German military situation was not so bad, but that the situation was much worse behind the lines and our every effort should be to aid our armies by diplomacy.'

The close relations of Colonel House with the British leaders, furthermore, made possible British understanding of and coöperation with Mr. Wilson's policy. In the spring of 1917, during the visit of the British war mission, the Colonel discussed with Mr. Balfour and his secretary, Sir Eric Drummond, both war aims and war methods. 'I convinced Drummond,' House wrote to the President, May 20, 1917, 'that the most effective thing we could do at present was to aid the German Liberals in their fight against the German Government. The idea is for you to say at a proper time and occasion, that the Allies are ready at any moment to treat with the German people, but they are not ready to treat with a military autocracy — an autocracy which they feel is responsible for the troubles that now beset the world. Both Drummond and I think that care should be used not to include the Kaiser. He has a very strong following in Germany, and if he is shorn of his power . . . he could be rendered harmless. In not designating the Kaiser, the hands of the Liberals will be strengthened because there is an element in Germany that would like to see a democratized Germany under a limited monarchy.

The situation in Russia will accentuate the feeling that it is better not to make too violent a change from an autocracy to a republic.'

Drummond and House finally reached a definite understanding as to the attitude which the two Governments should take toward the German people, and the British stood committed, at least unofficially, to an approval of the President's policy.

Later the British propaganda service directed by Lord Northcliffe, who kept in close relations with the Colonel, bent its energies toward distributing by airplane the President's speeches. The work was done with intelligence and care. Colonel House kept in close touch with German-Americans, and took from them the ideas which German Liberals in the Fatherland were agitating; these he passed on to Mr. Wilson who incorporated them in his speeches. 'Karl von Wiegand was one of my callers,' wrote Colonel House on February 7, 1918. 'I got information from him concerning the German frame of mind and how best to foment trouble between the Liberals and Imperialists in Germany. I am particularly anxious for such information now because of the President's forthcoming address.' Thus, when German phrases and doctrines returned to Germany by way of Wilson's speeches, the Liberals greeted them cordially and as old friends. 'Self-determination,' for example, was a term originally made in Germany, and taken over by the Russians. Its use by the President did much to endear him to the German Social Democrats who had themselves coined it.

At times Colonel House found even Mr. Wilson ready to be caught by the prevailing war spirit and unwilling to restrict himself within the verbal bounds necessitated by the policy of friendliness toward the anti-Imperialist elements in Germany. Thus the

President was inclined to deliver a decided rebuff to the Pope's appeal for peace in August 1917, or to return no reply whatever. He was persuaded, however, to utilize the opportunity for a fresh attack upon Ludendorff and a fresh invitation to the German people. 'We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany,' he said on this occasion, 'as a guarantee of anything that is to endure, unless explicitly supported by such conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people themselves as the other peoples of the world would be justified in accepting.'

There is an Italian delicacy in this phrasing, some explanation of which may be found in Colonel House's letter regarding negotiations with Drummond, quoted above. Wilson did not demand a republic, for which Germany was not then prepared; all that he asked was a government responsible to the people, which was the very thing that they themselves were insisting upon. Equally skillful was the stress which he laid upon the fact that they need not fear, in case they should yield, the political and economic vengeance which certain Allied leaders were then threatening: 'Punitive damages, the dismemberment of empires, the establishment of selfish and exclusive economic leagues, we deem inexpedient.'

III

To assess accurately the effects of the Wilsonian doctrines upon German morale is impossible. The part they played in the final victory must always remain a matter of doubt and opinion. That they did not touch the rulers of Germany until the hour of military defeat is obvious; that in the meantime they had exerted a subtly corrosive influence upon the German masses is asserted generally by those who were in

a position to know. Who can determine with any exactness the character of the defeat of Germany? It was manifested upon the field of battle by the retreat of the German armies, and on the face of it the decision finally attained was a military decision. The laurels of Foch and his paladins are secure.

And yet, it is equally clear that there were many factors not strictly military, which contributed directly to the military victory. The economic pressure upon the German people and armies cannot be forgotten. The generals reported that their soldiers left the ranks in France in search of food. In Germany, Scheidemann stated that everywhere workmen were beginning to say, 'Better a terrible end than terrors without end.' And there is ample evidence that, long before the German attack of July 1918 failed, and Foch began his counter-offensive, the spirit of the people had been seriously touched by the pacifist propagandists, who almost invariably used arguments based upon Wilson's appeals. Henry Crosby Emery, then a prisoner in Germany, has stated that in June he found the shopkeepers and professional classes convinced that all hope of military victory had vanished and that the only possibility of avoiding complete disaster lay in utilizing Wilson as intercessor with the Allies, before the chance disappeared.

General Ludendorff may be cited as a witness to the effect of declining morale at home upon the ability of the army to carry through the campaign of 1918, both in its offensive and its defensive phases. He wanted soldiers with which to support his great attacks of March and April: 'More recruits could have been raised,' he says, 'if the fighting spirit had been stronger at home. It was on this spirit that the ultimate decision depended — but it failed.' And

again he complains that while he was whipping up the spirit of his troops, 'nothing had been done to strengthen the warlike spirit at home. . . . The large mass of the people was unaffected, caught in the toils of enemy propaganda. . . . The nation could no longer brace the nerves of the army; it was already devouring its marrow.' And in April 1918, before the drive upon the Chemin des Dames: 'I had many conversations with officers of all ranks and they all complained of the tired and discontented spirit which was being brought into the army from home. The leave-men had all been exposed to the influence of agitators, and the new drafts had a bad influence on discipline. All this was lowering the fighting value of the army. . . . It has always been an article of my creed that army and people have but one body and one soul and that the army cannot remain sound forever if the people is diseased.' We must remind ourselves that this was while the German armies were still triumphant, before the successful advance upon the Marne, more than two months before the British victories of August, which Ludendorff notes as beginning the 'last phase.'

The very difficulty of determining to what degree Germany's defeat was purely military in character and how far it resulted from other factors, indirect perhaps, but of indubitable significance, has given rise to a controversy which is apparently closely connected with the question of responsibility. There are those who lay stress upon the military victories of Foch, except for which, as they assert, there would have been no revolution and no yielding to an acceptance of Wilsonian principles. Wilson's assurances of a just peace, they aver, are irrelevant since they were premised upon an early surrender; Wilson himself had stipulated that, if the Germans held to their Imperialist

masters, they could expect nothing but force, without stint or limit. It was not until the war was irretrievably lost that they 'clutched at the Fourteen Points like drowning men at a straw.'

Those who hold this opinion quote Bernstorff, as they might have quoted other German civilians anxious to place the blame upon the military leaders. The former Ambassador states distinctly that the Germans did not lay down their arms through any love for the Fourteen Points. 'This is a falsification of history,' says von Bernstorff, 'as everyone knows who was present at the negotiations. We laid down our arms because Army Headquarters urgently asked it to avoid catastrophe, and only then we called for President Wilson's help in connection with his Fourteen Points.' If this is true, so argue many American editors and so Bernstorff admits, there can be no question of a betrayal of Germany by President Wilson, since Germany was already defeated and helpless when she asked for an armistice; and whatever terms might be granted her would be in the nature of grace and by no means in fulfillment of an obligation.

On the other hand there are those, and in Germany their name is legion, fully convinced that the German Government yielded in accordance with Wilson's promises and while the army was yet undefeated in the field. They quote Ludendorff (certainly not himself entirely unprejudiced since he is anxious to transfer the blame for the catastrophe to the shoulders of the civil leaders) to show that the military force was still ready and able to continue the struggle when Prince Max agreed to the conditions laid down by President Wilson in his notes preceding the armistice. Ludendorff asserts that on October 17, discussing Wilson's note asking whether Germany had really democ-

ratized her government, he told the Chancellor that the case of the army was far from hopeless. 'Of the Western front I repeated what I had said on October 10: "I regard a break-through as possible, but not probable. If you ask me on my conscience, I can only answer that I do not expect it." . . . Our troops had done what we expected of them. The enemy's strength in attack seemed to be falling off. The majority of the German people were ready and willing to sacrifice the last of their strength to the army and it was the duty of the Government to carry out this sacrifice.'

The Government, however, refused to accept the demand of Ludendorff for a final appeal to the people and a last-ditch stand, which, so the General asserted, might save the Fatherland. 'Part of war is luck,' he told the Government, 'and luck may come Germany's way again.' Instead, they decided to accept the conditions laid down by Wilson's notes. Hence, according to the current theory in Germany, the responsibility rested on Mr. Wilson to fulfill the conditions in the final settlement. His failure so to do, the Germans insist, constitutes a betrayal.

IV

Fortunately in this welter of opinion there is one definite fact to which we can tie. What Mr. Wilson offered Germany in his October notes, in answer to their request for an armistice, was not peace or even an armistice, but merely the privilege of applying to the Allies for an armistice. Thus, in his note of October 23, the President, acknowledging Germany's assurance that she accepts unreservedly his peace terms, says merely: 'The President of the United States feels that he cannot decline to take up with the Governments with which the Government of

the United States is associated the question of an armistice.'

Not until November 5 was any definite offer made to Germany of an armistice or peace. On that date Mr. Wilson sent to Berlin a note stating that he had transmitted to the Allied Governments his correspondence with Germany; and that he had suggested that, if they were disposed to accept peace upon the terms and principles indicated, their military advisers and those of the United States be asked to submit the necessary terms of 'such an armistice as would fully protect the interests of the peoples involved and ensure to the associated Governments the unrestricted power to safeguard and enforce the details of the peace to which the German Government has agreed, provided they deem such an armistice possible from the military point of view.' In view of the agreement (with qualifications) of the Allied Governments, Mr. Wilson further informed the Germans that Marshal Foch would receive their accredited representatives and communicate the terms of an armistice.

This note is of vital importance. 'It constitutes the formal and written offer of the Allied and Associated States to conclude with Germany (a) an armistice convention, and (b) a treaty of peace. This offer, it is conceived, was accepted by Germany by the act of sending representatives through military channels, to meet Marshal Foch for the purpose of arranging an armistice. By the acceptance of the offer a solemn Agreement was reached which served, both morally and legally, as the basis of the armistice convention and the treaty of peace.'¹

The note of November 5 contains the text of the memorandum of observations by the Allied Governments on the

¹ TEMPERLEY: *A History of the Peace Conference of Paris*, I, 382.

correspondence between President Wilson and Germany. In this memorandum those Governments 'declare their willingness to make peace with the Government of Germany on the terms of peace laid down in the President's Address of January 8, 1918 [the Fourteen Points], and the principles of settlement enunciated in his subsequent Addresses,' subject to two qualifications. These reserve complete liberty as regards the 'freedom of the seas,' and interpret 'restoration of invaded territory' as meaning that 'compensation will be made by Germany for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea, and from the air.' To these qualifications President Wilson agreed.

Both the Allied and Associated Powers and the Germans accepted this pre-armistice agreement as the basis of the peace. The protests of the German delegation against the Versailles Treaty in May 1919 were based upon their allegation that the Treaty was not in accord with the principles of the agreement. The Allied and Associated Powers, although they denied the validity of the allegation, explicitly acknowledged the validity of the basis: 'The Allied and Associated Powers are in complete accord with the German delegation in their insistence that the basis for the negotiation of the treaty of peace is to be found in the correspondence which immediately preceded the signing of the Armistice of November 11, 1918.'²

Great credit again must be assigned to Colonel House for his services in the attainment of unanimity among the Allied and Associated Powers in laying down the pre-armistice conditions. The representatives of France, Great

Britain, and Italy were loath to accept the Fourteen Points and it was only by dint of the exercise of his most persuasive faculties, not unmixed with the sort of threats which that astute diplomat knew how to make without ruffling the temper of his colleagues, that he finally secured their adhesion. It was the fulfillment of Wilson's policy, which had aimed at first breaking Germany's morale and then winning the European Powers to the plan of a peace of reconciliation based on Wilsonian doctrines. The advantage to Germany was obvious, and at the time Germans rejoiced that the Entente, as well as the United States, had committed themselves by the agreement. As Bernstorff later wrote, 'We got by it a moral right.' He might have added, a legal right.

V

Germany thus surrendered, not unconditionally nor upon the basis of vague promises and assurances made by President Wilson, but upon the basis of a formal agreement with the Allied and Associated Powers. It is true that the content of the agreement was nothing other than the principles enunciated by Mr. Wilson, modified slightly by two reservations. But responsibility rested not upon the President, who had not entered into any separate agreement with Germany, but upon the Allied and Associated Powers. Insofar as he had previously incurred any moral responsibility in the assurances given the Germans, that responsibility was now transferred to the Powers, and the German Government by accepting the pre-armistice agreement as the basis of the peace implicitly recognized that fact. As chief of one of the Powers, President Wilson might still be regarded as sharing to that extent the obligations contained in the Note of November 5. But any attempt

² *Reply of the Allied and Associated Powers to the Observations of the German Delegation on the conditions of peace*, p. 2.

to place upon his shoulders an undivided responsibility for the fulfillment of such obligations rests upon a distortion of historical fact.

The thesis that Germany was lured into surrender by President Wilson and then betrayed by him into the hands of France can thus hardly be maintained. She laid down her arms, possibly in disregard of the counsel of desperation given by Ludendorff, certainly on the basis of an understanding with all the Allied and Associated Powers. She was warned that the terms would be severe, although she might expect that they would be just insofar as there was justice in the Fourteen Points. The fact that the thesis of betrayal is so widely held in Germany is merely evidence of the extent to which the passions of war and its aftermath can distort intellectual processes.

If one raises the question of the responsibility of all the Powers to Germany, a different and a separate problem must be faced. How far did the Allied and Associated Powers fulfill or evade the obligations of the pre-armistice agreement when they imposed the Versailles Treaty upon Germany? It is a question the answers to which have already filled many volumes. This much may be said for Wilson's liquidation of America's share in the joint obligation: it was chiefly through his efforts, and von Bernstorff admits it, that Germany was not permanently despoiled of the Rhineland and Saar; it was due to his firmness that the hideous total of indirect war costs was not added to the bill of indemnity which France and Great Britain desired to present.

There is, indeed, a larger responsi-

bility that rests upon American shoulders of which President Wilson was acutely aware, a moral obligation for the fulfillment of which he strove gallantly to the end. It is not of a legal nature, but he looked upon it as compelling. During the war and in the making of the peace, one principle was assumed as valid by all American leaders: the principle of solidarity with our associates in the war. It was affirmed by Mr. Wilson, it was reaffirmed with equal or greater emphasis by Senator Lodge. We would not desert them during the war nor would we make a separate peace.

That principle of solidarity we destroyed, regardless of the appeals of President Wilson. By our withdrawal before the settlement was complete, before the job was done, we encouraged Germany to evasions and left France in a position where she had no recourse but the exercise of her own force. In deference to the principle of solidarity, France and Great Britain had both made serious concessions, yielding major war aims to the American demand for a peace that pointed the way to a new international order. Such concessions on the part of the Entente were made always upon the assumption of continued American coöperation. America did not fulfill her side of the implied bargain. We left our associates who had carried on the struggle for two and a half years before our entrance into the war, and we made a separate peace with Germany. In this situation is to be found an unfulfilled obligation to those who fought by our side in the war, beside which our responsibility to our late enemy would, in any event, sink to infinitesimal proportions.

INTELLECTUAL CURRENTS IN CONTEMPORARY GERMANY

BY KUNO FRANCKE

ALL that I have to say about the intellectual life of the Germany of to-day may be summed up by a word of Nietzsche's: 'The Germans have as yet no to-day; they are of the day before yesterday and of the day after to-morrow.' For perhaps never has the tragic truth of this word been more impressively revealed than now.

It is indeed hard to see how the German of to-day can obtain a view of the present in any way satisfying or acceptable. Wherever he looks, he sees popular misery, foreign oppression, national disintegration and decay. How, then, could it be otherwise but that the whole trend of contemporary German thought should turn either toward the shades of the past or the yet unborn forms of the future?

I

Memories of the past are naturally uppermost in the minds of the older generation, especially that part of it which preëminently shared in the splendor of the Wilhelminian age: the bureaucracy, the army and navy, the university professors, the landed and industrial aristocracy. How everything seemed to flourish and progress in the powerful Empire founded by the Iron Chancellor! German industry and commerce encircled the globe. German city administration was recognized all over the world as an unequaled model of civic efficiency and integrity. The social legislation of the

Empire assured to the German working class a material basis of living such as no other country offered. The universal military service guaranteed a bodily vigor of the broad masses and a widely diffused sense of public duty, perhaps more sharply pronounced than anywhere else. The German universities and polytechnics were unquestionably the most productive institutions of research in the world and attracted a body of students who in methodical training and thoroughness of scholarship surpassed the youth of most other countries. The cultivation of art, particularly of music and the stage, was valued in a much higher degree than elsewhere as a public task, and had led in the widest circles of the population to a susceptibility to artistic impressions and to an intensity of interest in æsthetic questions which again had hardly a parallel among other peoples.

That this mighty empire and this brilliant civilization rested after all upon feet of clay, that they had been put in the service of a policy which ignored the fundamental conditions of healthy progress, respect for personal freedom and earnest desire for international brotherhood, and therefore was bound to conjure up fatal conflicts within and without — this is a truth which was hardly realized even by the most enlightened before the war. That its realization to-day should come particularly hard to those who themselves were instruments of that policy — the intellectuals of

the old régime — is easy to understand. And yet, what a service could these intellectuals have rendered to the young struggling German Republic, and thereby to the Fatherland, if they, particularly the teachers in the Gymnasias and the university professors, had wholeheartedly accepted the new political responsibilities which the collapse of the old order brought for them; if they had earnestly pledged themselves to the Weimar Constitution and the ideals of popular government contained in it; if they had made themselves the mouthpiece of an enlightened internationalism. Instead of that, a defiant pessimism seems to have settled upon the minds of most of these men. They take no part in the efforts to substitute a new public consciousness for the played-out monarchy; they ascribe all popular misery to what they call Socialist misrule or Jewish conspiracy; they rail at all measures of internal reform; they clamor for a return to Bismarckian principles; they even acclaim the methods of a Ludendorff.

From this atmosphere of resentment and despair there has arisen the book which as no other work of scholarship has fascinated German readers of the last half decade: Oswald Spengler's *Doom of the Occident* (*Der Untergang des Abendlandes*). That this book is in its way an extraordinary achievement cannot be gainsaid. It is a brilliant speculative survey of the higher life of the European nations, including their Oriental predecessors and winding up with the present. It is saturated with learning, it presents a vast amount of organized material, it abounds in striking characterizations both of individual figures and of general movements. Its most original contribution to the philosophy of history is, however, the pervading thought of a contrast between culture and civilization.

The customary division of European

history into ancient, mediæval, and modern times Spengler replaces by the conception of a multitude of individual, autochthonous cultures, each of which has its own 'soul'; and the customary assumption of a continuity of development from one national culture to another he replaces by the thesis that each individual culture completes its own circle of life separately, from infancy to manhood, senility, and utter extinction. The senile age of culture is civilization; in other words, civilization is that stage of human development when the soul-life of a given culture has become torpid, when unconscious production has been hardened into conscious reflection, when the dynamic has given way to the mechanic, when science takes the place of art, when the chief concern is no longer the creation of ideas, but only their diffusion among the largest possible number of people.

The rise and decay of three indigenous cultures Spengler singles out for particular study, the life-span of each of which he estimates at about a thousand years: Græco-Roman culture, ending with the Augustan age; Arab culture, having its roots in the same soil that brought forth Christianity, and withering away about the eleventh century; Occidental culture, rising in the eleventh century and now nearing its doom. The 'soul' of Græco-Roman culture he designates as Apollinic; the 'soul' of Arab culture as magic; the 'soul' of Occidental culture as Faust-like. With special emphasis he contrasts the first and the last of these types with each other. The Apollinic soul consists in calm and clarity, the Faust-like soul in unrest and longing. Græco-Roman culture consequently finds its highest expression in the mastery of the finite, Occidental culture in the striving for the infinite. The genius of the former is plastic, the

genius of the latter musical. The universe of the former is Ptolemaic, the universe of the latter Copernican. The one produces Euclidean geometry, the other the differential calculus of Leibniz. The one leads to the Aristotelian philosophy of the actual, the other to Kantian Transcendentalism. In short, in every sphere of life a fundamental contrast between classical and modern culture.

But this very polarity of their psychic character brings out all the more clearly the parallelism in the external development of these two — as indeed of all — individual cultures in rise and decay. With Alexander the Great, Greek culture entered upon its senility; it turned into civilization; it no longer produced new ideas, but only put the old ideas into wider circulation. The senile age of Occidental culture set in at the beginning of the nineteenth century, with Napoleonic imperialism. The Faust-like soul of the Occident has lived itself out. It has realized all its possibilities. It has exhausted itself in philosophy and religion, in art and science. The only work left is collecting and classifying what has been achieved and applying it to practical purposes. Not the creation of new ideals of culture, but a life in the service of civilization is the demand of the hour. And the only hope of the future lies in a new Cæsar or a generation of Cæsars able to weld all the forces of civilization into one mighty mechanism which will keep automatically in motion until it wears out.

‘If under the impression of this book’ — these are Spengler’s own words — ‘youths of the new generation should turn to the hammer instead of the pen, to the rudder instead of the brush, to politics instead of metaphysics, they would do what I wish, and I could not wish anything better for them.’ Without sentimental wail-

ings to prepare ourselves for the coming doom is the only becoming thing. ‘The ancient world died without foreboding its death. We know our history. We shall die with full consciousness; we shall follow all the stages of our own dissolution with the keen eye of the experienced physician.’

No wonder that the brilliant paradoxes and daring affirmations of Spengler, in a time dark with despair, were welcomed and feverishly consumed as a sort of soporific. But it certainly cannot be said that this self-constituted physician of his age has contributed much to its health. What the world — and especially Germany — needs to-day is a new faith, a new hope of the future. All the intellectual and moral forces of the people should be summoned to the service of inner regeneration. The conviction should be planted in all hearts that from the ruin of the old Germany a new and better Germany must arise. Spengler does everything he can to stifle this conviction. Rooted solely in the past, he has lost the sense for the meaning of the present, and the future is a blank to him. He, the admirer of Greek tragedy, the keen student of Shakespeare, the reveler in Bach and Beethoven, the disciple of Goethe and Nietzsche, demands from his contemporaries that they renounce all higher aspirations and strivings and chain themselves, in fatalistic contempt of the world, to the practical routine of the day. Why? Because he thinks the age doomed to perdition; because he believes that the death knell of Occidental culture has struck. For the sake of this whim, like a modern Cato, he calls upon his fellow countrymen to commit moral suicide.

II

Fortunately, a more productive form of relief from the distressing present

than this exclusive dwelling in the past is afforded by the innate German love of work and the innate German interest in the affairs of the spirit, which have stood the test even of the desperate material conditions of to-day. The mental concentration which enabled Spengler to bring to its consummation, in the midst of national disaster, a work of such massive learning and such marked originality is itself a striking illustration of this fact. But it is not an isolated illustration.

Nothing perhaps is a greater surprise to the American traveling in Germany to-day than the undiminished scientific and artistic zeal making itself felt everywhere. Large museum buildings, such as the Pergamon Museum and the German Museum at Berlin, are, in spite of all difficulties, being slowly carried forward toward completion. Last autumn the city of Augsburg devoted a whole week to the study of Romanticism, through addresses of prominent scholars on Romantic literature, exhibitions of Romantic painting, and performances of the works of Romantic composers and dramatists. This winter, even the smaller German cities offer a regular repertoire of drama and opera far exceeding in seriousness and dignity theatrical conditions in Boston or Chicago. And professors of many different German universities were unanimous in telling me last summer that they never had had such students as now. A feverish thirst for learning, they said, seemed to have taken possession of them; and no privations or hardships, no unheated rooms, no lack of light, no empty stomachs, no threadbare clothes, no difficulties in obtaining a book or scientific instrument, no hard bodily work in factories or warehouses could dampen the enthusiasm with which these youths plunged into intellectual pursuits. It was natural that under

pressure of economic distress a majority of the students should turn to the technical and exact sciences; but the humanistic studies also, such as philosophy, history of literature, history of art, showed no marked decrease in numbers and surpassed former times by the ardor and devotion of their followers.

These testimonies of professors are borne out by many manifestations of university life that have come to my notice: artistic achievements such as the annual Händel festivals at Göttingen; welfare movements such as the widespread activity of student organizations in support of Professor Damaschke's schemes of land-holding reform; moral efforts such as the propaganda of the Eucken Alliance for cultivation of liberal and enlightened religious views — all symptoms of an academic idealism which in the midst of national collapse stands out for the reconstruction and heightening of individual life.

It was my good fortune, twice during the last few years, to take part in an academic celebration which revealed in a most impressive manner this spirit of unquenchable idealism: the so-called *Kieler Herbstwoche für Kunst und Wissenschaft* (Kiel Autumnal Week for Art and Science). Well known is the old *Kieler Woche*, an international regatta instituted by the former Emperor as a German counterpart to the famous 'Cowes Week.' Twelve years ago, I was present at this old *Kieler Woche*, and I shall never forget the fine June day when from the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern I saw the beautiful Kiel harbor before me filled with the vessels of all nations, a large part of the German navy arrayed in gala formation, the flags flying from all steeples and houses of the town, and a festive multitude crowding the shores and the streets. Then came the war and the

collapse. But in the autumn of 1920 I could witness the first new *Kieler Woche* — not an imperial naval review and sporting event, but a feast of science and art, arranged by the University and the City of Kiel, and supported by eminent scholars and artists from all over Germany. In the deserted harbor there lay the last sad remnants of what had once been the proud German navy; the last great German floating dock was being put in readiness for the tugs that were to tow it away to England; from the distance there were heard the dull reports of the blasting of the surrounding forts. But all this did not seem to affect the people of Kiel. Again the city had put on its array of flags; again a festive crowd moved through the streets; and young and old, high and low seemed bent only upon showing what this new *Kieler Woche* was to be: a holiday of the spirit.

The festivities began on Saturday evening with a private performance, by members of the University, of Goethe's little allegorical play, *Palæophron and Neoterpe* — the old time and the new conversing with each other and forming a covenant for the future. On Sunday morning there were special services in all the churches, in the afternoon a performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, in the evening Hauptmann's *Weavers*. And then there followed six days of such a wealth of intellectual and spiritual treats as it is hard to describe. Every forenoon an address by some leading man from the foremost of German universities, beginning with Einstein on the theory of relativity and ending with the Rector of Bonn University on the comparative study of law. Every afternoon some symphony or oratorio. And every evening both a drama and an opera of the highest rank, the dramas leading from Goethe's *Egmont* to Byron's *Manfred*,

the operas culminating in Wagner's *Meistersinger*. Never have I seen an audience stirred to such a height of feeling as at this performance of the *Meistersinger*. It seemed as if Hans Sachs, represented by Feinhals of Munich with perfect art, was instinctively felt to be the embodiment of the very best in German character, its simplicity, purity, earnestness, its proud modesty, and its moral strength. He was joyously acclaimed as the genius of his people, as a pledge of the national future. One forgot the stage; one forgot the anguish of the present; one seemed to see a time when Germany, drawing forth new life from the deepest roots of her being, will again take her place, admired and beloved, among the nations.

Last autumn I had again the privilege of sharing in this University Week of my native town. One hardly sees how it was possible to plan such a celebration under the present chaotic conditions of German life, and one cannot admire enough the courage which inspired the organizers to the following announcement of their programme: —

Joy has become a rare guest amongst us; economic and political disasters threaten to crush us. And yet we have dared, this year also, in simple forms befitting the time, to arrange an autumnal week for Art and Science. For more than ever do we need an opportunity to lift ourselves, through earnest introspection and noble enjoyment, above the cares of the day.

This time there were no flags from the housetops, there was no festive crowd in the streets. But again a number of other German universities had sent their representatives, again actors and singers from the foremost German theatres took part, and again a programme of genuine worth was carried through. The academic ad-

dresses related for the most part to the age of the Renaissance and the Reformation. The musical part was in the main a memorial tribute to Max Reger: his widow had been invited as a guest of honor, and almost every day brought a performance, mostly in churches, of one of his great compositions. The dramatic series began with *King Lear* and led through Strindberg's *Spectre-Sonata* and a dramatization of Holbein's *Dance of Death* to Hugo von Hofmannsthal's *Everyman*. In short, this time also the Kieler Herbstwoche contained enough of beauty and thought to raise both contributors and recipients to a higher level and to impart to them strength for the inevitable sufferings of cruel reality.

'We need such a store of food for the coming winter' was one of the touching words of thanks which I heard after an address which I myself had been permitted to deliver during this week.

III

All the academic efforts thus far considered are after all only makeshifts or diversions. They contain nothing essentially new; they derive strength from the ideals and achievements of former generations. But there is no lack of efforts in contemporary Germany which at least make the claim of offering something essentially new and of pointing the way from the misery of the present to a freer and nobler conception of humanity.

Three remarkable men who, each in his own way, stand for this new ideal of life I shall attempt briefly to characterize: Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster, Rudolf Steiner, and Count Hermann Keyserling.

Foerster is a much-disputed figure. To some he is anathema, a traitor to his country; by others he is acclaimed

as a leader and as a prophet of true national greatness. Perhaps he has gone too far in his condemnation of German policy of the last decades — at least during the war it would have been wiser not to seem to abet the defamation of Germany by her enemies. But a genuine patriot Foerster is, nevertheless, and the martyrdom of conviction surrounds him with the halo of tragic experience.

For him, the salvation of Germany lies in the radical turning away from the Bismarckian policy of centralization and the appeal to might. Germany, he thinks, by her national temper as well as by her geographical position is predestined to become the great mediator in European life. Federalism, in his opinion, was always the fundamental principle of German internal politics; and in foreign affairs the tolerant and cosmopolitan German was naturally averse both to the narrow, centralized nationalism of the French, and to the harsh imperialism of the English. The imitation of these altogether un-German tendencies by the Prussian monarchy had been the ruin of the German State. In the first place externally. For by the appeal to might, a people living in the midst of neighboring rivals was bound to condemn itself to being overpowered by them; in its own interest it should have appealed to reason instead of to might. But spiritually also Bismarckian policy had damaged and impoverished the German people by forcing the wealth of its tribal individualities into the rigid pattern of militarism.

From these aberrations the German soul must be freed. The individual German must become again what he was in the classic age of German culture: a citizen of the world. And German policy must find its highest task in helping to lay the foundation of a true League of Nations.

In order to save ourselves from becoming the centre of war between East and West, we must become the centre of peace. In view of the tremendous tension of the present world situation, the aim of the new German policy must be everywhere to unite and adjust instead of splitting up and intriguing. We must, with tact and loyalty, see to it that the German question is not going to sow discord between the other Governments. In every dissension we must honestly work for European unity and for world accord. On every occasion — even in questions that do not affect us immediately — we must try to smooth out the difficulties of our former enemies, and in every individual case we must help all parties to arrive at a morally fruitful compromise. A German foreign policy of this sort would at once be recognized as a blessing to the world. Through it we should atone for the dynamite policy of the former, militaristic Germany; we should open new paths to all other nations. Thus the one forcibly disarmed people might save the rest of the world from its own armaments.

In the face of the policy of conquest and oppression which the present, militaristic France is pursuing on the Rhine and Ruhr, such words as these will appear to many as the childlike fancies of a day-dreamer. And yet, do they not spring from motives which ought to become general — motives which, if made general, would indeed usher in a new and better era of humanity? And would the vanquished and mutilated Germany not achieve a moral victory more glorious than her military defeat was crushing, if she indeed succeeded by such a policy of reconciliation in kindling that same spirit in her former enemies? A liberating force these thoughts are in any case. They free from the dull pressure of suffering by making us see the meaning of suffering. They turn our glance toward ideals, the mere pursuit of which, irrespective of success or failure, sets all the highest instincts of our being in motion.

Rudolf Steiner also — the originator of the German variety of contemporary theosophical thought — aims at the creation of a new consciousness of international solidarity. It is significant that he should call his system of ideas, not theosophy but anthroposophy — science of man, not of God. He shares with the Indo-English-American theosophists the belief in the spirituality of the universe and the striving for an ever heightened spiritualization of the individual. But he is distinguished from them by holding aloof from all manner of occultism and by the absorption of the whole tradition of German intellectual history. The name 'Goetheanum,' borne by the central sanctuary of the widely spread communities of his followers, is a visible symbol of his intellectual breadth. And much more energetically than any of his spiritual brethren of other nationalities he devotes himself to the problems of social reform.

Here again it is symptomatic of the course which a considerable current of contemporary German thought is taking, that Steiner also sees the deepest cause of the German collapse in the overstraining of the national conception of the State. The German State, according to him, had encroached arbitrarily upon the other two principal spheres of public activity, the industrial and the cultural. The urgent need of to-day, therefore, is to make the three fundamental forms of social life — State, industry, and culture — independent of each other, and to recognize each of these forms in its individuality and special task. The State, Steiner thinks, has to do only with the legal relation of man to man, or, as Super-State, with the legal relation of people to people. If it tries, itself, to carry on industrial enterprises, if it tries to regulate intellectual production, then it loses thereby the power to

fulfill its own mission, the nonpartisan administration of justice; it becomes party itself; nay, it becomes the tyrant of society.

This was indeed, according to Steiner, the condition of Germany before the war. Brilliant as was the development of German industry during the last fifty years, industry, through its close connection with the State, had become an instrument of politics and had thereby called forth political frictions all over the world. And even the much-admired social legislation of the Empire, the invalid and old-age insurance, had been robbed of its inner worth by the fact that it was planned as a political measure for the curbing of Social Democracy and therefore failed to win over the hearts of the laboring class.

Steiner takes a similar view of the scientific and artistic production and the whole educational system of the old Empire. Schools, universities, and academies of art were, in his opinion, only too often managed as breeding-places of a particular set of political views, and, in so far as this was the case, were made to serve purposes alien to their real task. In spite of their undoubted technical efficiency and in spite of many individual achievements of research made possible by them, they accordingly — as a whole — fell short of the chief goal of all education: the creation of a free, broad, unbiased, universally human conception of life. In a word, great as were the successes achieved by the German Empire during the last fifty years, by concentrating the energy of a whole people upon the immediately attainable and the nationally useful, this Empire has not fulfilled a far-reaching and lasting international mission.

It is for the defeated and humiliated Germany to fulfill such a mission, by emancipating the three fundamental

forms of social life from each other. A State which limits its activity to safeguarding equal rights for all, which does not aspire to being an industrial overlord or an intellectual dictator, is certain in its relation with other countries likewise to avoid encroachment upon legitimate rights. An industrial system which does not serve political interests is certain to carry on its intercourse with foreign industrial systems in the spirit of international compromise, not of international threats. An intellectual life which is permitted to develop without any political interference, spontaneously and from within, is certain to seek out its kindred in other countries also and, by amalgamating with them, to help in producing a truly international mind and a living consciousness of the unity of the human race.

Here lie the most portentous, and the most hopeful, tasks of the German future.

Count Keyserling is the most brilliant of the three men considered here in common. The spirited observer of life who in happier days traveled around the globe in order to find himself, who, after the return to his ancestral estate in Esthonia, was plunged through the war into the conflict between his German blood and allegiance to a hostile Government, and finally, through the Russian revolution, was bereft of everything and sent into exile, has now for years placed himself resolutely and without reserve in the service of European reconstruction; and from his 'School of Wisdom' in Darmstadt, from before the very gates of foreign oppression and misrule, there come forth ever new words of life and inspiration.

Keyserling is not, like Foerster, an unconditional pacifist; the repulse of attacks upon the foundations of na-

tional existence is for him a matter of course. Nor is he, like Foerster and Steiner, an absolute opponent of the Bismarckian conception of the State. But the past is for him something irrevocably dead; he condemns any attempt to restore its forms; he lives altogether in the future; in the present he sees only and wants to see only the new emerging from the ruins of the old.

He says: —

Perhaps never before was a people, as a thing of the past, so entirely done for as the German people to-day. The heroic figures of its great tradition are gone; the representatives of its most recent past have proved incapable of satisfying the demands of a new spirit of the times. Neither the Prussian officer, nor the official, nor the professor, nor even the technical expert, as traditional types, can be depended upon as leaders in the work of reconstruction. But on the other hand, never before did a people in like circumstances bear so much future in itself. It is the most youthful, most virile, most promising people of all Europe. Thanks to the breadth of its intellectual basis and to the afflux of fresh elements through the immigration of exiled Germans from abroad, it has suffered less in quality through the war than most other belligerents.

Now its task is to understand its character and its mission correctly and to remodel its type accordingly. Since types are creations of the spirit, such a remodeling is always possible; and Germans are particularly easy to remodel, since no other people is so easily influenced by ideas. If Germany remodels herself in accordance with the needs of the time, then her speedy rise is beyond all question. For she has before her a goal of such tremendous import that all the experiences of the past pale before it.

What is this goal? Keyserling has tried to answer this question chiefly from two points of view, the political and the industrial.

The assurance of a great political task of Germany for the new Europe

Keyserling finds, paradoxically, in the essentially unpolitical character of the German people. Politics, in the diplomatic sense of the word, as a manifestation of the national craving for power, is doomed — he thinks — to play in the future only a secondary rôle.

Inadequate as have been, hitherto, the attempts to regulate the relations of countries with each other through the resort to an international court, the whole development of modern civilization nevertheless inevitably leads to the conception of humanity as a unit, within which the claims of individual nations for power must be subordinated to the law of the whole. The rule of might is therefore bound more and more to lose caste, to appear as something second-rate, something out of date.

Now the German character is conspicuously unfit for wielding might; and it was a fatal mistake of the Wilhelminian age not to have taken account of this national peculiarity. In spite of Nietzsche's hysterical cries for power and mastery, the German character stands, essentially, not for power and mastery but for insight and understanding. The average German likes to adapt himself rather than to rule; he is less organizing than organizable; his patriotism — in so far as it is not simply feeling for home — rests not so much on pride in political dominion as on appreciation of æsthetic and spiritual creations. The chief motives of his moral conduct are truthfulness, conscientiousness, objectivity, respect for higher values, diligence, joy of work — in other words, the less the German is fitted to be a politician, the more valuable is he as a citizen.

The political service of the German people for Europe should therefore consist in demonstrating the superiority

of citizenship over politics, by creating a model democracy and a model socialistic State. The old State has paved the way for such a change in many directions. What is needed now is to instill a new spirit, the spirit of freedom, into the old organization; to break entirely away from the principle of class; to appraise the workman, not as a marketable commodity, but as a member of society; and thus, not so much to fulfill the Socialistic party programme as to carry out the fundamental principle of Socialism: that every man must be treated, not only as a means to an end, but above all as an end in himself.

This task of supreme importance could and should be accomplished by Germany, the only land of the Occident where knowledge predominates over the will, where everyone has his own individual view of the world and guides his own activity thereby. If, however, Germany does accomplish this task, then she is sure of an immense proselyting power. For everywhere in the Occidental world there exists the same longing for this new life; and it is only a question of where first it will come to fulfillment.

An equally wide horizon Count Keyserling opens up to the German people in industrial life. Not only the policy of might is — as we have heard — destined to play a comparatively subordinate part in international affairs of the future; the State itself is bound to lose more and more in importance as compared with the great industrial combinations.

Even before the war the internal balance of power had shifted in this direction. The greatness of England rested to no small degree in the fact that she had fallen behind politically in so far as the idea of Empire was borne, besides the State, by a variety of other free organizations. America's marvelous rise resulted largely from the circumstance that there the State left

leadership in industrial development to the enterprise of private corporations. As to Germany, her true power among the nations — which was far greater than most Germans knew — did not rest so much upon her army, which after all was only continental, as upon the fine meshes of her industrial cobweb, spanning the globe; and this power was destroyed only because the German Government carried on a policy inimical to the true interests of German industry, so that the true power of the country was overruled by the spirit of what in reality was the most insignificant and impotent part of the national body.

To-day the defeated, feeble, bankrupt German State is not in a position to take part in national reconstruction in any other way beyond what has already been indicated: the suffusion of public life with democratic and socialistic ideals. The actual task of reconstruction lies with the leaders of industry, the heads of the great private corporations. The Syndicate of the 'Associated German Industries' means more than Government and Reichstag put together. Now the interests of these industrial combinations themselves demand supra-national agreement. For them, more than for any other group of society, it is a question of the reconstruction — not of any single people, but of Europe. In their own interest, therefore, they must work for international reconciliation, for a real peace.

The great question of to-day is, Will the German industrial leaders be equal to their task? Will they be conscious of the fact that they are not private individuals, but rulers responsible to the national conscience and responsible for the national welfare? Will they refuse in common with the invaders of the Ruhr to enslave German workingmen and to sell German sovereignty of German soil? Will they see that the moment has come for them

to demonstrate by great acts their right to assume the leadership formerly left to the State? In other words, will they save the German national dignity and the German soil? Will they actually carry out the socialization of the State, demanded by the age? Will they, by genuine international fraternization, permanently secure the peace of Europe?

Should the industrial leaders fail to live up to this momentous task, should they for personal gain sacrifice national sovereignty and the vital interests of the German workmen, then Germany's last hour has come, then Bolshevism will destroy the last vestiges of German greatness of the past. But if the leaders of industry grasp the momentousness of their task and show themselves equal to it, then a new era of German achievements in industrial life also is assured. For it was her industrial organization which gave Germany her leadership before the war. If this organization now fills itself with the new spirit of democracy and of international accord, if thereby it comes to be the embodiment of the collective work of the whole people and the foremost representative of European unity, then Germany will be able — not as heretofore isolated, but in conjunction with the rest of the world — to employ her best strength.

Not only the Prussian but also the nationalistic period of German history belongs irrevocably to the past. But it means more and is more fruitful to be a foremost part of progressive humanity than to maintain one's self against all other nations. It means more to work for the benefit of all than for one's self alone. In the new, industrially united world the best qualities of the German mind will soon assert themselves and will bring back to Germany the human leadership which, in other forms, she had in the classic epoch of our literature and philosophy.

Men like Foerster, Steiner, and Keyserling are perhaps too prone to overlook the obstacles which block the way to the goal seen afar from the height of their intuitive hopes. Surely, only the purest faith and the most exalted self-renunciation will be able to pass unscathed through the ordeals which beset the path of the German future from all sides. But even though the immediate future is dark, it means much to have men of this stamp point to the distant peaks on the horizon. And the constantly widening influence which particularly Count Keyserling, as the outstanding intellectual figure of to-day, is exerting upon the German mind seems a pledge that the remaking of the national type for which he and his kind are working is bound to become a reality.

THE SCANDINAVIAN COUNTRIES SINCE THE WAR

BY CHARLES E. STANGELAND

I

A FEW years ago it was possible to make use of one of the Scandinavian languages in the Finnish railway station in Petrograd. If one continued one's journeying westward, the same language served all purposes until one reached the shores of Greenland. In Finnish towns and cities Swedish was spoken by practically all educated people, and partly understood by perhaps most of the people, though only about one tenth of the population of Finland is Swedish. In the new independent country of Iceland people speak Icelandic generally, but Danish is quite commonly used also. If one regards Finland as partly Swedish in language, culture, and tradition, one may count about twelve million people in the Scandinavian part of the world, including therein Sweden, Norway, Denmark, the Farö Islands, Iceland, and Greenland.

In each of the Scandinavian countries strong nationalist trends were apparent long before the war; but the great struggle seems indirectly to have accentuated such tendencies among these peoples, though not in the same manner as in the states which have come into being subsequently. Norwegians demanded, and peacefully secured, independence from Sweden in 1905, and Iceland has become an independent state since the War, as has Finland. Denmark's territory was enlarged in consequence of the treaty of peace, and now includes the Danish

parts of Schleswig, thus settling, it is hoped, the complicated and difficult question of Schleswig-Holstein, and satisfying aspirations which have meant much to this little country, since 1864 in particular. The Åland Islands, inhabited by Swedes, have become a part of Finland as the result of a decision made through the League of Nations.

The only serious present question of a territorial and nationalist nature among the Scandinavian countries themselves relates to Greenland, the Danish sovereignty of which the Norwegian government is inclined to dispute, or wishes to limit to some extent. Historical bases for dispute seem rather far-fetched as between any two of the Scandinavian countries, however. Parts of Sweden once 'belonged to' Denmark, other parts to Norway. Sweden once held sway in Finland and along the shores of the Baltic. The history of the northern countries is intertwined, and *irredentas* can hardly be of serious concern to any one of them now.

But still Swedes insist on being Swedes, and Norwegians insist on being Norwegian and developing a distinctly Norwegian language, though their great poets (Wergeland, Ibsen, Björnson) have all written in what may fairly be called Danish. Icelanders insist, too, on particularism in language and culture; and though the population of the island is hardly a hundred thousand, they now have their own

university. The exhibition of national consciousness in bilingual Finland presents a peculiar situation, but it is symptomatic of the times, as is Denmark's interest in the minority Danes south of its present territory.

Denmark has become about as rational a national entity as is possible in most parts of Europe to-day, and has given a commendable example of tolerance of minority rights to those Germans who now live within its boundaries. At the Interparliamentary Conference which took place in Copenhagen a short time ago, the rights of minority nationalities was a leading subject of discussion. Minority race representatives complained one after another concerning unfair and unjust treatment accorded them. Apparently the only group that did not feel aggrieved was the German one in Denmark. The spokesman for German Danes, Pastor Schmidt, who is also a member of the Danish Parliament, stated frankly that he had no complaint to make.

Denmark was one of the most neutral of all countries during the war, and the sane politics of its foreign office served to restrain what might otherwise have evolved into dangerous and extreme chauvinism. There are extremists among Danish nationalists, but they are of small practical importance. Fascism and Communism play unimportant rôles in the country, though the tendency of its politics may be characterized as socialistic in a very real but temperate sense.

Finland is the outpost of Scandinavianism in the east as Denmark is in the south, and it now has, for the first time in its history, national independence. The first period of independence brought with it a fierce and bloody civil war, which was in essential features a war of classes. Finnish radicals had naturally been intimately

associated with the revolutionary movement in the days of the tsars, and their efforts looked not merely toward national autonomy, in which conservatives shared, but also toward social and economic reconstruction. In the triumph of the Bolsheviks in Russia they wished to share, and their hopes of a better day and a new social order were akin.

However, the Red Revolution in Finland was not successful, though the subsequent government and the political arrangements on which it is based must be regarded as relatively advanced and radical, viewed from an American standpoint. The 'conservative' government carried on a war with Soviet Russia over Karelia, the region lying to the northeast of undisputed Finnish territory, as a result of which Karelia received a sort of autonomy in a compromise peace. The dispute with Sweden, as already intimated, left the Åland Islands with Finland, but — by way of compromise again — gave the Swedish population some measure of local self-government.

Inasmuch as the majority of Finns are not Swedish by speech or Nordic by race, the problems relating to cultural coöperation with the purely Scandinavian countries remain unsolved. Racially and temperamentally Finland looks toward the east perhaps more truly than toward the west; and the energetic insistence on the cultivation of the Finnish language as such means that the cultural nexus within the Scandinavian world must become less direct and probably in a short time less real also. The future may then witness a growing *rapprochement* with the social and economic experimentation of Russia, and an increasing cultural tendency of a non-Scandinavian character. The problem is complex, and connected with the class struggle which seems to have reached a truce only.

Finland is also, by reason of its geographical situation, obliged to coöperate with the other new and smaller Baltic states with which it has real interests in common and for which it is a leading factor. Finland's relations to these smaller states may be an advantage for Sweden in a political sense, and tend to make Sweden feel greater security. The status and future of Finland are thus seen to have a direct bearing on Scandinavian fears and hopes in more than one sense, and especially on those of Sweden. Any future shifting of the Baltic scene is of concern to Europe as a whole, but not least to Scandinavians.

The country which of all the Scandinavian lands seems to have felt least interest in Scandinavian coöperation and unity is Norway. The situation of the country, facing, as it does, the west; its industrial and other activities, so largely connected with the sea; popular sympathies, drawing it historically chiefly to the west and southwest; the temperament of its people, consisting so largely of isolated peasants and seafaring folk; its suspicions of Swedish as well as of Danish tactics and motives—all unite to make the Norwegian a difficult coöperator from the point of view of his nearest neighbors. And it is fair to add, in view of the history of Norway's relations to Denmark and Sweden for the past five hundred years, that such a psychology is comprehensible and, humanly speaking, pardonable. During the war there existed a rather close coöperation of these countries with one another, but this has become less since then, though, except for special problems, relations remain quite cordial.

Norwegian interests are intimately related to those of Great Britain, as a shipping nation, and the large commerce with Germany has of course diminished, as Germany's post bellum

difficulties have increased poverty and diminished wealth there. Moreover, Norway has far greater interests in the United States in proportion to its population than any of the other Scandinavian countries. Practically every Norwegian family now has representatives in the American Northwest, and the cultural reaction therefrom is of some importance. Norwegian engineers find opportunities in the United States as well as at home; and Knut Hamsun's life in the Northwest a generation ago certainly left its mark on this Nobel Literary Prize winner. Knute Nelson and Thorstein Veblen represent in some real sense contrasting types of the Norwegian, though both are also types of the American. Fridtjof Nansen, Grieg, Ibsen, Björnson, Hamsun, represent native types whose variety in turn is a reflection of the isolated independence of the Norwegian, as well as of his cultural and temperamental peculiarities.

II

It is a fact that the Scandinavian countries experienced a period of unusual, if unsubstantial, prosperity during the war, in spite of the blockade and the restrictions placed by the Allies on their domestic industrial activities as well as on their foreign trade, and in spite of losses due to submarines and the like. Sweden was in the most difficult position economically, inasmuch as prohibition of some of its most important articles for export was very stringent. In consequence thereof there was much unemployment, the prices of necessary imports became exorbitant, and at times many articles were unobtainable. A great deal of credit is due to the Socialist leader, Mr. Branting, in surmounting many of the difficulties which arose. The tonnage of these countries, and Norway's in particular, became of great impor-

tance, to Great Britain especially; and though dispositions were largely in fact forced, there was small reluctance to yield to the inevitable, for the profits made were often fantastic. The abnormally large returns on shipping investments led to exaggerated conceptions of post-bellum possibilities, and speculation soon affected in some way practically the whole commercial class, and many others who could not resist the seemingly golden opportunities.

But with the peace came a great depression and deflation and bankruptcies. The orderly rearrangement of commerce and political affairs failed of realization; and Russia remained long in a state bordering on chaos; conditions in the leading industrial state of the Continent, Germany, grew rapidly catastrophic; and the new rivalries and passions of secession and succession states added to a situation which is still seriously affecting all of Scandinavia.

So far as financial problems are concerned, it seems that Denmark has gone furthest in measures relating to unemployment benefits and similar arrangements for lessening suffering among the masses. Such a policy was necessary if large parts of the people were to be kept from proletarianization, a condition from which the working classes in this country had so brilliantly emerged during the last generation. The general standard of life has, as a result, been fairly well maintained, and revolutionary or communistic tendencies have failed to appeal to large masses, contrasting in this respect with Norway and, to some extent, with Sweden.

It is felt, however, that such arrangements for the protection of the unemployed have not been free from abuses. During the days of war prosperity the laboring man, like most other people, was tempted by his increased earnings

to live on a scale to which he had not been accustomed, in spite of the high prices prevailing. When hard times came between 1920 and 1922, discontent seemed at times to become of threatening proportions, and there occurred an epidemic of strikes and lockouts. Employers insisted on lower wages, and employees wished to have the higher scales maintained unless prices were reduced correspondingly. The result was a series of compromises. Readjustment was painful and expensive. Many a swollen fortune, suddenly acquired, disappeared, and scandalous exposures were not uncommon. The great number of extra bureaus with functionaries, called forth by war needs, could not be disbanded by the state at once, and not least because this would serve to increase unemployment and discontent. When Landmandsbanken, one of the pillars of Danish financial life, fell, with lesser banks, and great industries failed, in 1922, it seemed to many that Denmark was not far from a ruin from which it would take years to recover.

The ultimate saving element proved to be now, as it had been so frequently in the past, Danish agriculture, with its sound technical bases, its coöperative ingenuity, and almost model effectiveness. Danish peasants had, of course, shared in the good times of the war, and from their profits there remained considerable surpluses, while large sums had been invested in improvements of all kinds. It seems now to be a fact that Danish agriculture has found itself again, and that its greatest difficulties have, at least for a time, been overcome. The fact that the great neighbor to the south is no longer able to serve as a market to anything like the extent of ten years ago is a handicap, and a dangerous one. Danish prosperity, it is generally admitted, depends largely on an orderly

and prospering Germany. Danish industries have, since the end of the war, suffered much from German competition. Factory owners could not manufacture their products at even a small profit in the face of German imports based on a wage-scale which was but a small fraction of the Danish.

Similar conditions affected the other Scandinavian countries. Finland suffered less economically from the post-bellum depression, partly because its low (depreciated) *valuta* gave it a competitive advantage not unlike that of Germany, while it did not suffer from Germany's present handicaps.

Perhaps Norway has suffered more than other countries of the north, though there also the period of greatest economic misery has been passed. The slump in shipping stocks and the decline in freight rates reacted sharply in this country, partly because speculation had been more rampant and partly because ships and shipping play a larger relative part in the economy of Norway than in any other similar population. Fortunes were made and later lost in Christiania, Bergen, and other seaports, in a way reminiscent of the wildest boom days of the West that was, in the United States.

Sweden has likewise lived through a critical period since the end of the war. Its currency has been maintained practically at par continuously, unlike the Danish and Norwegian, which show considerable depreciation; but this has proved a serious handicap in Sweden in all matters relating to foreign competition. This country has far greater natural resources than Denmark and Norway, and its territory is much larger. And, too, Sweden is far more dependent on its industrial products—lumber and iron products especially—and has great water-power resources. Norway occupies an intermediate position in these respects,

lacking Denmark's agricultural advantages, as well as the more extensive natural and power facilities of Sweden. The present outlook for all of Scandinavia is intimately associated with a settlement of the continental problems as a whole. Unless this comes soon, it seems inevitable that a greater depression than any experienced so far will engulf the northern peoples.

III

Socio-political tendencies in all the northern countries involve the relations of Social Democracy and Communism to 'bourgeois' society; and each of them presents distinctive features in this development.

The Danish Social-Democratic party, which is exceeded in size and influence only by one other party, is strongly opportunistic, and its character is not revolutionary and, indeed, only mildly Marxian. The leadership in labor unions and in the party is held by the same men, or by men whose coöperation in politics and industrial matters is practically perfect. While statements of a typically belligerent sort are to be found in the Socialist press as well as in the more conservative organs, a middle ground is taken by most journalistic agitators. The extreme radicals (Communists) and the extreme conservatives are of small practical import. The middle ground, represented by Denmark's radical daily *Politiken*, is fairly typical; and such radicals find no chasm between themselves and the Socialists, only differences of opinion and of tactics which in practice are not of too great importance. The Socialist daily *Social-Demokraten* stands nearer to its radical contemporaries than it does to the Norwegian paper which until recently had the same name, but which is Communistic. The Danish Socialist party is a party of *petits*

bourgeois, prosperous, fairly satisfied workingmen, mechanics, and small shopkeepers, and in general its aims are not obstructive; but reformatory. In this respect it might be compared to the Nonpartisan League movement of the Northwest, but it is less hated and feared than this American movement is—or was. The Socialist, labor-union, and coöperative movements in Denmark are all in a real sense conservative of the existing bases of economic society, but critical and reformatory in details.

Conditions are different in Norway, where the Communist movement has swamped the Socialist party. There are a number of possible explanations of this diverging trend. The industrial evolution of Norway is more recent, and its capitalists and employers have no doubt lacked that suavity of character and temperament which is so characteristic of all Danes. Life is not so easy in Norway, with its harsher climate, its greater distances, its bleaker and grander landscapes. Inconsiderate exploitation seems to have been more common and facile in Norway on the one hand, while effective organization against this has just begun, and largely in consequence of conditions which have been very hard for the ordinary man. This conscious and united rebellion against existing evils was reaching its height when the Russian Communist revolution occurred, and Norway proved to be a field where workingmen were eager to listen to proposals from the great eastern empire that had been ruled by the tsars. A number of very capable leaders, some of whom were familiar with capitalistic society in its greatest development, in the United States, happened to be of communist inclinations also, and so a conjunction of circumstances may be said to account in some measure for existing tendencies among the laboring classes.

One of the leaders of communist thought and activity in Norway, Dr. Edvard Bull, is at once a professor at the University and a member of the Storting, and has been a delegate to the *International* at Moscow. Probably the future of communist tendencies in Norway will depend as much on what may develop in the greater European countries, notably in Germany, Russia, and England, as on its own domestic evolution.

The situation in Sweden differs from that of all of its nearest neighbors. In comparison with Denmark, it seems that there is a more real cleavage between labor organizations and the Social-Democratic party. When Hjalmar Branting was Premier of Sweden, he was less hampered by trades-union obligations than was Mr. Stauning in Denmark while a member of a ministry there. A Danish Socialist minister may therefore feel more certain of having labor sentiment behind him than is the case in Sweden, and such a Dane may also, in consequence, feel more firm in his positions and demands. The Communists are relatively stronger and more aggressive in Sweden than in Denmark, but far less of a factor than in Norway. While Sweden, unlike its immediate neighbors, has a Socialist premier, and, like Copenhagen, Stockholm has a Socialist mayor, Sweden may not yet be regarded as a strongly Socialist country. Social-Democrats represent but a minority of the population, and that part is to be found mainly in the growing industrial centres and cities. The opposition here, as in Norway and Denmark, contains the mass of the peasantry, and the business and shipping interests. It seems probable that the Socialist movement will gain steadily on the more capitalistic parties within the next decade.

The Finnish radical movement was

carried away by the impetus of changes in Russia in 1917-1919, and was of a decidedly social-revolutionary character. The end of the civil social war there brought reaction, of course, and with it anti-socializing tendencies. A considerable part of the Socialists of Finland is not revolutionary, and has now renewed its activities along trades-union lines and ordinary progressivism. Though the situation is complicated by too many features to be mentioned here, it seems probable that the Socialist movement in Finland will continue to be influenced by that of its great, and potentially very great, eastern neighbor. The experiences of the conservative elements during the Red Revolution must necessarily continue to be reflected in the temper of their present control of Finland's destinies; and for a time Finland's domestic economy should show a growing resemblance to Sweden's. But speculation here is less safe than in many other instances.

IV

It is perhaps worth while to remark that, either shortly before the war or within recent years, women have attained full political equality with men in all of the Scandinavian countries, including Finland. Political suffrage is probably as free and complete as it can be under democratic governments, such as we find them here; for no republic is more democratic in effect than these countries, though all but Finland are monarchies in form. Women play important rôles in the cultural life of all the northern lands, as, for example, the position of Ellen Key and of Selma Lagerlöf in the world of letters and morals indicates. Women occupy positions as professors and even as diplomats, though their activities as ministers of the Gospel have met with considerable opposition. This is a

matter of lesser importance, however, for Scandinavians are not so religious either in a formal sense or in an emotional sense as Americans, though the Lutheran Church is the established form in all the Scandinavian kingdoms.

Recent years have witnessed a great variety of methods of dealing with the liquor problem. Denmark remains a country in which there is no real restriction; that is, to use the American phrase, it is 'wet.' The war made it necessary to secure added income to meet the growing budgets, and the internal-revenue taxes have been effective in diminishing the consumption of strong drinks. In the case of the most popular strong beverage, *akvavit*, the price for a time, and largely as a result of the fiscal policy, was twenty-five times as high as before the war. The interesting consideration here is, however, the practically undisputed fact that the Danes are a most temperate people, and intoxication is rare—rarer in fact than elsewhere in Scandinavia.

The Swedes have developed what in America is generally known as the Gothenburg system of quasi-state control and monopoly, and to this has now been added a system of 'rationing,' which permits all but habitual or notorious drunkards to obtain a limited amount of spirits every month. Evasions occur, of course; but on the whole there is little laxity, and temperance is apparently increasing, as is the demand for prohibition of all strong drinks.

Finland now has what amounts to practically complete prohibition; but in effect—so it has been said on apparently reliable authority—drunkenness has been greater by far since the complete legal prohibition of liquors than it was before, and of course a very active trade in smuggled spirits has been developed.

Norway adopted a system of incom-

plete prohibition a few years ago, permitting the sales of beers and light wines, including champagne. The results have not been at all ideal, for intoxication has not diminished in the cities, certainly not relatively, and smugglers have done such a flourishing business in the many fjords and inlets along the coast that whiskey has been obtainable in Christiania, where its sale is forbidden, at lower prices than in Copenhagen, where it is permitted. Comparative statistics indicate that in proportion to the size of the cities drunkenness has been greatest in Helsingfors (Finland), with prohibition; somewhat less in Christiania (Norway), with partial prohibition; still less in Stockholm (Sweden), with a rationing system; and least in Copenhagen (Denmark), with its 'wet' system. It would be unfair to draw final conclusions from the above; but the present situation seems unsatisfactory to all except the Danes, who are watching the experiments of their neighbors with no little satisfaction so far.

Aside from questions affecting the liquor traffic and unemployment, the Scandinavian peoples have been mainly concerned, in their legislatures and administrative offices, with problems of finance and taxation since the end of the war. For a time budgets were four or five times greater than in 1913; and even to-day the Danish budget is four times as large as before the war. Direct and indirect taxes have therefore been very burdensome, and loans have been the almost inevitable recourse. The efforts to return to something like the old bases have been painful, and so far only partly successful. Many a plan formulated in the golden days of 1917-1919 has been relegated to the uncertain future.

Recent years have witnessed an increasing interest in sports and ath-

letics throughout all these countries. In Norway especially winter sports arouse now a general interest probably not equaled in any other country. Skiing is, in fact, a national and almost universal sport among the young (though it is not confined to them) in Norway, as anyone may see who happens to be at the Majorstuen electric railway station leading to the Holmenkollen and adjacent mountains near Christiania. It seems almost as if the city were engaged in an exodus *en masse* every Sunday morning.

In all the Scandinavian countries sailing and yachting, in the warmer months, are also very common, though from the nature of the case not so universal. The large speculative and other gains made during the war have apparently given an impetus to yachting, making it possible for many who theretofore could not afford a small boat, to possess one. But with the following hard times many a yacht passed from Scandinavian hands, and found an owner in England.

Swedes are known throughout the world for their excellent and effective gymnastic training, which has no doubt a great deal to do with the development of the fine physical types one finds among them, not least among Swedish women. Though the Danes are now, as they have been, a people of less robust natures than their northern neighbors, and have displayed less interest in sports, athletics, and gymnastics, a great change is in process, a change which began before the war, but which is gathering strength. Football is a general sport, and cycling is nowhere more common than in Denmark, with its gentle landscapes of water, islands, low hills, and woodlands. Within recent years gymnastics have become very popular, and the leader in the development of this healthful tendency, Niels Bukh, has established

a school for the cultivation of all sorts of outdoor and indoor exercises near the charming little city of Svendborg. This institution promises to do much for the Danes, and it is perhaps already the leading one of its kind in the Scandinavian countries.

An institution which has been doing much for Danish culture, and to some extent for culture in Norway and Sweden, is what is known as the *høiskole*. The English translation of the word is high-school, but the word in its translated form is misleading. Such schools are situated as a rule in quite rural environments, and their constituencies are largely composed of young men and women of fairly mature years, from the countryside. The term is one of six months, and the students may or may not be confined to one sex. Lectures are given in history, literature, art, and so forth, and instruction in the more important other 'subjects' relating to ordinary life. There is much singing of Danish and other folk-songs. The teachers are men who are enthusiastically devoted to the cause of culture as such, and Danish culture in particular; and so successful have they been in creating sentiment and interest among wide masses of the people that Danish popular culture is probably of a quality superior to that found in any other country. Of course, these schools are not only the factors involved, but they are perhaps the most important single contributing element of the past generation.

'Literature' in the Scandinavian countries was not unaffected by the war; but the reactions of the war extended to all other peoples also. Passions ran high, and the literary work of an author was too frequently subjected, not to artistic or real tests, but to the question whether he was pro-Ally or pro-German. Some writers who had hitherto devoted themselves to their

art as such, and who had never found it worth while to mingle with the people and to learn their longings and needs, suddenly became fired with the prevalent hysteria in their feelings for the Allies and in their fanatical hatred of, and contempt for, all that was German. The opposite happened, too, but to a comparatively small extent, inasmuch as the British press dominated the world, and laid its deep impress also on Scandinavian newspapers, and so on public war-opinion.

During the war and for a time thereafter, even within artistic and literary circles (excluding journalists, whose position makes them adaptable instruments, as a rule), conditions were such that old friendships were broken, and arrangements of a social nature became difficult problems for hostesses. It would not do to invite N. N. to dinner with P. P., because the one or the other had recently expressed an opinion favorable to one of the belligerents — and especially if that one happened to be Germany. The extensive war-propaganda literature competed with the morning papers in interest; but it went the way of all flesh ultimately, and served as packing paper, or was disposed of as old paper.

Reconciliation and sanity are returning gradually, though even in the Scandinavian neutral countries there are some 'bitter-enders' of hate still. The objectivity of which the war had deprived so many is returning, and the disillusionments of the subsequent peace have been largely instrumental in bringing this to pass. During the war, and for some time after the Armistice and the Peace conferences, anyone, especially in Denmark and Norway, who ventured to point out some failing on the part of the Allies was maligned on all sides, even at times by his nearest friends. Such a questioning attitude was regarded as pestiferous. At least

one publishing house, the largest in the northern lands, Gyldeendals, — whose director was the late Peter Nansen, who was decidedly friendly to Germany, — managed to maintain a very fair position. It accepted manuscripts that were friendly to both sides in the contest; but, as Nansen smilingly declared, 'In this way I benefit the German cause indirectly, for I receive thirty manuscripts antagonistic to the Central Powers to one that is friendly.'

Money was made out of everything during the war — old rags, wet canvases of no merit, and rotten sausages exported to needy Germany. Artists, writers, sculptors, artist craftsmen, all became accustomed to comparatively large incomes; but few had the foresight to lay in stores for the seven lean years to come. Even the few who lived modestly, perforce, on their usual incomes were drawn down into poverty in the lean years which soon began.

The following example is typical of many. One of the most distinguished painters of the Scandinavian countries, an elderly widower with several children, lived with his sister in their city apartment. Her little fortune was safely invested and brought dividends regularly. During the war, when necessary expenditure doubled, though the sister's dividends did not, the brother and sister soon found it necessary to draw on their invested capital. Then, with scarcely any warning, they were obliged to vacate their apartment. It was impossible to find another, and they were compelled to build a little cottage of their own, though it was at a time when such undertakings cost about three times what had been the rule. Finally, the sister sold her remaining available property and bought stock in one of the very best banks of the country. The bank failed, and this meant that the last bit of money they possessed

was gone. The cottage was sold at a forced auction, because another bank, crippled by the failure of the first one, held a mortgage on the house and needed the money. The aged artist, who had always been a slow worker, is now — long after the war — in dire straits and is compelled to beg art-dealers to take his canvases for the merest pittances.

What happened to great fortunes in Russia after the Communist Revolution, and to large numbers of the middle class in Germany following the peace, with its depreciated marks and other trials, has happened in large circles of Scandinavians in the natural course of events during these past years, and particularly to artists and intellectuals. The moneyed aristocracy, which in Scandinavia, as in most other parts of the world, was superior to the aristocracy of birth, — and rightly so, — finds itself almost ruined, and superseded by a new, uncertain, and often vulgar set of parvenus. This redistribution of wealth, with all its evils, furnishes a precedent whose reactions may ultimately hasten revolutionary social tendencies.

V

Two names stand out as preëminent among the writers of to-day in Scandinavia, — Knut Hamsun and Sigrid Undset, both Norwegians. Their personalities and styles are diametrically opposed. Hamsun's reputation has increased by leaps and bounds during the last fifteen years, and his is one of the few Scandinavian literary names known in the United States. Sigrid Undset arrived at fame through a monumental work which promises to give her such immortality as a Scandinavian may hope for. This work is an historical novel entitled *Kristin Lavransdatter*, in three large volumes,

written with all of a man's advantages, though the author is a woman. The work describes the love of a man and a woman for one another, and that still greater love of a mother for her children. The humanity of the work is so real and deep, its feeling so genuine, its art so perfected, that it will yet have a circulation rivaling that of Hans Christian Andersen. The work was written during the war and just after its end; its historical bases are admirable and correct; but he who reads it feels himself living at the time described — and a hundred years from to-day readers will still find it so.

The war has had very slight influence on real literature in these countries, fortunately. Present tendencies are rather remote from the earlier *l'art pour l'art*, and this is no doubt due in part to translations of American novels, with their traditions of swift and exciting action. Such translations in cheap editions have been overrunning the Scandinavian book markets, especially since the end of the war. The hurly-burly of the times demands books that are easy reading, books that may be enjoyed at one's meals, on street cars or trains, and between telephone calls. The peculiar texture and composition which this implies — it has nothing in common with art, though it pretends to virtues it does not know — are not native to northern peoples. Scandinavian temperament is more vague, speculative, veiled; it loves that which is not said, but which is nevertheless understood; it favors large perspectives. Efforts are now being made by a few to imitate and profit by the style of the imported novel.

Little Iceland has entered the modern literary tournament, arriving with music and a fanfare of trumpets. Iceland is a country of strong, violent action. The traditions of the sagas

run in the blood of its people. The Icelander's insistent force and daring courage, in combination with mystical currents in his nature, promise much in a literary and artistic sense. We who are now at life's zenith may yet, before the shadows lengthen, live to see the literature of Iceland surpass that of Norway in the days of Ibsen and Björnson.

The stage has produced nothing of epoch-making importance in these countries within recent years. Comedies have never been strong points, theatrically speaking, with them; but it is the comedy which attracts the crowd, and dramatists and playwrights have therefore endeavored to meet the demand. If Ibsen had written his tragedies to-day instead of twenty or forty years ago, they would not have proved so effectively interesting. People do not care to witness such plays as *Ghosts* to-day; they are too 'morbid,' even in Scandinavia, to compete successfully with light comedy.

Sweden is the land of great dramatists. The sombre nature, the tremendous landscapes, the great lakes, forests, mountains, supply the scenery of tragedy and make its artistic rendition almost a matter of course. Norway, with its long deep fjords and mountain walls, its narrow valleys, the parsimony of much of its soil, is the natural home of dreams and longings, wonderings concerning what may be beyond — beyond the seas, the valleys, the fjelds. Denmark is the land of light-hearted serenity; one wonders there that its art is so serious while its character is so care-free.

The oldest son of Björnstjerne Björnson, — Björn Björnson, — a remarkable combination of poet, musician, actor, and *régisseur*, has just returned to Norway, after spending a number of years in Munich, to become the director of the National Theatre of Nor-

way in Christiania. This theatre undoubtedly has the best troupe of actors in the Scandinavian countries. His recent production of *Thora Parsberg* was a real triumph, which is a good omen for the future of the theatre. He and the late Herman Bang have been for years without peers in their technique and manner of putting plays on the stage, and they both possess a capacity for suggestion which has caused actors to render what often might seem impossible or incredible.

In Fru Dybwad, Norway has the completely modern woman on the stage; her acting, with its tremendous nervous force and realistic qualities, the soulfulness of her voice, and her physical presence, are those of a great and true artist. She is possibly the greatest actor on the Scandinavian stage, and has often been classed with Bernhardt and Duse.

In Bodil Moltke Ipsen, Denmark has an actress who contrasts sharply with Dybwad. The play sometimes seems unimportant in her hands, while her rôle is all. Her naturalness — which may or may not be combined with art — makes her words seem so spontaneous that one believes for the moment that they are the actual creation of the moment. She cares very little for style or tradition. She is Maria Stuart as she is any modern woman. Her costumes vary, her figure remains the same — and her triumph is certain.

Another great actress is Betty Nansen, who has her own exquisite theatre in Copenhagen. She has, incidentally, demonstrated a woman's ability to manage and direct a theatre as well as to act therein. The most perfect comedy that Scandinavia has known for years has been presented at her theatre in plays by Strindberg and Björnson, she and Fjelstrup taking the leading parts. This man, who a score of years

before had exhibited great talent as a comedian and player of character parts, fell into obscurity for a number of years, but suddenly reappeared on Betty Nansen's stage and created a furor of enthusiasm. He died two years after he had thus become the talk of Copenhagen again.

In conclusion, it may be worth while to call attention to a new tendency which is developing in a literary way, and which will no doubt be reflected on the stage later. This has to do with the occult or supernatural; but so far no book of first importance has been written in Scandinavia representative of this mystical religious school. A not very well-known actor, playwright, and instructor, Anker Larsen, who recently won the Gyldendal literary prize with his book entitled *The Rock of Wisdom*, discusses religious problems in the sense suggested, and his work is the best of its kind so far published. The best feature of his book is not its tendency, however, but its human and poetical qualities.

Ellen Key is now an old woman, whose name is gradually becoming obscure in this part of the world. Her books, with their fine humanity and pure and humane morality, have accomplished their purpose here. Selma Lagerlöf's work is also of the past, though her fame remains, in great measure. Georg Brandes — in spite of his eighty years — remains productive and is the acknowledged spiritual leader of Scandinavia. His sense of justice and broad objectivity caused him during the war — as also since the peace — to speak out the truth to all sides, so that he has enemies in all lands. Brandes may be known not only by his friends but by his enemies — and he may well be proud of both. As the shadows close about him he may close his eyes, serenely confident of the future and its judgments.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY FISHIEST STORY¹

WE came to Elbow Lake while the sun was still in sight above the silent pine and cypress groves that hemmed us in. We pitched our tent on the sandy shore about midway of the nearer arm. For the lake called Elbow is a crude drawing of the arm bent at the joint whose name is so commonly used by pipe-fitters, architects, makers of furniture, and navigators of inland waters. Elbow Lake is, or was, not a true carpenter's square; it was rather a giant enlargement of the Australian Pigmy's boomerang, some two or three miles around, set down in a sandy basin, more than thirty miles from nowhere.

For three days we fished. We did it with a seine six feet in height and sixty in length. Clad in pure Nature's garb, we fished. Those of us who were the best swimmers took the pole at one end of the seine, and carried it out through the deep water in a great circle, and brought it back to the pole at the other end, where it had been held in water three or four feet deep.

We rolled the seine evenly on the two poles held close together. The fun began when we had brought it in to make a circle five feet in diameter. Sometimes nothing happened; which, from the standpoint of a true philosophy, is also a part of fun, since fun is dependent so largely on the occurrence of the unexpected. But, at other times — things began to happen.

O Man, of fifty-odd, can you not still feel those thrills? A splashing would begin near the centre of the netted circle of quiet water. The net would

stretch and widen at the side. Perhaps another splash would come at the other side. A sensitive naked shin might receive the sudden impact of a cartilaginous nose, backed by some sixty pounds of fish-flesh in rapid motion. Nursing my own black-and-blue spots, I always felt sorry for the ichthyic cause of each; for I opine that it is not the custom of either the *Ichthalurus* or the *Polydon Spathula* to incur sudden collision with anything more solid than the ooze of favorite feeding banks.

The ultimate thrill came to the young man who squeezed his bare body between the end-poles of the seine and, with groping hands, located the fishy prey in the agitated water. Sweeping passes below the surface would be rewarded by the touch of something solid, something smooth. Reaching arms would feel and find their way around the slippery body of a shiny 'channel-cat,' or the still more smoothly coated 'spoonbill,' which has an extremely elongated nose and is most delightfully free of the sharp-pointed barbs with which Mother Nature says, 'Noli me tangere,' for the whole family of catfish.

The *Ichthalurus*, or channel-cat, is a well-rounded, smooth-skinned, and sufficiently good-looking fish. Its heavy-boned skeleton is well padded with firm, white flesh, which cuts into rounded steaks that broil to a delicious, 'chewy' brown over the red coals of pine or cyprus in a hollow of the sand. Giants of his kind are found in the quiet back-waters of the Mississippi River. You may see his captors carrying a magnificent specimen, a pole from shoulder to shoulder through his

¹ This is a true tale, the title notwithstanding.

gills, while the tail drags on the ground between them. Such a six-foot cat will weigh over one hundred and twenty pounds. At Elbow Lake, our channel-cat averaged sixty pounds and were from four to five feet in length.

But the 'spoonbill cat' is the hero of my tale. He is as smooth and *svelte* as the under-side of a flounder moulded into a stream-line harmony that is reminiscent of the latest dirigible. His true name is Polydon Spathula, and I have yet to find a self-respecting ichthyologist who did not chide me for calling him a 'cat,' even though I always preface it with 'spoonbill.' It is the spoon that makes him a delightful companion for a swim. That spoon 'bill' is a thick cartilaginous protuberance, some ten inches long, into which the shapely shoulders die away in graceful speed-lines. It is over two inches wide near the end, but narrower near the nose. It is just the shape of a spoon-handle and gives an easy and unbreakable hold. This, I am sure, points a Texas origin for the phrase, 'to lead one around by the nose.'

It was on the last afternoon of our fishing that my chance came, and with it the performance of a 'stunt,' inconsequential enough in itself and of no particular difficulty, that has afforded recurrent and thrilling memories of careless youth, men with hard faces and soft hearts, sun-glinting water, the taste of delicious food, — poorly cooked, but, oh, so sweet to outdoor hunger, — the smell of pines and — my one true fish-story.

We had fished well around and past the 'elbow' of Elbow Lake. We were a good half-mile from our camp, by land, but only a little over a quarter of a mile diagonally across the water. I had just recently made the trip around the elbow with a channel-cat. Its many hazards were of recent experience and sore in memory. Of course it is sport,

but a sixty-pound fish weighs heavily after strolling half a mile. Add to that the fact that prickly pear was plentiful, and that pine-roots have a way of turning up sharpened knurls just below the velvet of pine needles that form a carpet for bare feet; that tarantulas are common, and that a diamond-backed 'rattler' will sometimes start 'purring' close at hand, while your burden is still very much alive and gives violent evidence of the fact at very unexpected intervals. The violence of that sixty pounds of catfish is disconcerting when you are carefully balanced on one foot with the other descending uncertainly between two clumps of prickly pear. I had only recently made the round trip by land when the boss sawyer, *ex-officio* boss of the seine, spoke to me.

'Captain,' he said, 'it is your turn next.' He was a wily boss sawyer, that man. All day he had been calling me '*Hombre*' and other names devoid of honor.

Unable to resist the soft blandishment of the title, I squeezed between the upright seine poles and began making passes with submerged arms through the opaque water. My hands came in contact with a round fish body. Its owner, startled by the touch, gave a mighty kick with powerful caudal fins. He slipped through and away. I let him slip. I too was wily. I had felt the prick of a shoulder barb. It was a channel-cat. Not for me, the portage of another of his kind, over that rough half-mile of scrub and prickly pear.

There had been four splashes in the narrowing circle of the seine. I had hopes of a better choice. Soon my hands came into contact with another piscine form. Encouraged, I pushed and held it firmly by leg-pressure against the meshes of the seine. My hands passed up and over a velvet skin, scaleless and smooth, to barbless shoulder, and down the graceful stream-

lines of head and nose to the hard protuberant 'spoon.' Nose under water, with a bubbling sound that meant *Eureka*, I seized the tough and cartilaginous 'bill' with more joy than I now have in the grasp of a squash racket for the next fierce rally.

'I've got him!' I yelled, and brought his nose to sight.

'A spoonbill,' yelled the gang, and let me out.

Squeezing between the seine-poles, I stood in three feet of water and gave thought. Up the bank beside me was a rough scramble through roots and creepers, to more roughness at the top. Then a long hike must follow before sixty pounds of burden could be dropped in camp.

Lakeward, the prospect was enticing. Our tent stood attractively among the trees, less than half a mile distant by the water route. The decision was instantaneous. Once taken, it has lingered in fond memory with warmth, like that of the successful high dive before a crowd of more timid friends, or like that of the neat and polite rejoinder at a banquet, to the discomfiture of a temperamentally covert antagonist.

'So long, fellows,' I called; 'me for the camp'; and pushed out into the quiet water with my spoonbill in tow.

At this point, in my younger days, I was wont to 'embroider' somewhat, telling how sociably my companion and I made the swim together, how willingly he lent a hand, or tail, to the acceleration of our progress, how we talked it over — all that. Now I see that such treatment was inartistic, crass, juvenile. In this narrative I amend the fault.

With apologies to many groups of interested auditors, some of whom unkindly referred to me as Apollo's favorite instrument, I honestly aver that nothing happened. The reason is simple. My interpretation of it is, I am convinced, based on flawless logic and

an accurate estimate of tri-dimensional navigo-dynamics. It is briefly this. A fish is built, organized, and intended to swim forward and not backward. The action of caudal fins is propulsive. The slightest pointing of the front end of a fish is enough to change his direction to suit the pointer. Thus, with a firm handful of spoon-shaped bill, the slightest pressure on the horizontal or vertical plane was sufficient. The fish could do nothing but give his aid for the remaining direction, which was forward. That is why nothing happened. For, honestly, nothing happened.

Yet memory tells a different tale. It tells of a laughing crowd in the shallow water, good-natured, jeering, and well-wishing, with an apprehensive warning from one or two. It tells of smooth and smiling water, stretching away to the green of pine woods below the translucent blue of a cloudless sky. It recalls the sensation, nearest of all my pictured concepts to the dream of Eternity, of fatigueless immersion, with just enough of motion, in a medium well-nigh ethereal, supportless yet completely supporting at every point of every surface; a something to carry along that was not a burden; a rounded graceful body that just fitted within the circle of the arm when one stopped stroking and paddled lazily with feet alone; a body that was just as warm as the water but cool to the touch, sleek and smooth, like a baby's skin; an object toward which to point, and the approach to which was leisurely and constant; a gray tent, picturesquely pitched on the bank among the pines.

So our swim was ended and, sorry as I now am to say it, I dragged my luckless captive up the bank and dumped him among the sixteen hundredweight of fish that, to-morrow, would fill one of the wagons and compel us to take turns in walking the thirty miles home.

Big John, as cook, was 'mindin' camp.' He watched me come ashore. I had often been called captain, and once, major, when making a hair's-breadth catch of a swiftly moving train. Big John made no comment until I deposited my wriggling catch among his now quiet mates. Then he spoke.

'You sure have got your nerve with you — colonel,' he said.

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

I KNOW that I stand on debatable ground, on a crumbling wall with disintegrating foundations, when I mention the Garden of Eden.

Mr. Wells, with his drop of ooze, and terrific struggle through centuries of slime and muck up to the first slippery uncertain foothold of man, does not appeal to me. I prefer the short cut of the Hand of the Lord (I say it reverently), who recognized in the Beginning the need of the beauty and comfort of a garden for the soul of man.

The garden in which as a child I lived and moved and had my being was to me the veritable Garden of Eden. I was glad the angel with the flaming sword was removed from our front gate. I had a lurking fear of the serpent in certain shady spots, and I regretted the absence of Adam and Eve, but I hoped that the Lord would come again to walk in his Garden in the cool of the day. And then one day I knew better. Alas for the day when we know better!

I am writing no article of garden lore or instruction. He who runs — or walks for that matter — may read directions and instructions for formal and informal gardens. I aim only to tell a little about some gardens in an old New England village, remote from the highway, where the sweet smell of our posies is not mingled with gasoline.

Our Home Town occupies a place on the map, but we call it among our-

selves Ville des Fleurs. We are bounded on the North by seed-catalogues, on the South by fertilizers, on the East by garden magazines, and on the West by an unsurpassed glow of love of gardens. We do not talk about the weather in our town — we talk about the gardens; and every woman in town is a member of the Flower Club. She who has the first snowdrop in the spring telephones the glad news and gives a Tea Party. Twice a year, in May and October, armed with trowel and pail, doughnuts and coffee, we go forth in search of plants for our wild gardens.

One of us has a rich relative whose garden is one of the show places of America, and who sends to her country cousin plants of the choicest and rarest peonies in the world. They are planted in a large semi-circle eight feet across, and when they are in bloom there cannot be many so beautiful sights in the country. Their owner gives a luncheon each year, and as we sit at little tables within the circle and around the outer edge, enjoying our hostess's strawberries, our souls are filled with delight over the wonderful flowers. More than one of our club meetings has been devoted to the history and culture of the peony. Each of us gives a party of some kind at the height of the bloom of our particular pet flower, — for we are individualists in our gardens, — and we take turns in decorating the pulpit on Sunday. One of us cut two hundred and fifty canterbury bells for a recent Sunday, and they were not missed from the garden. Every Sunday afternoon someone carries the flowers of the day to a hospital in a neighboring town.

We specialize in flowers; 'His own is beautiful to each.' One of our gardens is all blue and yellow. Do you know it? The lovely blue scilla in the early spring, with yellow tulips, forget-me-nots and pale yellow polyanthus, blue and yellow lupin, anchusa, and yellow

chinese primrose, larkspur and yellow lilies, cornflowers and marigolds, yellow daisies and blue asters.

The French lady who spends her summers with us has a pink garden. Nothing but pink: pink tulips, lupine, peonies, sweet-william, mallow, rosy morn, Elizabeth Campbell phlox, and hollyhocks. Our youngest gardener grows nasturtiums. Not yet has she learned the joy of digging, and she claims that her flowers can safely be left to themselves. The whole place is a wild riot of reds, yellows, and orange.

There is a white garden in our town. It is a memorial, and for the one who tends it, the spirits of little children play among the lilies.

In the winter we study and read and tend our window gardens and plan for the coming summer. Not many of us can leave the cold of New England but we live in spirit in a land of perpetual summer, and sympathy is wanting for those who lament the winter.

Is there no serpent in our Garden of Eden? There are days when he and a long trail of descendants race triumphant through our gardens. There are days when mosquitoes bite, when cut-worms cut, when borers bore, and all flesh is as grass; nevertheless there is a remedy in tabloid form for each invader.

I own a little book — it bears the date of 1843 — and it has a quaint dedication: —

Flowers — they bloom by the lowliest cot —
May they gladden and brighten and bless your lot!

A PLEA FOR THE SHORT-LEGGED

To all and sundry who have the placing of telephones, looking-glasses, hooks, washbasins, and so forth, on trains, steamships, in hotels, and so on: —

My height, five feet one and one-half inches, exceeds that which tradition ascribes to Napoleon the Great — the Little Corporal — by one and a half inches. Height, the anatomists tell us, depends chiefly on the length of the legs — hence my title.

When I shave, or wish to adjust my necktie, I usually find that I can see only as far down as my mouth; my chin and neck in the one case and my chest in the other are invisible because the mirrors are set too high.

I can rarely reach a telephone mouth-piece fixed on a wall even by standing on tiptoe. Usually I have to shout into the receiver from a distance of four to six inches. As for a prolonged conversation, it is impossible to stand a-tiptoe for more than a minute.

As for hooks, it is impossible to hook — and especially to unhook — an overcoat or other garment, even by an extreme uplifting of my arm aided by tiptoeing.

Washbasins are placed so high that it is difficult or impossible to get a double handful of water to wash my face with.

I am heartily in favor of uplifting the community, but I fain would downlift, too, — if I may coin a word not recognized by Webster, the Century, or even the N. E. D. — such mirrors, basins, hooks, and telephones.

We, the short-legged, develop upward at the expense of our nether extremities. Our heads are as good as those of the long-legged; we even think some are better.

Combining the adult short-legged and adolescents who later will attain long-leggedness, we are many and, as becomes our lack of height, we humbly crave the relief which can so easily be given to us.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Dhan Gopal Mukerji is a Hindu of Brahman parentage. At fourteen, he was consecrated to the priesthood, served in the hereditary temple, renounced the world and entered upon two years of beggary. The pilgrimage over, he returned to his priestly duties but, when he was sixteen, 'distance summoned him' and he left the temple for the hills. Study at the University of Calcutta only induced greater restlessness. A traveling scholarship took him to Japan. There Mr. Mukerji broke the ties of his country, his past, and his caste, and sailed for San Francisco. While 'working his way' at the University of California, he fell in with some young I. W. W.'s and with them toiled in the California fields. After securing his degree, this apostle from the East set forth to deliver his message to the West. Then, after a decade came a spiritual summons to return to India. Mr. Mukerji's reunion with his brother, his appreciation of modern India, and his devotion to the Holy Man, his instructor — these are to constitute a unique serial for the *Atlantic*. Seldom has there been written so interpretive a study of India. **Isabel Cooper** was staff artist under Mr. Beebe in the tropical reserve station in British Guiana where she devoted herself to the exquisite work of 'reproducing the perishable appearances of wild creatures.'

* * *

In the February *Atlantic* some acute generalizations on women and public affairs provoked a discussion that is still being heard. **George Madden Martin's** present assertion that American women are using their franchise to endow Uncle Sam with a father's privilege will, we believe, offer new material for debate. **Clarence Edward Andrews**, for the pleasure of June voyagers and others, has told a delightful story of a gay but little-known *Paris*. ¶With striking analogies and fresh words, **Willard L. Sperry**, Dean of the Theological School in Harvard, has ad-

dressed himself to a thumb-worn but essential argument. **Florence Converse**, poet, novelist, and a member of the *Atlantic* staff, contributes to this number verse which possesses at once a classical restraint and a modern agility. **Seal Thompson**, assistant-professor in the department of biblical studies at Wellesley, is a member of the Society of Friends. It will be remembered that this year marks the tercentennial anniversary of that gentle fellowship. **Ernest Weekley**, whose *Etymological Dictionary* is a rare compound of independence and common sense, has written an historical account of the ways of words and their shepherds. ¶With 'Mrs. Nardo,' **Florence J. Clark** concludes her series of individual and dimly familiar character studies. For twelve years Miss Clark has been a worker at the Henry Street Settlement of New York City.

* * *

It is with a feeling of loss which will be shared by many readers that we publish the last **Charles Boardman Hawes** story. Mr. Hawes died last July. His final book, *The Dark Frigate*, appeared posthumously in October and at the same time an announcement was made by the *Atlantic Monthly Press* of 'The Charles Boardman Hawes Prize of two thousand dollars for the best manuscript of an adventure story of the same general character and excellence as the tales contributed to American literature by the late Charles Boardman Hawes.' ¶In our letter of acceptance, we requested **Valeska Bari** to tell us something about her earlier work. Her deft reply we quote in part: —

I am afraid that your lack of familiarity with my work does not distinguish you from the rest of mankind. Even my devoted family have never acquainted themselves with my masterpieces on laundries, canneries, newsboys, and other grubby subjects. I have written purposeful things for the State of California and the Government of the

United States. . . . I went to Porto Rico for the Federal Children's Bureau and remained about a year and a half. I wrote a report on the island which contains more facts but probably less truth than the sketch I sent you. . . . I myself fall into the Census classification of 'native-born of foreign-born parentage' and I know what assimilation means.

William Whitman 3rd is a young Harvard poet who makes his first appearance in our pages. ¶It is with gratification that the *Atlantic* publishes President Eliot's memorial to ex-President Wilson, an essay portraying those two men who have lent largeness and dignity to our time.

* * *

Charles Seymour, professor of History at Yale, and curator of the University collection of documents dealing with the World War, continues his discussion of Wilsonian diplomacy. ¶Recently returned from his fatherland, Kuno Francke, a professor at Harvard, has written with a definite optimism what he calls 'an intellectual estimate' of contemporary Germans. Charles E. Stangeland is a political economist who was for some time in the United States diplomatic service. Of late years he has been living in Denmark, where, in collaboration with his wife, Karin Michaëlis, a famous Danish author, he has prepared this paper on the Scandinavian countries.

* * *

All letters intended for the Contributors' Column must be short. Two hundred and fifty words is a reasonable limit and briefer communications are much to be desired.

* * *

This genuine criticism may poll a liberal feminine sympathy, now that the home has sometimes become as political as the country store.

NEWTONVILLE, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Is it too late to venture a few remarks in defense of the American woman and her interest in public affairs?

In the first place the average American woman was quite indifferent as to whether or not she should be given the ballot. There were many ad-

vantages connected with it and many disadvantages: we average women felt that if we had the vote we ought to do our best to use it intelligently and that a really thorough grasp of politics and government, such as we ought to have in order to vote wisely, would require more study and time than we could give it.

However, now we have the ballot and what can we do with it? We look about us for a good starting point and what do we find? Remember we are women, with feminine minds and a feminine way of going at our work. By its very nature, our work must be done in a most methodical way. We must put down eggs when they are cheapest, can fruit when it is ripe, clean house spring and fall. We would go at politics in the same way: the feminine mind hates procrastination where work is concerned.

We read with joy the speech of President Coolidge. We agreed with his recommendations and a Congress of women would have lost no time in getting to work on them. When four months have passed without accomplishing anything we are irritated and impatient, particularly as that time has been filled with a disgusting display of childish squabbling.

A Congress of women would never have put over so foolish an act as the Prohibition Amendment knowing from their experience with children that there is no surer way to make a child (or a man) determined to do anything than to forbid him to do it. There are other ways.

If the men in Congress were to act in such a way as to merit the respect and confidence of women, the interest of women in politics would increase. As candidates they promise well but when they get to Washington something seems to happen to them: they don't accomplish what we sent them there to do. We get tired of waiting for them to do something besides talk and at last we lose all interest in them and their doings. . . .

Does n't some of the fault lie with the men?

E. L. A.

* * *

They tell us that it is dangerous to argue with a Virginia lawyer. We won't.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Apropos of Mr. Harvey Wickham's letter in regard to cats, I must take issue with his statement that the cat occupies a greater place in literature than does the dog. If I were a betting man, I would wager a ten dollar Confederate note against a million marks — value a year ago — that the dog occupies a much greater place in literature than the cat, and that, for every time a cat is mentioned in literature, the dog is mentioned from five to ten times.

Does Mr. Wickham know that the cat is never mentioned a single time in the Bible, whilst the dog is mentioned repeatedly? In Shakespeare, the cat is mentioned forty-three times — the dog one hundred and seventy-five times.

It is true that in French literature the cat does occupy a prominent position, but in English literature, the feline is seldom mentioned in comparison with the dog.

R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

* * *

Ever since February, when 'M. E. B.' began her discussion of 'Death as a Dream Experience,' the Editor of the Column has been moving in a maze of dreams. This month two more extraordinary scenes have been included, but, after them, must fall the final curtain.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

If it is not too late for the subject I should like to join the Contributors' Column by relating a dream I once had.

I had not been very well, was sleepless, nervous, and irritable. A friend mixing a dose of bromide, a drug with which I was not familiar, persuaded me after my husband had gone to his office, to lie down and take it. My ignorance of the medicine caused me apprehension. What if I died? Naturally my husband might believe I had committed suicide. In the midst of these thoughts I fell asleep. Suddenly I thought I was dead, and found myself in a very large room filled with people wandering aimlessly around. I realized I had slipped off this mortal coil. I had no sensations of the 'passing,' except that just before, a shrill whining sound, like a strong wind shrieking through the shrouds of a vessel, rushed violently through my head.

Suddenly a thought came to me, and going up to a man with a cap on his head, and who seemed to be prominent, I asked 'Is there any way I can go back?' 'No,' he answered. 'I want to speak to my husband,' I went on, 'just for a moment and I want him to see me and hear an explanation I should make.' The man shook his head negatively. 'Just for a moment,' I pleaded. 'Well,' he said, 'go over in that corner and look.'

I did so and found a staircase, but so high up it was entirely out of my reach. Returning, disappointed, I asked, 'Does no one ever go back?' 'Whenever any one goes back,' he replied, 'the lights on the Fountain go out.' For some reason I took it that the 'Fountain' was in the presence of God, and inquired: 'Have you ever seen the Fountain?' 'No,' he responded dejectedly. I was horrified. 'How long have you been here?'

I questioned. 'Ten years!' 'Oh,' I cried aghast, and, throwing myself on the floor said, 'On earth we spend our time in idleness and crime.' 'Yes,' said a voice, 'if we only thought of that before it was too late.'

I was the most surprised person in the world when at this moment I awoke. I could not believe I was alive.

I was spent and exhausted, and it took me more than the day to recover. Why? Had I really made the journey there and back, which accounted for my prostration?

A MERE WOMAN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I dreamed that I was dying. I was in bed, lying on my right side. I was breathing slowly, more and more slowly, and I knew that as the time between breaths increased the moment was near when breathing would cease altogether. I was perfectly comfortable and as I thought of the difference between the real process of dying and my fears I wished I might tell the world. Finally I drew the last breath and was out of the body, hovering over and looking down at it. I noticed the hair, lying on the pillow, and thought it did not look like mine — there was more of it, it was straighter, and streaked with gray as mine was not. The face was in shadow and not noticed in the brief moment I was there. Then I woke, in my own bed.

The dream was so extraordinary that I woke my husband and told it to him. While I was talking the clock struck two. Early in the morning we were wakened by our telephone ringing. My husband answered it. As he came back into the room he said 'Dear Mrs. G—— has gone'; adding, 'She went between one and two o'clock.'

Mrs. G—— was a very close friend of ours. We knew she was ill but did not think it serious and were greatly shocked. After my first expression of grief I exclaimed, 'It was her hair that I saw in my dream!'

L. W. M.

* * *

In response to the many letters which we have forwarded to the Victim of the American Malady, she has written us: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I just once and very briefly thank you for all your courtesies to me? It has been helpful to me to see the comments on my Atlantic articles. The consensus of opinions expressed in them suggests that I don't go far enough with my theme. But am I not right in regarding the *Atlantic* as something other than a handbook containing rules and formulæ for conduct? Is it not rather more like the Prince's kiss which can start the

Sleeping Beauty and all her household into action without being called upon to stay and boss the job?

I meant to make certain sleepy ones think, but far be it from me to dare to direct their thinking!

THE VICTIM.

And of the various cures which have been offered to the Victim, this would appear to be the simplest:—

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

After reading 'A Very Personal Experience' in the April *Atlantic*, I find myself hot with indignation at the young wife who could be so stupid as not to have seized her opportunity to make both her husband and herself happy companions by entering into the games of golf which the article says were 'good for him.' The golf would have been equally good for her and built her up mentally and physically to a point where she would not have developed into a morbid, egotistical woman. Oh, the fun of those hours in the evening of talking over together the games of the day—whether played with her husband or some other companion. She, too, could have napped.

On winter evenings the hard-working husband would not have been sleeping but enthusiastically keeping in form by entering into the putting contests played on the living-room rug.

As for women friends, a golfer is never lacking, for there is no game more sociable. Every tiny New England town has its women golfers and they are likely to be worth knowing.

Nothing is so pitiful—so stupid as the golf widow! Her laziness causes many such uncongenial marriages as illustrated. The added expense of the woman's game is very little and made up to the American husband by the absence of the doctor's bills.

MARJORIE ROSSETTER.

* * *

The proud 'right of Englishry' may not be withheld.

HUBBARD WOODS, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I was surprised to read in Mr. Masterman's article in your April issue, the statement, 'for—so far as I can remember—Mr. Asquith is the only Prime Minister of any party who had any claim to be an Englishman, for the last eighty years.'

If Mr. Masterman means by an Englishman an undiluted Englishman, or at least one whose parents were *both* English, the field is certainly narrowed, though if we deny England credit for a prime minister because one of his parents was

Scotch, or Welsh, or Irish, likewise we should deny Scotland, Ireland, or Wales; credit. It is not fair to complain that the Celts are ruling the English (if anyone can tell what the Celts are) if the prime ministers and ministers designated as Celts turn out to be at least half English. Mr. Balfour is generally called a Scot, but his mother was a Cecil, English of the English. Rosebery is called a Scot but his mother was English, a daughter of Earl Stanhope. But if the difference is to be made, Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman would be ranked as Scotch. Lloyd George would be ranked as Welsh. Bonar Law though born in New Brunswick would be credited to Scotland, as would Lord Aberdeen and Ramsay MacDonald. Palmerston was descended from the Irish branch of the English family of Temples. Baldwin's father was English, and his mother was Scotch. Let us call Palmerston and Baldwin 'mixed,' along with Rosebery and Balfour.

But Peel, who was prime minister from 1844 to 1846, two years within Mr. Masterman's eighty, was clearly English; so was Lord Derby, so was Lord John Russell, and so was Lord Salisbury. Adding Asquith whom Mr. Masterman admits to be English, we have five prime ministers in eighty years who were, if we go back to parents only, purely English, five who were Scotch, one Disraeli a Jew, and one Lloyd George who was Welsh. Four were of 'mixed' English and Scotch blood. In character and ability and numbers, the English seem to hold their own. I am curious to know why Mr. Masterman denies the right of 'Englishry' to these four premiers.

* * *

The friendship of lonely people is what the *Atlantic* most covets.

YSLETA, TEXAS.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Back in Arizona, where I lived, fifteen miles from the nearest town, a forest ranger stopped to rest his horse. He saw the *Atlantic*, and fell upon it as one starved. Did I read it? I did. Did I have any other copies? I had. Would I lend them? I would. And, three months afterward, he returned the magazines. They fed his soul—as, indeed, they have mine. If you ever realized the utter desolation of a ranger's life you would know how great a thing reading means to him. I have talked with these rangers, just off their reserve, on leave, on the way to town. Perhaps they had seen no one for weeks, and news was asked at once. And papers and magazines would be scanned to repletion.

I think I owe the editor and the publishers this tribute.

EDWIN B. HILL.



STEEL Casement Windows are no longer luxuries. With all their advantages of supreme beauty and charm, Truscon Copper Steel Casements cost no more than wood windows, due to standardized production. They give double the ventilation of ordinary windows, are weathertight, operate perfectly and can be easily screened. For sale by dealers everywhere. Write for catalog.

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY, Youngstown, Ohio
Warehouses and Sales Offices from Pacific to Atlantic. For addresses see phone books of principal cities. Canada: Walkerville, Ont., Foreign Div: New York.

TRUSCON
COPPER STEEL
STANDARD CASEMENTS

THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

Letters and Religion, by John Jay Chapman.

Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1924.

12mo. vi+132 pp. \$2.50.

'PERHAPS,' says Mr. Chapman, 'one can express the gigantic spirit that is in the air to-day, and sets a distance between passing events and our own souls, by saying that it is the Spirit of Waiting. . . . Sheer waiting is almost the essence of religious truth.'

This is the authentic voice of Quietism, a manner and an art of living all but lost in our Western World. The would-be literature of 'sheer waiting' too often slips into what Wordsworth calls 'that majestic indolence, so dear to native man,' or weakly aspires to the thin temper which Browning terms, 'the lone, sad, sunny idleness of Heaven.'

Because Mr. Chapman is in dead earnest, because in this volume he takes his place with the first-hand mystics and is not a mere editorial camp-follower of mysticism, his pages are entirely free from the double peril of pedantry and sentimentality which attends so many contemporary adventures into this realm.

Very appropriately the book falls into two parts—the first half having to do with 'Words and the Spirit,' in which the austere and deathless beauty of classicism both in letters and religion is celebrated, and the second half being 'Comment and Reflection' upon the incarnations of the ideal in actual life. In this conception of his task Mr. Chapman has grappled fairly with the central problem of religion: how to live in two worlds at the same time. In the execution of the task he has vindicated the possibility of working solutions to the problem.

The opening chapter on the Greek and Latin classics sets us free from the songs of Circe and her wine, and once more 'we hear, like Ocean on a western beach, the surge and thunder' of the living spirit of all undying letters. The longest essay in the book, that upon the 'Story and Sayings of Jesus' has captured again that disconcerting casualness and moment of arrest in the Gospels—a story and a teaching, as Mr. Chapman has it, 'uninterrupted by intention'—which are so clearly there and yet are so uncongenial to systematic creeds and codes.

And then from the realm of the eternal values this modern mystic passes without strain or artifice into the world at hand. He moves familiarly and surely among the sciences and arts which we know, discovering their fitness or unfitness to incarnate the true classicism and the indubitable spirit of religion. A Japanese scientist hunting for the bacillus of syphilis, a Rockefeller Foundation doctor dying of yellow fever, an

American business man collecting Persian vases, in all these ways the real is becoming actual and dwelling among us. In short, a brief rare book in which religion speaks for itself and not a tedious and interminable affair in which someone talks about religion.

And all this at the hand of a master of style, whom one delights to honor. Here are delicacy and sensitiveness of spirit feeling for the inevitable expression. 'For all human thought is indeterminate, and can, at best, do no more than point in the direction of truth, trembling and oscillating like the magnetic needle under the current that swings it. The scientist and the theologian nail down the needle: the poet and the prophet let it swing.'

WILLARD L. SPERRY.

Ways to Peace: Twenty Plans Selected from the Most Representative of Those Submitted to the American Peace Award, with an Introduction by Esther Everett Lape, and a Preface by Edward W. Bok. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. 8vo. xx+465 pp. \$3.00.

It was a happy thought that led to the preparation and publication of this volume. Among the multitude of books that are offered to the public here is one that is calculated to give valuable service. It is a book not so much to read, as to study, and designed not alone for present use, but for future reference. A hundred years hence, when the world has been successfully organized for peace, it will be interesting for students to look back at this volume and see how nearly fulfillment followed the pathway of prophecy. And if another devastating war descends upon the world, there will be a melancholy satisfaction in considering how the advice of the wise might have been used to prevent catastrophe.

When Mr. Edward Bok announced his famous Peace Award, it was stated by the Policy Committee that he wished, if possible, to discover, or evolve, or find 'the way to the best practicable plan by which the United States may coöperate with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world.' In response to this invitation 22,165 plans were offered, and of all these, twenty have now been selected to make up this little volume, including the one by Mr. Levermore which won the prize.

We are told in the Introduction that these twenty plans are not necessarily those considered best, but that they represent a wide field of suggestion, and that they may safely be taken as representative. Curiously enough, nineteen of the twenty papers selected for this volume are offered by men, and only one by a woman. One turns

Charles Scribner's Sons



Fifth Avenue, New York

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM

By CALVIN COOLIDGE

"Prose that has the rhythm of the Bible and of Lincoln's speeches."—*The Bookman*.

\$2.50

THE FOREST

A play by JOHN GALSWORTHY

This new play by the author of "Loyalties" is one of the most tensely dramatic he has written.

\$1.00

LAST ESSAYS

By MAURICE HEWLETT

The largest and perhaps the most important collection of his work in this field.

\$5.00

SHELLEY AND THE UNROMANTICS By OLWEN WARD CAMPBELL

"The justest account of Shelley's life and poetry yet written."—*London Times*. Illustrated.

\$5.00

BYRON IN ENGLAND By SAMUEL C. CHEW, Professor of English, Bryn Mawr

A history of his "fame and after-fame," appropriate to the Byron centenary.

\$4.50

THE DEPTHS OF THE UNIVERSE

By GEORGE ELLERY HALE

A new book by the author of "The New Heavens." The most recent discoveries in astronomy.

\$1.50

REFLECTIONS ON THE NAPOLEONIC LEGEND

By ALBERT LEON GUÉRARD

"A brilliant, sparkling, iconoclastic work."—*New York World*.

\$3.75

PLAYS BY JACINTO BENAVENTE

Translated by JOHN GARRETT UNDERHILL

Fourth Series: "The School of Princesses," "A Lady," "The Magic of an Hour," "The Field of Ermine."

\$2.50

ERASMUS By PROF. J. HUIZINGA, of the University of Leyden

\$1.50

WILLIAM THE SILENT

A revision of the biography by FREDERIC HARRISON

\$1.50

The two volumes above are of the "Great Hollanders" series edited by EDWARD W. BOK.

THE THREE FOUNTAINS

By STARK YOUNG

\$2.00

AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF R L S

By his stepson, LLOYD OSBOURNE

\$1.50

CRITICAL VENTURES IN MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE

By ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

\$1.75

AMERICAN ARTISTS

By ROYAL CORTISSOZ

\$3.00

WHAT IS MODERNISM?

By LEIGHTON PARKS, D. D.

\$1.00

THE HOLY SPIRIT AND THE CHURCH

By CHARLES GORE, D. D.

\$2.25

WAYS TO PEACE

Edited by ESTHER EVERETT LAPE

\$3.00

JOHN CITIZEN'S JOB

By HENRY H. CURRAN

\$1.50

naturally, first of all, to the plans of Dr. Eliot, Bishop Brent, and Professor Hudson. They are all characteristic, and that offered by Bishop Brent is particularly definite and helpful. It is strong with his strength, and it emphasizes certain facts that cannot receive too much attention.

President Eliot bestows responsibility upon a conference of all the nations of the world, to be held 'at Washington not later than February 1, 1924,' suggesting a programme to be considered by various sections, or committees. Other authors — and a surprisingly large number of them — advise using in one way or another the machinery of the existing League of Nations.

The entire subject is old, and has often been treated. In 1847, when Edward Everett was President of Harvard College, he received a communication from one Thomas Dolby, living in Camden Town, London. Mr. Dolby wrote that he was engaged in preparing a little book under the title of *The Eulogy of Nations: Designed, By Commending the Good Qualities of Each, to Conciliate All*. This title, he said, 'literally expresses the purpose of the book.' Thomas Dolby's Peace Programme may never have seen the light. It suggests, however, a practical plan by which at the present time the United States might coöperate with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world. It is neither unjust nor untrue to say that, like the Pharisee of old, America is inclined to thank God that she is not as other nations are, unjust, extortioners, oppressors, and schemers for securing territory that belongs to others. Ask the everyday American, and he is very apt to tell you that the European nations are all alike and that the less we have to do with them the better. That is why people in this country commend the League of Nations as 'a good thing for Europe,' but something that the United States does not need.

Altogether, therefore, to these twenty *Ways of Peace* I should like to commend Dr. Dolby's way as a twenty-first. This involves, like Bishop Brent's plan, a change of mental attitude, and a Christian way of looking at things.

PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM.

Germany, France, and England, by Maximilian Harden; translated and edited by William Cranston Lawton. New York: Brentano's. 1924. 8vo. viii+326 pp. \$2.50.

It takes courage to translate a book by Harden, and toil as well as skill to render even tolerably close to the original the fire and quality of his more rhapsodic passages. Moreover, when Germany's most daring and brilliant controversialist pursues his victims through the darker labyrinths of domestic politics, his writing needs much exegesis for the foreign reader. Creditable, therefore, as is the translator's effort to lend equal lucidity to all parts of this great polemic, many may be moved to skim lightly over certain chapters through sheer inability to follow their rapid rapier play.

Nevertheless, a substantial balance of facts and arguments remains to make this the most morally courageous book that has come out of Germany since the war. Harden's text, Franco-German coöperation, is not novel, but his sermon upon it surpasses in frankness, force, prophetic ire, and prophetic fire, all previous preachments upon the subject.

We owe to the editor the chapter divisions of what is in the original 'a single essay of nearly sixty thousand words without division or pause.' They begin with a review of the relations of Germany and France following the war of 1870, and draw a contrast humiliating enough for Germans between their own acts and attitude since the armistice and the conduct of their defeated Gallic enemies fifty years ago. Pages of scathing denunciation follow, excoriating the politics and politicians of Berlin, with no sparing of epithets and nicknames. The foul spirits that have bred Germany's morass of inflation and financial and social degeneration are paraded unveiled before the reader's vision. But when Juvenal turns to statecraft, as in the hypothetical reply to the French May Note that forms a long chapter by itself, the serious student of foreign affairs finds material that alone repays the purchase and perusal of the volume.

Letters written by William before he was Crown Prince to Tsar Alexander are printed for the unpleasing light they throw upon the future Kaiser's character. The perpetuation of Balkan discord is attributed to Britain's interested effort to prevent political stability on the Dardanelles, plus the dynastic worries and ambitions of a 'withered coterie of crowned ladies.' Isvolskii's dispatches from Paris are dismissed more summarily than historians may think warranted, and Poincaré, who 'did not wish that his Lorraine home should again become a battlefield,' is defended from the charge of plotting the war.

Harden denies that the Versailles Treaty exacts an unworthy confession of guilt from Germany. 'The balancing of the account after this war is so difficult, because the chief victor waged it only in his own land, while the leader of the vanquished fought almost wholly on an alien soil, and because her three allies can do nothing toward Reparation, so she alone must be responsible "for all losses and damages." That stands in the treaty. An acknowledgment of guilt was not extorted, and has never been expressed.'

Germany's own obstinacy and blundering are blamed for protracting the war to the point where Wilson's 'peace without victory' was impossible, and the Allies were in a position to say to him: 'Everlasting shall be our gratitude for your help: but we can take care of what is left of the hostile Four by ourselves, and must not keep you away from home any longer. Our debts? We shall pay them, of course, every cent. That we can't to-day, nor to-morrow, is evident. Three cheers for Franklin, Lafayette, Wilson, Pershing. Good Day!'

ALFRED A. KNOFF



730 Fifth Ave., New York

Four fine new Novels by Americans



COUNTRY PEOPLE

RUTH SUCKOW

The publication of Ruth Suckow's first novel has long been eagerly awaited by her enthusiastic following of magazine readers. *Country People* will not disappoint them. It is with the authority of an intimate knowledge and a keen feeling for the poignancy of simple truth that she has chronicled the cautious and industrious lives of three generations of German-American farmers in Iowa.

\$2.00 net

H. L. MENCKEN writes: "Regarding Miss Suckow's future accomplishment I have no doubt whatever. She will write, within the limits of her interest, absolutely first-rate stuff. I think she is one of the finest artists we have."

WINE OF FURY AN ISLAND CHRONICLE

LEIGH ROGERS

WILLIAM CUMMINGS

Acclaimed by the British press as the most brilliant novel that has yet come out of the Russian Revolution, this story narrates the adventures of an American financier in the midst of a tremendous political cataclysm. "A remarkable novel."
—*Westminster Gazette*. \$2.50 net

An idyll of primitive emotions and superstitions in a colony of immigrants on a remote island off the New England coast. Here is a totally different New England from anything to which we are accustomed:—a village of Portuguese farmers and fishermen, into whose monotonous lives comes a young boy from Vermont, creating the desire for something finer, envy, and finally tragedy. Mr. Cummings is a young Bostonian, and this fine story is his first novel. \$2.50 net

SANDOVAL

A ROMANCE OF BAD MANNERS

by THOMAS BEER *Author of* STEPHEN CRANE

Stephen Crane fulfilled the rich promise of Mr. Beer's first novel, *The Fair Rewards*, and re-created a period of American life with remarkable skill. In *Sandoval* Mr. Beer has written a novel of old New York in the days immediately following the Civil War, when rebel officers were just beginning to be favored in the North, when society centred

about Dobbs Ferry, and California was a golden legend of wealth. To *Thor Gaar*, seventeen and an idealist, falls the task of telling the picturesque story of *Sandoval*, a mysterious stranger with a consuming thirst for vengeance. \$2.50 net



Ernest Boyd writes in *The New York Tribune* of THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE, by J. Anker Larsen, published last month: "The internal struggle of our age is contained within the limits of this story." *Second Large Printing*. \$3.00 net

THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

Altogether this book contains a more brilliant brief for France—and incidentally a more plausible, though in a broader sense not hostile, bill of grievances against Great Britain—than France herself has produced in all the mountains of controversial writing under which the world now labors. The author's historical interpretations, and the contemporary political consequences he deduces from them, should be weighed with the fact in mind that Harden was discovered and brought to the front by Bismarck, and that he ardently championed the cause of the ex-Chancellor against his young monarch throughout their long estrangement. But this does not reflect upon Harden's intellectual honesty, which has been tested by unwavering loyalty to his convictions through imprisonment, brutal assault, and constant physical danger, and by a consistent boldness in publishing what he believes to be the truth probably unparalleled in Germany's journalistic annals.

VICTOR S. CLARK.

A Hind Let Loose, by C. E. Montague. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. 12mo. xiv+264 pp. \$2.00.

ALTHOUGH for over a decade Mr. Montague has been known to some few readers in America as the author of *Dramatic Values*, an admirable book of dramatic theory and criticism, his recognition as a writer of fiction really began here with the publication last year of *Fiery Particles*, a volume of short stories of unusual quality. *A Hind Let Loose*, though it is marked as a 'first edition,' was published in England in 1910. Its republication is, however, fully deserved and is certain to be welcomed by those who have come to look upon its author as the possessor of a rare spirit of comedy.

It is perhaps well to explain that the 'hind' of the title means a bondservant or slave, not a female deer. This hind is Colum Fay, an Irish hack-journalist of astonishing flow of language but no convictions, who is engaged in writing leaders for two bitterly rival English newspapers, neither of the editors being aware, of course, who is the author of the scurrilous attacks of the opposing sheet. The culprit is discovered and is discharged by both editors; but the latter soon realize that they cannot get along without him. The ironical conclusion is that he is not only re-engaged by both but on the same evening is hired by a third to write editorials for a new paper that has just been set up in opposition to the other two.

The simple plot gives no indication of the rich comedy of the telling, for the irony really plays about the two nationalities of the Irish and English. In his prefatory chapter, the author draws a contrast between the Englishman of 'slowly and majestically moving mind, sadly prone to splutter, choke, and become unimposing when Fate calls upon him to find, at short notice, lofty utterance for one of his own profound dis-

likes or ardent desires,' and the Irishman, of 'apt and eloquent words, like a hungry and overstocked cow in a market, with the pure milk of rhetoric almost running from him in waste.' And he concludes that the two were made for each other, 'the man with the fine flow of words to his pen, but no topic at all, and the man with the grand things to say if he had not aphasia.' But there are also many overtones of satire, such as that on the journalistic style of solemnly saying nothing at all, on the popular fear of originality, and on the ways of forming public opinion, all of which keep the reader in a constant mood of true comedy, 'the laughter of the mind.'

One could wish that the style of the novel were not so labored and so quotational. It is, in fact, a curious study. The author, who has evidently an astonishing verbal memory, has stocked his mind with phrases from the Bible, Shakespeare, and the greater poets, with the result that his pages are dotted with veiled or adapted quotations. Some of his chapters might be set as college examination questions, the problem being to detect and identify as many literary echoes as possible. As a device it is open to censure as suggesting immaturity, but at least it suggests the source of a style so meaty and flavorful as his.

The book is certainly one to keep and return to. The character of Fay especially is a piece of subtle comedy with more than a touch of pathos, and the sketch of his wife is one to love. Nothing in the story is better than the very last page on which Mrs. Fay, totally unconscious that Colum is doing anything immoral, is only afraid that he may inadvertently do some injustice to Ireland.

R. M. GAY.

Galápagos: World's End, by William Beebe.

New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1924.

Large 8vo. Illustrated. xxii+443 pp. \$9.00.

BEFORE Pizarro came to Peru, before Columbus had discovered a new world, an Inca King, Tupac Yupanqui, after making himself the master of an empire larger than those which Babylon, Nineveh, or Egypt ruled in their prime, dared the most adventurous voyage ever recorded. The two-year cruise of Hanno the Carthaginian around Africa; of Eric the Red to Vineland; of Vasco da Gama around the world; of Magellan through the straits which bear his name and of Columbus himself were all great achievements. Yet each one of these navigators had ships of some kind. King Tupac alone dared to sail away into the vast of an unknown ocean on rafts made of inflated seal skins. After voyaging a year he came back to the royal city of Cuzco with a great throne of copper, negro prisoners, and skins of animals like horses. He had visited the Island of Fire, afterward christened the Galápagos, the Isle of Tortoises, the Enchanted Isles, a group of volcanoes, remnant of a forgotten continent and of another age when reptiles and not mammals ruled the earth. From

Notable Books on the Putnam List



THE FABULOUS FORTIES

An astounding picture of America's "Awkward Age" that is being talked about everywhere for its unique revelations of the incredible people, customs and events of eighty years ago. Illustrated from old prints. \$3.50

ENCHANTED AISLES

By Alexander Woolcott

"Alec in Wonderland" *The Christian Science Monitor* calls this delightful book of essays on life, letters and the theatre. \$2.50

David Morton's Verse HARVEST

By one of the finest lyricists of our times, the author of "Ships in Harbor." \$1.75

Helen Douglas Adams' THE ELFIN PEDLAR

and *Tales Told by Pixy Pool*. A charming collection of fanciful verse by a twelve year old girl. \$2.50

Plays by Edward Knoblock

THE LULLABY

And *Other Plays*. Includes also "Marie Odile," and "Tiger, Tiger." \$2.00

THE SHORELESS SEA

By Mollie Panter-Downes

Romance of exceptional literary quality by a sixteen year old girl. Discriminating London has received this novel with acclaim. \$2.00

MEN OF EARTH

By Bernice Brown

Stories which picture the lives and loves of the Scandinavian settlers in the Northwestern States. An unusual group of characters superbly drawn, by the author of "The Shining Road." \$2.00

Robert Keable's RECOMPENSE

A Sequel to
"Simon Called Peter"

The big book of the Spring, completing the, sensational story of Peter and Julie. *The Boston Transcript* says:

"Questions will be rife about this new book. This is absolutely inevitable. If 'Simon Called Peter' stirred up a hornet's nest of discussion, 'Recompense' can certainly do no less. It is only a few times that modern fiction has given us so fascinating a heroine as Julie. . . . 'Recompense' is a penetrating study of very delicate psychological problems." \$2.00

A Distinctive Library of Biography

LIFE OF VOLTAIRE

By S. G. Tallentyre

With 17 full-page portraits. 600 pages. \$6.00

LIFE OF MIRABEAU

By S. G. Tallentyre

With 5 portraits. \$3.50

THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI

A Forerunner

By Dmitri Merejkowski

A classic among biographies. Artists' edition in two volumes with 64 illustrations, \$6.00; popular edition \$2.50

THE SECOND EMPIRE

By Philip Guedalla

The rise and fall of Napoleon III. \$5.00

EMINENT VICTORIANS

By Lytton Strachey

Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Arnold, General Gordon. With portraits. \$3.50

LIFE OF GOETHE

By A. Bielschowsky

In 3 volumes. Illustrated. \$12.00

At All Booksellers

PEARLS AND SAVAGES

By Capt.
Frank Hurley

"The record of the expedition stands forth unique as the most complete and detailed ever made of an unknown, barbaric people. As romantic as Defoe's immortal story." — *The International Book Review*. 90 full-page illustrations. \$7.50



GALÁPAGOS: WORLD'S END

By William Beebe

"A best seller de luxe" is this marvelous story. It has been hailed everywhere as one of the big publishing events of the year. 126 superb illustrations. \$9.00

George H. Greene describes THE MIND IN ACTION

The process by which the mind functions explained in non-technical style. \$2.00

By Prof. William McDougall ETHICS AND SOME MODERN WORLD PROBLEMS

Immigration and other serious questions discussed from a scientific and ethical point of view. \$2.50

Fabian Franklin offers PLAIN TALKS ON ECONOMICS

Labor and wages, trade unions, free trade, taxation, anti-trust laws, etc.

WHIRLWIND

By H. C. M. Hardinge

A daring novel of a woman who gambled with life for high stakes. It is one of the sensations of the season's fiction. \$2.00

DEEP MEADOWS

By Margaret Rivers Larmine

A book to add thousands to the admirers gained through the author's previous novels "Echo" and "Search." \$2.00

there he voyaged to the Island of Beyond which no man has ever identified since.

Thereafter the Galápagos became the peculiar possession of the Incas who buried a part of their treasure there at the time of the Spanish invasion. Later Alexander Selkirk, the Robinson Crusoe of Defoe, stopped there. So did a Bishop of Panama who only kept himself from dying of thirst by chewing cactus. Then came the Buccaneers, and in 1835 Charles Darwin.

Last of all, in the spring of 1923, that veteran naturalist and nature-writer, William Beebe, spent a hundred hours on the islands and has written four hundred pages of jeweled prose about what he saw there, most ably assisted by Isabel Cooper as artist, John Tee-Van photographer, and Ruth Rose historian.

Of all the treasure-hunters who have visited this World's End he alone seems to have found the treasure which he sought. Tortoises, the oldest living creatures on earth, who were living when Columbus discovered a new world, giant lizards, — the one on the jacket looks like a dragon, — fish all blue and gold and crimson, too brilliant to be painted by any pigment known to man, moon-fish of molten silver, tame sea-lions, crimson crabs; fierce viper-fish; boobies; tame mocking-birds, frigate birds and vermilion flycatchers — all these are but a part of the many-colored loot which may be found in the pages of Mr. Beebe's gorgeous book.

Even in that Eden where almost everything was tame except the dragon-flies, greed and cruelty have crept in. Wild dogs and mongrel men have killed off for food and a few cents' worth of oil nearly all the vast tortoises, found nowhere else on earth, who had lived harmless lives there for half a thousand years.

There too was that spice of danger which Mr. Beebe secretly enjoys, as when a moray eel sprang at his face as he leaned over a pool and a great tiger-shark snapped up a sea-lion cub from the surf at his side. Altogether this chronicle of the World's End, of the last and loneliest islands in the high seas, ranks as one of Mr. Beebe's most fascinating books.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

W. H. Hudson: A Portrait, by Morley Roberts.
New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. 8vo.
xiv+310 pp. \$5.00.

ADMIRERS of Hudson have waited eagerly for this book. So little was known authentically about him, his secrets were so jealously hidden that a kind of external mystery has grown up, veiling still further the aloofness and independence of the man's inward self.

To the curiosity of those who seek in a biog-

raphy a record of dates, events, facts, — the framework and dry bones of a once vital soul, — Mr. Roberts's book will be plainly disappointing. Himself utterly without such preoccupation — or assuming that it is, in fact, a mere vulgar curiosity — he throws us once in a while a crumb or scrap of fact, but only to provide a background for his portrait, to accentuate a light or deepen a shadow. We learn, however, that Hudson's mother was a New Englander and that his father, of English-Irish stock, was American born. Owing to ill health, the Hudson ménage moved to South America and settled in the Argentine, where Hudson was brought up, a bilingual English boy among the wild Guachos and Indians of the Pampa whom he described so vividly in *The Purple Land*. Something of the Spanish dignity and courtesy he always retained, though he found his true ultimate home when he went to England. Mr. Roberts describes the years of poverty and disappointment there, the slow grudging acceptance of Hudson, first as a field-naturalist and later as a prose-writer of strange power, and finally, in his old age, a recognition of his performance and a full measure of fame.

Mr. Roberts, however, is always trying to paint his portrait, to express his elusive personality. A difficult task. When Hudson sailed from South America, never to return, his younger brother said to him wistfully, 'Of all the people I have ever known, you are the only one I do not know.' Mr. Roberts knew him as long and as intimately perhaps as any man, but from first to last his attitude is wonder and a wild surmise; he could not wholly understand this friend who never entirely revealed himself to man or woman, who expressed in his writings only a portion of the 'variety of a world in him.'

If Mr. Roberts's method seems at times fumbling and uncertain, it is due perhaps to the difficulty of his task and to the humility with which he approaches it. His book will not rank among the great biographies, nor did he harbor the illusion that it would. With fidelity and devotion he has shown us the Hudson likeness, and if his work is incomplete, he has given us a clearer understanding than we had before of that profound and many-sided nature. At least he conveys to us a sense of the authentic qualities of Hudson, his complete independence, his insatiable curiosity as to all forms of life, his sympathy for birds and animals, his courage, his strange, wild spirit, his power to hate and to love. The book is stamped with a kind of emotional fatigue, a sense of loss, a sadness which is easily understood, coming from one who wrote, 'He was not only a great man, but a great friend, and his loss has been like the setting of the sun.'

RICHARD E. DANIELSON.

These reviews will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston. For ten or more copies there is a charge of one cent per copy.



G O D ' S O U T - O F - D O O R S

VISIONS arise in the minds of men when they meet God's Great Out-of-Doors. Business is swept aside and the cares which beset the housewife fade in their significance in the brilliance of Nature.

Swift flowing rivers over which bend great beckoning trees, the white ribbon of roadway leading on and on inviting the mind to the vast empire of outdoor charm, mountains and hills, the expanse of plains stretching into the horizon are resting places for surfeited eyes.

Thoughts like these, of the Great Out-of-Doors, must unfortunately remain but thoughts in the minds of those dejected

ones who for the sake of a little saving, must cherish the hope of someday finding themselves among those who enjoy the reviving influence of Nature.

The man in business, the housewife with her irksome indoor tasks find God's Out-of-Doors a soothing remedy for tired nerves. What a relief to be able to be for a week or two, with rivers, trees and open fields.

The experience of such excursions goes back into the memory as one of "The Good Things of Life" and it is made possible in most instances by saving, and it becomes assured by investment in safe Real Estate Bonds.

Baird and Warner Invites You to *God's Out-of-Doors*



[A copy of "The Good Things of Life" of which this page is a part, will be sent free to those seeking safe investments.]

BAIRD & WARNER, INC., Bonds and Mortgages, Chicago



Expert Counsel

is never more essential than when the purchase or sale of investment securities is contemplated.

For more than a generation Hornblower & Weeks has maintained a staff of specialists upon whose experience the investor may draw, either by mail or in person, without incurring any obligation.

*May we send you our current list of
Investment Bonds and Stocks? Ask for list AJ.*

HORNBLOWER & WEEKS

BOSTON

Established in 1888

DETROIT

PORTLAND PROVIDENCE NEW YORK CLEVELAND CHICAGO

Members of the New York, Boston and Chicago Stock Exchanges

Making Profits and Keeping Them

THE profits of a business depend largely upon the efficient use of the capital employed.

The larger the business the more widely should this responsibility be divided throughout various departments.

Yet executives who follow this procedure carefully in their own business frequently invest in securities without accurate knowledge of the uses to which their capital is put. Business men and bankers are depending upon Moody's Investors Service to guide them.

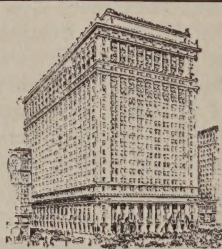
Our booklet No. 107-A, "Constructive Investing," is available to investors.

MOODY'S INVESTORS SERVICE

JOHN MOODY, President

35 Nassau Street, New York

Boston Philadelphia Chicago Los Angeles



RESOURCES
MORE THAN
\$500,000,000

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO

"An Extra Measure of Service"

The Pilgrim's Progress

Abridged by

EDITH FREELOVE SMITH

Silhouette Illustrations by

HARRIET SAVAGE SMITH

John Bunyan's immortal story made pleasant and easy reading for young people by the elimination of 17th-century doctrinal theology. 80 cents

Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston



Iron Chests— *with Two Locks!*

*The Directors of the Massachusetts Bank
voted on May 20, 1784:*

“The Committee . . . were desired to take such officers belonging to the Bank as they think necessary to sort and count the money they have received . . . and as they finish counting daily to deposit the Money so counted in Iron Chests and lodge the keys of these Chests with the President each night.”

IRON chests, even with *two* locks, are out of date now, but the earnestness which provoked the Committee in 1784 to adopt an extra precaution is still at work, safeguarding 77,000 customers' diversified interests. The Committee showed then, as we are trying to show in 1924, that the definite intention of this bank is to be **FIRST** in usefulness to all of its customers all of the time.

The **FIRST** NATIONAL BANK *of* **BOSTON**

1784 :: :: 1924

MAIN OFFICE, 70 FEDERAL ST.

Foreign Branches
BUENOS AIRES AND HAVANA

London Representative
24, OLD BROAD STREET, E. C. 3

36

Pages

of Useful Bond Information

THE experienced as well as the beginning bond buyer will find it valuable to have at hand a copy of our booklet, "BONDS—Questions Answered and Terms Defined."

This book provides a digest of information which might otherwise be gained only from broad experience or wide reading concerned with investments.

It is indexed for ready reference and covers questions which long observation has shown most frequently present themselves to investors when selecting or handling their bond investments.

Non-technical definitions of commonly used bond terms are included.

We shall welcome the opportunity to place this booklet in the hands of any one to whom it may be useful.

Write to nearest office for Booklet AT-6

CHICAGO 201 S. LaSalle St.	NEW YORK 14 Wall St.	PHILADELPHIA 100 South Broad St.
BOSTON 82 Devonshire St.	DETROIT 601 Griswold St.	ST. LOUIS 319 N. 4th St.
MILWAUKEE 425 E. Water St.	MINNEAPOLIS 610 Second Ave., S.	

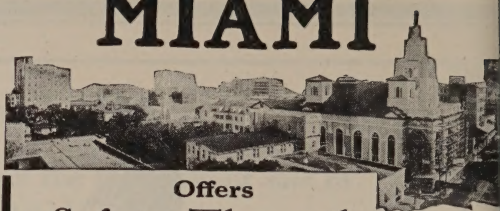
HALSEY, STUART & CO.

INCORPORATED

BONDS
QUESTIONS ANSWERED
AND TERMS DEFINED

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

MIAMI



Offers

Safety Through Substantial Growth

POPULATION increased from 29,750 in 1920 to 47,000 in 1923, a gain of 58% in three years. Property securing first mortgage investments constantly growing in value. We offer

8% First Mortgage BONDS

secured by income business property appraised at double the amount of the loan. Collection and forwarding of semi-annual interest, and all other details attended to by us without charge to client. References: All Miami banks. Write today for illustrated book "8% And Safety," describing Miami and our current offerings.

THE FILER-CLEVELAND CO
Sales Dept. MIAMI, FLORIDA

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

Required by the Act of August 24, 1912
Published monthly at Concord, N. H.

NAME OF —	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS
<i>Editor</i> , ELLERY SEDGWICK	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
<i>Business Manager</i> MACGREGOR JENKINS	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
<i>Publisher</i> MACGREGOR JENKINS	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
<i>Owners:</i> ELLERY SEDGWICK	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
MACGREGOR JENKINS	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
MABEL C. SEDGWICK	14 Walnut St., Boston, Mass.
ALICE D. JENKINS	Dover, Mass.
REGINALD WASHBURN	254 Salisbury St., Worcester, Mass.
TERESA S. FITZPATRICK	Brookline, Mass.
NELSON J. PEABODY	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgagees, or other securities: Boston Five Cents Savings Bank.

Signed ELLERY SEDGWICK, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1924.
MARY A. LYONS, Notary Public.

[SEAL]

(My commission expires March 3, 1927.)

No. 727

June 10, 1924.

\$525⁰⁰/₁₀₀

DOLLARS

DAY TO THE ORDER OF *Horace Jones & Company*

TO *Five hundred twenty-five* ⁷⁰/₁₀₀

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Martin Ely

Look for the wavy lines

If you want to be sure that your checks are protected against alteration, *look for the wavy lines* which identify National Safety Paper.

Any experienced check-manipulator knows that it would be extremely hazardous for him to attempt to alter a check on this paper. He knows that any change he might make, whether with chemicals, eraser, or knife, would be instantly exposed by a conspicuous white spot in the paper.

National Safety Paper enjoys the confidence of more banks and trust companies than any other form of check protection. There is a good reason for this. A bank wants *positive proof* that its protection is dependable—and National Safety Paper *has proved its protection by over 50 years of use.*

If you have a checking account, you should read our book "The Protection of Checks." It will be sent without charge upon request.

National Safety Paper

George La Monte & Son 61 Broadway New York

Founded 1871

*National Safety Paper is also made in Canada by
George La Monte & Son, Ltd., Toronto*



A Strong 6½% Security

Invest Now in First Mortgage Bonds
Secured by the Newest and Largest
Office Building in the Nation's Capital

THE Investment Building is a striking example of the strong security with which The F. H. Smith Company safeguards its investors. It is the newest and largest office building in Washington—one of the most valuable and imposing structures in the business and financial district of the Nation's Capital.

In addition to the ample security of the property itself, the First Mortgage Bonds on the Investment Building comply in every detail with the rigid safeguards which have made possible our record of **no loss to any investor in 51 years**. These safeguards are summarized in our pamphlet describing the Investment Building issue, and are described in detail in our new booklet, "Half a Century of Investment Safety in the Nation's Capital."

You may buy our 6½% First Mortgage Bonds secured by the Investment Building in any amount, in denominations of \$100, \$500, \$1,000, and \$5,000, outright or under our investment savings plan.

State and Federal tax free features
bring the gross yield to 7.13%.

The F. H. SMITH CO.
Founded 1873

SMITH BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE F. H. SMITH COMPANY, Washington, D. C.

Without obligation on my part, please send me the free investment literature which I have checked (✓) below:

- ☐ Investment Building Pamphlet.
☐ Half a Century of Investment Safety in the Nation's Capital.

Name

Address

Strength of Diversification

INVESTMENTS diversified among many cities and towns in widely separated localities and welded together in a single, able and responsible institution, gain additional strength by application of the law of averages. An example of proven success in this respect is

Standard Gas and Electric Company

whose operated utilities now serve 840 cities and towns in 17 states.

We recommend as an attractive investment the Company's new **7% Cumulative Prior Preference Stock**, yielding about 7½%. Full details and illustrated descriptive booklet DM-244 sent on request.

H. M. Byllesby and Co.

208 South La Salle Street, CHICAGO

NEW YORK
111 Broadway

BOSTON
14 State St.

Investors' Library

"The Good Things of Life," telling what may be accomplished through saving and investing in safe real estate bond mortgages. The experience of 69 years is reflected in this book offered by Baird & Warner, Inc., Chicago, Illinois.

"How to Build an Independent Income," a booklet, illustrated, which shows how investors have much to gain by the compounding of 6½% to 7.13% interest on first mortgage investments in Washington, D. C. Offered by The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"Markets of the World." This is a series of economic maps and statistical abstracts of the principal countries of the world. Offered by the First National Bank, Boston, Mass., to executives of commercial corporations.

"Bonds Insured Against Loss," a booklet giving full information concerning the newest development among real estate mortgage bonds — bonds insured against loss by the National Surety Company. Offered by the Mortgage Security Corporation of America, Norfolk, Va.

The Pied Piper in Pudding Lane

By SARAH ADDINGTON

Author of *The Boy Who Lived in Pudding Lane*

Further adventures of the characters who occupy the pages of *The Boy Who Lived in Pudding Lane*. The illustrations in color are by Miss Gertrude A. Kay, who illustrated also *The Boy Who Lived in Pudding Lane*. \$2.00

The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston (17), Mass.

Without Knowing it, You may be losing money

THE difference between a 7% return and the rate of interest you are now receiving on your surplus money is the amount in dollars and cents you are actually *losing* every year—for you can secure a 7% return with equal safety.

Adair Protected Bonds are safe. They are issued by the South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House with a record of 58 years' experience in making first mortgage investments without loss to a single investor.

Figure out how much you could increase your income if you were drawing 7% interest, payable semi-annually, then mail the coupon today for full information about these first mortgage bonds which are preferred by shrewd investors the country over. *Stop losing money today.*

Adair Protected Bonds



First Mortgage Real Estate

ADAI REALTY & TRUST CO. *Established 1865*
Dept. C-2, Healey Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Gentlemen: Please send me without obligation your booklet, "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds."

Name.....

Address

3 Secrets of Wise Investing

Thirty-nine years of sound, conservative financial experience were necessary before we acquired the investment knowledge given in this book. It gives the three secrets of wise investing which everyone should know.

HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS

A postcard or letter will bring your copy of this book, "How to Select Safe Bonds." For 39 years no investor has ever lost a penny on any investment purchased from us—an unsurpassed record. Send today for your copy of this valuable book. No obligation.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY

Dept. 136, 105 West Monroe St. *Chicago, Ill.*
39 Years Without Loss to a Customer

The Iron Man in Industry

By ARTHUR POUND

A MOST interesting book—one certain to be discussed with heat. Most of the debate will turn on Mr. Pound's proposed remedies. These are large issues, issues of the sort that call for thoughtful study rather than debate. Even the readers most inclined to question Mr. Pound's position must acknowledge that he has stated a problem of great moment with rare effectiveness. — *New York Evening Post.* \$1.75

At All Booksellers, or

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
8 Arlington Street - Boston (17), Mass.

100% Safe Since 1855

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company is under the same ownership as Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company which was founded in 1855. Thus holders of Greenebaum Bonds enjoy the advantage of dealing with the oldest First Mortgage Banking House.

*Combined Resources over
\$35,000,000*

You Benefit by This Bond Experience

SINCE 1855 the House of Greenebaum has specialized on First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. During this time we have built a great organization skilled in the purchase and sale of this one type of security.

69 Years' Proven Safety

This unequalled record for safety is your assurance that it pays to buy bonds from specialists.

Send for Investors Guide

Merely mail coupon for a copy of Investors Guide, explaining Greenebaum Bond Service.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company

FOUNDED 1855—CHICAGO
Philadelphia—Pittsburgh—Kansas City
St. Louis—Milwaukee
BOND SERVICE OFFICES IN 300 CITIES

Mail This Coupon—



Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
La Salle and Madison Sts., Chicago
Please send me without charge or obligation copy of Investors Guide and current list of Greenebaum offerings.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Greenebaum Bonds—100% Safe Since 1855

A Key to Unlock The Door of Success

SUCCESS lies not so much in how much money we make, but rather in how much we save. Anyone who consistently lays by money and invests it safely at a fair rate of interest will amass a comfortable fortune—perhaps even riches.

We have published a booklet, "Common Sense in Investing Money", which will help you build your fortune and will prove a veritable key to success if you learn and practice its lessons.

This valuable booklet will be sent you without charge or obligation. It explains the science of investment—how to pick good investments—how to avoid bad ones—how to get the best return on your money. Write today and specify

BOOKLET F-1428

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882

STRAUS BUILDING
505 Fifth Avenue
at 46th St.
NEW YORK

Incorporated

STRAUS BUILDING
6 North Clark Street
at Madison St.
CHICAGO

STRAUS BUILDING
79 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO

**42 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS
TO ANY INVESTOR**

© 1924—S. W. S. & Co., Inc.

Investors' Library

THE search for information on the part of individual investors is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, in connection with its Financial Advertising Department, wishes to encourage this by the publication of the following list of booklets, which, it is believed, should prove useful to those readers who are concerned over the problems of the investment of their surplus funds.

It is recommended that readers write directly to the investment Houses, making request for such booklets as seem most likely to be useful, or for such information as the booklets may suggest. Our banker friends will be glad to be of service to *Atlantic Monthly* readers.

"Bonds and How to Buy Them," an interesting booklet enumerating the important features in securities with which investors should be familiar. Offered by Otis & Co., 216 Superior Ave., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

"How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds," giving the experience of a prominent mortgage house. Offered by Adair Realty & Trust Company, 271 Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga.

"The Straus Plan." A new 16-page booklet explaining the plan upon which the well-known Straus slogan "42 Years Without Loss to any Investor" was founded. Of much use to those who are interested in real estate mortgage bond investments. Offered by S. W. Straus & Company, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

"Monthly Investment Plan," financial independence through the purchase of high-grade securities on a ten-payment plan. An interesting and attractive booklet. Offered by H. M. Byllesby & Co., 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

"Choosing Your Investment Banker," a worth-while booklet for investors, giving them an idea of what to look for in their investment banker. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

"Systematic Savings Plan," a pamphlet which discusses the partial payment method of buying real estate mortgages. Offered by Greenebaum Sons Bank & Trust Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

"For Buyers of Bonds," an interesting booklet for buyers of investment securities. It explains many of the facilities of a large bond house, and describes the financing of nations, cities or corporations. Offered by The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York.

"Public Utility Bonds." Brown Brothers & Company, 59 Wall Street, New York, have issued a circular of 30 of the better known public utility bonds, affording a wide variety for selection with yields ranging from 5.16% to 7%. Copies of this circular will be sent on request.

Buying Investment Stocks. *Atlantic Monthly* readers may secure full information about the sale and purchase of investment stocks by addressing Hornblower & Weeks, 60 Congress Street, Boston, Mass., or 42 Broadway, New York City.

"How to Select Safe Bonds," an instructive booklet describing various kinds of bonds and what measures the investor may take to be sure of the safety of his funds. Offered by Geo. M. Forman & Company, 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Banking Service: All forms of banking service, commercial, investment, and fiduciary, are rendered by the Continental & Commercial Banks. Full details will be furnished upon request. 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

Constructive Investing: A general discussion of investment policies which should be of real interest to investors. Offered by Moody's Investors Service, 35 Nassau Street, New York City.

"8% and Safety," a booklet explaining the reason for 8% securities based on improved real estate in Florida. Offered by The Filer-Cleveland Company, Miami, Fla.

You have proved the power of the individual



The Oldest American Fire and
Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

Recently, when grade crossing accidents were occurring with appalling frequency, the railroads directed attention to the individual as the controlling factor in such fatalities. Whether consciously influenced or not, automobile drivers and pedestrians did begin to exercise more caution—and the number of casualties was materially reduced.

Of the fires that annually destroy homes and prosperous businesses, *60% is preventable*—due more often than not to someone's carelessness in failing to observe simple fire precautions.

The individual has proved his power to curb other evils. But the fire evil is still unchecked.

The local representatives of responsible insurance companies are working to make yours a safe community for homes and business. Let them help you reduce your fire hazards.

Insurance Company of North America

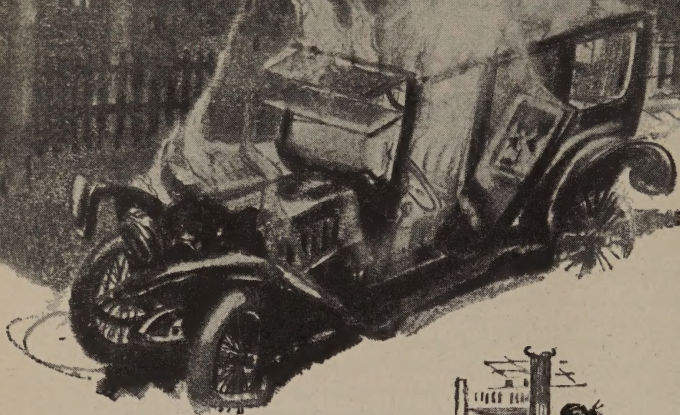
PHILADELPHIA

and the

Indemnity Insurance Company of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

It happened!



Protect your family from the awful results of fire. Install a Pyrene Fire Extinguisher in your new car before you take the first ride.

• • •

With a Pyrene you can put out any fire at the start and prevent serious injury to yourself, your loved ones and your property.

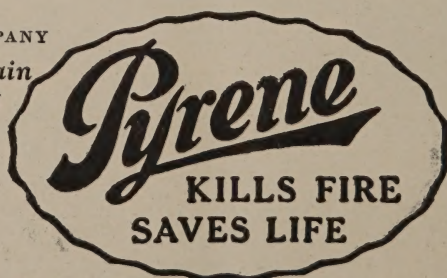
Never ride in your own car or any other closed car unless you know you are protected from fire by Pyrene.

Pyrene means fire protection and "makes for safety".

Sold by garages, automobile, hardware and electrical supply dealers

PYRENE
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Makes Safety Certain
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



PYRENE SAVES 15% ON YOUR FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUM



THE TOOL BOX OF THE BRAIN

PRICES
 Over-size Duofold Duetto:
 Pen, \$7; Pencil, \$3.50
 Duofold Jr. or
 Lady Duofold Duetto:
 Pen, \$5; Pencil, \$3.50
Gift Box Free in Sets

Graduation's New Gift

Parker Duofold Duetto

Duofold Pen and Pencil to match

in satin-lined Gift Case De Luxe

Handsome Than Gold—Mightier Than the Sword

DOING princely honor at Graduation to the sons and daughters of your friends wins not only the life-long affection of the Graduates, but of their parents, too. For to this Day they have all looked forward for years—it's the Day when Youth embarks on Life's Career.

No better gift to start the Graduate than these two fine Tools of Hand and Brain—the Parker Duofold Duetto. For Duofold's balanced swing and infinite smoothness *inspire* writing.

This classic Duetto is the newest of Gifts—this Graduation is its first. And it is beautifully prepared for giving—the black-tipped lacquer-red Duofold or Lady Duofold Pen and the Duofold Pencil to match, nestling in a satin-lined Gift Case de luxe, for which no extra charge.

The pen has the super-smooth Point that is guaranteed 25 years for mechanical perfection and wear—the Pencil has Non-clog Propeller that turns the lead both OUT and IN. All are built and finished with jeweler's precision—there is nothing finer.

Duofold Pen or Pencil can be bought singly, or in Duetto Sets. With the Sets we include the handsome Gift Case free.

Any good pen counter will supply you. Order now in time for engraving. If a dealer hasn't the Parker models desired, don't accept an inferior make, but write us giving dealer's name.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

Parker Duofold Pencils to match the Duofold Pen, \$3.50

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · SPOKANE

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

Parker LUCKY CURVE
Duofold Duetto

Pen has 25 Year Point—Pencil turns lead OUT and IN



Red and Black
 Color Combination
 Reg. Trade Mark
 U. S. Pat. Office

LET MUNSINGWEAR COVER YOU WITH SATISFACTION

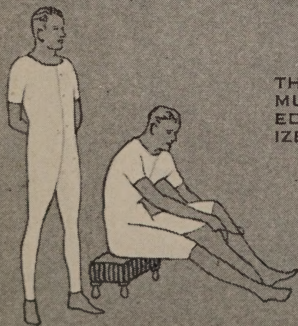


MUNSING Wear

Quality assures Comfort and Service

FORM FITTING KNITTED
LOOSE FITTING WOVEN
GARMENTS IN THE
MODISH STYLES

THE ILLUSTRATION ABOVE SHOWS
MUNSINGWEAR STYLE 841 OFFERED
IN COTTON, LISLE AND MERCER-
IZED FABRICS OF FINEST MATERIALS
AND VERY LIGHT IN WEIGHT.



THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



THE MOTOR CRANKS THE CAMERA

Motion Pictures the Kodak Way

Rushing water, swirl of spray, flashing paddles—press the button on your Ciné-Kodak and you're getting it all in motion.

And then back from the trip, you have only to turn the switch on your Kodascope and once more the racing canoes swoop past you and the thrill of the moment is yours again.

Nor are you limited to personal motion pictures of your favorite sports, your vacation trip, or the children. Professional releases—dramas, comedies, etc.—may be rented from Kodascope Libraries, Inc., and projected in your own home.

Price of complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak

with either motor drive or tripod and crank, Kodascope, Screen, etc., \$335. Cost of operating is less than 1/5 of the operating expense of equipment using standard width film, and your finishing by Eastman experts in Eastman laboratories is paid for when you buy the film. *You press the button; we do the rest.*

Descriptive booklet at your dealer's or direct from us

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

happy legs



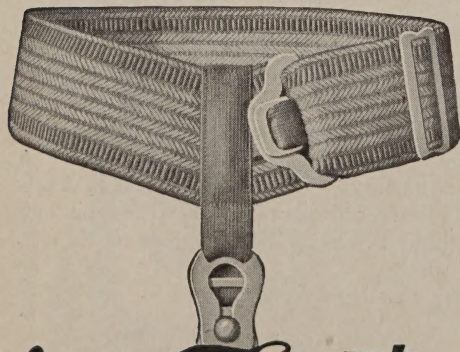
grateful for the
clean white clasps -
no metal - no pads!

IVORIES are light, airy, elastic all the way round. They have clean, white clasps—no metal to corrode and rot the fabric. So Ivory Garters need no pads. They fit any leg comfortably, without a sign of binding.

Notice the V-shaped weave in our new Wide Web Garter. This great improvement makes it the springiest, friendliest feeling garter you ever knew.

Get Ivories at all men's stores. Wide or standard web, single or double clasps. 25c up. Only then will you realize what real leg-comfort can be.

IVORY GARTER COMPANY
New Orleans, La.



Ivory Garter

Save the surface and
you save all. *Paint & Varnish*

Purposely Made
To Protect
Your House
from Weather-Decay-
-Depreciation-

Lucas

Tinted Gloss Paint

THE AUROLESE PHONE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Natural Hearing Instrument Scientific Deaf Aid

Worn by women under the hair, has no battery or wires, and is invisible. Special instruments for men including Rein tube.

Booklet sent upon Request: Address Dept. C

F. Chas. Rein & Son, America, Inc.
71 West 35th Street, New York City

Joys of the Road

A Little Anthology in Praise of Walking

Compiled by WALDO R. BROWNE

WHETHER you journey with Hazlitt or tramp with R. L. S. or study nature with John Burroughs, or enter into the joys of the open road with the others included in this little book, you will feel refreshed in mind and body and spirit. In the hundred small pages the true spirit of the open breathes and lives and the reader will find himself preparing to join what Burroughs calls "The noble army of walkers," even as he tucks the book into his pocket.

Illustrated, 75 cents

At All Booksellers, or

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

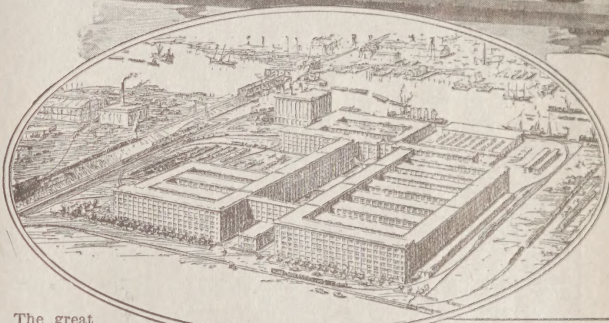
8 Arlington Street - Boston (17), Mass.

How your voice is turning a marsh into an industrial city

YESTERDAY a marsh, to-day a center of building activity, tomorrow the second largest telephone factory in the world*—such is the change which Western Electric is bringing about in New Jersey's great industrial area between Newark and Jersey City.

Springing into being at the call of your voice! So that you can talk near and far, your needs for more and more telephones and cable and equipment have given rise to this great expansion.

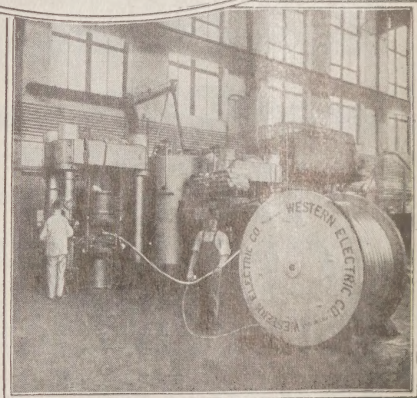
The largest is the Western Electric Works in Chicago



The great Works, as it will look completed. A part is scheduled to be in production in 1924.



Giant pile-drivers hammering a whole forest deep into the Jersey marshes.



10,000 miles of telephone cable a year! Such was the output of the Hawthorne Works in 1923. Our new shops will help produce a still greater mileage.

As building progresses, men and women by the thousands—in truth a cityful as at Hawthorne—will be busily employed here.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

The WHITE HOUSE
Brand meets the *first*
test—*Good Coffee to*
start with.

"None Better at Any Price"



WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

never varies. The World's best by every test.

Buy it and try it in your own home.

WHITE HOUSE TEA in 1-4, 1-2 and 1-lb. Canisters

Yours for Coffee satisfaction.

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY, Principal Coffee Roasters, BOSTON—CHICAGO

HOTEL SCHENLEY PITTSBURGH

THE CENTER OF FASHIONABLE
SOCIAL LIFE ~ ADJACENT TO
LEADING CLUBS AND GOLF
COURSES

TEN MINUTES BY TAXI FROM
ALL RAILROAD TERMINALS

RESTFUL ATMOSPHERE
UNUSUAL SERVICE

S.L. Benedito,
Manager

HOTEL LINCOLN INDIANAPOLIS

Conveniently located in the heart of Indianap-
olis, on Washington Street (National Trail) at
Kentucky Ave.

400 ROOMS

and baths together with many other comfort
features at most reasonable rates.

Single rooms \$2.50 per day upwards

R. L. MEYER, Manager

Atlantic Books for Children

- | | |
|--|--------|
| THE FIRELIGHT FAIRY BOOK | |
| By Henry B. Beston | |
| Illustrated by Maurice Day. | \$3.00 |
| THE STARLIGHT WONDER BOOK | |
| By Henry B. Beston | |
| Illustrated by Maurice Day. | \$3.00 |
| THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS | |
| Abridged by Edith Freelove Smith | |
| Illustrated by Harriet Savage Smith. | \$1.50 |
| THE BOY WHO LIVED IN PUDDING LANE | |
| By Sarah Addington | |
| Illustrated by Gertrude A. Kay. | \$2.00 |

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
8 Arlington Street - Boston (17), Mass.

An Important Statement about Cypress "The Wood Eternal":



ALMOST everybody knows the unequalled investment value of "Tidewater" Cypress, historically described as "The Wood Eternal."

People who know very little about "lumber" know all about Cypress. It is "the nation's most respected wood."

But—knowing what you want, and why you want it, is not always quite enough.

How are you to know that you get it?

In trying to buy *non-rot* lumber you must take account of the fact that the true "Wood Eternal" kind of Cypress grows only within about 200 miles of the coast line.

*It is, therefore, necessary to specify
"TIDEWATER CYPRESS,"*

and then to *identify the genuine* by insisting on seeing the registered Cypress Arrow Trade-mark, thus:



on every board, and on every bundle of small pieces. Do not let yourself be deceived. The difference in permanent value to you is too important to trifle with. Responsible lumber dealers will gladly aid you.

Respectfully submitted:

SOUTHERN CYPRESS MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
1253 Poydras Bldg., New Orleans, La., or 1253 Graham Bldg., Jacksonville, Fla.



MENDEL TRUNK

Wherever travel takes you — take a Mendel Wardrobe Trunk.

You need never be “clothes-conscious” at any time on your trip. The exclusive Mendel *dust-proof* moulding assures absolutely that your wardrobe will reach each “stop-over” dustless and spotlessly fresh as when it was packed.

The new Mendel Trunk are exceptionally attractive. They are commodious, accessible, richly and beautifully lined, quickly opened and closed, easy to pack, and equipped with every convenience that makes a trunk a useful traveling companion.

Have your luggage dealer show you the many new Mendel features.

Mendel Style Book for 1924 on request

THE MENDEL-DRUCKER CO.
Cincinnati, Ohio

DUST-PROOF  WARP-PROOF



GRAND
RAPIDS
*The Furniture
Capital of
America*

750 Rooms

Hotel PANTLIND

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

An entire city block of hospitality

In comfort, service and appointments — and in the excellence of its several restaurants — the Pantlind ranks among the finest hotels in America. Those who best know Grand Rapids, stay at the Pantlind.

Fred Z. Pantlind, Pres. and Mgr.

Where to go this Summer !

Recreational Opportunities in the
Southern Appalachian Mountains

“THE LAND of THE SKY”

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

*“Where the Sky is Blue, The Air is Pure,
The Climate Salubrious”*

Write for Illustrated “SUMMER VACATION BOOK”

W. A. BECKLER
Pass. Traffic Mgr.
Cincinnati, Ohio

W. H. TAYLOE
Pass. Traffic Mgr.
Washington, D. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Dramatic Episodes in Congress and Parliament

A volume in which the child's interest in the concrete and dramatic is utilized to teach him history and parliamentary law. *Price \$1.25*

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

8 Arlington Street.

Boston



Did you ever look at a map without *learning* something?

As the continents draw closer together, knowledge of geography is increasingly necessary to an understanding of the day's news. The territorial claims of one nation—the commercial expansion of another—a people's demand for self-determination—all are things that can only be followed clearly with a map.

You need RAND MCNALLY Maps to grasp the fundamentals of politics and business. They show the stage on which the drama is played, the entrances and exits, the properties around which the action moves. Without the stage, the plot is meaningless.

Nowadays every home and every business is within the circle of international affairs. As a background for culture and a basis for business judgment, a set of RAND MCNALLY Maps is of paramount importance. Loose notions of geography, leading to loose thinking on foreign relations and trade, is one of the least excusable of faults in view of the genuine interest, as well as information, which a map presents.

RAND MCNALLY Maps, in atlas or other form, are reasonable in cost and invariably accurate. A world-wide organization with a single aim has made this possible.

RAND MCNALLY & COMPANY

Map Headquarters

Dept. F-44

536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

42 E. 22nd Street, New York

Branches: Philadelphia . Washington . Boston . Buffalo . Pittsburgh
Cleveland . Detroit . St. Louis . San Francisco . Los Angeles



WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT and TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

featured every month in seven publications

THE QUALITY GROUP MAGAZINES

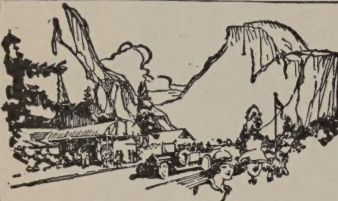
ATLANTIC MONTHLY, HARPER'S, REVIEW OF REVIEWS
SCRIBNER'S and WORLD'S WORK, also in COUNTRY LIFE and OUR WORLD

Send postage for advice where and how to go. The right hotel, etc.

For space and rates in our departments write to

The WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, Inc. 8 Beacon St. Boston, Mass. U.S.A.

1907 1924

YOSEMITE CAL.

YOSEMITE

All year 'round
National Park!
—in California—

Every month in the year Yosemite National Park—between San Francisco and Los Angeles—extends its welcome to all travelers to enjoy the exceptional beauty and majesty of its world famous scenery—its motor tours, trail riding, summer and winter recreations, and mountain climbing.

The "Y T S" Tour, including 240 miles of motoring in Yosemite's mountains via Yosemite Transportation System, offers a special attraction between June 1 and October 1, reaching all main points of interest—Merced River Canyon, Yosemite Valley, Hetch Hetchy Valley, Inspiration Point, Mariposa Grove of 600 Big Trees, Wawona Point, Glacier Point and Overhanging Rock—at a cost of \$35.00 for round trip transportation from Merced, California, where all main line railroad tickets permit free stop-overs.

See Yosemite this year.
For free Illustrated Descriptive Folder,
address Department A

Yosemite Transportation System
Yosemite National Park, California
SAN FRANCISCO CAL.



CLIFT HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

Every room an outside room with bath. Service thoughtful and distinctive. Location convenient to theatres, shops, boats and trains. San Francisco's newest fine hotel. Write for folder and rates.

When writing to these advertisers write you please mention The Where-to-go Bureau? It will be greatly to your advantage to do so.

FISHING CANOEING

HO! FOR THE WOODS O' MAINE

SCENES THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER—SPORT YOU'LL NOT FORGET

Experienced guides make solitudes safe as at home. Easily accessible. All kinds of accommodations for both men and women. Send 10 cents for "IN THE MAINE WOODS 1924"; contains all you wish to know, articles, illustrations, maps, etc.; many times worth price.

Vacation Bureau Dept. H. BANGOR & AROOSTOOK R. R. Bangor Me.

This Where-to-go Bureau department for June is concluded on the three pages immediately following

EUROPE

Attractive Tours at Reasonable Rates

Frequent Sailings, Most Complete Itineraries

One of the oldest Travel Organizations in the world. 49 years of satisfactory travel experience and permanent offices in Europe assure our clients many advantages.

Our Tours have no equal—the personal attention we give each Tour guarantees the best of service throughout. Send for "Book E."

ANNUAL MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE
January 29, 1925

New CUNARD S.S. "SCYTHIA"

FRANK TOURIST COMPANY

542 Fifth Avenue, New York

219 S. 15th St., Philadelphia

582 Market St., San Francisco

Est. 1875 Paris Cairo London

AROUND THE WORLD WITH TEMPLE TOURS

Luxurious trip—minimum cost. Sails westward October 11, 1924. Write at once for Booklet 39, "The Soul of the East," a fascinating description of the things you will see on the journey. Membership limited.

TEMPLE TOURS

Park Square Building Boston

36 Old World Cities on the Same Tour
that takes you to Paris, London
and the Mediterranean

Other tours for as little as \$425.—30 days of delightful travel. Longer tours up to \$1100. Write today for booklet B-6, sailings from May to September.

GATES TOURS—Founded 1892
"World Travel at Moderate Cost"
225 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., London, Paris, Rome

NEW ORLEANS LA.

The St. Charles New Orleans

One of America's Leading Hotels

ALFRED S. AMER & CO., Ltd. Proprietors

LOS ANGELES CAL.

HOTEL CLARENDON

LOS ANGELES

POSITIVELY FIREPROOF

CLOSE TO EVERYTHING

Headquarters for travelers from parts of the world. 555 rooms, E. plan. Write for folder and rates. P. M. Dimmick, Lessee, Hill St., between Fourth and Fifth, Los Angeles, Cal.



LOS ANGELES GATES HOTEL

"Service Distinctively Its Own"

Homelike, modern. Very central. Excellent Cafe. Motorists' headquarters. Rates moderate. Write for folder.



VAN NUYS HOTEL LOS ANGELES

A quiet atmosphere that appeals to persons of refinement. Splendid cafe, convenient location. Moderately priced. Write for folder.

ATLANTIC CITY N. J.

GALEN HALL

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Offers hospitality and comfort, good music, extensive system Curative and Tonic Bath. Resident Physician, Diet Kitchen.

No better Food and Service anywhere. Particularly attractive to ladies traveling alone. Illustrated folder, terms, bills, fare. Desk H. Sidney L. Knisel, Mgr.

NEW MEXICO

At Santa Fe, THE BISHOP'S LODGE

Offers accommodations of a character that attract people of culture and refinement from everywhere. The restful environment and cool, rippling mountain breezes stimulate jaded appetites and invite relaxation. Here you may do everything—or nothing—comfortably. Private golf course, saddle horses, tennis courts; Cadillac cars for tours in "the most interesting 50-mile square in America." Large rooms, luxurious suites, excellent cuisine. Limited to 75 guests. Write for booklet, or wire for reservations. The BISHOP'S LODGE, at Santa Fe, New Mex.

SWEET SPRINGS W. VA.

For Safety, Comfort, and Pleasure

Old Sweet Springs

Elev. 2300 ft. One of the best known and most popular resorts in the Alleghenies. Table unsurpassed, polite & efficient service. Golf, Tennis, Motoring, Horseback riding, Dancing, Electric lights. Large swimming pools & mineral water baths. New management; write for booklet. C. H. Paxton, Owner, Sweet Springs, Monroe Co., W. Va. Where-to-go blankets U. S. income tax payer.

HUNTING CAMPING



WHERE TO GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONTINUED



TRAVEL

Now Glacier National Park Low Fares

Rest in the West this summer. Do as you please when you please in Glacier, the glorious National Park. Modern hotels. All expense tours. Motoring, horseback riding, fishing.

Visit Pacific Northwest

For free booklet or information apply any ticket or tourist agent or Great Northern Railway offices.



A. J. Dickinson,
Passenger Traffic Manager
St. Paul, Minn.

"See America First"

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

"Route of New Oriental Limited"
Finest train to Pacific Northwest



ends of Yours in

Yellowstone Park "In Gardiner, Out Cody"

Park Opens June 20

\$5650

Round Trip from Chicago

Write me for Booklets,
A. B. Smith, P. T. M.
964 Nor. Pac. Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Northern Pacific Ry. "2000 Miles of Startling Beauty"

YELLOWSTONE PARK—On the Beaten Path. 20 days by saddle horse a trail. Exclusive parties, limited membership. Make reservations now. Folder. Todd's Deluxe Party, P.O. Drawer 769, Sta. C, Los Angeles, Cal.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE WISCASSET BUNGALOWS And Central Mount Poccono, Pa. Dining Hall home comforts without housekeeping charges. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Horseback

CANADA

"Canadian National" Vacation Tours



BEFORE you decide on your trip, write Canadian National Railways for illustrated booklets about:

Highest Canadian Rockies and Jasper National Park (4,400 Sq. Mi.), largest in America.

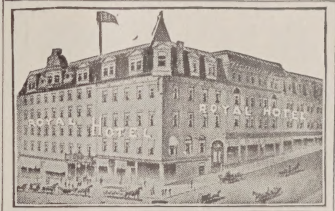
Jasper Park Lodge (Alt. only 3,469 Ft.) a glorious low-altitude playground resort for 350 guests in the very heart of the snow-capped Rockies, with hiking, camping, boating, dancing, riding, (\$8 up, American Plan.)

Triangle Tour of British Columbia takes you by rail from Jasper National Park down the valley of the mystic Skeena to Prince Rupert. By steamer thru quiet seas of the Inside Passage to Vancouver, and by scenic rail trip back to Jasper National Park.

These tours are at moderate cost. No passports required. Write today for booklets. Offices: Chicago, 108 West Adams St., New York, 1270 Broadway.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

The Largest Railway System in the World



ROYAL ST. JOHN, N. B.

Leading Hotel, European Plan, Central Location, 5 minutes from all boats and trains. 200 rooms, 75 with bath. Rates \$2.25 and up. For Booklet apply to any Tourist Bureau, Hotel, Railway or Steamship Agency, or the Proprietors

The Raymond & Doherty Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

NORTHERN ONTARIO TIMAGAMI

A real North Woods Hotel Camp in heart of four million acres of virgin forest. 1,502 Lakes. Every Comfort. Wonderful fishing. One night from Toronto. Booklet. MISS ORE, 250 Wright Av., Toronto, Ont.

FERN COTTAGE Lake Conneliching, Atherley, Ont., Can. Enjoyable, Home-like. Specialty "Rolls and Honey." Boating, Fishing, Golf, Tennis. J. H. Pettapiece, Prop.

HALIFAX HOTEL HALIFAX, N. S.

Rates, \$6.00 and Up.

Leading Hotel. American Plan. 175 Rooms with Bath. Near Railway Station, Steamship Piers and Places of Amusement. Overlooking the Magnificent Harbor. Booklets on Request.

LOUR LODGE and cottages. Digby, N. S. Free from flies, mosquitoes and hay fever. Golf. Tennis, Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Garage. Write for booklet. Thomas Mowry, Manager.

TOURS

ESCORTED TOURS TO Europe 1914

Under the Experienced Management of the American Express Travel Department.

Planned and conducted by experts, these tours offer opportunities for delightful Summer Travel abroad. Interesting itineraries, varied as to time, places and costs.

STANDARD TOURS—high grade—unusually interesting Itinerary—66 days—\$1,495. Sailings every Wednesday and Saturday, May 25th to July 16th. Write for Booklet.

MEDITERRANEAN—to Naples with comprehensive European Itinerary \$1870. Sailings, June 17th, 28th and July 8th. Special Booklet. **A MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE TOUR**, July 8th to Sept. 1st, \$785. Special Booklet. **SPECIAL TOURS**—Advertising Clubs; Bar Association; Eucharistic Congress; Special Booklets.

6 WEEKS' VACATION TOURS—\$610. Sailings every Saturday, beginning June 5th. Special Booklet.

ANNUAL STUDENTS' TOURS—July 2nd to September 1st. Special Booklet.

UNIQUE TOUR TO SCANDINAVIA—July 5th to September 1st. Special Booklet.

INDEPENDENT TOURS—Any time. Booklet. **DOMESTIC TOURS**—Conducted or Independent—Write for Booklet.

WORLD CRUISE—Steamship Belgenland, west bound, sailing December.

Your request for information on any of the above offerings will be promptly answered.

American Express Travel Dept.

65 Broadway, New York
Carry American Exp. Travelers Cheques.

CALIFORNIA

37 Days \$775 51 Days \$985
July 5 From New York Aug. 5

Personally conducted tours. High-class arrangements throughout, best hotels, liberal sightseeing.

BERMUDA

8 Days \$87

Including transportation, hotels, sightseeing, etc.

Complete details of these and other delightful tours in our booklet

"Travel Tips"

Sent upon request

McCANN'S TOURS

Incorporated "Since 1876"
1328 Broadway, New York

PACIFIC COAST Tours

Grand Canyon, Apache Trail; Yellowstone, Yosemite, Mt. Rainier, Glacier Parks; Colorado, Canadian Rockies, Honolulu, Alaska, etc.

Frequent departures

FRANK TOURIST COMPANY

542 Fifth Avenue, New York
219 S. 15th St., Philadelphia

CANADA

LAKE TIMAGAMI

We operate a family hotel a splendid camp and complete outfitting store. Comfort and service in this virgin north woods. Write for booklet.

TIMAGAMI FUR CO. Box 2 TIMAGAMI, ONTARIO

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONTINUED

MICHIGAN

West Michigan

The Playground of a Nation



Write for VACATION DIRECTORY FREE. Vacation land awaits you! Game fish through the streams; 3500 miles of superb roads are ready for motorists; all the delights of boating, bathing, fishing, camping, golf and dancing are yours in this perfect playground of 3000 lakes. There's all kinds of health and happy recreation in West Michigan's cool, water-washed air.

Comfortable, reasonable hotels, cottages and camp sites. Ask for information about our excellent girls' and boys' camps. For free impartial information, free road map and Vacation Directory address:

Michigan Tourist & Resort Association

Department 265, Bank Building Grand Rapids, Michigan

Accessible by train, boat and automobile from anywhere.

MICHIGAN

FOR A REAL VACATION TRY MICHIGAN

You will live longer to enjoy its memory

Tell us what you want.
Miles of Beaches, Fishing, etc.
State Parks for Camping.
Cottages and Resort Hotels.

East Michigan Tourist Association
Box W., Bay City, Michigan

BAY VIEW HOUSE Bay View, Mich.
A summer home
Now open. 38th season same management.
Good beds. Good meals. Artisan water.
Air full of game. Sports of all kinds.
On Little Traverse Bay, Lake Michigan.

MAINE

THE HAMILTON, CHEBEAGUE, MAINE

Chebeague is the second largest of Casco Bay's 365 islands. Ocean breezes assure cool days and restful nights. Dancing, Golf, Tennis, Bathing, Yachting, Fishing. Booklets. Address R. E. Rowe, City Hall, Portland, Me.

THE BEECHES, Paris Hill, Maine

Health Resort for Semi-invalids. 500 feet elevation. Beautiful view. Massage, Electricity, Sleeping Porches. Resident Physician. Nearby Country Club. Open June to November. Address The Beeches for Booklet.

SPENCER LAKE CAMPS

A summer resort in the Maine woods, with excellent trout and toge fishing. Individual water garden, dairy and henery. For rates, booklet, etc., write to CHAS. T. BRATTEN, Gerard, Maine.

YORK CAMPS LOOK LAKE, MAINE

In the famous Rangeley region. Elevation 2000 feet. On high forest land on 2 mile lake. Private cabins with open fireplaces and bath. Trout & salmon fishing. Tennis. Golf. Garage. B'klet

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Two Superior Mountain Camps

On BOULDER LAKE, N.H., 1,600 ft. elevation

Windsor Mt. Camp for Girls

Direction of Miss Alona Harrington of Miss Hockaday's Private School for Girls

Windsor Mt. Colony for Young Women

a separate and distinct organization with a special recreational program under direction of Prof. Oliver L. Hebbert

Rustic Lodges, conveniently located, comfortably furnished. Central dining halls. Recreation Hall with fully equipped stage. Resident Physician.

Bathing, Boating, Canoeing, Hiking, Tennis, Archery, Dramatics, Musicals, Stereophones, Wireless, Moving Pictures, Informal Dancing, Painting & Sketching, Basketry & Metal Work, Costume Designing, Over Night Hikes, Mountain Climbing, Horseback Riding.

White Mountain foothills. 8 weeks, \$25.

Registrations accepted until June 25th
Write for details & booklets to The Secretary,
946 Tremont Building, Boston, Mass.

MICHIGAN

MASSACHUSETTS

A HOTEL OF DISTINCTION

High and Cool
in the
Berkshires



HOTEL ASPINWALL LENOX, MASS.

Open June 16 to Oct. 15. Golf, Tennis,
Saddle Riding, Orchestra, Dancing
L. A. TWOROGER, Manager
Winter Resort: Princess Hotel, Bermuda

THE NEW OCEAN HOUSE Swampscott, Massachusetts

Now Open All The Year

A beautiful hotel perfectly appointed, where the comfort and pleasure of guests are constantly considered. Every guest room connects with bath. Accommodates 500. Sea Bathing. Booklet. Write or wire

E. R. Grabow, President

Clement E. Kennedy, Vice-President

22 years under same management

*The Hotel de Luxe
of New England*



HOTEL PILGRIM PLYMOUTH, MASS.

RIGHT ON THE OCEAN

Offers superior accommodations at rates which are high enough to insure the best in service and cuisine

18 Hole Golf Course adjoining hotel grounds

OPEN JUNE 15th to SEPTEMBER 15th

Ownership Management of P F BRINE



HOTEL PURITAN

390 Commonwealth Ave. Boston

Furnishings, service, atmosphere and rates make this Distinctive Boston House one of the most homelike and attractive city hotels in the world. Send for our booklet with its guide to Boston and historic vicinity. A.P. Costello, Mgr

EUROPE

The Cathedrals of England

LMS
RAILWAY

Lichfield Cathedral
A Sermon in Stone



PLAN your tour through England by London Midland and Scottish Railway

The Best Way

and visit her most representative Cathedrals in easy sequence, including—
St. Albans, Peterborough, Norwich, Lincoln, Southwell, York, Wakefield, Carlisle, Manchester, Chester, Coventry, Lichfield, Oxford, Worcester, Hereford, Gloucester, Bristol, Bath and Wells.

Booklet, "The Charm of England," and suggestions for tours through England, Scotland and Wales free from THOS. COOK & SON'S Offices, or JOHN FAIRMAN, Agent, LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY 200, Fifth Avenue - New York.

CANADA

?

Have you considered

QUEBEC

and the

Lower St. Lawrence Resorts

for your vacation this year?

Through Service from

New York, Boston, Portland

via the

Quebec Central Route

Illustrated booklets, folders, etc.,

on application to

G. D. Wadsworth, General Passenger Agent
Sherbrooke, Que.

New Brunswick, Canada. Ideal Summer Vacationland. Good Fishing, Hunting, Motoring. Good Roads, Grand scenery. Great air. New Brunswick Tourist & Resources Association, St. John, N. B.

Among the 30,000 Islands of Georgian Bay. Write for Booklet. Ojibway Island, Ontario, Canada.

We request early receipt of your copy

MAINE

York Beach **HOTEL MITCHELL** On Ocean
Maine Boulevard
Combines Country & Seashore. Beach two hundred ft. away. Fishing. Tennis. Booklet.

MASSACHUSETTS

CAPE COD'S FINEST HOTEL

MAYFLOWER INN PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Golf, Tennis, Saddle Horses, Bathing, Fishing, Dancing. Send for Illustrated Folder



Seaside Summer School Nantucket Island, Mass.

Science, Philosophy, The Fine Arts, Golf, Tennis, Surf Bathing. Distinguished speakers. Terms moderate.

CAPE Ocean Front Bungalows

COD 3 to 8 rooms. Moderate rents

S. O. Ball. Truro, Mass.

Buzzards Bay **THE SIPPICAN** Marion, Mass.

Cape Cod **Select Family Resort**

Sailing, Fishing, Bathing, Golf, Tennis, Ball Room. Shore Dinners. Booklet.

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT
CONCLUDED

NEW YORK CITY

HOTEL HARGRAVE

West 72d St., N. Y. 300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Single room, per day, \$3 to \$4. Double rooms, \$3.50 to \$4.50. Suite, \$5 to \$7. Parlor, two double bedrooms, \$8 to \$10. Send for illustrated booklet.

109-113 Hotel St. James Times Sq.
W. 45th St. N. Y. City.
Midway between Fifth Avenue and Broadway. An hotel of quiet dignity, having the atmosphere and appointments of a well-conditioned home. Much favored by women traveling without escort. 3 minutes' walk to 40 theatres and all best shops. Rates and booklet on application. W. JOHNSON QUINN.

ADIRONDACK MTS. N.Y.

MOHAWK 4th Lake. Capacity 125. Latest equipment, electricity, running water every room. Garage. C. M. Longstaff, Old Forge, N. Y.

DARTS CAMP, "That Different Place"

Individuality and seclusion is our keynote. Hotel and Camps on our private lake. Bathing, Boating, and Tennis. Booklet. J. W. T. LESURE Darts, N. Y.

ROADS END Where the trails begin. A camp for the great out-doors. Boating, Bathing, Fishing. Bklet. C. T. Meyer, Lake Pleasant, N. Y.

Adirondacks **ROCKY POND CAMP** Clemons, N. Y. Comfortable camp for men & women. Private lake. Swimming, Hiking, Canoeing. Good food. Bklet. MARTHA TRACY, M.D., 1720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

CATSKILL MTNS. N. Y.

ROCKMORRIN AND BUNGALOWS. Family resort on mountainside secluded in Woodland Valley. Day or term guests. Moderate rates. Garage, good roads. Trout fishing. Bungalow housekeeping if desired. Community service and advantages. References excl. E. B. MILLER, Phenicia, N. Y.

The Where-to-go Bureau has developed a service invaluable to all travel-planning. When asking for it, please enclose postage and write to 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

COLORADO

GO TO WEAVER RANCH to recuperate. Best Country Food. 100 miles from Denver. \$5.00 and up per day. Booklet Moffat River Road, Kremmling, Colorado.

CRUISES

World Cruise

on the
Belgenland

Begins Dec. 4, 1924

Largest and most luxurious liner ever to circle the globe.

133 days sightseeing—14 countries at season best for travel. Far East, India, Egypt, Mediterranean.

For detailed information inquire at No. 1 Broadway, N. Y. City, the company's offices elsewhere or any authorized steamship agent.

RED STAR LINE
in cooperation with
AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

SCOTLAND

PERTH—THE STATION HOTEL (Tel. 741) L. M. S. and L. N. E. Railways. Ideal Centre for Touring Scotland. Close to Gleneagles. Hotel enjoins Station. First Class. Fixed, Moderate Tariff. Garage.

MONTANA

KARST'S RANCH In the Heart of The Rocky Mountains Elevation 5,872 ft., near Yellowstone National Park. 35 log cabins. Mountain Trail Hiking. Horseback Riding. Lake & Streams Trout Fishing, Hunting, Dancing, Kodaking Nature's Scenic Wonders. Nowhere is the Call of the Wild so Alluring. Spend your vacation in the Mountains. Write for booklet to P. F. Karst, Salesville, Montana

CRUISES

CRUISE TO

CALIFORNIA

[About \$10.00 a day] **AND THE COAST**
Take that California trip now. Reduced rates via Pacific Mail through Panama Canal. See Mexico and Central America, on the way. Choice of returning via any direct rail route. Stopover privileges. Steamers especially built for service in tropics. Electric fans, swimming pools, etc. All outside rooms. Beds, not berths. See any ticket agency.

Write to Pacific Mail S. S. Co. for Booklet Y on California.

ROUND TRIP

\$315

One Way Steamer (Going)
One Way Rail (Returning)

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.
10 Hanover Sq., N. Y. Tel. Bowling Green 4630

WYOMING

Vacation on a Stock Ranch
(SIXTEEN-BAR-ONE)

16-7 TRAPPER LODGE

Horseback riding, fishing, tennis; detached sleeping lodges. Our garden and dairy herd supply our table. A complete Mountain-top-Camp maintained in connection. For reservations write W. H. Wyman & Son, Shell, Big Horn County, Wyoming.

HOLM LODGE Beautiful Camp on Cody Road to Yellowstone, 9 miles from east entrance. Large log main building, separate sleeping rooms among the pines. Cool nights, warm room, good beds, excellent meals. Camping, fishing, pack trips. Saddle horse and equipment included. Send for booklet. J. W. HOWELL COMPANY, Cody, Wyoming.

Why not spend your vacation on a real Western Ranch? The **Klondike Ranch** in one of the most beautiful spots of the Big Horn Mountains can accommodate you. Elevation 6,000 feet. Camping, fishing, pack trains. Saddle horse and equipment included. Booklet. Ask for it now. Address Hackert Bros., Klondike Ranch, Buffalo, Wyoming.

THE CHARM

A Delightful Little Play for Better English

By Catherine T. Bryce

Formerly Professor of Elementary Education, Yale University

Price 25 cents

Elementary teachers interested in "better speech" will wish to present THE CHARM in their school rooms. Every little girl will wish to be The Queen, or one of the Sweet Speech Sisters, or a Flower Fairy. Even the small boys will not object to taking the part of that Human Child Tom, or of Puck, who slyly teases the fairies as he passes on his way.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS - BOSTON

Tuck these Books in your
Vacation Baggage

THE SEVEN AGES of MAN \$1.25

THE COMFORTS of HOME \$1.00

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN \$1.00

By Ralph Bergengren

Brimful of humorous situations—delightful books to read aloud.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, BOSTON

Prevent tartar. You can, when you brush your teeth and gums often enough the Pro-phy-lac-tic way

Pro-phy-lac-tic.



Europe

Send for it—our illustrated brochure of this title. In it you will find most complete information as to European Travel. Well planned Escorted Tours of greatest variety—via Mediterranean or North Atlantic Routes; also a series of Popular-price Tours.

Inclusive Independent Travel for Individuals, Families or Private Parties—with or without escort—to start at any time and carrying into effect your own individual plans.

Official Transportation Agents—British Empire Exhibition, London; Accredited Agents for British Railways; choice selection of special tours in Great Britain.

Steamship Tickets by All Lines

Annual Summer Cruise around the Mediterranean

by Cunard Anchor Liner "Tuscania" from New York July 3, returning September 2

The Cruises Supreme 1925

AROUND the
WORLD

The
MEDITERRANEAN

S.S. FRANCONIA

S. S. HOMERIC

Jan. 22 to May 31

Jan. 24 to April 1

COOK'S TRAVELERS' CHEQUES GOOD EVERYWHERE

For Travel of Any Kind
Anywhere on the Globe

THOS. COOK & SON

585 Fifth Ave. NEW YORK 253 Broadway
(Near 47th St.) (Opp. City Hall)
Boston Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco
Los Angeles Toronto Montreal Vancouver

A superb location

—in the heart of the most charming lake country of Maine where the grandeur of the towering mountains is reflected in the sparkling blue waters of Moosehead Lake—here is Mt. Kinco House.

Opens July 1st. Accommodates 500 guests. Annex also open. Caters to an exclusive clientele. Golf, Tennis, Baseball, Horseback Riding, Boating, Mountain Trails, Dancing, Motion Pictures. Housekeeping and non-housekeeping cottages for rent. We meet motorists at Greenville Junction, upon request. Take Route 429. Special rates for early reservations. Booklet, rates, references, on application.

J. W. GREENE, Manager

Winter Resort, The Breakers at Palm Beach, Fla. under same management.

The
**MOUNT KINCO
HOUSE**

on Moosehead Lake
Kinco, Maine



THE GLEN SPRINGS

WATKINS GLEN, N. Y. ON SENECA LAKE

Open All The Year. Wm. E. Leffingwell, Pres.

A Mineral Springs Health Resort and Hotel. The Pioneer American "cure" for heart disorders. Sporty golf course.

The Next-to-Nothing House

By ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK

Author of *Collector's Luck*

YOU can always tell the difference between the false and the true collector by this fact—false collectors, those who collect for "effect" invariably boast of their expensive acquisitions; true collectors—those who collect for the love of the beautiful, the curious, the historic, invariably boast of how little their prizes cost them. This is a book by a true collector. It tells the story of the furnishing of her house, and, considering how some houses are furnished, it cost, as the title says, next to nothing.

This slim volume we add to that list of prized books we recommend to those who want to find adventure in making their homes. — *House & Garden*.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED. \$2.50

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

8 Arlington Street

Boston (17), Mass.

The Pacific Northwest



**Burlington
Route**



America's Wonderland calls you!

Get on a train this summer and let it take you straight to the heart of the most glorious profusion of scenic grandeur on the American continent.

The route will take you to the very gates of five of the nation's greatest scenic attractions:

**Glacier National Park
Yellowstone National Park
Crater Lake National Park
Rainier National Park
The Alaskan Tour**

Lose yourself for a few weeks amid the matchless natural beauty of the Pacific Northwest! Climb its mountains, camp beside its lakes and streams, roam through its wild-flower valleys, go down to its shimmering ocean beaches. You'll enjoy the glorious climate. You'll like the friendly, modern cities and the fine hotels that await you everywhere.

The Travel Bureau of the Burlington-Great Northern-Northern Pacific Railroads will help you plan your vacation. It will tell you where to go, what to see, and how to make the most of your time. It will give you an estimate of the cost. And, if you are going to any other point on the Pacific Coast, it will tell you how to plan your trip so as to include the Pacific Northwest.

P. S. Eustis, Passenger Traffic Manager
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R.
A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager
Great Northern Ry.
A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager
Northern Pacific Ry.

**The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.
The Northern Pacific Ry.
The Great Northern Ry.**



*The start of a perfect day
in Glacier National Park*

\$86

round trip
from Chicago
to North Pacific Coast
destinations

Round trip from St. Louis
\$81.50

Lunch time in
Yellowstone
National Park

**Write for free
booklet**

The free booklet, "The American Wonderland," tells you in words and pictures all about the unrivaled vacation possibilities of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming — the Pacific Northwest. It's free. Fill in the coupon and send for it now

Coupon

Travel Bureau, Dept. 29-C
1403 Burlington R. R. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your free book,
"The American Wonderland."

Name _____

Address _____

A JOYFUL Week of Cruising on 4 Great Lake and Georgian Bay (30,000 Islands)



VISITING
Mackinac Island
Parry Sd. Canada
Chicago, Detroit
Cleveland
Buffalo
with a full day at
Niagara Falls

\$74⁵⁰
Meals and Berth
Included

The Big Oil-Burning White Liners North American and South American

A trip of over 2,000 miles with alluring scenes enroute—new experiences and thrills. Plenty of time allowed at all points of interest to see the sight

Semi-Weekly Sailings from Chicago, Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland & Return

Tickets bearing rail routing between Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo will be honored for transit upon additional payment.

Call or write for pamphlet at any Railway Ticket Office or Tourist Agency or
Chicago, Duluth & Georgian Bay Transit Company

W. H. BLACK, G. P. A.
110 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

W. E. BROWN, Gen'l Agt.
18 East Eagle St., Buffalo, N.

These Magnificent Steamships

in comfort and luxury are equal to the finest Atlantic Liners. Promenade and Sun Decks of unusual width; large Grand Salon and Lounge Rooms; Observation Roof Garden. All Staterooms and Parlor Rooms are outside rooms. Bath and toilet in connection with each Parlor Room and convenient to all Staterooms. Excellent meals daintily served by waitresses neatly dressed in white. For those who enjoy gaiety there are deck games, entertainments, music and dancing with a social hostess to look after the enjoyment of guests. Open air playground screened in with attendant for the children.

Frank's Annual Cruise De Luxe to the Mediterranean

(Limited to 400 Guests—less than Half Capacity)

By Magnificent New

Cunard S. S. "SCYTHIA"

(Built 1921) Oil-Burner, 20,000 Tons

Sailing Jan. 29, 1925, 66 Days

Repeating the complete success of our previous similar Cruises, same steamer, visiting

Egypt—Palestine

Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England.

The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda cafes, 2 elevators, gymnasium, commodious staterooms with running water and large wardrobes; bedrooms and suites with private baths. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)

Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S. S. "Aquitania," "Mauretania," "Berengaria," or any Cunard Line steamer.

Rates, deck plans, itinerary, and full information on request.

Early reservations insure choice of location.

FRANK TOURIST CO.

542 Fifth Avenue - New York
219 South 15th Street, Philadelphia
582 Market Street, San Francisco

(Established 1875)

Paris

Cairo

London

5th AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE

From N. Y., Jan. 20th, westward, by specially chartered new Cunard-Anch "California," 17,000 tons, oil-burning. 4 mos. \$1250 up, including hotel guides, drives, fees. Stop overs in Europe. Visiting Panama Canal, Los Angeles, 18 days Japan and China, Java, option 23 days in India; Cairo, Jerusalem, Athens, Europe, etc. 21st MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE Jan. 31, specially chartered new Cunard "Laconia," 20,000 tons (oil-burning), 62 days \$600 up; including drives, guides, hotels, fees. 18 days Palestine and Egypt, 600 to 700 passengers expected on each cruise.

European Tours—your own itinerary or ours, \$495 up.

FRANK C. CLARK Times Building NEW YORK

THE NOTION-COUNTER

A Farrago of Foibles

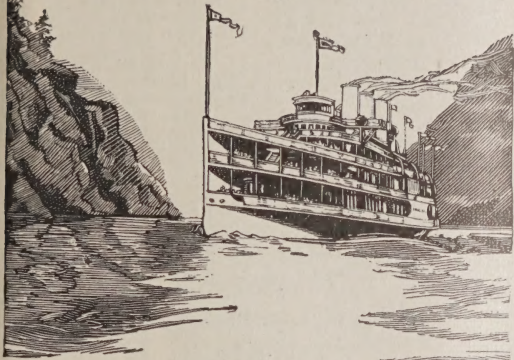
Being Notes About Nothing, by Nobody
Illustrated by Somebody Dedicated to Everybody

WITH its clever drawings and bright, challenging essays and anecdotes, it is most commendable for your own light reading or as a remembrance for a friend, especially one who may be "shut in" or depressed. Not for long can one resist the humor and keenness of such random reflections as those upon "Millinery Madness," "My Wife's Check-Book," "Parables in Motors," and "What Kind of a Snob Are You?" — Worcester Telegram. \$1.00

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
8 Arlington Street Boston (17), Mass.

See the Hudson



*The Ideal Route
Between*

NEW YORK and ALBANY

SIX splendid Day Line steamers—swift, modern, commodious—add to the delight of the journey. No matter in which direction you travel, convenient rail connections will enable you to include this wonder trip as a part of your itinerary. 150 miles of historic and scenic interest that have no equal on this continent.

Daily including Sunday
May 17 to Oct. 19

Also delightful one-day outings from New York. Rail tickets accepted Albany to New York and New York to Albany. Restaurant and orchestra on each steamer. Write for illustrated literature.

Hudson River Day Line
Desbrosses Street Pier, New York

TRAVEL WITH RAYMOND-WHITCOMB

This Summer

The perfect holiday cruise to
Iceland
the North Cape
the Norwegian Fjords
the new Cunarder "Franconia" (20,000 tons)
from New York, June 26

Summer tours to Europe, and to the great West—
Alaska, the Yellowstone, Canada

Next Autumn

A brilliant series of tours
Round the World

The great Asiatic countries—*plus* such rarely included regions as fantastic Siam, Cochin China and Cambodia with its colossal temples, the idyllic Vale of Kashmir. Also a tour to the Antipodes—the South Seas, New Zealand and Australia, South Africa and the Victoria Falls, Zambesi and the famous Uganda Big Game Preserve, Khartum, the Sudan, the Nile and Egypt

Next Winter

Important and unusual Cruises
Round South America

The West Coast and the Andes, the Straits of Magellan, the East Coast, the Spanish Main and the Caribbean
S.S. "Resolute"—January 24, 1925

The Mediterranean

All the standard countries, *plus* Sicily, Tunis, Jugo-Slavia, Venice and Nice at Carnival Time
S.S. "Samaria"—February 5, 1925

The West Indies

Three cruises of varying scope and duration in January and February, 1925
S.S. "Reliance"

All Year Round

"Individual Travel Service"
At home or Abroad

A system by which you may arrange your own itinerary and procure in advance every travel-item—steamship, rail and hotel space, automobiles, couriers

Send for our fully descriptive booklets

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO
Beacon and Park Streets, Boston



Foreign Lands

'round the World now served
by seven **PRESIDENT LINERS**
on fortnightly schedules

SEVEN great *President Liners* of the Dollar Steamship Line now serve 21 important world ports on fortnightly schedules.

They are magnificent liners, providing luxurious accommodations.

At each of the 21 interesting ports of call they remain long enough to allow short visits to the interior.

Or if you desire to remain two weeks, four weeks or longer at one or more of the ports, you may arrange in advance to obtain identical accommodations on another one of these great sister ships following at intervals of two weeks—a unique travel advantage.

Leave New York, see Havana, the Panama Canal and the Pacific Coast.

Or sail from Los Angeles or San Francisco for the Orient.

The Orient-European service follows. And then these ships cross the Atlantic to Boston and New York, completing the world circuit in 110 days.

Use all or any part of this service. You'll find that it adds much to the pleasure and comfort of your trip.

Call the local representative of the Dollar Steamship Line, any ticket or tourist agent or send the coupon below for additional information.

Learn in detail how this newest service makes your trip easy, comfortable, flexible and economical.

DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINE

15 Moore St., NEW YORK, N. Y.
112 W. Adams St., CHICAGO, ILL.

HUGH MACKENZIE, Gen. Pass. Agent,
Dollar Steamship Line, Dept. M-306,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sir: Please send me complete information relative to the new Interport and Round the World Service of the Dollar Steamship Line.

NAME.....

STREET AND NO.....

CITY.....STATE.....





Travel The D & C Waterway On The Great Lakes

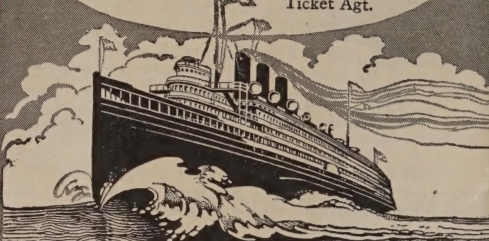
Restful-Economical-Healthful-Safe Traveling

You'll enjoy a trip on the palatial, homelike D. & C. Steamers that make daily trips between Detroit and Buffalo, and Detroit and Cleveland. Direct rail connections at these cities for all sections of the country.

Detroit & Buffalo Lv. Detroit 5:30 p. m. Lv. Buffalo 6:00 p. m. Fare, \$6.00 one way, \$11.50 round trip.	Detroit & Cleveland Lv. each city 11 p. m. *Daylight trips during July and Aug. Lv. each city 8:30 a. m. Fare, \$3.60 one way, \$6.50 round trip.
---	---

*Operations subject to necessity for service. Schedule subject to change without notice. Berths, \$1.80 up; staterooms, \$4.20 up; parlor \$7.20 up. Rail tickets are accepted. Automobiles transported. Gas must be removed. Wireless aboard. For reservations and further information, address agent at port of departure.

DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO.
General Offices, Detroit, Mich.
A. A. Schantz, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
J. T. McMillan, Vice-Pres. R. G. Stoddard, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.



MAJESTIC HOTEL

AND RESTAURANTS

2 WEST 72ND ST.
ENTIRE BLOCK FRONTING
CENTRAL PARK
NEW YORK

PHONE
ENDICOTT
1900

Peerless
cuisine,
superb
music and
carefree
comfort—
make
this your
New York
home.

Attractive Brochure
on request

Copeland Townsend
President



Edouard Panchard
Vice-President



*A*T INDEPENDENCE HALL, Philadelphia, thousands of tourists stop to view this building that cradled our country's beginnings.

If your vacation itinerary calls for a stop-off at Philadelphia, you will be glad to learn that, going and coming, you will find the clean, clear, golden-colored Texaco Motor Oil just as available as in your home town.

You will welcome the continuance of the driving comfort that is the result of a perfectly lubricated, smooth-running engine.

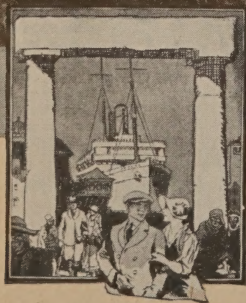
THE TEXAS COMPANY, U.S.A.; Texaco Petroleum Products

TEXACO

MOTOR OILS



GASOLINE



TO THE GATEWAY PORTS OF THE WORLD

Port Said, Gateway to Egypt... And here you enter the land of golden sands, golden sunshine, golden days... The Nile. Dahabiyehs gliding past. Temples and tombs on the brown banks. 6000 years spring to life... Cairo. Bazars filled with tumult and treasures. Water-carriers. Giant Nubians. Veiled women. Mosques. The Coptic Church, where the Christ-Child slept... The Pyramids, with the magic line leading from earth to stars. Camels. The Sphinx... Thus, through Egypt, the mystic, the ancient.

Canadian Pacific

Come— voyage the Gateway Ports

SCATTERED over the seven seas is a series of Ports. Like Port Said, each port is a gateway. It leads into some far country—reveals some strange culture—goes back to some epochal history. It is an entree to romance.

Let a person voyage the circuit of the gateway ports. He returns, a new individual. Glowing in health. Expanded in living knowledge. He has met his world. He has lived his history. Now is he a cosmopolite—most fascinating of personalities.

Canadian Pacific has arranged these gateway ports into two voyages. Both start next Winter.

Next Winter! Not so far away. Break out of your narrowing environment. Step aboard. Wave adieu to the stay-at-homes.

On a Canadian Pacific "Empress," you begin this life fascinating, this

life of the voyager. No cares! Canadian Pacific assumes them all. No responsibilities. Canadian Pacific experience handles the wheel. Yet this adventure supreme costs no more, per week, than would comparable luxury at any shore resort.

Plan now to go. Where these gateway ports are, what they lead to, how the cruises are arranged—all is told in fascinating literature. Write, phone, call offices listed. *Personal service if desired.*

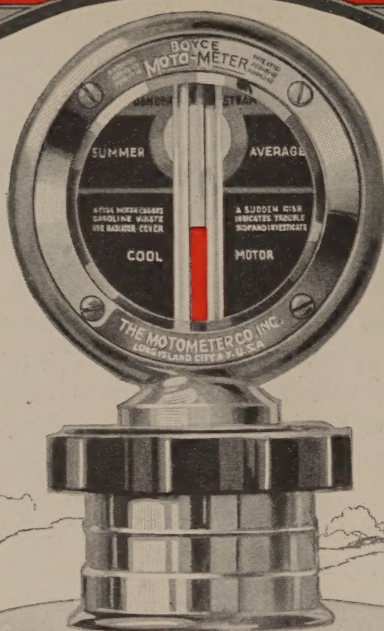


Atlanta, 49 N. Forsyth St.; Boston, 405 Boylston Street; Buffalo, 160 Pearl Street; Chicago, 71 E. Jackson Blvd.; Cincinnati, 201 Dixie Term. Bldg.; Cleveland, 1040 Prospect Ave.; Detroit, 1239 Griswold St.; Duluth, Soo Line Dept.; Kansas City, 601 Ry. Exch. Bldg.; Los Angeles, 605 So. Spring St.; Minneapolis, 611 2nd Ave., So.; New York, 342 Madison Ave.; Philadelphia, Locust St. at 15th; Pittsburgh, 340 6th Ave.; Portland, Ore., 55 Third Street; St. Louis, 420 Locust St.; San Francisco, 675 Market St.; Seattle, 608 2nd Ave.; Tacoma, 1113 Pacific Ave.; Washington, D. C., 1419 N. Y. Ave. IN CANADA:—Montreal, 141 St. James St.; St. John, N. B., 40 King St.; Winnipeg, 364 Main; Toronto, Canadian-Pacific Bldg.; Vancouver, Canadian Pacific R. R. Sta.—*Offices and Agents Everywhere.*

ROUND-THE-WORLD CRUISE—from New York, January 14th, 123 days. Returning to New York, via Panama. "*Empress of France.*" (Chosen twice for voyages by Lord Renfrew—the Prince of Wales). 19,000 gross tons.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE—from New York, February 9th, 64 days. "*Empress of Scotland.*" (Her fourth cruise in these waters). 25,000 gross tons.

CRUISES



THE driver who depends on instinct to detect engine overheating *before* it arrives, pays expensive repair bills. One such bill is more than the cost of a Boyce Moto-Meter.

Remember there is a Boyce Moto-Meter for every car — from a Ford to a Rolls-Royce and that

"Your car deserves one."

BOYCE MOTO METER

The MOTO-METER COMPANY, Inc.
Long Island City, N. Y.

THE MOTO-METER COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.,
Hamilton, Ontario

Manufacturers of Industrial Thermometers and Boyce Moto-Meters exclusively





Hamilton Watches may be had in a variety of cases and dials, \$46 upward.

For GRADUATION

AS A GIFT the Hamilton Watch has those features which create the best and most lasting impression.

They are accuracy, dependability, and beauty.

The Hamilton is distinguished among fine watches for its great degree of accuracy, which is always a fascinating source of wonder.

The beauty of the cases is conservative and distinctively rich. It outlives fads and the oddities of style.

It is these qualities that make the Hamilton the perfect graduation gift.

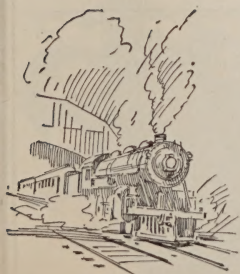
HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.

Send for copy of our new "Timekeeper"



Men's strap watches at \$50 and \$75.

Women's wrist watches, \$46-\$65.



Hamilton Watch

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy



To Teachers of English Literature

WHEN you say *Shakespeare* to Billy Brown he probably thinks to himself, "1564-1616, Macbeth, Merchant of Venice, Midsummer Night's Dream" and starts to mumble "The quality of mercy is not strained." And when Mary Jones hears the name *Johnson*, isn't her only reaction the word "dictionary" or, if she's a really good student, perhaps "Boswell?"

Wouldn't you, as teachers, find use for a text, the purpose of which is to overcome that student habit of looking upon the immortal figures of English literature as a mere series of names (with dates of birth and death, and lists of principal works), and to teach students to regard *Chaucer*, *Milton*, the great Victorians, as real flesh-and-blood characters, as actual living men?

A text that so vividly pictures the life and thought which produced English literature that students, reading it, see that literature as a unified whole, the natural result of the spirit and temper of the times, the logical outgrowth of a kind of thought, and a way of life and living.

Two teachers of English literature, Mr. Ralph P. Boas, Head of the English department at the Central High School, Springfield, Massachusetts, and Miss Barbara M. Hahn of his staff, knew from their own experience the need of such a text. With this need in mind they prepared the book "**Social Backgrounds of English Literature**" which we published a few months ago, and which has already gone into hundreds of high schools and colleges.

Illustrated. Price \$1.65

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS - - 8 Arlington Street, BOSTON

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find.....and send.....copies of
SOCIAL BACKGROUNDS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....School.....

Are you the lucky one in five?

*Not if your gums bleed easily
Check Pyorrhea with Forhan's*

Pyorrhea, destroyer of teeth and health, plays no favorites. Dental records show that four persons out of every five past 40, and thousands younger, too, are Pyorrhea's victims.

Heed Nature's warning—tender, bleeding gums—before it is too late. Better still, stop Pyorrhea before it strikes by regular visits to your dentist and by brushing your teeth twice daily with Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used in time and used consistently, will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its course; keep the gums firm, the teeth white, the mouth healthy.

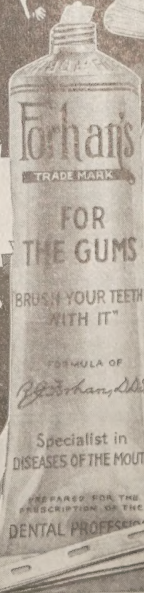
Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of
R.J. Forhan DDS
Forhan Company
New York, N.Y.



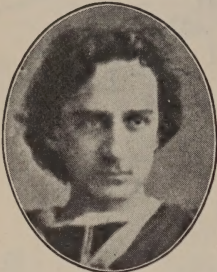
MEMORIES OF A HOSTESS

A Chronicle of Eminent Friendships

DRAWN CHIEFLY FROM THE DIARIES OF
MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS

By M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

Present Masters of American Letters
encounter the Elder Masters in this
book and express themselves as follows:



BOOTH

STUART P. SHERMAN:

"For the far-flung Americans of the old stock, this book is like a kind of spiritual 'home-coming' under the old New England elms."

BLISS PERRY:

"Mrs. Fields brings the respected authors of the great New England period down from their cold patriarchal remoteness and she lets us eat and drink and joke with them."

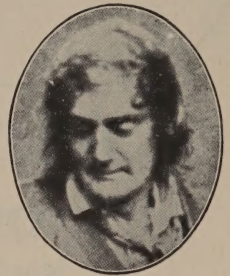


MRS. FIELDS IN EARLY LIFE

WILLA CATHER:

"A book recording only golden hours; like a Russian novel, with the dull descriptions and heavy reflections left out — simply not there. It is a presentation of living people—and such people!"

*Illustrated with many rare portraits, prints,
and facsimiles.*



JEFFERSON

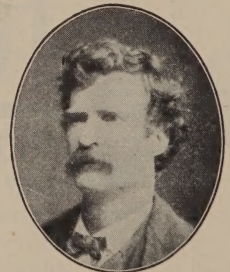
BRANDER MATTHEWS:

"Her friends — our friends also, and the friends of all who love American literature and who cherish the inheritance of the forefathers — are set before us as they were in her eyes, doing work honestly, enjoying their own fame, cracking jokes, and having a good time generally. It is a cheerful book that Mr. Howe has given us."



DICKENS

\$4.00 a copy, postpaid



MARK TWAIN

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

A.M. 6-24

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, Inc.

8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$4.00 and mail, postpaid,

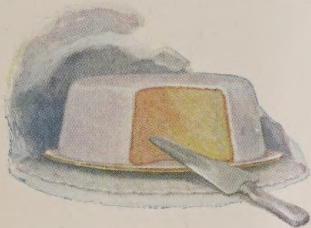
Memories of a Hostess

Name Street

City State

No wonder he "m-m-m's"

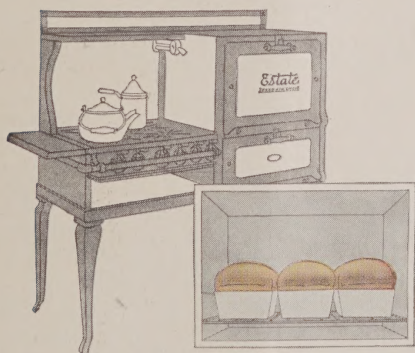
...it was baked with fresh air!



And "he" represents the husbands of many thousands of good housewives—some of them in your own neighborhood—housewives who will tell you that part of the deliciousness of their cakes and pies and roasts is due to the good range they use.

For this range—the Estate Gas Range—bakes with fresh air! The fumes of burning gas never touch the food—only fresh air, heated and sterilized by the exclusive Estate method, enters the oven.

Besides, the heat of the oven is always uniform in every part. Practical Arts experts of Teachers' College, New York City, proved this recently in a series of tests, when they baked cakes and bread against the walls, in the center, and on either shelf with the same unvarying success. Scorched edges, "humps"



and depressions—the things that perhaps spoil your baking efforts—were all missing.

Cook by time and temperature

If you wish, you may have on your Estate Gas Range the ThermEstate Oven Heat Control, the remarkable device that fixes and holds the heat of the entire oven at any temperature required. You can "cook by time and temperature" and be sure of results.

Make it a point to see this range at the gas company or Estate dealer's and learn all about fresh air baking. Or write us for free booklet explaining this principle of better cookery.

Uniform baking throughout the oven

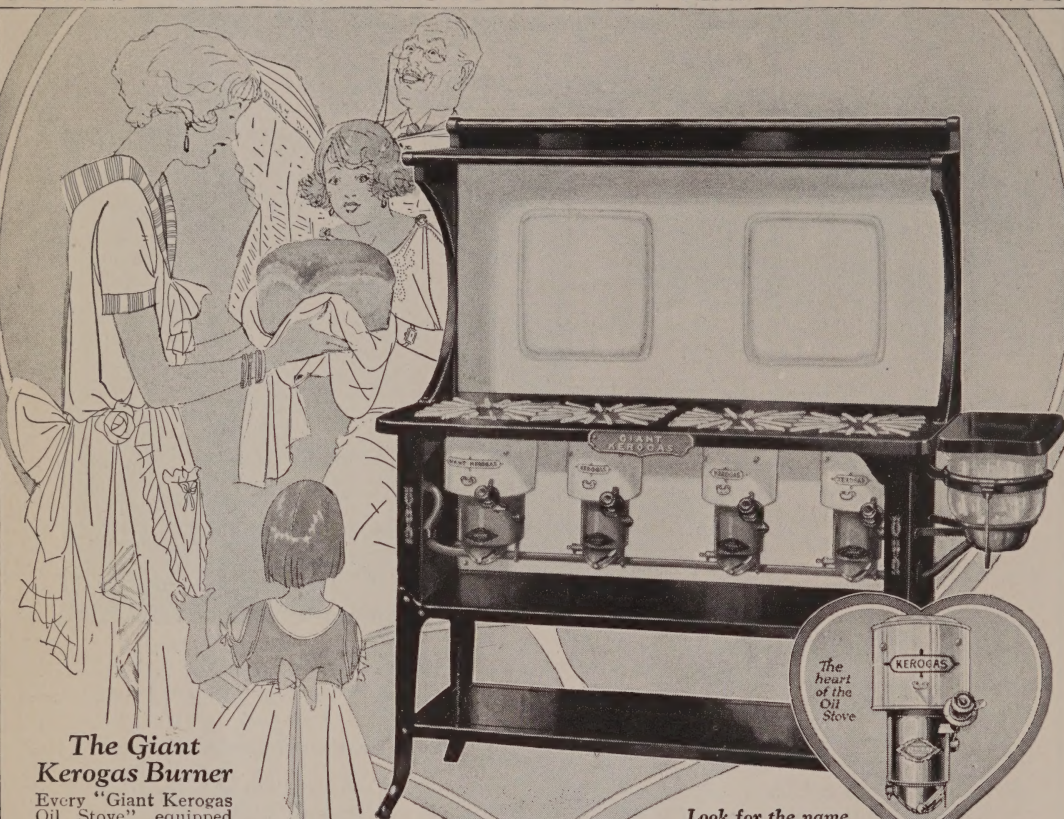
Three loaves of bread placed side by side in an Estate oven, the outer ones flush with the walls, will all be baked to a uniform lightness in the same length of time.

Estate Gas Ranges

...bake with fresh air

Made by The Estate Stove Company, Hamilton, Ohio. Builders since 1845 of the famous Estates. A stove, furnace and range for every requirement—for cooking and heating with coal, wood, gas and electricity.
Pacific Coast Office, Furniture Exchange, San Francisco

MAKES AN OIL STOVE COOK LIKE A GAS RANGE



The Giant Kerogas Burner

Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. This "Giant" is capable of the most intense heat—when you need it quickly—but is easily regulated for ordinary use. Models equipped only with "regular" Kerogas Burners are also available.

Kerogas—A Wonderful Convenience

Now you can have just the amount of heat you want—when you want it—and use kerosene for fuel.

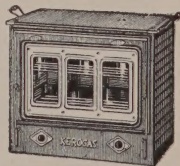
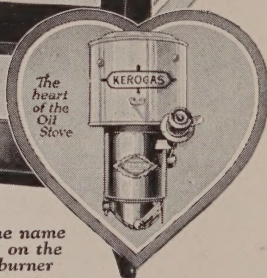
The Patented Kerogas Burner—a standard part of the equipment of many better brands of oil stoves—gives you this wonderful convenience.

Automatically, this perfect burner mixes common kerosene—the cheapest fuel known—with air; and with one part kerosene it burns 400 parts of air. Could there be any greater economy? And could anything be simpler? All you do is strike a match—turn a small control wheel. Instantly the Patented Kerogas Burner produces a steady, uniform gas flame that you can control to any degree—from the most powerful blaze to slight "simmering" heat.

When your dealer shows you an oil stove, look for the name on its burners. If they say KEROGAS, you will know it is a good stove. If not, insist on seeing one that is so equipped before you decide.

PATENTED
KEROGAS
TRADE MARK
BURNER

Look for the name
"Kerogas" on the
oil stove burner



The KEROGAS Oven for Baking and Roasting

is a fitting companion for the Kerogas Burner. As reliable as any range oven ever made, and as durable. Gives sure, uniform results because its temperature can be regulated perfectly by burner beneath.

Manufactured by

A. J. LINDEMANN & HOVERSON CO., 1239 First Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens, Cooking and Heating Stoves and Ranges

DEALER'S NOTE: The best jobbers are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with Kerogas Burners.



"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
Pittsburgh



Oh wonderful, it's a Welch Punch!

FILMY frocks—girlish laughter—attentive men—music drifting on a soft breeze under a midsummer moon—gay groups lingering about the punch bowl—altogether the most delightful evening.

Make Welch's Grape Juice the basis for supremely successful punch. All the glorious goodness of grapes—ripe, juicy Concord grapes with the joyous flavor that comes to full perfection on sunny hillsides! Promising in fragrance—tantalizing even in satisfaction—Welch's Grape Juice captures the secret of the vineyards.

Good in every sense of the word—refreshing, a health-giving drink, entirely pure. Because every drop counts, it's economical. Welch's straight is so rich that it can be diluted with plain or charged water, or admirably blended with other beverages. Order a case to-day.

Send for the leaflet of fascinating recipes.

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE COMPANY
Westfield, New York



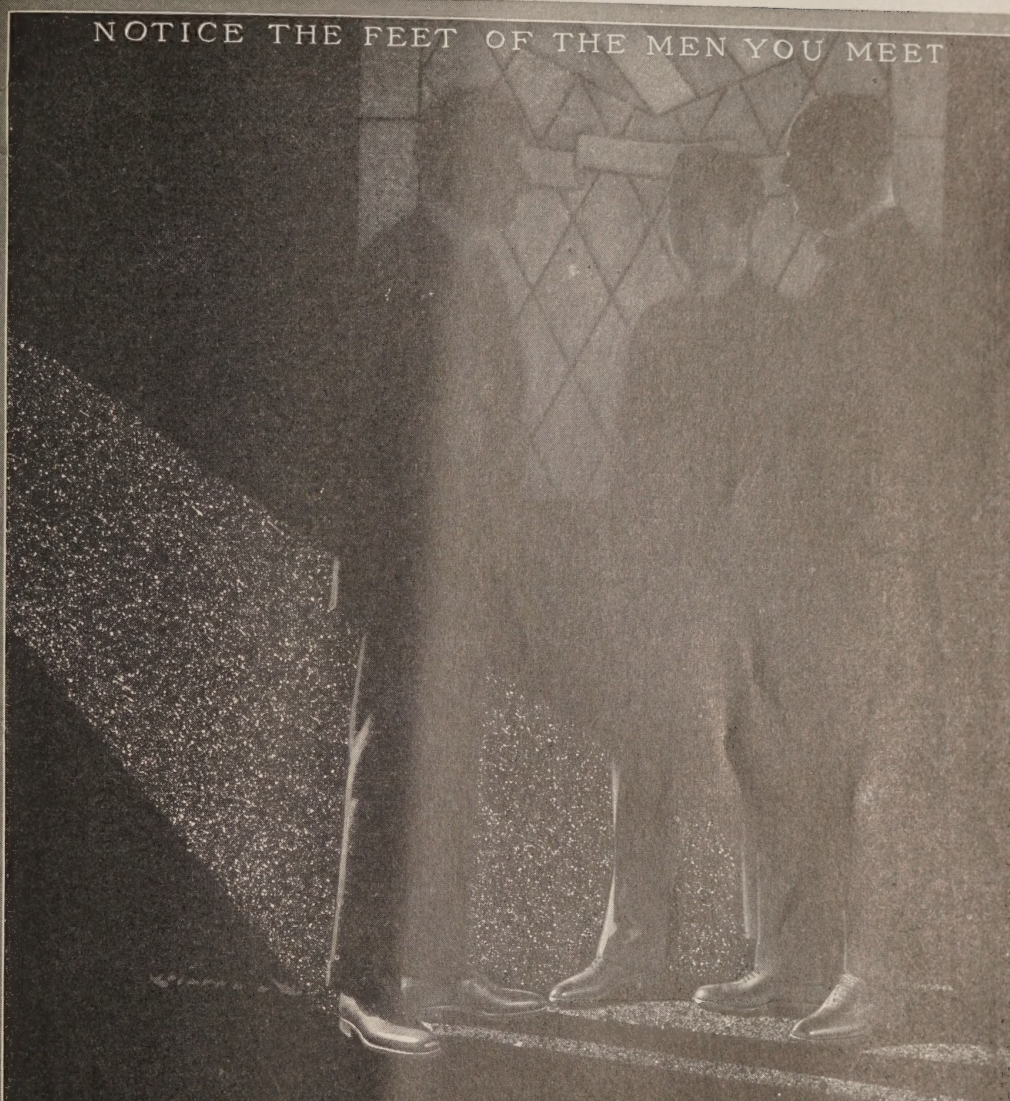
Welch's

Grape Juice



At your favorite fountain ask for Welch's straight—10c, or a larger drink with plain or carbonated water—10c.

NOTICE THE FEET OF THE MEN YOU MEET



1845

FROM THE HOUSE OF

1924

BANISTER

Look for the Name



"ENVOY"

SHOES are no less a key to your character, taste, and judgment than the rest of your attire. Why then be satisfied with anything less than a Banister? Nearly four-score years are back of every Banister Shoe. This long, uninterrupted period of leadership can be attributed to but one thing—Quality.

Made by JAMES A. BANISTER COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.



"LEAGUE"

Link after link

FRANKLIN plucked a zigzag of lightning out of the sky. Bell linked it with a bit of wire and gave the human voice more power than the thunder. Now scientists, discarding the wire, hurl one voice — undiminished — in countless radii across the world.

Each day the ingenuities of men are bettering, strengthening yesterday's progress. In foods, clothing, house-furnishings, inventions, minds are adding link to link — trying to lift you closer to contentment.

Records of this progress flash in advertisements before you. They are personal, timely messages of products that will please.

The advertisements suggest not only the new — but the best; spread them out honestly before you so that you can conveniently choose. They show you highest values at sensible cost. They help you to live better — and save.

Read the advertisements to learn of the latest ways you can make your life more pleasant.



*Keep up with the advertisements
to keep apace with progress*

From a Manufacturer

"There is no question that our New York Warehouse is the finest of its kind in the country, and Dwight P. Robinson & Company, Incorporated have done a piece of work that is extremely creditable to them and to us. We shall not forget it."

Building for permanence—on scheduled time—is a matter of primary importance.

DWIGHT P. ROBINSON & COMPANY
INCORPORATED

ENGINEERS AND CONSTRUCTORS

MONTREAL NEW YORK ATLANTA
CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA YOUNGSTOWN RIO DE JANEIRO LOS ANGELES

*It won't take two minutes
of your time to see what the Living Age has been giving its
readers every week during the past month. These excerpts
give a fair flavor of the original.*

THE LIVING AGE

Imagine a seven-year-old tot, wearing something that once was a frock coat, but otherwise absolutely naked. A year or so ago he had arrived on one of the trains of refugees from the famine districts. Of his father or mother he knew nothing. He lived under the bridge, where at night he dug himself down in the gravel. In appearance he was neither thin nor pinched. He shivered a little, because the coat was soaking wet. Otherwise he was comfortable. For one hundred million rubles he let me draw his picture. — ALBERT ENGSTROM of the Swedish Academy, describing 'The Abysses of Moscow.'

It is not the consciousness of evil, but the consciousness of good, that inspires reform with the strongest motives and the wisest plans. — L. P. JACKS.

The relations between the greater Powers concerned in the Pacific are now such that business men may have confidence in foreign enterprises not only for to-day but for the

future. They may invest abroad as well as at home with assurance that their efforts are less speculative, as far as international affairs are concerned, than they have ever been in the history of our ocean. — BARON MATSUI, Foreign Minister of Japan.

I always believed that the royal goose who signed the disgraceful manifesto of September 12, that charter of infamy for Spain, was merely a braggart with no more brains than a grasshopper, a tragi-comic barber; I have discovered that he is but a receptacle of villainess and base passions. — MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO, in a private letter to the Argentine.

I notice that after the war it was the common thing for distinguished generals to revisit their old schools — nearly always famous public schools — and to say, amid general rejoicings, that they had always sat at the bottom of their forms. Well, if I was like that, at least I shall never boast about it. — SIR JAMES M. BARRIE.

*The coupon below quotes you a reduced offer.
Why not try it out?*

----- SPECIAL FOUR MONTHS' OFFER -----

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

A.M. 6-24

Gentlemen: I enclose \$1.00* for a four months' trial subscription to the LIVING AGE.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

(Regular Rate 15c a Copy, \$5.00 a Year)

*Foreign Postage 50c extra; Canadian Postage 17c extra.



Embroidered voile or Broderie Anglaise in pastel rose shade fashions this Summer frock, sashed with narrow metal ribbon inserted at the waist line. The hat features a lace scarf trimming—a tremendously becoming arrangement, as a rule.

Fashion Favors Filmy Fabrics

IN addition to costumes of American manufacture, and to a large extent, of American design, offered in the following pages, a chapter from the story of late Paris openings is also told in pictures. The Paris representatives of the Dry Goods Economist made their own selections from among the best of the models shown, imported them directly to the New York office of the Economist where they were photographed. The French models chosen were those regarded as particularly adaptable to the taste of the well-dressed American woman, and all of these models have either been copied or reproduced with slight modification by American manufacturers, and are now available in the best shops in our American cities.

Summing up the style situation for early Summer, one finds sheer fabrics in high favor. Chiffons will have a tremendous vogue, both printed and in plain color. The printed chiffons will frequently find themselves veiled with plain self fabric, and at present, in the choice of the printed materials, there is quite a leaning to small patterns. The use of lace also continues to be much emphasized. Lace is approved either as a trimming or as the fabric proper.

Broderie Anglaise has assumed a leading position among Summer frock fabrics. Batiste, organdy and voile all lend themselves to this effective eyelet and cut-work, and deep flouncings and all-over effects are equally popular.

Nets of one sort or another are also playing quite a rôle in the lineup of warm-weather fabrics.



This chapeau of French design is of scarlet Georgette trimmed with clusters of black and scarlet glycerinized ostrich tucked under a moiré ribbon band.



Ribbon arranged high at the back trims this warm weather hat, with its wide, slightly rolled brim.

Black velvet forms the facing and the ornament stitched with silver thread on this large drooping hat of yellow hair braid.



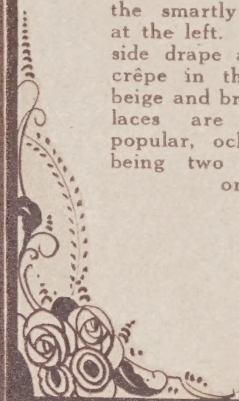
EVERY large or very small may be said to be the trend in millinery as featured in models shown by both French and American designers. In straw, Milan, Bangkok, leghorn and many novelty braids are noted, and straw braids are worked in interesting and novel ways. There is a decided leaning to back trimmings, and these are usually placed rather high. Flat pendant effects from the side are also popular, as one of the hats in the group of three above demonstrates. Much ribbon is used in the trimming of hats, and flower hats or elaborately flower trimmed ones are also decidedly in the limelight.

This Rotogravure Style Section is prepared for the Quality Group, of which this magazine is a member, by the Fashion Editors of the DRY GOODS ECONOMIST. For nearly eighty years the DRY GOODS ECONOMIST has been the leading style authority of the dry goods merchants of America and its fashion forecasts are followed weekly by more than 35,000 leading stores throughout the country.

The illustrations shown in this section represent the styles which have been endorsed by the premier designers of America and Paris and which will have the place of honor in American showrooms during the coming season. Bizarre and freak styles are not shown. American adaptations of French styles are based on samples which are imported by the DRY GOODS ECONOMIST from the great Parisian houses in advance of each season.



Margot lace was chosen for the smartly simple gown at the left. The sash and side drape are of pleated crêpe in three tones of beige and brown. Colored laces are tremendously popular, ochre and beige being two reigning favorites.



This little frock of yellow voile has stripes composed of white beads and beaded flower sprays in natural colors. Simplicity is the keynote of its style design, fabric treatment serving to distinguish the dress.



Horizontal stripes make an effective decoration on this three-piece sports costume, appearing on the sleeveless dress and on the sleeves of the jacket. The latter introduces gathered sleeves in peasant style.



The three-piece sports costume shown above features a dress and jacket of two-tone bouclette with revers, cuffs, and top of dress of plain knitted artificial silk.





The long handle of this embroidered bag makes it possible to swing the bag from the shoulders.

A black jet bead bag is ornamented with white peacocks outlined in green.

Accessories add The Smart furnishing Touch



This under-arm bag is in shades of light tan with galalith rosebud motifs.



Fashioned of brown moire, this bag is ornamented with gilt embroidery and green galalith.



Of conventional size and shape, this bag is distinguished by its coloring.

A genuine novelty is this long veil made of maline net edged with two rows of lace, and trimmed with a lace rosette and tassel.



This bag has painted leather pocket and touches of novel embroidery in silver thread.

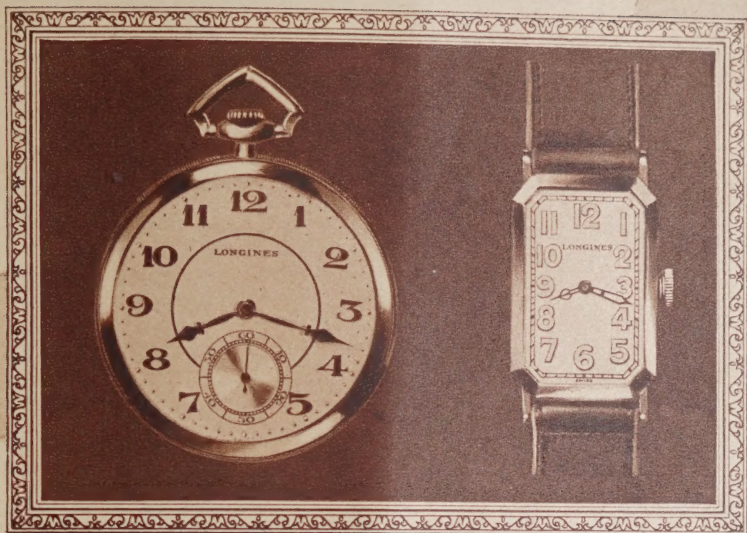


At left is shown a dinner gown of shell colored Chantilly lace that drapes over the left shoulder and down the back in the form of a train or scarf. The fullness in front is held by a jeweled ornament. From Philippe & Gaston.



Green silk and black net in alternating panels are embroidered in silver thread in this frock from Lucille. There are full godets at each side of silver embroidered black lace. The girdle combines velvet and rhinestones.





Official Government Awards

At U. S. Naval Observatory—Washington: 144 passed and accepted for torpedo boat service, since 1916.

In 1922 trial out of ten accepted, nine were Longines.

At Geneva Observatory—Switzerland: Result of 1924 trial shows Longines obtained first prize of series and ten first and second prizes.

In 1923 Longines obtained one first prize of series and ten additional first and second prizes.

At Neuchatel Observatory—Switzerland: 365 awards in International Contests, since 1905.

At KewTeddington Observatory—England: 132 awards in International Contests, since 1910. (1918 year's record for best performance.) Since 1919 every Longines Watch submitted passed trial with mention "especially good."

The Observatory Watch

At frequent intervals world famous government observatories hold a six months' accuracy test to determine the actual relative merit of various watches. These competitions are open to all makers of finely adjusted time-pieces.

Under the severe conditions imposed for such tests, the Longines Watch has received more official government awards than any other watch. Again and again it has carried off the coveted honors, — earned through its superior accuracy.

For more than fifty years, better jewelers have recommended it. Prices range from \$35 upward. Booklet upon request.

A. WITTNAUER COMPANY

Established 1866

NEW YORK
PARIS

MONTREAL
GENEVA

The Longines WATCH

A few of the many awards won at international exhibitions



VIENNA



ANTWERP



PARIS



CHICAGO



GENEVA

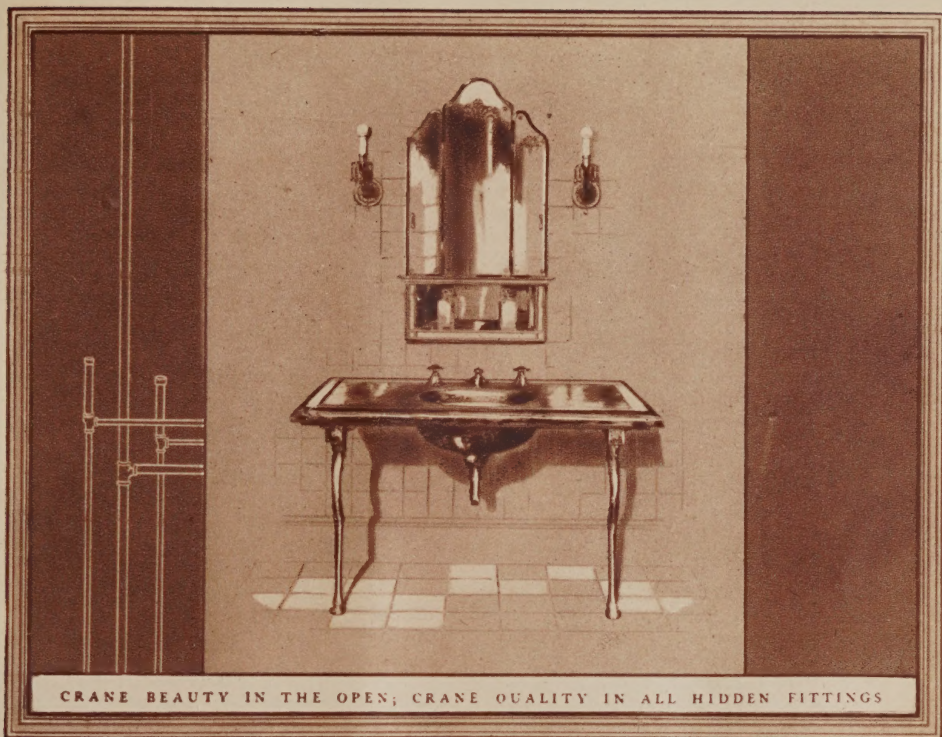


Printed cretonne in gay pattern and coloring fashions the visible part of the bathing suit shown at the left; but the outfit is made practical by equipping it with wool jersey one-piece swimming suit proper, in a color blending or contrasting with the major color features in cretonne.



Moiré silk appears this season in gay colorings properly rubberized in the development of bathing capes and also fashions many of the chic bathing suits. A moiré cape is pictured at the right. The parasol carried is of Japanese printed silk.





CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

In the modern home, the greatest change wrought in recent years has been, perhaps, the addition of color and positive beauty in bathroom appointments. In the *Neumar* lavatory, shown above, the broad top of black Italian marble, gold-veined, is supported by bronze legs, finished like all other metal parts, in a

heavy gold plate. The swinging panels of the Crane triple mirror hide cabinets for toilet articles. The *Neumar* is only one interesting example in a very wide range of Crane plumbing and heating materials sold only by contractors, at prices within the reach of all. Let us send you "The New Art of Fine Bathrooms."

CRANE

GENERAL OFFICES: CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO
CRANE LIMITED, 386 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL, QUEBEC

Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Forty-five Cities

National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City, San Francisco and Montreal

Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Trenton and Montreal

CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO

CRANE-BENNETT, LTD., LONDON

CR. CRANE. PARIS



Crane Globe Valve No. 1-B

Paris favors the three-piece or costume suit, as this model from Brandt's spring collection helps to prove. A button trimmed, short sleeveless jacket and split tunic skirt are interesting features. Plain fabric and brilliant printed crêpe are combined.



The charming afternoon dress at right, from Agnes, combines black and white printed crêpe with plain black and plain white Georgette. White bead embroidery outlines the insets, and cabochons of green beads fasten the girdle.



The white slipper with ornamentation of light piping, single stitching and unusual tongue and strap arrangement is one of the newest notes for Summer.

Lanvin designed this cloche of ecru straw worked in shell pattern, with brim and bow of blue gros grain ribbon.



The fancy for novelty gauntlet gloves continues unabated, the pair shown being a rather striking example.



These smart sport stockings are of artificial silk, with designs printed in fast color.



Make Your Little Girl Happy with an Add-a-pearl NECKLACE

Many a graduate rejoices in the completion of a genuine pearl necklace this month, because when she was little someone gave her an Add-a-Pearl Necklace. It was added to on all gift occasions and now is a real treasure. Add-a-Pearl is a thoughtfully beautiful gift for your little girl. Your jeweler will supply you.

The family and friends will keep it growing



Buy additional pearls for your Add-a-pearl necklace on this card. It guarantees perfection.

Ask Your Jeweler
The Add-a-Pearl Co., Chicago



In the circle below is an interesting Suzanne Talbot turban covered with black and copper Georgette scarf with end left free to be wound about the throat. The Georgette is overlaid with black pigeon wings.



Silk roses in natural rose tones trim the front of this smart hat of black Milan straw bound with moiré ribbon.



RETURN to favor of the long discarded feather hat is indicated by some recent offerings of leading French designers of headgear, one of the exceptionally interesting feather hats of 1924 vintage being shown on this page. It is small and fits the head closely. Birds' head trimmings are also registering. Hats of this type naturally complete a suit or street frock of somewhat tailored lines, the larger hats finding favor for wear with more formal costumes or with distinctly warm weather frocks. The lace hat or lace trimmed hat is good, whether large or small.

Inquiries regarding merchandise described in this section, and where it can be secured in your town, as well as comments, suggestions or criticisms, will be welcomed. Address, Style Editors, The Quality Group, 681—5th Ave., New York City.

Sunshine or Shadow?



LUCKY boys and girls—graduating this month! Born lucky because God gave them fathers and mothers who have the love, the courage and the financial ability to see that their children are properly educated.

It is hard to believe that any father could care so little about the future of his children that he would let them give up school and go to work too soon if he could possibly prevent it.

And yet, right here in the United States where children are supposed to be better cared for than anywhere else in the world, there are more than 1,000,000 children between the ages of 10 and 16 at work—many of them laboring at health-wrecking and mind-dwarfing drudgery in factories, mines, shops and mills, on farms and in cities!

* * * *

All of the experts on health and education agree that children should be kept in school until they are at least 14. Every right-minded man and woman will agree on that point. Whether or not some children between 14 and 16 should drop all study and go to work is a grave question. But no one will deny that all of these youngsters need hours for play while they are growing—for the right play helps to build strong, healthy bodies. Now what are the facts? Here they are, furnished by the United States Census Bureau:

378,063 children between the ages of 10 and 14 are at work.

682,795 children between the ages of 14 and 16 are at work.

Remember, the Census figures show only those children reported by fathers and mothers. Investigators know that there are thousands of children from 4 to 10 years old whose work at home is hidden from the Census takers. No one can know the exact number.

All through these bright sunshiny days when the beautiful green world is calling boys and girls to come and play—they drudge—perhaps a half million of them—mere children.

* * * *

Poor little souls, many of them doomed to live in the shadow of poverty and ignorance all their lives—what chance have they?

The number of children who are injured at work is appalling but not surprising. Children must play and when denied their rightful opportunities, they will play at their work and get hurt.

Most of us like to look on the sunny side of life—and so we should. But while we are planning for the happiness and welfare of our own boys and girls, can't we give just a few minutes' thought to the little toilers condemned to misery unless we help? Thousands of them can be developed into splendid men and women—if they are rescued now. Bring them out of the shadow and into the sunshine.



Generally speaking—the states that give their children no protection or next to none have the greatest number of illiterates. They pay the price of their exploitation. Child labor in the United States has grown to alarming figures and will continue to grow until public opinion and humanity order it stopped. And apparently the only thing that can stop it every-

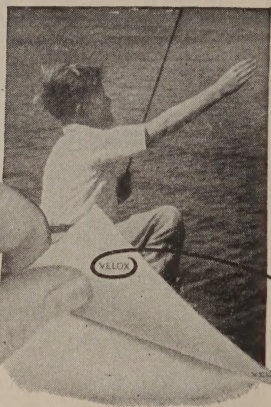
where and at once is the Child Labor Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

The time is coming when every state will be called upon to ratify the Amendment. Be ready to do your part to have it sanctioned by the Legislature of your state. It is a measure that should have your heartiest support.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK
Biggest in the World. More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



Look for
VELOX
on the back

VELOX, faintly tinted on the back of your prints, identifies your finisher's work with quality.

As the one paper made exclusively for amateur negatives, **VELOX**, only, should be used for your prints. It meets *exactly* the requirements of your negatives and gives you results to which you really are entitled.

Look for V E L O X on the back

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. *The Kodak City*



The Road to Home

Though written faithfully, his letters from home seemed to have had a way of arriving at his hotel in one city just after he had left for the next—and of never catching up.

Three weeks passed—business conferences, long night journeyings on sleepers, more conferences—with all too little news from home.

Then he turned eastward. In his hotel room in Chicago he still seemed a long way from that fireside in a New York suburb. He reached for the telephone—asked for his home number.

The bell tinkled cheerfully. His

wife's voice greeted him. Its tone and inflection told him all was right with the world. She hardly needed to say, "Yes, they are well—dancing right here by the telephone. . . . Father and mother came yesterday. . . . Oh, we'll be glad to see you!"

* * * *

Across the breadth of a continent the telephone is ready to carry your greetings with all the conviction of the human voice. Used for social or business purposes, "long distance" does more than communicate. It projects you—thought, mood, personality—to the person to whom you talk.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

! betrayed

Their first conversation betrayed the fact that she was not fastidious

AT a distance she had appeared unusually neat, immaculate. But upon their first face-to-face meeting he discovered that her teeth were not clean. And he soon lost interest.

So many people overlook this one matter of fastidiousness. And do so in spite of the fact that in conversation the teeth are the one most noticeable thing about you.

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. At last our chemists have discovered a polishing ingredient that really cleans without scratching the enamel—a difficult problem finally solved.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And you know it is cleaning safely.

So the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have found for you also the really safe dentifrice.

What are your teeth saying about you today?—*LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

**LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE**

Large tube—25c

Look Inside the
Piano for this
Trade-Mark



The Sign of the
World's Standard
Piano Action

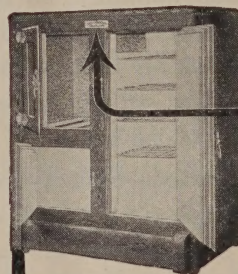
The Piano Merchant Knows Real Value

HE knows that it is impossible to produce a fine piano without using the highest type of piano action. He knows that the Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action has stood the test of 50 years and is recognized as the finest product of its kind, by the entire music industry. He knows that it is used by leading American piano manufacturers. And if he studies your best interests he will show you a piano, player or reproducing piano in which a Wessell, Nickel & Gross action has been installed.

The Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action is built by the oldest, the largest and the foremost maker of piano actions in the world. It is the highest priced action built today. Look for the octagonal trade-mark (shown above) which identifies the Wessell, Nickel & Gross equipped instrument—it is your assurance of a lifetime of piano satisfaction.

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS
Established 1874 New York City

*When you Buy an Upright, Grand,
Player or Reproducing Piano—
Insist on the Wessell, Nickel &
Gross Piano Action.*



**Look For The Name
WHITE MOUNTAIN**

on the Refrigerator
you buy

It is your guarantee
of perfect food pres-
ervation, absolute
sanitation, econom-

ical ice consumption,
"THE CHEST WITH THE CHILL IN IT" and lasting permanence.

Write for descriptive booklets

MAINE MANUFACTURING CO., NASHUA, N.H.

The Starlight Wonder Book

By **HENRY B. BESTON**

Author of *The Firelight Fairy Book*

"READ us a story!" say the youngsters of the family; and here is a story-book after their own hearts. And real stories, too, gay, friendly-spirited tales of marvelous and daring adventures in wonderful kingdoms of the fairy world. It is a book that will appeal not only to children but to all adult readers who delight in whimsical humor and elfish satire.

Illustrated by Maurice E. Day.

\$3.00 At All Booksellers, or

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

A Body style for you —



The Four-Passenger Victoria
\$3275



The Seven-Passenger Sedan
\$3585



The Five-Passenger Coupe
\$3950



The Five-Passenger Sedan De Luxe
\$4150



The Suburban De Luxe
\$4250



The Imperial Sedan
\$4400



The Limousine
\$4600



The Two-Passenger Coupe
\$3875



The Seven-Passenger Touring Car
\$3085



The Phaeton \$3085



The Roadster \$3085



The Imperial Suburban
\$4500



The Town Brougham
\$4600

All prices are
f.o.b. Detroit, War
Tax to be added

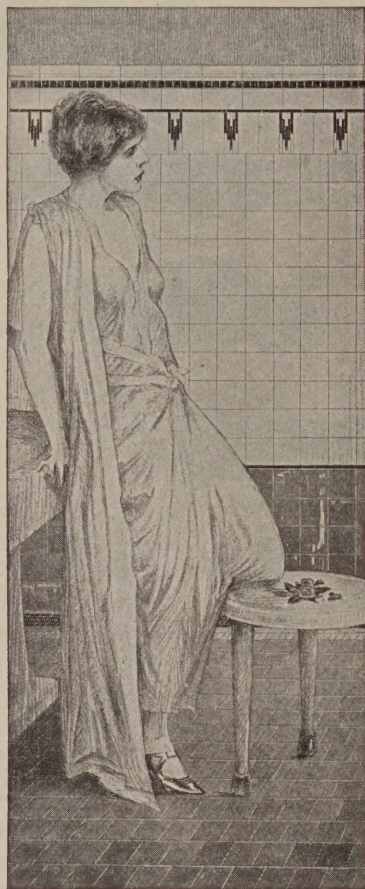
Thirteen
body styles—a
Cadillac for every
taste and require-
ment. **One** stand-
ard V-63 chassis.

C A D I L L A C

63

Beautiful TILES

Never Renewed Yet Ever New



Time and wear cannot change Tiles. Their charm continues with age. Their advantages as a decorative material are unsurpassed.

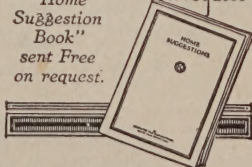
Tiles lessen the burdens of housework. They cannot be scratched, marred or worn down. They are cleaned with the easy application of a damp cloth.

The factories named below are associated together to insure the finest quality, the most satisfying service, and the most intelligent use of Beautiful Tiles possible.

The Alhambra Tile Company
American Encaustic Tiling Co., Ltd.
Beaver Falls Art Tile Company
The Cambridge Tile Mfg. Co.
Grueby Faience & Tile Co.
Matawan Tile Company
The Mosaic Tile Company
The National Tile Company
Old Bridge E. B. & Tile Company
Perth Amboy Tile Works
The C. Pardee Works
United States Encaustic Tile Works
Wheeling Tile Company

A copy of
the
"Home
Suggestion
Book"
sent Free
on request.

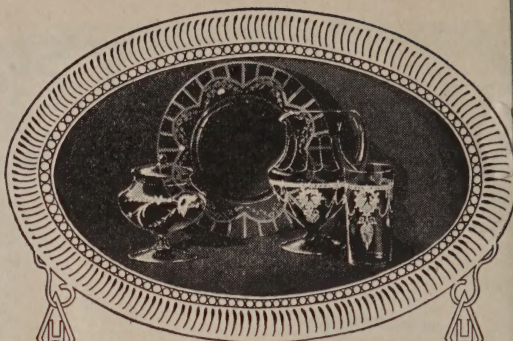
FREE
on request



ARE THE

Associated Tile Manufacturers

330 7th Avenue, Beaver Falls, Pa.



Glassware with a Purpose

Heisey's  Glassware adapts itself to any phase of home service because of its practicability. Its durability will save you money; its charm will satisfy your vanity.

At the better stores or write

A. H. HEISEY & COMPANY
Dept. MI Newark, Ohio



On Every Place



FOR YOUR TABLE



On Every Place



Ask for **Horlick's**
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk

Safe Milk

For Infants,
Children, Invalids,
the Aged, etc.

Avoid Imitations

The ATLANTIC BOOK of JUNIOR PLAYS

Edited by CHARLES SWAIN THOMAS
Harvard University

Price \$1.40

THIRTEEN PLAYS chosen for their literary and dramatic value, and their suitability for reading, study or performance by students of the high school age. Percy MacKaye, Percival Wilde, Louis N. Parker and Stuart Walker are among the authors.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
8 Arlington Street - - Boston



A Symphony of Motion

A picture of beauty—a cradle of comfort—a rhythm of power—a symphony of motion!

Like velvet on velvet—so smooth and quiet is the Willys-Knight. It whispers into action at a touch—off like the breeze—gliding over the miles with an ease and zest thrilling to your senses.

You have a whole lot to look forward to in a Willys-Knight. Its silky power *stays* silky. The Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine *actually improves with use*—keeps up its youth—keeps down expense—keeps you happy and proud.

Here is freedom from pounding cams, pushrods and clicking valves. No valve grinding. No knocks from carbon. Owners report 50,000 miles and more without a repairman touching the engine.

The day of the Knight is here—and it is a wonderful day for the enjoyment of motoring.

Two-passenger Roadster \$1175; Five-passenger Touring \$1195; Seven-passenger Touring \$1325; Five-passenger Coupe-Sedan (Standard \$1450, De Luxe \$1550); Five-passenger Sedan \$1695 (De Luxe \$1895); Seven-passenger Sedan \$1995; all prices f.o.b. Toledo. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO • WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO. LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

WILLYS-KNIGHT



ASK your dealer to let you handle a Smith & Wesson Superior Revolver. Not only its sturdy appearance, but its dependable construction and proved accuracy will impress you. You need only to feel it in your hand to be assured of its surpassing merit and of its worthiness to be called SUPERIOR.

SMITH & WESSON

Manufacturers of Superior Revolvers

SPRINGFIELD
MASSACHUSETTS

Catalogue sent on request. Address Department J.

No arms are genuine Smith & Wesson Arms unless they bear, plainly marked on the barrel, the name

SMITH & WESSON, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Western Representatives:

Andrew Carrigan Company, Rialto Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
Los Angeles, Cal., Seattle, Wash.

For Sports!

This cap will help you keep cool-headed. The ventilator lets the fresh air circulate inside your cap. Keeps your head cool. Helps you to play better. From \$2 to \$5. At fine stores. For names of dealers nearest you, address us at 210 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

ventilating screen lets the air in.

Merton-Air
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
The AIR COOLED CAP



Recent Publications

EDUCATION MOVES AHEAD

By Eugene Randolph Smith \$2.00

ATLANTIC BOOK OF JUNIOR PLAYS

Edited by Charles Swain Thomas \$1.40

THE VOICE OF CARLYLE

An Abridgment of Past and Present \$2.00

Introduction by Allan R. Benham
Editorial Notes by H. G. Pearson

SOCIAL BACKGROUNDS OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE

By R. P. Boas and Barbara M. Hahn \$1.65

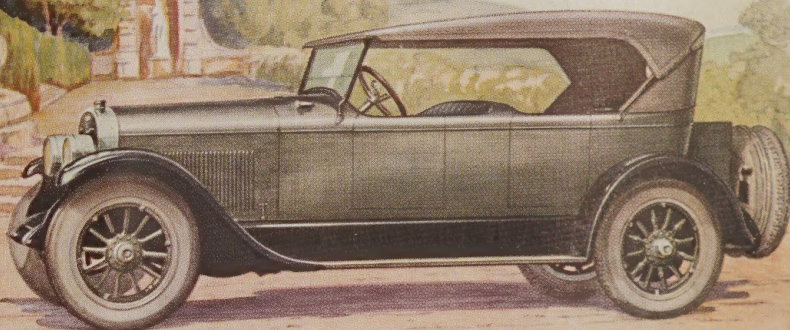
Special Rates to Schools

LEADERSHIP BASED ON TRUE WORTH



THE LINCOLN is definitely ranked in the forefront of fine cars by the thousands of motorists who own and drive it, and by the automotive experts who have studied the details of its construction. Owners know it to be spirited, resourceful, and capable; engineers know that its mechanism is notable for correct design and precise craftsmanship. Its position of leadership is confirmed by nation-wide recognition of its sound engineering and its surpassing ability.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.



The Phaeton

LINCOLN

One Touch of Animation Enlivens the Whole Room

By CHAMBERLIN DODDS
Distinguished New York Decorator

ALIVABLE room must *live*. The furnishings may be tasteful, the curtains appropriate, and the color scheme above reproach. But to impart breath to the room, nothing can take the place of a well-chosen clock. Through its mechanism and sounding device a clock is animate and articulate—qualities that help to make the whole room live.

There are make-shift clocks, badly designed and cheaply constructed. But fortunately there are also Seth Thomas clocks—proof that the spirit of craftsmanship still lives in America. The New England designers have recaptured the very essence of Elizabethan and Colonial feeling, have imprisoned in clock-cases the best of every period. The various motifs are expressed in cabinet work as fine as anything being done in Old World ateliers.

Whatever the size of the room you wish to enliven, whatever its dominant theme, there is a Seth Thomas that will add immeasurably to its charm. Today leading decorators are counseling their clients to employ these clocks as the modern, correct note for all interiors.

Since Seth Thomas clock movements have been proverbially accurate for more than a century, you may be sure that your selection will be useful as well as beautiful.

The mantel is only one site suited to a clock. A Seth Thomas is equally at home on a highboy, lowboy, desk or bookcase, or nestled against the wall atop a Seth Thomas bracket.

The Perfect Gift

This is a season of weddings, anniversaries and birthdays. Again the eternal problem of what to give obtrudes itself.



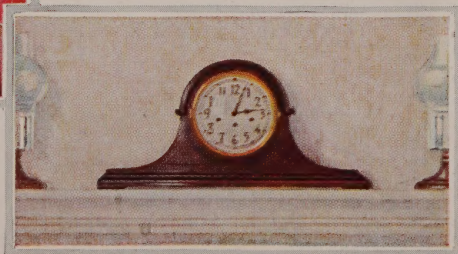
Seth Thomas **BOUDOIR** CLOCK No. 1—A dainty model in two-tone wood with gold dial. 7½ inches high. Swinging frame; 8-day movement. \$17.



Seth Thomas **BANJO** No. 1—Replica of an original Willard Banjo model, quaint and lovely. Mahogany case, 37 inches high. Decorative panels in color, brass ornaments. Eight-day pendulum movement, \$60. Small banjo model (Ramsgate) with 8-day lever movement, \$25.



Seth Thomas **CYMBAL** No. 3—A popular type in rubbed mahogany finish. 8-day movement with double strike on tuned spirals. 9½ inches high, 16¼ inch base. \$20.



Seth Thomas **CHIME** No. 74—Finest mahogany case. Silvered dial with raised bronze numerals. 3-train movement chimes the quarter-hours and strikes the hours with silvery melody. Height, 10 inches; base, 20¼ inches. \$35.



Fireplace by Todhunter, New York

Furniture by Hatheway, New York

The clock is a Seth Thomas **FRONTENAC**, inspired by an old French design. The large dial makes it appropriate for spacious rooms. Eight-day movement in 11½ inch mahogany case. Mellow toned strike. Silvered dial with raised bronze numerals. \$40.

You can settle the question quickly and gracefully by selecting a Seth Thomas Clock. The recipients already know and respect what Seth Thomas means, and will treasure the clock you give accordingly.

[Prices in Far West and Canada are somewhat higher than those quoted.]

SETH THOMAS CLOCKS



Fond Memories of the Bridal Morn' -when Phantom Fingers play

These are the Phantom Hands of a thousand immortal pianists; their glorious genius preserved forever, through the miracle of Welte-Mignon reproduction.*



TINKLING LAUGHTER, whispered confidences, the stately Lohengrin march — all come crowding back in recollection when Gabrielowitsch, or Paderewski, or Saint Saens plays for you through your Welte-Mignon.*

With uncanny fidelity this greatest of reproducing instruments preserves the actual renditions of the master musicians who have played upon it; and their phantom fingers will play again for you, in your

own home, whenever you wish. True music lovers, seeking a lifetime of complete musical satisfaction, naturally choose the Welte-Mignon*. It is invisible and does not interfere with manual playing. It is obtainable in practically every good make of piano, either grand or upright. Write for interesting brochure. Auto Pneumatic Action Company, W. C. Heaton, President, 12th Avenue at 51st Street, New York City.

Welte-Mignon

(Licensee)

Hear it—in comparison. There's a nearby dealer

*Licensed under the original Welte-Mignon patents.



La Tausca Pearls

the ever-desired adornment, aglow with the life and opalescence of nature's supreme and priceless gem - the pearl; presented worthily - - - - -

*In Jewel Chest as made by
The Goldsmiths of Old*

What lovelier possession could feminine heart desire or affection bestow - - - - -

Perles des Indies Quality of La Tausca Pearls

In 24 inch length graduated; \$30⁰⁰
with jewel chest as illustrated

Other La Tausca Pearls up to \$500

Shown above is a Jewel Chest of the Louis XVI Period in which *Perles des Indies* quality of La Tausca Pearls is presented. It is made of stamped copper, finished in gold, studded with stones and lined with old crème satin

At Your Jeweler's



Interesting news!

Listerine Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . . While we frankly admit that *no* tablet or candy lozenge can deodorize the breath, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations.

*They are 25 cents
a package*

A new use for an old friend

MANY users of Listerine have never discovered the unusual properties, as a perspiration deodorant, peculiar to this well-known antiseptic.

Many times you don't have access to—or time for—a tub or shower. Yet so often your fastidious inclinations will not permit you to be comfortable in going out without considering these things. Right there Listerine steps in as a friend in need. You simply apply this dependable antiseptic with a towel or wash cloth. Note how delightful and exhilarating the effect really is. Try it some time.

It is an interesting thing that this scientific preparation that has been used for so many years as a surgical dressing should possess these remarkable properties as a deodorant. Test this yourself, by rubbing a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

Moreover it is absolutely safe. It will not irritate the most sensitive skin nor injure the most fragile fabric. You will be delighted with this new use.

—Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

and, of course,

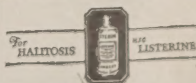




Illustration from the July House Beautiful

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

*Next
Month*

THE sunny land of Velasquez and Don Quixote! A paradise for artists and architects, seemingly newly discovered, so much is it becoming to-day a source of inspiration for the small houses and gardens of America. Gardens of Southern Spain will be featured in the *July House Beautiful*, with many illustrations of unsurpassed loveliness. A bit of autobiography by a woman, who thought she could lay out her estate as well as a professional landscape architect, tells of the price she had to pay to bring order out of chaos.

Out-of-door furniture will be shown in great variety, as well as some sturdy antique furniture of childhood which still has its appeal. Pictures of gardens, rich with their midsummer treasures, will be shown in abundance.

INCLUDED IN THE JULY CONTENTS WILL BE:—

Gardens of Southern Spain; A House of Character Within and Without; The Amateur Versus the Professional Landscape Architect; Children's Furniture; A Garden at Cooperstown, N. Y.; European Silhouettes; A House that Grew; The House on the Irregular Lot; Out-of-Door Furniture; High Tide in the Vegetable Garden

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc.
Rumford Building, Concord, N. H., or 8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

A.M. 6-24

Gentlemen: Enclosed is \$1.00* for Five months' Subscription, or \$3.00** for 15 months.

NAME.....STREET.....

TOWN.....STATE.....

*Foreign postage 45c extra, Canadian postage 20c extra

**Foreign postage \$1.25 extra, Canadian postage 65c extra



A Dining-room of Elaborate Detail

IN LAST MONTH'S magazines we dwelt upon the inherent beauty of "figured" Mahogany which, in itself, gives the wood such rare decorative value. Mahogany is equally adaptable where carving or other ornate treatment is desired.

Genuine Mahogany, because of its even texture, its stability, and its durability and permanence is admirably adapted to carving and elaborate decoration. Hence for generations it has been the favorite medium of the master wood-worker and cabinet-maker.

Importations of Mahogany are constant, maintaining a supply adequate for all purposes.

BE SURE IT IS MAHOGANY

MAHOGANY ASSOCIATION, Inc.
1133 Broadway New York



*A Post Card will bring
you our interesting booklet
"STATELY MAHOGANY"*

A NATIONAL ORGANIZATION of MAHOGANY PRODUCERS



birch interior trim

For staircases—

of course—it's one of the hardest of hardwoods. And it is ideal in its ability to take and hold high finish enamel.

For floors—

baseboards—mouldings—window frames—doors—all interior trim, there is nothing that excels and few woods that equal **birch**. And **birch** is reasonably priced.

For furniture—

well, if you will look through the best furniture stores you will find many of their finest "sets" made of **birch**—first, because it is durable and second, because it is capable of finishing in such a variety of beautiful effects.

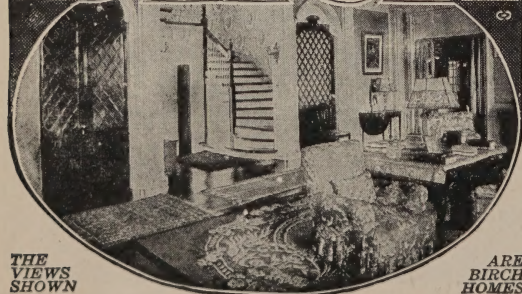
If you are thinking of building, furnishing or remodeling a home, you should have the **birch** book that tells you all about **birch** advantages. We will send it FREE. It awaits your request.

THE BIRCH MANUFACTURERS

223 F. R. A. Building,

Oshkosh, Wis.

for Beautiful Woodwork
use Beautiful
birch



THE
VIEWS
SHOWN

ARE
BIRCH
HOMES

BLUEBIRD PEARLS *for Happiness*



The Jeweler is the Judge

ISN'T it logical that a jeweler would be the person best able to advise you in the selection of pearls?

A jeweler *knows* BLUEBIRD and genuine pearls, and the fact that he features both is a compliment to BLUEBIRD!

BLUEBIRD prices are standard—with no bargain-counter skeletons in their closet!

Like all fine jewelry, BLUEBIRD PEARLS are sold *only* in jewelry stores!

Prices from \$400 to \$10

THE HENSHEL COMPANY
10 East 34th St., New York City

The Letters of William James

EDITED BY HIS SON

HENRY JAMES

I HAVE been reading William James's Letters—and real literature they are, far better than all your novels. What a great man—a mind, plus a man! Not to have known James in the last generation is to have missed its greatest intellect; Roosevelt and James and Henry George were the three greatest forces of the last thirty years. — *The Letters of Franklin K. Lane.*

Two volumes, illustrated, \$7.50

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

8 Arlington Street

Boston (17), Mass.

ROPER

Complete

Oven Control



ROPER BEAUTY AND CONVENIENCE CHEER THE KITCHEN

Beauty has a real kinship to utility. The beauty of Roper Gas Ranges has as decided an influence in lightening household tasks, as has its remarkable convenience.

Perhaps the most outstanding contribution of Roper to the fine art of cooking is complete oven control. This is achieved by the perfect combination of the Roper temperature regula-

tor and the ventilated oven which controls the amount of heat and distributes it uniformly.

You'll find Roper Gas Ranges where better gas ranges are sold. The famous Roper Recipe of card indexed recipes with time and temperature chart sent postpaid for 35 cents.

GEO. D. ROPER CORPORATION, Rockford, Illinois
Pacific Coast Branch: 768 Mission Street, San Francisco, California



Every Roper Range is inspected by a woman before it is certified by the Roper quality mark—the Roper purple line.

ROPER

TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. REG. IN CANADA

Gas & Electric RANGES

BE SURE THE ROPER PURPLE LINE AND THE ROPER COMPLETE OVEN CONTROL ARE ON THE RANGE YOU BUY

Copyright, 1924, Geo. D. Roper Corporation

A bump - a bruise - - then quick relief !



With Absorbine, Jr. a mother is wisely prepared for emergencies.

To cleanse tender skin so that infection may never have a chance—to quickly soothe pain that tears may as quickly disappear—to help nature heal so that no blemish may be left—that's why Absorbine, Jr. occupies a never-empty place in so many thousands of medicine cabinets.

A few drops of this clean, safe, and reliable antiseptic liniment, with its agreeable odor, suffices in most instances.

*At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid*

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 502 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.



"Its beauty is worthy of comment"

HODGSON PORTABLE HOUSES have won special praise for their trim, artistic lines. Built by skilled wood-workers and painted in attractive colors, Hodgson Houses are admired by all who see them.

Hodgson Houses are shipped to you in finished sections all ready to erect. Send for beautifully illustrated catalog. It shows many Hodgson Portable Houses. Also garages, play houses, dog kennels, poultry-houses, etc. Write for catalog M to-day.

E. F. HODGSON CO.

71-73 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.
6 East 39th Street, New York City

HODGSON *Portable* HOUSES

Summer Schools—1924



Teachers planning to give courses at summer sessions this year are cordially invited to write to the Educational Department of the Atlantic Monthly Press (8 Arlington Street, Boston) for suggestions in regard to suitable Atlantic Texts.

A Glance Toward Shakespeare

By John Jay Chapman

MR. CHAPMAN seems like a man who has walked into a movie show around the corner and seen the whole vast Shakespearean pageant. This movie sense, if one may call it so, this show sense, this keen swift suggestion of an immediate contact, thrills and sparkles everywhere in Mr. Chapman's book. Prejudices are laughed at. Tradition and reverence are tossed and tumbled with the gay carelessness of Shakespeare himself.

— Gamaliel Bradford.

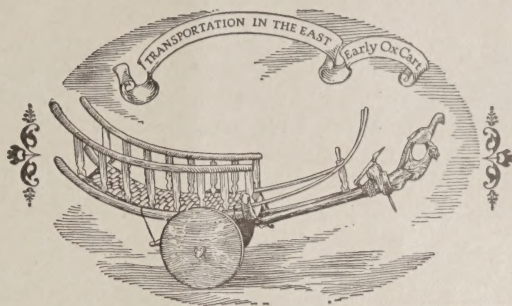
\$1.25

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

8 Arlington Street

Boston (17), Mass.



What does your banker think of the motor car?

THE president of an Arkansas bank writes:

"The motor car, to my mind, has been the greatest asset in the way of development for suburban and small country homes, necessarily meaning the prolonging of life and a greater increase in happiness.

"I have often advised customers of mine to buy motor

cars, as I felt that the increased stimulation and opportunity of observation would enable them to earn amounts equal to the cost of their cars.

"In other words, a man who works six days in the week and spends the seventh on his own doorstep certainly will not pick up any dimes in the great thoroughfares of life."

A booklet will be mailed you, if a request is directed to the Department of Publicity, General Motors Corporation, New York.

GENERAL MOTORS

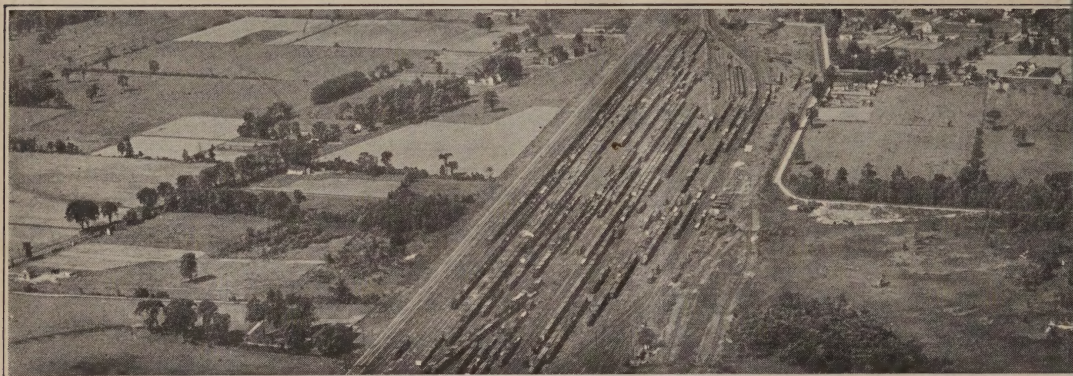
BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET • OAKLAND • OLDSMOBILE • GMC TRUCKS

Delco and Remy Electrical Equipment • Harrison Radiators • New Departure Ball Bearings
Hyatt Roller Bearings • Jaxon Rims • Fisher Bodies • AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers
Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials and Bevel Drive Gears • Lancaster Steel Products
Inland Steering Wheels • Klaxon Horns • Jacox Steering Gears
Delco-Light Electric Plants • Frigidaire Electric Refrigerators

- United Motors Service provides authorized national service for General Motors accessories •
- General Motors Acceptance Corporation finances distribution of General Motors products •
- General Exchange Corporation furnishes insurance service for General Motors dealers and purchasers •

A FINANCIAL MEETING PLACE

¶ In the pages immediately following, THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY groups the announcements of banks and bankers, with particular reference to those which offer a service in Commercial and Investment Banking. We believe it is to the interest of our readers to present such advertisements in this manner and, on our part, we undertake to accept, for this Department, only such announcements as, in our judgment, are submitted by firms and institutions which, through their character and experience, are worthy of the confidence of our readers.



New York Central Yards at East Syracuse, N. Y.

Photo by Fairchild Aerial Camera Corp.

RAILROAD BONDS for Far-Sighted Investors

"A country develops as fast as its railroads"

The purchaser of a good railroad bond does more than add a high-grade investment to his holdings—he helps speed the country's development.

New issues of well-secured railroad, equipment and terminal bonds offered by The National City Company may be found on our monthly list of recommended bonds. You may be interested to know that this same list is consulted by thousands of banks. Would you like to have a copy? We will gladly mail one upon request.



THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY

National City Bank Building, New York

You will find offices in more than 50 leading cities in the United States, Canada and abroad.



"It's great to be back on the job!"

Snarling, greedy machines . . . An unwary operator . . . The false move . . . Then a huddled form encircled by white-lipped workers.

The clang of an ambulance . . . A bed in the hospital . . . Skilled medical attention . . . The slow returning tide of strength . . . A convalescence unhampered by worry about self or family . . . Then the firm hand-clasps of welcoming fellow-workers . . . "It's great to be back on the job!" And you know he speaks from the heart!

ÆTNA-IZE



"IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK ON THE JOB!"
How many of *your* injured employees return to work with unimpaired morale?

When an employee is injured, great damage may be inflicted upon the healthy spirit of other workers if settlements are slow, doctors' services slighted, or if there is haggling over trivial matters. Every accident, too, takes toll of other employees' productive time, lessens machine return and increases labor turnover.

Under an Ætna policy, Compensation claims are adjusted in a way that creates confidence among employees, and relieves you of all trouble, annoyance and expense.

Under an Ætna policy, no effort is spared to restore

the injured employee to highest efficiency at the earliest moment. Under an Ætna policy, there is placed at your disposal the free services of safety engineers and inspectors who have won a deservedly wide reputation in reducing industrial accidents.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies are the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world.

See the Ætna representative in your community to-day. He is equipped by training and experience to provide complete protection for your Compensation risks—your life—your property and your business. He is a man well worth knowing. He certainly does know insurance.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES
ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY CO. AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Ætna Protection Includes . . . LIFE . . . ACCIDENT . . . HEALTH . . . GROUP LIFE . . . GROUP DISABILITY . . . AUTOMOBILES . . . COMPENSATION . . . LIABILITY
BURGLARY . . . PLATE GLASS . . . WATER DAMAGE . . . FIRE . . . MARINE . . . TRANSPORTATION . . . FIDELITY BONDS . . . SURETY BONDS

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.

Established 1818

4th & Chestnut Sts.
Philadelphia

59 Wall St., NEW YORK

60 State St.
Boston

Foreign Bonds



THE investor who wishes to diversify his list will find it profitable to study the obligations of strong credit foreign governments, municipalities, and corporations. In this, our new edition of "International Investments" will assist you. We shall be pleased to mail this pamphlet upon request.

Travelers Credits

Commercial Credits

Foreign Exchange

BROWN, SHIPLEY & COMPANY

Established 1810

Founders Court, Lothbury
LONDON, E. C.

Office for Travelers
123 Pall Mall, LONDON, S. W.

10/29

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.

JUL 7 1925

